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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL

AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD

FOR
1881.

EDITED BY
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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THE EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

CHRISTIAN RECORD.

"A Man of Sorrows!"

"Come! sinner, come! behold this scene!
Come! hear His suffering breath:
It is for sinners—vile and mean—
He dies this dreadful death.
Thy crimes demand God's hottest ire,
His curse upon thee lay:
CHRIST ope's the stream—stand underneath:
'Twill wash that curse away!"

NOTHING, kind reader, fills my mind, on commencing the thirty-seventh volume of THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD, nothing commands my most devout attention as doth the Person, the character, the work, the glory of IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US. *Nothing* that is written of HIM by any one of the prophets, or by the apostles; nothing doth so come down to me; nor does anything seem so well to sympathise with me, as this mysteriously comprehensive sentence which that prince of the prophets was divinely inspired to write of the now exalted Son of God, when he said of Him: "He is despised, and rejected of men,—

"A Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

Some *sorrowful men* I have known in my little time; but the definite description, "*A man of sorrows*," is applicable only to HIM whom we now call "The Great God, and our Saviour, JESUS CHRIST." David Brainerd, the enterprising, the persevering, the suffering missionary to the savage Indian, was a sorrowful labourer (at least, so our merry-making, light-hearted, feeble men would consider him). Brainerd's short missionary life was chiefly divided into two branches: praying in the woods whole nights, and in the days he was preaching CHRIST, "*the Man of sorrows*," the suffering, the saving Redeemer to the poor, bleating, listening, and, hitherto, deluded Indians. If for a moment he paused between wrestling with God in the woods and pouring out his soul in preaching JESUS CHRIST to the people, if, when exhausted, he sat down

for breath, he would arise and cry out, with tears and feelings indescribable, "*Oh, that I were a flaming fire in the service of my God!*" Certainly his desires were realised. A flaming fire he was in the work to which his life was devoted, and it soon consumed his outer man, while a holy flame lighted his soul home to glory. So it was with that burning light called "Robertson, of Brighton." Another sorrowful man, yet thousands who heard him preach the agonies of the ever adorable Lamb of God, never will forget the mighty, the mysterious, the soul-piercing, the heart-melting, the conscience-stirring power with which he proclaimed the oft-realised fact that, "if we walk in the light, as He is the light, we (shall) have fellowship" (with CHRIST in His sufferings, and) "with one another, (proving that) the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Other sorrowful men have I known, such as Isaac Beeman, Septimus Sears, and many more; but I must not dwell here. The knowledge of the substitutionary sacrificial Lamb of God is the highest attainment, the holiest treasure any living soul can be enriched with in this world.

Are the movements of the present age calculated to lead the people up to a saving knowledge of that "Man of sorrows," whom to know is life eternal? Will that "bottle of smoke," with which the Ritualistic Romanisers are filling the churches, the law-courts, the prisons, and the minds of the people, will that senseless vapour ever prove a lasting blessing to any starving, seeking soul? *Never!* Will the musical mission-halls, with their grand bazaars and carnal entertainments, ever open the eyes of the fallen, the guilty, and the sin-condemned, to look to the cross, where the "*Man of sorrows*" cried out most piteously, "My God! My God! why hast THOU forsaken ME?" We fear not. Will the sensational services, the noisy processions, the bold enunciations of GOD-IN-CHRIST, weeping because men will not "accept of the *offered grace*," will these novel enterprises instrumentally turn the strangers and foreigners into "fellow-citizens with the saints, and bring them into the household of God?" Will the confusing and contradictory teachings from modern pulpits and platforms be the means of "building men up upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets" where

"JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF IS THE CHIEF CORNER STONE?"

they have not done so yet; and to my certain knowledge for more than fifty years now, the colleges, the schools, the class-rooms, the churches, the pulpits and the platforms, have been pouring forth the streams of "the Arminian heresy" with all the eloquence and inviting persuasiveness that the speaker and pleader could command. And after all, that bold, evangelical Bishop of Liverpool says, "We have fallen upon an evil age." After all, C. H. Spurgeon says, "The abounding doubt among professing Christians, and the worldly conformity of the Churches, in the present time are two evils which bode no good to the Church of God." After all, that clever genius, that refined and learned chief, the honoured leader of the General Baptist Section (John Clifford) says (in his address), "Our age is not acquiring faith, or repose, or victory." Nay, but he adds,—

"IT IS A HOUR OF DOUBT."

Yea, further, our honest and honourable Mr. John Clifford adds, "It is an unquiet period. It is a *time of social instability and corruption.*"

After all, the thousands, the hundreds of thousands of pounds that

have been given, the churches, chapels, mission-halls, that have been opened, and the evangelistic special services that have been gathering and exciting the people in all directions. After all, the very men who have been most eminent and unceasing in their universal offers of mercy to all classes and conditions of men, these learned and laborious leaders tell us the Bible is assailed. The people are full of unbelief, and in the ranks of professing Christendom there is the dry rot of "worldly conformity." "*We hear*" (says the editor of *Sword and Trowel*) "of dancing parties in *Christian* (?) families. We are told of indulgence in frivolities of the vainest order; it is even darkly whispered that among certain dissenters the card-table and the theatre are no longer judged severely as once they were." Then cometh (what we have feared, dreaded, and really thought must be the case—then, to sum up all, the most extensively-working man in all the world, in this day, says),

"If these things be so the glory has indeed departed."

Men! brethren! and fathers! call ye this an unnecessarily alarming picture? an exaggerated review? a melancholy budget to commence the new year with? Indeed, much more might be added. In the Baptist Union there are jarings, discords, and petty-janglings concerning the financial achievements, or failures. And, if one dared to scrutinise those sections called "the Strict Baptist Churches," what painful chapters would be written! What unhallowed chambers of imagery would be opened! What strange spirits would be seen! What awful voices would be heard! What desolation must be witnessed. But we are on the brink of the grave. We are on the confines of an eternal world. We must soon stand before the great white throne. The stern voice may soon be heard in the secret exodus of our soul, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward." We would advance nothing that should be a thorn in our dying pillow, but intensely awful to us is the inspired declaration that, "*He that increaseth knowledge INCREASETH SORROW.*" During the last half-century have we been carried hither and thither in the various schools belonging to the Gospel-dispensation, and the many bitter lessons we have learned have so increased our sorrow that but for the sympathy, the faithfulness, the ever-continued flowings of Divine grace in a Christ-adoring soul, we must have fallen a prey to despair; but we can declare in all our sorrows, the "Man of sorrows" has been our Refuge and our Strength, and therefore to Him we fly, on Him we lean, of Him only would we speak or write so long as life in this world may be continued.

Under all these cloudy trials, whither can we turn, but unto the "*Man of sorrows,*" who in a prophetic providence, shewed how it would be with His people while in this world. The ship is on the sea; the Master is gone up unto the high mountain; the vessel is carried many furlongs away from the land; the night is dark! the wind is contrary! the waves are dashing violently! the ship is in danger of being broken! The crew is exposed to a watery grave. Almost all hope of being saved is departing. Watch after watch passeth, and the storm waxeth worse and worse! Ah, there is the type, the New Testament prophecy of the Church tossed on the wild, frantic, perilous billows of tribulation. Individually, experimentally, we have been thus afflicted, alarmed, and "ready to perish." But the morning began to break! All eyes were stretching out toward land. JESUS came walking on the sea. He calls Peter to

meet Him. An invisible power holdeth that bold disciple *on* the water. His blessed LORD catcheth him. "And when they were come into the ship the wind ceased!" When CHRIST and the minister come together into the Church (although she is on the sea) there will be no storm then. The "Man of sorrows" having "borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows," He comes not to scold, nor to scatter! He comes not to kill, or to destroy! He comes not to discourage, or distress! No! Ten thousand honours crown His brow! He will correct, but never cast away. He will make sin bitter, and that will make the heart to bleed; but, He will pour into the wounds sin has made, the healing balm; and, then, like those in the ship, of whom Matthew says, "Then, they that were in the ship, came and worshipped Him, saying, Of a truth—

"THOU ART THE SON OF GOD!"

Serious reader! the fifty-third, the fifty-fourth, and the fifty-fifth chapters of Isaiah are consecutive. They must not be separated. The fifty-third is certainly one of the most profound expositions of the intense sufferings of the "Man of sorrows" which the Bible contains. The fifty-fourth shews the blessings flowing to the Church for the sorrows of the God-man; and the fifty-fifth is a heavenly inspired prophecy of the nature and spirit of the grand old Gospel of the ever-blessed God. Of these three expositions of ESSENTIAL TRUTH it is the wish of my heart to write in this volume, if it be the Divine will. If not, His "counsel shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure."

May the coming year of one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one be unto many thousands of you, my dear readers, a year of resting in the Lord, and of a patient waiting for Him. He will come presently! He will come to be glorified in His saints; and to be admired in all them that believe. That we may then be with them that shall glorify Him, is the deeply solemn prayer of your servant in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, December, 1880.

While the foregoing thoughts have occupied my mind, a packet reaches me from that honest man, who has come out of the coal-pit, by the mercy of the Lord, to preach the Gospel. I refer to Mr. John Bolton, the pastor of the Trinity-street Baptist Church in Boston. He was first pastor at Bargoed. There I visited him, and preached to his people. I esteem him very highly, and hope, ere long, he will visit London. I must subjoin his lines on,—

"CHRIST OUR HIDING-PLACE."

AH! when JEHOVAH'S voice is heard
Like thunder from the quaking Mount,
And ev'ry hateful, unclean bird,
By far too numerous to count,
Pursue their victim in the chase,
Poor soul, it needs "AN HIDING-PLACE."

And more than this, that sinner feels
As one the law hath took in hand;
Swift Justice close upon his heels
Commands, and brings him to a stand.
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Grace,
Here's one who needs "an hiding-place."

Meanwhile the monster, "*Unbelief*,"
With all his black, infernal train,
Adds sin to sin, and grief to grief;
He tries to shake them off—in vain.
Awake! awake! O Prince of Grace!
And be for him "an hiding-place."

Methinks I hear him weep aloud;
He looks this way and that to fly;
His heart is pierced, his head is bow'd,
A guilty conscience makes him cry.
O blessed Spirit, full of grace,
Conduct him to "an hiding-place."

GOD, who delights to answer prayer,
Beholds the mourner in distress;
He saves his soul from black despair,
And fills his heart with thankfulness.
He joyfully those truths embrace,
Which tell him of "an hiding-place."

Thus 'twas with thee, my sinful soul,
When first aroused from nature's sleep;
When made to hear the thunder's roll,
And for thy follies made to weep.
But glory be to sovereign grace,
In CHRIST I've found "an hiding-place."

Alas! those thoughts, my soul doth hate,	Poor sinner, driven to and fro,
Do rise in me where e'er I go;	A thousand stings within thy breast,
That foe the saints have oft to meet	Is not thy cry, "WHAT SHALL I DO
Threatens to deal the fatal blow.	To purge my guilt and make me blest!"
He'd slay me on the heav'nly race,	The footsteps of the Saviour trace.
If Christ was not " <i>an Hiding-place.</i> "	In Him thou'lt find " <i>an Hiding-place.</i> "
Ah! Justice now can ask no more,	No soul was ever cast away
God's holy law is satisfied;	Who sued for pardon through His blood;
The sinner's sav'd from Satan's power,	Who saw in Him the Truth, the Way,
By faith in Christ, the crucified;	The Lamb, the Priest, the mighty God!
And now a Father's smiling face	He'll clothe thee with His beauteous grace,
Is seen in CHRIST our " <i>HIDING-PLACE.</i> "	And be for thee " <i>an HIDING-PLACE.</i> "

WHAT IS IT TO PREACH CHRIST?

TO preach Christ you must tell out what God has revealed in His Word respecting that wondrous person Messiah. God said, "This is My beloved Son." Christ was from the Father; He possessed the nature of God; He was and is Divine; He claimed equality with God, and the Father approved His claim. From the fact of His being a Divine Person, arises all the soul-saving power of His obedience and death. That He is God is known not only by the Scriptures, but it is also known by sweet experience to the children of God, and was, as such, known to Joseph Hart who, by heart-felt realisation, sang,—

"That Christ is God I can avouch,
And for His people cares,
Since I have prayed to Him as such,
And He has heard my prayers."

And Jesus Christ was and is a *real Man*, made like unto His brethren. The Christian's God is a "*martyred Man*," and in this he rejoices, on this hangs all his hope. God manifest in the flesh is the Chief Cornerstone of the heavenly building. This precious truth must be kept in the foreground of the preacher's testimony. At this Satan may rage, but let the servants of the Lord maintain the Divinity and humanity of their Master, and that without attempting to explain *how* these things can be so. Enough for us, the Lord has said it. "That holy thing (holy begotten One) which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God."

What Christ taught respecting Himself, and the object of His mission.
— He constantly testified that He came to do the will of His Father. His first words were, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" and His dying exclamation, "It is finished!" (perfected). The will of God, to a large degree, was written in the prophets, with regard to the sufferings of Christ. It was this which was completed on the cross. His sufferings ended with these words, which indicate victory and satisfaction. The sufferings of Christ! how varied! how great! He suffered from men, from devils, and from God; from men through *ignorance*, from devils because of their *malice*, from God on account of *justice*. His own lips said, "Ought not Christ to suffer these things?" Yes, they were written of Him, and must be fulfilled in Him.

For what did Christ suffer?—He suffered on account of *sin*. Sin is an awful evil. What a black history this world has made because of it. View sin in the light of the agony of the garden, and the shame of the

cross, and say, is it not an awful evil? Learn to view sin as God views it, and to speak of it according to His description. Never think or speak lightly of that which caused the death of God's Son. Rather say,—

“Oh, thou hideous monster, sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!
All creation groans through thee,
Pregnant cause of misery!
Thou hast ruined wretched man
Ever since the world began;
Thou hast God afflicted too,
Nothing less than this would do.”

Preach Christ suffering on account of sin.

For whom did Christ suffer?—Not for all mankind. Not for the sins of every creature. Fallen angels are creatures, but Christ did not die for angels. He laid down His life for His sheep. He *purchased the CHURCH* (the *ecclesia*, the called ones), Christ purchased the Church in order to *possess* it by right, and according to the strictest justice. He claims all for whom He shed His blood. He shed His blood for all those who were given Him by the Father. He requested with authority and affection that they all may be with Him to behold His glory. It is written, “He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.” How precious to Him must be the objects for which He cheerfully paid so great a price, and for which He ever liveth to make intercession. As you, by faith, look back to the sorrow, pain, and shame which Christ endured on the cross for *you*, might you not with far more truth and feeling than did Cromwell, as reported of him, when he viewed the dead body of King Charles, after he had been beheaded, exclaim, “Awful necessity.” Ever, then, preach sin as the cause, and salvation the effect of Christ's sufferings. Preach God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. ESSEX.

THE CHRISTIAN HERE AND HIS FINAL HOME;

OR,

WHERE WILL YOU STAND IN THE GREAT DAY?

A Funeral Sermon Delivered at Shouldham-street Baptist Chapel, Bryanstone-square, W., on December 5, 1880,

BY W. CARPENTER,

In Memory of Richard Knight, Esq., Member of the Church.

“For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ:

“Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.”—Philippians iii. 20, 21.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—We are summoned especially this evening to the house of mourning. Solomon tells us that “it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth.” I trust that we shall find it so. But he explains himself somewhat, and he tells us, “By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.” He means God often makes impressions upon the immortal mind in the house of mourning. It is something solemn to enter the chamber of

death. There is something exceeding solemn in the expression used in Psalm xc. 8, and in Job xiv. 20: "Thou changest the countenance, and sendest him away." Death is a solemn change. The death of some fathers have been rendered blessed to their children, and some have entered into that Scripture where it is said, "From this day thou shalt say unto Me, Thou art my Father, and shalt be the Guide of my youth." But the question may be asked on the present occasion, "Who are the mourners?" Well, your pastor; he is a mourner among many mourners. We have lost a brother, a dear brother in Christ, a lover of the pure, unadulterated Gospel of the blessed God, and one to whose heart this cause at Shouldham-street was very dear, and also to the heart of his bereaved widow. He gave every proof of his real attachment to this cause for truth's sake. We have lost a valuable member; we have lost a benevolent friend. He was a friend not only to the cause of Jesus Christ here, but he was a friend to many righteous poor, and his benevolence was not shut up to sect or party. We are mourners. His name, and his beloved widow's name, will ever live in the memory, and be embalmed in the memory of the pastor, deacons, and members worshipping in Shouldham-street chapel, Bryanstone-square.

He has gone! He has run his race and entered within the pearly gates of the celestial city; and though we loved him for truth's sake, yet we dare not wish him back in this vale of tears, but hail him welcome to his mansion and crown.

We come immediately to our text:—

I.—The party—"We look for the Saviour."

II.—Present condition of Christians in this vale of tears; not at home—"Our citizenship is in heaven."

III.—Our conversation. I shall use the double meaning of the word. Perhaps you are not aware that the words, "our conversation," has a double meaning—"citizenship" and "conversation."

Then the fourth step into this beautiful Scripture is the Christian's expectation—"whence we look for the Saviour."

Lastly, the final change: "Who shall change our vile bodies, and fashion them like unto His glorious body?" How is it to be done? By what agency is it to be done? "According to the working of His mighty power."

I.—*The party.* The subject is solemn. Before I proceed, let us pause. It is not all that will be crowned. Paul speaks of a crown of life. He said, "The Lord will give unto me a crown of life that fadeth not away; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." A vast number of our fellow-creatures will not be crowned. A man is not to be crowned, except he strive lawfully. It is the racers that run the course; it is the warrior that wears the whole armour of God; it is the good soldiers of Christ that will be crowned. What a solemn day! "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ;" all of us must appear. Oh, what a day of revelation! What secrets will be revealed on that day. It may well be called "a great day." "Who will stand when He appeareth?" "Who will abide the day of His coming?" The sheep will stand on the right hand, and the goats will stand on the left hand. Among which party do you think you will be presented on that day? Among the sheep or goats? "The wicked shall go away into everlasting fire, and the righteous into life eternal."

The party here that looked for His appearing will be distinguished from all other persons. Oh, that great day! **THAT GREAT DAY!** Jesus will present all the purchase of His blood. There will be none missing. He will present all the sheep; there will not be a lamb left behind; "one fold and one Shepherd." What an appearance the bride will make! "The queen shall stand on His right hand in gold of Ophir." They are made right here.

Well, let us glance at the party. It is not the language of the world who have their portion in this life only; they are not looking for the Saviour; it is the language of the Christian,—

"We look for Him."

There is a vast number that never looked for Him; there is a vast number of the human race that never looked for Him in this Book; they never looked for Him at the prayer meeting; but here is a party that looked for Him; they are looking for Him now. "If a man love Me, he will keep My words, and My Father will love him; and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him." There are pleasures connected with religion, but it is only the truly godly that enter into them. Our departed brother was one that looked for Him. That beautiful hymn,—

"A smoking flax"—

how that pictured the man! Our brother was a Christian. It is Christians that look for Him; real Christians. Some persons have a very great objection to funeral sermons, and some have a very great objection for ministers to say anything in way of praise or eulogising the dead. We have known some that, after the sermon, have said, "He said too much about the creature." There may be, even among this congregation, such a person present. If there should be, we promise them faithfully that when they depart we won't say a word about them. It is "the memory of the just that is blessed." "Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Their works follow them;" do not go before them; therefore Scripture tells us to "mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Are you not afraid to handle that? Does it not want some explanation? No! The Bible is very plain about it. We "present every man perfect in Christ;" therefore, when we speak of departed worth, we speak of what grace has done, of what they are in Christ. Had we said to our departed brother in his life time, "What shall we say about you after your departure?" He would have said, "Say nothing at all." Then, would you not have obeyed the injunction? No; by no means. Jesus said, "See that ye tell no man. But they published it abroad the more, and His fame went through all the regions round about." Jesus said on another occasion, "If they were to hold their peace, the very stones would cry out." And again they said concerning one that they applied to Him for, "He is worthy for whom Thou shouldst do this;" and so we say, He never rebuked them for the same. Our brother was a Christian, a humble Christian; a humble follower of the Lamb. He never made any great appearance. No! Always behind in the shade, always retired; and with regard to his kindness and benevolence, if ever a text had its fulfilment in any person, it was in him—"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." He never sounded a

trumpet before, and it never echoed afterwards. He gave alms not to be seen of men; he was of a quiet, humble disposition altogether, not for want of talent; he was a beautiful penman; and with regard to his reading, it was delightful. He had read a vast number of the old Puritan fathers; not only read, but hoarded up their sayings. He had a mind in the Holy Scriptures; he could quote the Scriptures aptly; indeed, it was a kind of mystery that he should have been so retired, and not have taken an active part in the public worship of God. I remember once remarking to him, "You are an entire mystery, that you have never taken an active part in public worship." He said, "Do not say a word." Well, every man has his place. He was a good hearer: I have not a better. He knew the difference between a man preaching himself and of a man preaching CHRIST. Some people are taken with preaching self. He loved the doctrine in that delightful hymn we have sung,—

"I am the flax, He is the fire."

He knew the difference between a compact sermon from that of scattered, loose ideas; he knew the difference between milk and water from that of the pure milk of the Word; he loved the Gospel of full weight. I loved him for that. He knew the difference between a heterogenous mass of words from that of ideas. If ever there was a lover of the real truth, as it is in Christ, it was our dear departed brother; therefore we look upon him as a Christian. He looked for HIM in the language of my text. Well, you say, what is a Christian? Well, "they were called Christians first at Antioch"—perhaps by way of derision—they were called "Nazarinnes," and "the sect everywhere spoken against;" but among themselves they had other words, they called themselves "brethren." Yes, the brotherhood; we are all brethren, all belong to one family, and are heirs together of the grace of life. The Christian is one who is associated with Christ. You may talk about Christianity, but you cannot find a Christian apart from Christ. A Christian is a man in Christ, he is a new creature in Christ, He is a disciple of Christ, he is a lover of Christ, and of His doctrine; he is a dependant on Christ. A Christian is an anointed one—"Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things."

The time before my last interview with our dear departed brother, he gave me a very pleasing account (not knowing the shortness of his time) of the Lord knocking off his fetters, and removing the burden from his heart—the burden of sin, and anguish on account of sin. He entered into a place of worship, the minister took for his text, "Christ is God's, and ye are Christ's; and all is yours." This was very precious to him. I said to him, "That will do; I shall preach from it." He said, "Are you going to roast it, then?" (referring to Solomon's words). I said, "Yes."

At the last interview I gave him a brief outline of the sermon on the text. He seemed pleased; he well understood the subject. The last week-night service he attended here—that is, the Thursday evening service—I chided him. I said, "You ought not to have been out." He said, "I wanted the bread of life." But this was no new thing. He was an old disciple, he had long trod the path of life, and was well educated in the teaching of the HOLY GHOST. He loved that theme, "the ministry of the Spirit." But, dear brethren, you may read his

character from what he wrote on the fly-leaf of his Bible, sent to me by his dear partner last evening—"I wish to be an empty vessel; yea, a cipher at the side of JESUS CHRIST, the Great I AM! and to be daily filled with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God through Him." I do not know what you have written on your Bible. What do you think of that mighty epistle, "only a cipher"? It was the very experience of the man; Christ was all and in all to Him. He certainly belonged to the party I have described in my text that looked for the Saviour.

The second branch of our subject—The Christian's present state and condition in this vale of tears. The Christian is a soldier; life is a conflict; and it is no use for a man to enter upon the Christian life without fighting. Life is a fight. It is called "the good fight of faith." The saints while here are not at home. Paul says, "While we are at home in body, we are absent from the Lord." This is not our home; we are pilgrims. Moses is right, he said, "we are journeying to the place which the Lord said, I will give unto you for an inheritance." We are all journeying to the place appointed for all living. But Christians are journeying to the heavenly country; their faces are Zionward, and Christward. If you were about to emigrate into a foreign country would not you like to see a map of the country? Of course you would. If you were about to emigrate where you had dear relatives—an elder brother, like Joseph, lord of the land—as we have relatives in heaven, so we have an elder Brother in heaven—"Fear not, John, I am He that liveth, and was dead, and behold I live for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death." What joy you would have if you were about to enter such a country. Don't you think it would make an impression, though the great ocean laid between, and timorous mortals, as Watt's said,—

"Stand shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away."

Think of the country in the far distance, and the port in view, and the pleasures at His right hand for evermore. Let us hear what the Holy Ghost says about this country. It is called "HOME." When the Christian dies he goes home. The Saviour said, "I go to prepare a place for you; in My Father's house are many mansions." It is written of the disciples after the resurrection they went to their own home; so does the Christian when his work is done.

"Home!" Christians can all sing that expression, "*No place like home.*" You talk to the child at school, how glad he is for the time to go home. Talk to the soldier after the battle, he says, "I am going home!" There is something nice in seeing a soldier packed up to go home. So when we think of the Christian soldier laying down his armour honourably, and falling asleep in Jesus, it is grand. Oh, heaven is glorious; it is called "the better country," it is called "substance." In heaven ye have "a more enduring substance." What is the pleasure of the world compared with the treasure in heaven? The good man's treasure is in heaven. Job said, "My record is on high." It is called "the joy of the Lord"—"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It is called "rest"—"There is rest for the people of God." It is a garden that has no withering flowers—there is the tree of life, its leaves are for the healing of the nations. Oh, what a great variety, ever new. It is

called a kingdom. Paul said, "He shall preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom." He will preserve all those that have set out right for His heavenly kingdom. He speaks of it as a city. John saw that city on the isle of Patmos. He tells us that the inhabitants were not sick, he said they were redeemed from among men; he saw the ransomed of God, Jesus was in the centre, the Lamb in the midst, they were all clothed in white robes; they were the gift of the Bridegroom, most decidedly. They were all singers; there is worship in heaven, there are singers in heaven. There is no singing in heaven by proxy; there is a great deal of that upon earth. I like congregational singing; in heaven it is congregational singing; they all sing the same song, they all play upon golden harps, as the poet said,—

"To sound in God the Father's ear
No other name but Thine."

This is their home, so they speak of it. You say,—

"What is the earnest saints have
While in this vale of tears?"

They are not strangers to heavenly joys, they now have the earnest. You remember the spies that brought a good report. What, a bunch of grapes? Yes; but we have a better bunch of grapes than that on the Gospel pole. What in the world, say you, is that? "Whom He did foreknow, them He also did predestinate." You can say the rest. When they presented the grapes they said, "This is the fruit of the land." Don't saints taste heavenly joys? Have you never been made partakers of the joy called the joy of believing?—"The oil of joy for mourning." Saints have the earnest of the better country. We look for the city of Jerusalem, whose Builder and Maker is God. This side of Jordan they have the earnest. It is heaven's peace. Yes, they have peace, there's not a wave of trouble. There is peace in believing. Oh, yes; there is peace of mind. "My peace," said the Most High, "I give unto you." What a thing to have a peaceful mind. The conscience sprinkled with atoning blood. "He is our peace-maker, heaven's peace, and heaven's rest. Yes, he that believeth entereth into rest. There is rest in believing. Yes, we have found rest, and "His rest is glorious." Saints have the earnest of the better country. Then with regard to other matters that we could reflect upon, you can read at your leisure. Bear in mind that while saints are travelling they realise what the Psalmist says, "They go from strength to strength; everyone of them in Zion appeareth before God."

III.—What does he say further? "Our conversation is in heaven, our citizenship is in heaven," and we talk about it as we journey on. There is pleasure in Christian conversation. Oh! when saints meet together, when their hearts are alive with heavenly things! I do not mean that good men should never talk about anything else. No; not so well always to be casting pearls before swine. When David spoke of talking about heavenly things, he said, "The humble shall hear thereof and be glad. Come, all ye that fear the Lord, and hear what the Lord hath done for my soul." Well, it is only reasonable, as they journey on by the way that they should talk to each other. Cheer up, Christian! Be sober, and hope to the end, we shall win the prize. "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." It is called the conversation

that becometh the Gospel of Christ. Jesus is the theme. Consider the end of their conversation: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." They talk about Him. Yes; they only wished to talk about Him, and what He has done, and what He is doing for them now. He is our Advocate in heaven: He presents our names on His breastplate: He looks like the Lamb that had been slain. "Father," He says, "look at My wounds." You remember how He bled upon earth. He said, "Father, I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do." He paid the debt and filed the receipt on Calvary's cross. The receipt is now filed in heaven. This conversation is said to be divine. He said, "I create the fruit of the lip." They spoke of the glory of Thy kingdom, Thy majesty and Thy power.

The saints are our conversation. We talk to one another about what we feel, what we enjoy, and our future prospects—

"A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land us on fair Canaan's coast."

That is how they talk to each other. They look forward to their final home, and that is not all.

IV.—We shall see their expectation, from whence we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. He has gone, but He will come again. He will not appear in this world as He did. He won't have to appear before Pilate. Judas won't dare to go up and kiss Him, and betray Him. Christ will come a second time without sin unto salvation. He will come in all the glory of His Father, all the glory of Deity, with all the holy angels upon the great white throne. The heavens will pass away with fervent heat. We look for the Saviour; He will come and fetch the ransomed that He payed for; He will come again to burn the world, and time shall be no longer. How grand, how solemn the expression. John saw Him. He tells us what is not to be done. The earth is not to be hurt until the servants of God are all sealed. He will place one foot upon the earth, and another on the sea, and swear time shall be no longer; but ETERNITY shall last for ever and ever. No end to the Christian's pleasure. "At Thy right hand," said David, "are pleasures for evermore." The world's pleasures do not last long; but the Christian's pleasures for evermore. "At Thy right hand." What a wonderful coming to all who love His appearing; we shall all be glad to see Him. He will raise the dead. "The dead in Christ will be raised first."

V.—The final change: Who shall change our vile bodies and fashion them like unto His glorious body. Paul said, "Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." The living will be changed in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, and this corruptible shall put on incorruptible, and this mortal shall put on immortality. Who shall change our vile bodies? It was not so originally. It was not vile when it came out of its Maker's hands. Adam was formed in the image of God; but sin has made it a vile body. Think of the fall! Think of the description given in the Word of God with regard to the fall. How vile is human nature. How depraved the human heart. The heart is deceitful, and desperately wicked. Oh! how sin has deformed the body. Oh! brother, how vile is thy body. Let fever set in; let consumption set in upon the lovely

form of youth. How soon the change is made. How vile human nature is. Think of death itself; even the most dear and near relatives. What have you said concerning them? "Bury my dead out of my sight." Think of the evil desires of the heart; the lust, the pride, the baseness of man, even regenerate man. The Christian is a mystery—altogether a mystery. Paul said, "I am crucified with Christ, yet I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I now live is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." What a change! and our "vile bodies shall be fashioned like unto His glorious body." How can we speak of it? You remember on the Mount of Transfiguration He threw back the veil. Oh, what a sight! How bright, how glorious the body of Jesus. Think of Jesus after the resurrection. Think of the sight Saul had. It was "above the brightness of the sun," and a million suns, too. It sent him back in the shade; it blinded him. He saw JESUS, the glorious Head and Saviour. Jesus spoke to him. He said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" John said, "We shall be like Him." Then there shall be perfection of body. We shall be *like* HIM; we shall be perfect as He is perfect; we shall be righteous as He is righteous; we shall see Him, and be nigh unto Him, and all the attributes of the soul glorious. The apostle said, "change our vile bodies." What a glorious change! "When this mortal shall put on immortality," that "which is sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption." What a change! Such are your prospects, Christian; such the final design. How is it to be done? By the working of His mighty power, "who is able to subdue all things unto Himself." We have not power to bring back our beloved ones. If we had power should we not bring them back? But they are gone; they are raised where there is no more night, no more sighing, no more mourning. God shall wipe away all tears. He has done it with regard to our dear departed brother. Oh! may it be our happiness to join him amongst the glorified throng, and join the glorified singers, and we will bring forth the royal diadem. Yes, we will bring forth the royal diadem, "and crown Him Lord of all." Amen.

Hymns sung on the occasion: 242, 664, and 93 in "Denham's Selection."
Chapter read: 2 Corinthians v.

MRS. A. FREEMAN, HER LIFE AND DEATH.

The Dearly Beloved Wife of J. H. Freeman, of Soho Chapel, Oxford-street.

BY HER BROTHER, MR. JOHN SAW.

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

"The memory of the just is blessed."

IN the early life of our departed sister, she, with us, had the privilege of godly parents, the kind instruction of a loving mother, who had a deep experience of Christian truth, which commended the sacred lessons to her mind. The Word of God was read daily, and committed to memory, together with hymns and instructive pieces, many of which she never forgot. The deceased attended the ministry of Mr. John Andrew Jones, at Mitchell-street; as there was no Sunday-school, she, with her sisters, went to a Bible-class at Whitfield's Tabernacle. The

Assembly's Catechism, with its answers and proofs from Scripture, were known by her by heart, and repeated, for which she was presented with a well bound Bible, whose sacred truth was further implanted in her heart. Under the ministry of Mr. Jones she experienced much help. At the age of sixteen, she with a sister departed, gave themselves to the Lord, and then to the Church, according to His own Word. It was a day of sacred joy and holy pleasure, she could well say,—

“ Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
'Tis done ! the great transaction's done !
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.”

This she believed, and fully realised. In “committing all her ways to the Lord, trusting also in Him,” she found Him directing her paths, and at length was settled in life with one well worthy of her regard. All the deep and sacred principles settled in her soul were manifested in the family, making it the home of every true pleasure, softening the cares, limiting the desires, and thankfully receiving and acknowledging the good hand of God in all. Thus she lived, abiding in God by obedience, delighting in the law of the Lord, and receiving the desires of her heart. Living at a distance from Mitchell-street, she attended the ministry of Mr. Wyard, at Soho, and became a member in 1847, where she continued to enjoy the preaching of the Word, and assisted her husband by her counsel in all he undertook, her advice always being, “Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord; He will help us.” The ministry of Mr. Box has been a blessing to her soul; in works of faith and labours of love she worked in the Master's vineyard.

On the first Sunday in October she attended morning and evening services, expressing a desire to be at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, as she feared she would not be able to venture out again until the Spring. This was her last walk; she was taken ill on the following Tuesday, and after nine days' suffering her spirit soared aloft to that Jesus who had proved her stay and comfort during all her trials. At times, in moments of bodily weakness, she had feared that doubts might attend her death-bed. She made it a subject of special prayer that such might not be the case; her prayers were gloriously answered; the valley was not dark and gloomy, but bright and radiant with the presence of the Sun of Righteousness; she constantly expressed her thankfulness for the many mercies she had received, and confidence that if God was pleased to take her away, it would only be to live for ever with Him, which is far better. From the Saviour she learned to say, “Not my will, but Thine be done,” and still resting on His faithfulness she found perfect peace, and so she fell asleep.

“ No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the sweet repose;
No burning sun, no midnight gloom,
But heavenly, high, eternal noon.”

The prayer of the Psalmist has been realised by our departed sister : “Save Thy people, bless Thy inheritance, feed them also, and lift them up for ever.” She departed October 14, 1880; buried at Highgate, October 20, 1880.

“SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

THE LATE JOSEPH BATTEN.

THE subject of this memoir was born at Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, 1803. In early life he attended the ministry at the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel in that town, where he was led to see his sinful self (by the powerful operations of the Holy Spirit), and to obtain mercy through faith in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus. Some time after, in the order of Providence, he removed to Twerton-on-Avon, where for fifty-three years he was in the employ of Messrs. Carr, Cloth manufacturers, in that village. He was appointed deacon of the Baptist Chapel in Twerton, which office he filled for ten years. After this he with his wife joined the Church at Widcombe (Ebenezer). The friends soon after chose him as deacon, and when he had heard the decision of the Church, he said, “Well, friends, you have chosen me as deacon, I will do what I can, and if I can do you no good, I will endeavour not to do you any harm.” He filled the office faithfully and zealously, and the Church has now lost a devoted servant of the Master. He made it his home in the best sense of the word. We have heard him say that not once since the time of his joining has he ever gone to another place of worship. He was not one of those who flit about, without any settled home, from place to place. He loved stability. This is a lesson for many. When appointed by the Church to visit a candidate coming forward for Baptism, he would ask them two questions in particular—viz., Do you enjoy the ministry of the pastor? Can you make it your home? He did not neglect the other questions, but he expressed himself, if they answered these well, he had little to fear. Formerly he was a constant attendant at the week-night service, and though he had over two miles to walk, you would find him at his post. Weather was no object to him. He was respected by all. The young loved him for the counsel and sound advice which he would give them. In fact it was quite familiar to style him “FATHER BATTEN.” In the Autumn of 1879 he met with an accident. His hand was caught in some machinery, and crushed his fingers severely, which so shattered his constitution, that he never recovered from the shock. Occasionally he came up to chapel, till the Autumn of 1880, when he was compelled to keep his bed. He looked forward to the pastor's anniversary in September with great desire, and the Lord granted him strength to come up on the Sunday and Monday. But to one who helped him up the steps he said, “This is the last time I shall ever come up here.” And so it was. From that time he gradually became worse. Though he lingered long on the bed of “languishing and pain,” grace reigned triumphant. His pains at times were excruciating, yet it was borne with Christian fortitude. He realised indeed and of a truth, that—

“God has engaged by firm decree,
That as thy day they strength shall be.”

The writer often visited him. Once, on going into his room, he said, “So you are still waiting for the Master's call!” “Yes,” he said. “I am hoping! hoping! hoping! More than fifty years it is now, since I knew the Lord, but my experience now is,—

“‘A guilty, vile and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arm I fall,
Be Thou my life, my righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.’”

If any friends from the chapel visited him, and it was time for the service, he would say, "Are you going up to-night?" "Keep together."
 "Don't neglect the prayer meetings." Another hymn he often sung,—

"Jesus, my Lord : I know His Name,
 His Name is all my trust,
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost."

Toward the last the pain was incessant. He would often say, "Oh, for patience to bear my Lord's will." Early in the morning of November 13, the relatives saw a change, and it was not until ten minutes before he died that he was eased from pain. He called for some one to lift him up, and then he quietly fell asleep, to awake on the resurrection morn in his Saviour's likeness. He was laid to rest on November 19, in the Lyncombe and Widcombe cemetery, as it was his wish. Six young men from the Chapel carried him, and a very impressive service conducted by our pastor. On the following Sunday, November 21, the pastor, Mr. J. Huntley, preached his funeral sermon from Judges xiii. 22, 23. The hymns were sung that he desired should be; his favourite one being, "Sweet the moments rich in blessing," &c.

"Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the cross I gaze,
 Love I much? I've more forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace."

Our deacon, friend, and counsellor is gone. Who is there to fill his place? Oh, that the Church's Head would raise up many who will serve as valiantly as our departed brother. He was a father in Israel, and his end was peace. That the prospect of meeting him through grace with all the blood-washed redeemed ones in the glory-land, may inspire us to greater love for the Master and His work, is the desire and prayer of
 W. P.

Bath, December 9, 1880.

Lines on the Death of Mr. Joseph Batten, who fell
 asleep November 13, 1880.

By Samuel Pickwick.

"He was a faithful man, and feared God among many."

ANOTHER soldier of the cross,
 A hero of the King,
 Is called from off the battle-field,
 The victor's song to sing.
 In many a conflict, many a strife,
 In battles sharp and long,
 Before the foe he stood his ground,
 Arm'd with salvation strong.
 For many years a burning light,
 Was faithful, just, and true;
 A pillar in the Church of God,
 Among the chosen few.
 The Friend who lived and died for him,
 He served with one accord;
 And proved a faithful servant in
 The vineyard of the Lord.
 But now he's from the vineyard called,
 And lays his armour down,
 Bidding to feeble flesh adieu,
 In heaven to wear a crown.

How sweet to hear the Master's call,
 And to His presence rise;
 Exchange the bed of suffering for
 A mansion in the skies.
 To dwell with Christ, the Holy One,
 Through one eternal day;
 Where God, who sits upon the throne,
 Shall wipe all tears away.
 And there among the ransomed throng,
 With loved ones gone before,
 To sweetly sing to Christ the King,
 Upon that tranquil shore.
 From pain and tribulation, there,
 His happy soul is free;
 No sin, or care, can ever mar
 His long felicity.
 The Saviour now has said, "Well done,"
 And called him to his rest;
 While seraphs struck their harps afresh
 To welcome home a guest.

Thus safe on Canaan's blissful shore,
Where endless pleasures flow;
We cannot wish him back again
To this sad world of woe.

So let us wipe our weeping eyes,
For 'tis our Saviour's will
That we should meet him in the skies.
Till then, farewell ! farewell !

HEAVEN'S REST REALISED ON EARTH.

[The following spiritual note from Mr. John Taylor, of Burnham, who is just partially recovering from what appeared to be a final affliction, proves how divinely true are the promises of our God unto His people.—C. W. B.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You will by this see it hath pleased Almighty God once more for a little time to bring me back; may it be for the praise of His grace; may this be a small tribute from a sanctified soul to Him that hath managed all this affair, and done all things well; and may it be a word of comfort to some afflicted ones. This, dear brother, is my second day of leaving my bed; and bless the Lord, O my soul, that sweet quiet is not left in my bed, it remaineth; I am still in the sweet enjoyment of it. In myself I failed. I said, "Lord, if Thy presence go not with me, do not let me go." I received this small rebuke: "Be still, and know that I am God." This affliction has not, dear brother, consisted in the last three weeks; pain and sorrow have been with me (witnessed by a happy family), spreading over two years of time. "The day of adversity was set over against the day of prosperity." From the first I have risen early, and worked with double diligence the many months which are gone. I bore it all, as far as possible, to hide it in my own bosom, and had our friend C. W. Banks stepped in, he would have received the same welcome, the same smile, the same table spread. Yet, daily humbling down under the mighty hand of God. I must come, naked and bare, into the stripping room, still trying with the last piece of strength for something in my hand to bring, until I fell, helpless, into the arms of death; and even there, believing that lie, that I had grieved the Holy Spirit within me, whereby I was sealed unto the day of redemption. I was there three days in death, not in hell, there is no hell on this road; heaven was near; God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost were near; and before I was aware I was in heaven. I knew from all the joys of my soul it was heaven, and that I was safe in heaven. But I am still in the body, a body of pain; and do now again expect to come into the cares of the present life. It is seventeen days since this solemn quiet began, it remaineth; it is a peace that passeth understanding; I have not yet any knowledge of to-morrow, but a few words from Heaven is so good, so great, I desire not to leave it. These are open heavens, and open display of the righteousness of God. The heavens where a holy God and sinners meet; the heavens where poor sinners that fear His holy Name are daily received,—

"And from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

I saw a few attendants there; those that delight to do the will of God. One precious motto I saw, "IT IS FINISHED." Ye that go forth as His mouth, ponder those sacred words, and tell it out for Jesus Christ's sake.

JOHN TAYLOR.

A WORD FOR THE TRIED ONES.

By W. SIMPSON,

Baptist Minister, Lincoln.

BELOVED,—What poor cast-down, despised, uncared-for creatures we are ! Yet we shall do more with the eternal Son of God than all the fiends or foes together. They are many and mighty ; but the souls of seeking sinners are precious in our Lord's sight. Oh, my tried friend, how few can I find that have been in the depths. "Out of the depths I cried unto Thee." Sunk low as I was, how few knew it. I was so lost, so absent, as to be left of all my familiar friends. Even the doctors called to inform my poor wife that she must put me in an asylum, otherwise they would not be responsible for her life. Dear child of God, we are kept by the power of *God*. Note ye the discriminating, All-wise, All-mighty, All-glorious, All-powerful, and All-perfecting Hand of Almighty God in delivering out of the den of lions, out of the furnace, out of prison. Is there anything too hard for the Lord ? No ; bless His dear Name for evermore. Had I been a person of wealth, or kindred to people of property, I had been confined ; but being poor, none cared to trouble about me. Therefore God sometimes uses the poverty of His dear people as the world would use their riches—yet another way. Therefore "bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." Be strong ; fear not. "God will come, even our God, with a recompense ; *He will come and save you.*" The Spirit of the Lord bids us proclaim those words to all who are of a fearful heart. Yet my benighted heart is at times one of the most awful dungeons, far too awful for me to mention. Now, be it known that for almost twenty years I, by electing, sovereign, searching, and separating grace, have learned those terrible heart trials. This is the schooling of a child ; and if thou art a learner here, in due course you will have to mount up to heaven ; then thou wilt go down again into the depths, until thy soul is melted because of trouble. Ah ! and ye must go a little further in this path ; this is the path of patience, and in your patience possess ye your soul. This is a place for spiritual business in deep waters ; here is a staggering-place ; some reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and when at the Rock of Sinai, they are commanded not even to touch it ; for if so much as a beast touch this Rock, it shall be stoned, or thrust through with a dart ; and when the dear Lord brought my poor soul here, it was then, dear child of God, most holy, that both professor and some of those that I do hope, even possessing grace, did unto your poor tried friend, even as the ancients did unto Jephtha the Gileadite. This is a hard battle to stand in sometimes, to have to fight the fight of faith, yet have to go deeper before they call upon the Lord, even to their wit's end. Then "Call now, and I will answer." Dear child, it is here you find your food ; for out of the Eater (and surely this poor tried soul has been devoured, and now his captivity is being turned, because, saith the Lord, I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes) there cometh forth meat ; and "those things that my soul refuseth to touch are as my sorrowful meat" (Job vi. 7). Such young lions seek their meat from God.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

BY W. WINTERS.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness."—Psa. lxx. 11.

FAREWELL, Old Year; thy last frail moments glideth.
 As transient shadows, silently away;
 Earth's fairest honours never long abideth;
 But there are honours that know no decay.

The New Year hastens, with new hopes attended,
 Casting its faint light o'er the path we tread;
 And ere its short-lived seasons shall have ended,
 The strongest may be numbered with the dead.

Thanks to the Hand divine that led us hither,
 Safe from the perils that surround the way,
 Cheered with the hope that lies beyond the river,
 That brightens every prospect of to-day.

To those blest mansions we would hasten faster,
 Bidding adieu to earth's bewitching care,
 To triumph in the presence of the Master,
 With all the ransomed spirits that are there.

When each one shall have drunk his cup of sorrow,
 And all the present trials shall have past;
 The wings of Time will bring a bright to-morrow,
 A joy unequalled that shall ever last.

Take heart, then, Christian, cares are only blending
 With this frail nature, which must cease to live;
 A crown is thine, and richest joys unending,
 Which Christ imparts, for 'tis His right to give.

Like a wild vision, or as one that dreameth,
 Is the brief story of this life below;
 And there are stern realities, that seemeth
 Too mystical for us to fully know.

But we shall know them when this life is over—
 The labyrinths which now we fail to scan;
 With eyes immortal, we shall then discover,
 And all the wisdom that unfolds the plan.

There is no doubting one who feels forsaken—
 Who trusts in Christ, yet falters in the way—
 Whose hope shall not, as with the morn awaken,
 Fraught with the glories of an endless day.

Ah! many that have trod this vale of sadness—
 Lonely and poor, with sadder hearts than thine—
 Are safe at Home, where sounds of holy gladness
 Charm their rapt souls, and life is all divine.

There darkness is unknown, there the grand centre
 Of life and light in brilliant forms combine,
 To cheer the eager spirits as they enter
 Those gates of pearl, beyond the bounds of Time.

There are no sick ones there, no eyes are holden,
 The weakest here shall there in strength appear;
 In hope to reach those palaces so golden,
 We now would hail with joy the glad New Year.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

THE BAPTISTS IN LONDON AND ITS SUBURBS.—We have, according to the corrected lists now published in *The Baptist Almanack* for 1881, by Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, about 250 settled Baptist Pastors, 40 Baptist Churches *without* Pastors, and nearly 300 Baptist ministers without Churches. London itself, then, has 500 Baptist preachers, who, either in the metropolis or in its suburban districts, are going forth with the Gospel. The names of the preachers, the places where they reside, the position of their Churches, and from the particular hymn-books they use, the section they are connected with, may all be ascertained in this useful annual, which has now been regularly issued for thirty years. All who require such a book of reference know its value; and so much for two-pence surely must be cheap.

The Prophet Jonah. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row). Rev. Samuel Clift Burn (author of "A Humble Companion to the Pilgrim's Progress") delivered at Tenby a course of lectures on the "Whole Life of Jonah." Owing to the singular voyage which that ancient sailor once took when he ran from his Lord's command, his name, and the mysterious lodging-place provided for him, have always been popular; but Jonah's prophecy has not been very frequently referred to in the public ministry, neither has it ever been exhaustively developed in any of the commentaries as yet published. In a learned and elaborate series of discourses, Mr. S. C. Burn has brought to view all the remarkable features in the revealed life of this eccentric servant of the Lord. To ministers it will be useful, and private students cannot fail to derive a large fund of Scriptural knowledge from this compendium of the *Wayward Messenger*, who declared "Salvation is of the Lord."

The Protestant Witness.—No. 1 comes forth with a Christ-like spirit against "The Earth's Despot," "Rome's Anticipation of the Conquest of England," and of "The Undying Character of the Papacy." Its narratives are true, terrible, and telling enough to arouse the awful lethargy of English Protestants, if they had any sterling Protestant life left in them. Mr. Robert Peddie, the editor, says "the establishment of the Papal hierarchy in Scotland is now an accomplished fact." Alas! is bonnie Scottie bowing down her head to Rome's tyranny? It is even so. It makes our

blood to become hot when we reflect upon the cold, the cruel, the bigotted party spirits which divide our Protestant sections of the visible Church. We need not go to Rome for Popery, nor for a dreadful system of persecution. Dr. Doudney, in his December *Gospel Magazine*, on "England's Day of Trouble," faithfully declares our declension, our dropping down, under that laudanum poison which is now sending the Church to sleep, and the nation to ruin. In our "Anti-Popish Reviewer," which we published thirty years ago, we cried out as loud as we could; but we only received the scorn of the "sound" people, who laughed and left us to mourn over our failure. God's grace has taught us not only to endure hardness, but even, at times, to glory in tribulation. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's *Sword and Trowel* for December, shows he is still the man represented in the first Psalm. While some are in the thirteenth Psalm exclaiming, "How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily?" it has fallen to the lot of the editor of *Sword and Trowel* to say Amen to that golden sentence, "Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." We really feel a glow of gladness, when any man prospers in works of charity—helping the helpless, and lifting up the downcast. If there are no degrees in glory, there is our Saviour's "Home." We hope to praise Him as loud as any of the Master's servants who now, like "the lofty King Ambition," vauntingly scream to those beneath them—

"Down! down! to that central vault,
The bolted doors of hell!"

The Thirty-sixth Annual Volume of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD," for 1880, is now neatly and substantially bound, and can be had of Mr. R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. To meet the wishes of friends in all parts of the country, who have desired to possess a good photograph likeness of the editor, our enterprising and obliging publisher has added, as a frontispiece, a cabinet sized portrait, which represents the editor in his well-known character as "The Village Preacher." The likeness is considered very good, and it can be extracted and framed, or allowed to remain bound up in the volume, as friends may choose. By the same publisher is now issued "THE CHEERING WORDS ANNUAL FOR 1880," with an original frontispiece representing the

two brothers, ISAAC AND HESSEL LEVINSON. We pray to be very grateful to our most compassionate God and Saviour for having sustained us for so many years in conducting these publications, and to know that many thousands are still realising some edification from their contents, constraining us to endeavour to live only for His glory, and His people's further advance in the knowledge of the mysteries of grace, and of the progress of His kingdom on the earth.

Secrets for Saints, and Short Sermons for All Sorts of Sinners.—When we can give extracts, with permission, they will prove, we hope, exceedingly encouraging and strengthening to faith.

The Spanish Armada. In 1588, the then king of Spain sent a large fleet to invade our shores, and to destroy England's Protestant Liberties. Queen Elizabeth headed her troops; and special prayer in all the Churches was offered up to the God of our salvation. England had her noble commanders; but her strength was not equal to that of her fierce and formidable Spanish foe, and but for the manifest interposition of the Almighty, England might have been reduced to dreadful misery. God "caused His winds to blow, and they were scattered." On the coast of Scotland, God sent a violent tempest, which destroyed the whole of the Spanish navy. The sermon in commemoration of this victory, preached by F. J. Vine, in the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, on Aug. 12, 1880, has been published by the Working Men's Protestant League, 37, Aldermanbury, and by S. W. Partridge. The defeat of the Spanish Armada by the out-poured wrath of God upon them, demands of the English people a more pure devotion, a more fervent song of praise, than they now offer to our merciful Deliverer. Oh, England, do awake!

The Protestant Standard, of May 22, 1880, from the city of Sydney, Australia, brings report of second anniversary of Pastor Daniel Allen's Sunday afternoon services in the Protestant Hall. Some 300 friends gathered; tea was served; several gentlemen delivered speeches; the secretary handed to Mr. Allen a purse of sovereigns, which, with the report of progress, and the spirit manifested of loyalty and love to God's glorious truth, rendered everything gratifying and satisfactory. We rejoice in Mr. Daniel Allen's progress, and in his untiring devotion to the sacred mission to which he has been called. This Australian *Protestant Standard* shows up the efforts of Manning, Newman, the Pope, and all who are

leagued against the Heaven-revealed Protestantism of the Bible. But Joseph Irons has long been dead: Dr. Cumming is silent: John Bunyan McCure says little against Rome now; all our anti-Romish lecturers are either starved, or worn out. Alas! ye mighty men of mixed teachings, where are ye leading us to?

The History of England Fulfilling Prophecy to the Very Letter.—When we read "Israel's Betrothal and God's Faithfulness," in the first volume of *Israel's Hope and Destiny* (a monthly magazine, published by Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street), we realised a choice persuasion of the fact that Hosea's second chapter has been, and still is being, literally fulfilled in the existence and enterprising efforts of the visible Church of Christ in Great Britain. Douglas A. Onslow, Esq., has evinced an admirable spirit in conducting the monthly called *Israel's Hope and Destiny*, and however blind, prejudiced, or slow to receive the whole subject now so widely discussed some may be, we must honestly confess that this volume—in its title, in its variety of articles, in its thoroughly excellent production altogether—pleases us very much; and we are convinced it will not overthrow the faith of any of God's chosen in things essential to their salvation.

Break of Day in the Eighteenth Century. A History and Specimen of the First Book of English Sacred Song, &c.—London: Wm. Hunt & Co., 12, Paternoster-row. The rector of Westerland, near Ipswich, has carefully and faithfully selected and arranged 300 hymns of Dr. Watts, connecting therewith "A Sketch of their History." In a preface of nearly forty pages, Mr. Rust has furnished a quantity of information respecting the excellent Dr. Isaac Watts, and of many of the hymns composed by him, which will edify the friends of the blessed poet, and cause their hearts to burn with holy joy. Mr. Cyprian T. Rust has seen that it is the ambition of every minister of any note, in these times, to have his "Own Hymn Book." Hence, the diversified assemblies of worshippers are ever and anon startled by the intrusion of somebody's "new, improved, enlarged, superior, and more pleasing collection of hymns." Watts and Hart, and other heavenly inspired sacred poets, are flung aside to make room for the "express-train hymns," and the "electric telegraph tunes," which are, we fear, carrying the people off to a flirty and new-fashioned system of the praise department. Mr. Rust has come out valiantly. Thousands ought to help him get his "Break of Day" into circulation. It will be a blessing to many.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

DARK CLOUDS, WITH "BRIGHT BEAMS COMING OUT OF HIS SIDE."
(HABAKKUK III. 4.)

The state of Ireland is a dark cloud politically; it will, ultimately, destroy the Papal power. In France there is a stream flowing from Romanism to Evangelism, it is preparing the way for TRUTH to march in with her white robes of purity, victory, and saving power. In England there is fast coming a storm, wild and strong enough to blow the national Church all to atoms. The bluster of the gentlemen (?) Ritualists is quite disgraceful. Some of their naughty boys are cast into prison for setting the law at defiance. Are they not thereby traitors to their Sovereign, and rebels against God? They speak murderously, they threaten to fling certain of their "brethren" into the Thames. O ye pious Romanisers, surely ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. Lord Shaftesbury might well say "the religious horizon is dark." He began to fear "THE FINAL CLOSE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WAS NEAR AT HAND."

We have been connected with the press for more than fifty years. We have watched the growth of what was "Tractarianism," then "Puseyism," "Sacerdotalism," "Ritualism," now it is "Romanism." And because England's throne and the British parliament issue laws to arrest the progress of this Jesuitism, a conspiracy of a revolutionary kind is coming boldly to the front. Most of our proud young Nonconformist "pastors" are following in the same wake. Priestly and priest-like is their garb. White iron collars and clerical-cut coats are all expressive of the same spirit. *The Baptist* has come forth with the rod to gently chastise some of those lordly governors of the mission who imperatively demand more money from the people. It is profoundly wonderful what millions of money the Evangelistic armies pull out of the people's pockets, and yet Mr. Ryle—no, "Canon Ryle;" nay, "Bishop Ryle"—said the other evening "that the world was well-nigh drunk with self-conceit about our so-called progress in arts and sciences. They had fallen, he said, on a sceptical and unbelieving age. There were districts in the great metropolis, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Birmingham, and in the Black Country, where Christianity was practically unknown." We know that this is the case. And when we review the multitudinous corps of missions of every kind, it staggers common sense to understand it all. Perhaps some cause of failure is found in such cases as the following. A valued correspondent in one of the large iron towns, tells us of a gentleman who had been for some time hearing a big fish preach; but the gentleman could not, from the fish's preaching, see any true Gospel whatever. He left, and went to worship, and to hear, where the

ministers give THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST in a straight-forward exposition. "Now," said the deserter from the free-will camp, "I can understand the grand scheme of salvation."

In the face of all the feebleness and failures of some, the brilliant, but not beautiful sham worship of others, and the daring infidelity of the masses, how grand, how full of Sovereign Majesty, and of Divine glory comes forth the inspired interrogation, "Why do the heathen rage (tumultuously assemble), and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the LORD, and against His anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the LORD shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure. Yet have

"I SET MY KING UPON ZION!
The Hill of My Holiness."

O joyful, glad some hallelujahs sound to His praise, all ye who love GOD'S ETERNAL SON above all things. Ye who walk with HIM; ye whose only delight is to honour and serve HIM, shout out your songs of glory unto Him that loved you, and washed you, redeemed and called you, let His dear Name fill all your songs, and laud HIM evermore. Those who have travelled (in soul-travail by the grace and power of the eternal Spirit) from the dead sea of the fall to the foot of Mount Sinai, from thence to the gloomy valley of Achor, descending into the horrible pit, trying to climb up the miry clay; failing there, and falling into, and crying out of "the belly of hell." Only these (when brought out) can honestly, earnestly, continuously sing, "SALVATION IS OF THE LORD."

That young Elihu beat all the ancient men in Job's calamity. Elihu asketh, "Can any understand the spreading of the clouds, or the noise of His tabernacle?" We see men are beat when they try this; for

"With clouds He covereth the light, and commandeth it not to shine by the light that cometh betwixt."

Hence we find "The Watchman" in his *Sword and Trowel* for December says, "The night is a mixture, it is not all well, nor all ill. Times have been worse, and it were well if they were better. Two things seem to bode no good to the Church of God. One is the abounding doubt among professing Christians, and mainly among a certain class of ministers who aim at being thought 'INTELLECTUAL.' Not only so; but they ape a certain amount of fanciful pronuncia-

tion and of acting and attitude which compels one, with Cowper, to cry out, "Affectation, my soul doth it abhor." But the strong stamina of bold and blessed preaching is almost lost in the shams of the present season, and the minds of the people are become so weak that they prefer the sensitive softness, the doubting, the nervous trembling to the decided ram's-horn proclamation of the grand old Gospel; whose notes are clear, whose distinctions are unmistakable, whose promises are like their Author—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Once more hear "The Watchmen" in *Sword and Trowel*." He says, "Young men from college, for lack of whiskers, display their critical ability as an evidence of their manliness." This is a cloudily, misty, foggy, feminine style of things. But, as in former times, so now, bright lights come through the clouds. When young Thomas Spencer, before he was twenty, had gathered five thousand people to witness his laying the foundation stone of his new chapel, how was it done? By a spiritual power in him, which developed itself in a sterling simplicity, in an illustrious earnestness, and, as Paxton Hood puts it, "with a manly energy of manner, and majestic grace of delivery." Alas! with all these rare qualities, and with all his unbounded success for a youth, he was, one Monday morning, drowned, and lost to the Church on earth for ever. Again "The Watchman" warns us of a cloud. He says, "The foundations are assailed, the Bible is attacked, and its inspiration more than questioned."

"Once let this go, ALL IS GONE."

Praise God for some decision for the Bible. "The Scotch Sermons," so much sought for now, are spiced with "intellectual" investigations as to whether the Bible is true, is inspired, is to be believed, and so on. Oh, this creeping in of infidelity from the professors of Christian colleges is a fearful cloud in these times. How forcible is "The Watchman's" remark, "When tutors set before young men the example of judging inspired Scripture as though it were the product of Burns or Byron, there will not come much good to the Church of God from the institutions over which they preside." Emphatically *The Sword* says, "Most of the mischiefs of the Churches commence in the colleges." "The worldly conformity" of those who profess to be Christ's disciples is another cloud. It is imperative for faithful, spirit-anointed ministers (if ye can find any) to "cry aloud and spare not." THE BIBLE! THE GOSPEL! THE TRINITY! *The ruin of man by sin, the Church's complete recovery by the Saviour.*

These our watchwords now must be,
Or from His glory we shall flee,
In that tremendous day.

Mr. Hazlerigg's letter, announcing his resignation as editor is not a bright cloud at all. His affliction, or, as he says, "Perhaps

a part, at any rate, of what we suffer has been brought upon us by our own labours and anxieties as the editor." Poor dear man! How soon his strength has failed. For more than six-and-thirty years we have had the heart-aching toil, responsibility, and heavy care, of originating, of sustaining, of conducting, our little VESSEL. Heaps of hard stones have been hurled at us. The fingers have, no doubt, considered they were thereby "doing God service." It may be (as David said of Shemic) God had bidden them chastise us. Most of our old warriors have left the field; their mantle, yea, a double portion has fallen upon the successors, hence the secret pelting goes on. How much we desire and pray for grace to be resigned to all, to be patient under all, to prove that every stone, and every stroke only sends us deeper into penitence, and more persistent in prayer, how much we sigh and weep, and wonder at the awful divisions, jealousies, cuttings off, and condemning of each other in the so-called "Strict Baptist Churches;" how severely these ungodly, these un-Christ-like spirits have tried us is known only unto Him to whom we carry every burden, and wait the working of His gracious will. In our work we stand alone. The little while we may live, we shall only seek the counsel, the confidence, the guidance, the help of that exceedingly merciful, compassionate, and ever-faithful ADVOCATE, the GREAT GOD, and our SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. Under the shadow of whose wing we silently, in our own soul, whisper,—

"Let cares like a wild deluge come!
Let storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
MY GOD, my heaven, my ALL."

What clouds, with what bright beams now are realised by the Churches, called Baptists, is an investigation we have commenced. But to form any correct judgment of the work now being carried on by our five hundred preachers and pastors in the Metropolis, and its surroundings (supposed to contain four millions and a-half of precious souls) is a momentous business, and if it could be done, as Paul writes, "without partiality and without hypocrisy," it must be useful in more ways than one.

Mr. Urwick, who, when he comes to the end of his

"Journey Round the World,"

says, "I found the world much better and much kinder than I thought it was;" and in spite of Ritualism, Buddhism, and other wild isms, he says, "that spiritual temple in which the most High delights to dwell, whose foundation is JESUS CHRIST, this holy temple of the Lord is growing everywhere; its stones are living souls, united by faith, through the SPIRIT, to God's most highly-exalted Son." To His praise and honour may we live, now and for evermore. Amen.

"I HAVE NO FEAR OF DEATH."

By WM. TROTMAN.

Minister of Corpus Christi Chapel, Stonehouse,
Devon.

DEAR BROTHER, — Who can have suggested the inquiry, "Is Mr. W. T. leaving Stonehouse?" We know nothing about it at Corpus Christi. I am glad to say our "pastor's fund" has very nearly reached the sum of £50, which with the income from seats and collections makes ample provision for the coming year. The Lord has graciously favoured me in granting me the high privilege of carrying the grand old Gospel into the sick room, which has been the means of salvation to a precious soul whom I found in total spiritual darkness. The word spoken from time to time has been blest to the opening of her blind eyes, until at last her soul was filled with anguish, and her eyes with tears while she mourned over her lost state. *without hope* of a personal interest in Jesus, though she could say, "I feel that He has done all, but I want to know it was done for *me*!" I left thus one Friday evening, and was led to carry her case to her Master in wrestling prayer, in which I felt a precious nearness to our Lord Jesus, and the words were given me, "If we ask anything according to the rock of God, He heareth us, and if we know that He heareth us, we know that we have the things we asked of Him." I rose from my knees satisfied that the Lord would hear and answer the petitions that had been asked. When I next called to see the afflicted one (drawing very near to her end) for a considerable time she was unable to speak a word; then she fixed her eyes on me and said, "I wanted to see you, to tell you. He has spoken to me on Saturday morning: the words were, 'He has done all. Rejoice evermore.' My trouble was gone. I felt I could rejoice that He had done it all for me. I have no fear of death since then. I have been most sorely tempted: still, the peace remains!" Oh, dear brother, this is truly a *token*, a *true token*. This poor young woman came from your great city to be consumed by a dreadful consumption. The Lord inclined her heart to express a wish that I should call and see her; and now, with almost dying breath she tells me that my poor attempts to speak to Him, have been blest to the salvation of her precious soul. Such witnesses as these help us onward. All honour and praise to the almighty Saviour, who can help a *young life* (only a few short months ago she was most active in one of your establishments in London) to resign itself into the hands of God. I said to her, "One glance at that love of ONE in those blessed mansions, and you will never have another *regret* at the blighting of your mortal life in its youth." With all the strength she could command she replied, "I have not one regret now. He brought me here for a purpose. It is all right." Surely this is the *faith* which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence, or demonstration, of *things not seen*. One view by faith of her precious Saviour has enabled

her not only to rejoice in God, but glory in tribulations also. I have no doubt of having found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus the Anointed — the Christ. She will soon fall asleep and exchange a busy, troublesome, sinful world for a glorious mansion of light, joy, peace, and holiness, to be for ever with her Lord and Saviour.

Yours in a sure covenant.

WM. TROTMAN.

THE ROYAL REMEDY AT PECKHAM, HEATON ROAD.

Special services on Lord's-day, November 28. Mr. James Clarke preached. On Tuesday Mr. J. S. Anderson in his sermon made some lucid remarks on the Sonship of Christ, which were encouraging to tried believers. He spoke of Christ, the resurrection, the first-begotten of the dead, by whose supremacy and regal dignity sinners were lifted up from their low state of sin, and made kings and priests unto God. The believers' conquest over sin by the blood of the Lamb was discussed in a gentle and comforting manner. The evening's meeting was presided over by Joseph Beach, Esq., Mr. Battison offered prayer, Mr. W. Webb spoke truthfully on "Christ the Way," W. Winters spoke on "Christ the Truth," Thomas Stringer on "Christ the Life," was heart-cheering. Mr. Griffith enlarged with decision and sweetness on "Christ the Power of God," and H. Brown of Notting-hill-gate, with great precision and ingenuity of thought discoursed on "Christ the Wisdom of God." This happy meeting, so full of Christ, will long be remembered with pleasure. May our brother Clark's labours be owned and blessed of God. W. WINTERS.

STEPNEY. — WELLESLEY STREET. — Oct. 26, 18th anniversary of Mr. Thomas Steed's ministry in London, and the sixth of his pastorate at Wellesley-street, was held; and was by no means a poor affair, although the proceeds of the collection were to be devoted to the poor. It was a well-attended meeting. The pastor presided; and no one who listened to him could make any mistake as to which section of the Church of Christ he belonged to, or as to the doctrines he held and highly esteemed. James Mote, Esq., canvassed, in a cheerful tone, his many years' acquaintance with his brother Steed. Mr. Gardner dilated upon that Scripture, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Young Thomas Emery dived into the ocean of God's love. Brother Holden spoke quiescently of some of the exercises of the Christian travellers; and Mr. R. G. Edwards brought the meeting to a close by urging the people of God to "go on" in every good and gracious work. — INO.

BOSTON. — DEAR C. W. B. — The Lord is with us at our beloved Bethel. Oh, what a mercy to be made useful to His redeemed family? We have much to be thankful for here. All stand faithfully. Praise the Lord. — J. BOLTON.

AN AWFUL STEAM ENGINE.

By T. STRINGER,

Minister of Trinity Chapel, Borough.

"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison" (James iii. 8).

What can he more dangerous, destructive, or detrimental to the society of human beings than a tongue, or tongues, full of deadly poison? Poison of any kind is awful, but a poisonous and poisoning tongue is horribly awful to the last degree; neither is there any cure for it, but death and the grave. Beyond that, "they gnawed their tongues for pain" (Rev. xvi. 10), which may be called retributive justice. "I will repay, saith the Lord" (Rom. xii. 19). The flattering tongue decoys. "They flatter with their tongue" (Psa. v. 9). The false tongue is destructive. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue" (Prov. xviii. 21). Such a tongue will swear, for temporal advantage, that black is white and white is black. The result is most disastrous. The double tongue (1 Tim. iii. 8) will speak fair and false in one breath; the tongue of strife (Psa. xxxi. 20) will dissolve the closest associations; the sharpened tongue (Psa. cxl. 3) will cut Churches to pieces and ministers to the heart; the deceitful tongue (Rom. iii. 13) will betray you unawares; the scourging tongue (Job v. 21) will lash you severely; the backbiting tongue (Psa. xv. 3) will blast your reputation and blacken your character; the mischievous tongue (Psa. lii. 2) will spread discord, distress, and desolation everywhere, and do more damage in a locality, or among a people, than an eruption from Mount Vesuvius; the proud-speaking tongue (Psa. xii. 3) will boast much of self and belabour others; the tongue of the crafty (Job xv. 5) will cunningly and artfully deceive you; the lying tongue (Psa. cix. 2) is like the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that walketh at noon-day—a thorough desolating epidemic! Good Lord, deliver us from a lying tongue. The arrow tongue (Jer. ix. 8) will pierce you through and through.

Then, in addition to this list, there is the gossiping tongue, where everybody's circumstances, business, and domestic concerns (except their own) are thoroughly discussed and analysed. There is also the slanderous tongue; it "setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell" (James iii. 6). Many a poor fellow-creature has been bowed down and bruised by this infernal weapon to the day of his or her death. I, for one, have been pelted, plagued, and pestered with and by it from all quarters, and am enabled to take as an encouragement and safe remedy for it Matt. v. 11. I hope that all who are subject to pain of body and mind through the baneful influence of this most horrible instrument will have the same remedy applied. Then they will indeed "rejoice, and be exceeding glad."

It may be called persecution, but we hardly know the meaning of that word in our day. Had we lived 300 or more years ago, we should have understood it much better. The

tongues I have mentioned will one day cease from everything, but (grace preventing not) "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." What dreadful blows were inflicted upon our holy, harmless, undefiled Redeemer by that murderous weapon, the tongue! His humble and honest followers must expect a good share of the same. "What shall be given unto thee, or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?" God only knows. It is beyond human, but not beyond Divine, control. Many profess much love by kissing with their lips, and quickly after (Judas-like) will betray you with their tongues. Private tea-table societies, among some professors, are truly dangerous things. The tongue, on these occasions, is unrestrained: its free liberty is patronised. When, with some (bless God there are exceptions), the poor minister, his wife (if he has one), and his family form the chief topic; they are criticised and examined, their domestic matters, manners, and movements are turned over and over and thoroughly investigated: and, after a long tongue-banging debate, the verdict is brought in with "Shame upon them." What an infinite mercy to be clear of all false and slanderous accusations in the sight of an holy God, and to be enabled to leave the accusers in the hands of "the Judge of all the earth." Oh! ye faithful ministers of Christ and true followers of the Lamb, beware of the tongue and of its deadly poison.

[We much hesitated before we could consent to the insertion of this fearful chapter, wherein the most dangerous instrument on earth is exposed; but if our brother Stringer's Scriptural extracts are carefully taken, well digested, and the results considered, they may be useful. We all suffer from the unholy use of the tongue. An honest tongue which would first search out the TRUTH of any report before further spreading it would be a choice tongue indeed.—ED.]

SPELDHURST-ROAD SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The teachers and friends of this Sunday School have great cause for thankfulness and gratitude to God for His sustaining power and goodness in this branch of Christian effort at Speldhurst-road. Eighteen months ago, we commenced with 13 scholars, since then there has been a steady increase, so that the average attendance can be put down at 65. Considering the large and influential schools there are around us, we are much encouraged. On Wednesday, Jan. 19, we intend (D.V.) holding the children's New Year's tea meeting, when some suitable pieces will be said and sung, at which we hope our kind friend, Mr. Searle, of the Surrey Tabernacle, will preside. To accomplish this, we kindly ask 30 friends to send us 2s. 6d. each. Our hope and trust is in the Lord, and if we are instrumental in guiding any of the rising race to the Saviour we will rejoice and be glad. Mr. John Dunham, treasurer and librarian, 13, Banbury-road, South Hackney, will gladly receive and duly acknowledge any contribution.—J. W. BANKS, Superintendent.

THE MESSENGER OF THE CHURCHES IN THE NORTH.

Our truly spiritual brother in the ministry, in the faith, in the hope of glory, and our companion in tribulation, Mr. Joseph Taylor, of Sheffield, in a loving note, says,—

“Dear friend, C. W. Banks,—I often wonder if we solitary Northerners are ever remembered by you. I often wonder if we yet love each other. When we stand together in the inner court, we then know we are of God. We join hands with those who without us were not made perfect, and soon we shall put off this corruptible, this mortal, this earthly drag, this heavy tabernacle. Oh, how I long for that change, my heart panteth as the hart for the water-brook, for the fulness of eternal life, the earnest of which is this blessed treasure we have received; for what we have seen, what we have handled, what we have tasted of the word of life, we declare unto others. Watchman! what sayest thou of the night? It is far spent, the day is at hand. Oh, what a night! a dark, dismal night, a night of trouble and anguish; labouring in the *mirre* of fearfulness, of surprise, of wanderings, of vanity, of dreams and restlessness, of ignorance and blundering amid wastes, desolation and death. Oh, day of gladness! thy morning star I have seen in my heart; and its light gladdens my soul beyond what is known when corn and wine increase. Beloved brother, THE TRUTH IS WITH US. We want no terrestrial mixtures: we have an unction by which we discern we are of God in Christ Jesus. We are born from above. Ours is the spirit of love, of power, of a sound mind, in the grace of an incomprehensible God; but we know, and are sure, for we are taught by HIM that came out from the FATHER; and let the man or angel be accused who brings his aid to the omnipotent JESUS, and vainly seeks to obscure His glory, by his own vain imagination. Do not think that we solitary ones here abate one jot or tittle of the heavenly treasure revealed to us. No! you may rely upon it, the truth and the whole truth, as far as we know it, is sacredly and strongly held by us; and I trust I may say it is more clearly and experimentally realised, and declared by us, for and by all the deep trials and soul searchings we have had to pass through.

“God moveth to our help as we need; still we are hedged in, we are led in His way, not our own. I may say, we have nothing as we desire it, yet have many unexpected mercies. We are cast down, but not destroyed.

“Masbro’ is about as usual; better signs at Barnsley. The weight of the services is more on my shoulders, but I am wonderfully strengthened and helped, strangely tried, but marvellously upheld. Hitherto God has been my refuge: He has not cast out my prayer. I have a blind young man, who has begun to take his part along with us in the ministry of the Word, and is passing with me through a course of thorough training for the work. We have reason to hope God has raised him up to help us. Mr. Elam is

very unable to do much. Mr. Haddow is gone, but the Lord steps in again. Our hope still blooms. Faithfully,

“JOSEPH TAYLOR.

“Sheffield, Dec., 1880.”

[We never forget the ministers, the saints, and seekers, in Sheffield, Masboro’ and Barnsley. If the mercy of the Lord permit, we will write them soon, and see them on our way to Middlesboro’ ere long.—ED.]

PECKHAM.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—Seeing in VESSEL that Mr. Meeres was to preach at Nunhead-green, Peckham, I went to hear the good man. I found him a great man in proclaiming the glorious truths of the Gospel. He seems to me to be as full of life and energy in preaching as he was twenty years back. The Word was full of life and energy to my soul while he was exalting the Lord Jesus. I believe he felt the blessed realities he was proclaiming. I wish to tell you of a very interesting scene that took place after the service. The friends who worship at Nunhead presented Mr. Joseph Wood, jun., with one of Baxter’s handsome morocco-bound Bibles, with notes and introductory remarks, for the great kindness with which he has conducted the services of praise for some time past. It gave Mr. Meeres much pleasure in tendering the present, which he did with a few suitable words and a hearty shake of the hand, particularly as he had known the family for many years, a portion of them having been members of his Church at Bermondsey. Mr. Wood expressed his sincere thanks to the friends for their kindness. He said he would rather have received the Word of God than a purse of gold. I hope this may stimulate other Churches to do the same as the Nunhead friends have. It appears the cause here is doing well. It is said they intend building another place, large enough to hold five to six hundred people. I am sure they have the heartfelt prayers of yours in the truth, A. BROWN.—Queen’s Road, Peckham, Nov. 18, 1880.

SUFFOLK.—From a report we have received, we are pleased to find Mr. W. Gill is now the settled pastor of Tunstall Church; and that he is endeavouring to plant “the standard of Divine truth” in the villages around him. William Gill has lived and laboured under love for many years. We knew him well in London, in Rye, in the Black country, and in other places. We pray that in his open-air and pastoral labours he may be honoured of our Lord to win many souls, instrumentally gathering them unto our exalted Shiloh; and that the wilderness places around Tunstall, Aldringham, Eske, etc., may flourish like the garden of the Lord. The present Tunstall pastor, Mr. W. Gill, is of such a steady persevering temper and spirit, that if the godly praying people will stand by him and hold up his arms in the mighty work, we have no fear of God’s blessing resting upon him.

GOD'S "FEAR-NOTS" PROVE THERE ARE SOME WHO FEAR.

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—The Lord bless you for inserting in the EARTHEN VESSEL that piece—"The Godly Man's Experience"—and for your noble defence of that blessed hymn of John Newton's,—

"Tis a point I long to know."

It will be a great comfort to many a poor tried child of God. There are many that do sing that hymn with all their heart and soul. Dear brother, I have known you for many years. I have often heard you very sweetly on the Tuesday evenings, when I was first brought to know the Lord. May He bless you, my brother. I believe the piece will be a help to many of the readers of your magazine. I want you to insert in your VESSEL the enclosed few lines, which have been a great comfort to me. That in the Lord's hands it will be useful to many a child of God, and tend to the glory of God in a precious Christ, is the wish of a poor sinner who only sometimes can sing,—

"Tis a point I long to know."

DANIEL ATTEWELL.

(A *Perc Opener* at *Lynton-road Particular Baptist Chapel*.)

P.S.—Glad to say our pastor, Mr. R. A. Lawrence, is much better.

"TIS A POINT I LONG TO KNOW."

WHAT is this point you long to know ?

Methinks I hear you say : " 'Tis this,
I want to know I'm born of God,
An heir of everlasting bliss."

Is this the point you long to know ?

The point is settled in my view,
For if you want to love your God,
It proves that God has loved you.

"I want to know Christ died for me;
I want to feel the seal within;
I want to know Christ's precious blood
Was shed to wash away my sin;

"I want to feel more love to God;
I want more liberty in prayer;
But when I look within my heart,
It almost drives me to despair ;

"I want a mind more firmly fixed
On Christ, my everlasting Head;
I want to feel my soul alive,
And not so barren or so dead;

"I want more faith, a stronger faith ;
I want to feel its power within ;
I want to feel more love to God ;
I want to feel less love to sin ;

"I want to live above the world,
And count it all but trash and toys ;
I want sweet tokens of God's grace,
Some foretaste of eternal joys ;

"I want, I know not what I want ;
I want that really special good ;
But all my wants are summed up here :
I want, I feel I want, my God."

Is this the point you long to know ?
The dead can neither feel nor see ;
It is the slave that's bound in chains
Who knows the worth of liberty.

So when a want like yours is found,
I think I may be bold to say,
'The Lord has placed within that soul
What hell can never take away.

However small thy faith appears,
There's plenty in thy precious Head ;
The wants you feel, my Christian friend,
Are never found amongst the dead.

THE LATE MR. ISAIAH BEACH.

MR. EDITOR,—You referred in your last to the sad event which lately occurred at Chelmsford—viz., the fatal calamity to our dear and highly-esteemed friend and brother, Mr. Isaiah Beach, who, by the grace of God, was enabled so to live, that it is not too much to say he received the respect and esteem of all who were brought into contact with him. He was in the vigour of middle life, with a prospect of many years of great usefulness, both in public and private, before him ; the active partner in a large and important business, and almost beloved by the numerous *employées*, many of whom feel as if they had lost a member of their own families.

Some years since, the late Mr. Forster, of Witham, preached at Chelmsford, on a Sunday evening, in place of the minister who had been engaged, but was unable, through illness, to come. The word was applied by the Holy Spirit with such power to our brother, that he was constrained to follow the Lord in baptism ; and feeling much union of soul to Mr. Forster, he was united to the Church at Witham, of which Mr. Forster was pastor, there being then no settled minister at the Chelmsford chapel. He was, however, a regular attendant at the latter place, and was in all respects most liberal and consistent.

None thought that he would so soon be called to fill his place in the Church of perfect purity and unflinching happiness above, and his beloved widow, with the nine dear children, the aged and afflicted father, the only surviving brother, and the numerous Christian friends, be called to mourn their loss. May they each and all have that grace given them that their circumstances so especially require.

A few days after the event he seemed conscious that he should not recover, and bade farewell to his family. He was much blessed with the enjoyment of the love of Christ shed abroad in his soul, and with resignation to the will of God. Many were the prayers that he might be raised up, but he fell asleep on November 10, 1880.

The following account of the funeral appeared in *The Essex Weekly News* of November 19 :—

"FUNERAL OF MR. I. BEACH.—The remains of the late Mr. Isaiah Beach, whose lamented death from inflammation, following upon injuries received through an accidental fall from his horse, we have already recorded, were interred in the New London-road Cemetery, Chelmsford, on Wednesday afternoon, with every manifestation of esteem and regret. The funeral *cortège*, which started from deceased's house at Rainsford-end at three o'clock, was headed by a long array of the *employées* of Messrs. Beach and Sons, together with several tradesmen of the town, behind whom came the hearse and four mourning coaches, containing the immediate friends and relatives. As a mark of respect

blinds were drawn and shutters closed at many of the houses and shops along the line of route. The service at the grave was impressively performed by Mr. R. A. Huxham, pastor of the Baptist chapel, Chelmsford, at which deceased was a regular worshipper."

Amongst the several hundred persons present were the deacons from Witham chapel, and several friends from London and beyond.

On the following Lord's-day evening, Mr. Huxham endeavoured to improve the painful event in a chapel well filled with attentive hearers. from the words, "Behold. He taketh away, who can hinder Him," &c. (Job ix. 12). Great attention was paid to the service, and it was felt to be a most solemn time.

How mysterious are the ways of the Lord! How unsearchable His paths! and yet, how unerring are all His dealings! Oh, for faith to trust Him where we cannot trace Him!

"Oh! for a strong and vigorous faith
To trust Him 'neath the shades of death;
To feel that tho' the cloud's most dark
Still light and love surround the ark."

Yours truly,

TWO SYMPATHISERS.

CHELMSFORD.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Enclosed appeared in *Essex Weekly News*.—"Baptist Chapel, New London-road. Mr. Huxham (who is now fulfilling, with much general acceptance, a twelve months' engagement as minister at the above chapel, terminating in February next) has been invited to continue in that capacity for a year from that time, this course having been adopted by his desire, in preference to an immediate invitation to the pastorate." May the engagement thus entered into, being agreed to by an overwhelming majority of the Church, be of a very fruitful nature, resulting in the glory of God, Father, Son, and Spirit, instructing, building, edifying, and comforting living souls: and calling dead sinners into life, and leading them to Jesus. I am pleased to inform you and your numberless readers the baptismal waters have been moved twice during the ten months Mr. Huxham has been at Chelmsford, and, God willing, will be again on the first Lord's-day morning of the new year, 1881. Surely the work of the Lord is moving onward! Our prayer is that all that is written in Isaiah lvii. 14 may be realised. "Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of My people." And may the good Lord send forth His Gospel chariot prosperously.—
A FRIEND.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—One of "the faithful" was in our town preaching. He said, "I be bound to say, out of your 10,000 people, I could not find 50 that could give a straightforward account of the life of God in their souls." What daring, ignorant, presuming creatures are put up in pulpits now! Mr. Editor, do not encourage these wild, semi-Romanists; they condemn all but their own few. Tell us, Are they at all like Christ's ministers?

THE ORDINATION, EARLY LIFE, AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY OF MR. GEORGE BANKS, OF WILLENHALL.

WRITTEN BY MOSES BARNARD.

On Monday, December 6th, 1880, Mr. George Banks, of Willenhall, was ordained pastor over the Church and congregation assembling at Gomer-street Baptist chapel, Willenhall, near Wolverhampton, Staffordshire.

The solemn services of the day were conducted in the following order:—At three o'clock in the afternoon, divine service was held, Mr. R. Turner, of Netherton, read suitable portions of Scripture, and prayed. Mr. Thomas Jones, Baptist pastor of Broseley, now in his eighty-sixth year, preached to the Church and congregation a powerful and animated discourse, descriptive of the nature and constitution of a Christian Church from Rev. ii. 29.

At six o'clock, the ordination took place. Mr. B. G. Walker, of Willenhall, read 1 Tim. i. Mr. T. Jones proposed the usual questions, asking Mr. Banks to give an account of his conversion to God, which he did in a very clear, modest, and satisfactory manner. He then asked Mr. Banks to relate how he was led to accept the invitation to the pastorate. This was done with the greatest simplicity, with such solemnity and impressiveness that affected the whole congregation. Mr. Jones offered the Ordination Prayer, which was of a comprehensive character. A solemn, clear, and an affectionate charge was delivered to the pastor by Mr. Turner, from Paul's words, "PREACH THE WORD." Suitable addresses were given by Revs. F. J. Aust, E. Hilton, B. G. Walker, and W. Fleming, Esq., of Wolverhampton. Mr. Banks closed with prayer, imploring the Divine blessing upon the services of the day, which were exceedingly interesting and deeply impressive.

Thus passed a day of hallowed pleasures; and one that is worthy of record in the archives of the Church of Christ. May God bless the pastor in the prosecution of his ministerial labours, and raise around him a godly and zealous staff of workers.

MR. GEORGE BANKS'S EARLY LIFE.

Mr. Banks was born March 14, 1856, and at the early age of five years was sent to the Baptist Sunday-school, Gomer-street, where he graduated from a scholar to a teacher, and secretary in the school. He afterwards became a member of the Church, a deacon, and ultimately a preacher of the ever-blessed Gospel. In 1879, on Sunday, June 29, the Church were unable to obtain a minister; Mr. Banks was asked if he would read a chapter in the evening, and make a few remarks. He did so; the people were so pleased that they requested him to speak to them again on the Tuesday evening. After laying the matter before the Lord, and wrestling with Him in prayer for guidance and help, he consented; and with much fear and trembling came before the people. He

was then invited to preach every other Sunday; this he did until Dec., 1879, when he had a further invite to supply the pulpit altogether for an indefinite period; and received an invitation to the pastorate Sept. 28, 1880.

Mr. Banks's strain of preaching is practical and highly evangelical. His simple exhibition of the truth, and earnest appeals to the conscience, delivered in the most affectionate manner, produces powerful and lasting impressions on his hearers. He has evidently been led by Omnipotent Grace, at an early period of life, to choose the "good part." The natural decision and vigour of Mr. Banks's mind were happily enlisted, in all their spring and freshness, in the noble cause of the great Captain of his salvation. In that difficult but delightful service, his manly heart finds ample scope for its strongest and deepest affections.

Thus, in the fear of God, Mr. Banks pursues a steady line of consistent piety and integrity, increasing in knowledge, and equally advancing in the estimation of all around him. The Lord, whom he desires to "acknowledge in all his ways," has been pleased to smile on his undertakings, and our prayer to Almighty God is that he may be spared for many years to labour in the cause of his Master.

On the day preceding the ordination services, Mr. Banks preached two special sermons. That in the morning from Psalm xlii. 11, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul," etc.; and in the evening from Rom. i. 16, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation," etc.

DIVINE TELEGRAPH.

THE WORDS OF GOD TO JOB VERIFIED.

MY DEAR C. W. BANKS,—Allow me to say that I am fully aware the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL are not to be devoted to scientific research, and I should much regret to see anything introduced into its columns unworthy the attention of the most devoted Biblical student.

The other evening as I was poring over the book of Job my mind was arrested suddenly by the singular question which the Lord, out of the whirlwind, put to Job—namely, "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" It is well understood that the Bible is not a book of science, and should not be looked at in that aspect. At the same time the Book of books does not run counter to the most pronounced laws of science, rightly so called. The sacred preacher, though long after Job's time, declared (Eccles. i. 9, 10), that there was no new thing under the sun, whereof it might be said, See, this is new. And this statement is conspicuously verified in its most literal form in God's challenge to Job, and which challenge was to humble Job, and also to wait three thousand years for an answer. The answer seems plainly revealed in the all but newly discovered electric telegraph.

which not only shows the skill of man, but the infinitude of God, and the latent powers of His divine mind. The revelation moreover tends greatly to establish the veracity of God's Word. I need, perhaps, hardly say, that within the past century Geneva gave birth to the science of telegraphy, which has continued to ripen into maturity. There are now estimated in Great Britain upwards of a half-dozen telegraph companies in full working order, whose wires extend over 15,000 miles. In other parts of Europe 80,000 miles of wires are at work, and in America upwards of 50,000, all doing the great work before declared in transmitting messages through the length and breadth of the two hemispheres, exclaiming, "Here we are!"

Long ere telegraphy attained its present perfection, the Greeks and Romans communicated information of battles, defeats and victories by means of beacon-fires kindled on the mountain tops, and which were in use until the time of the threatened invasion of England, by Napoleon, at which period the aerial semaphore was also in use, but was of little service in foggy weather, as will be seen in the alarming message received in England from the Duke of Wellington. As the authorities read the following they were not a little startled,—"Wellington defeated." The fact is, the fog had intervened, and when the air became clearer, the telegram flashed again, and the full account quite altered the case. "Wellington defeated the French."

The identity of lightning with the discharge of electricity was discovered by Benjamin Franklin of America. In 1752 Franklin perceiving a thunder-cloud approaching sent up a silk kite attached to a dry hempen cord. Soon afterwards he found that the loose threads of the cord stood erect, and upon approaching his finger to the cord he drew sparks. Atmospheric electricity became a favourite study, till it was checked by the death of Professor Richman, who in endeavouring to measure the electricity in a thunderstorm was struck dead. A globe of electric fire passing instantaneously through his body. The elements of nature are made subservient to man, but will not be trifled with by unskilled hands. The promise of God outvies the electric spark in swiftness, as is well and sweetly understood by many who are unable to read the clicking of the telegraph.

"Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." His word, like an electric shock, brought light at first, "Let there be light." So in the new birth, the work is betimes vivid, and messages of mercy are constantly being conveyed from heaven to earth in quicker time than natural light travels. That which was a deep hidden mystery to Job is but partially revealed to us. Now flashing messages, both good and bad, are sent to our antipodes in a few seconds, saying, "Here we are!" Many Heaven's messages of mercy electrify the Churches into greater usefulness, and awaken with a life-giving shock

thousands still dead in sin to feel the reality of Divine love, and to rejoice evermore in the strength of sovereign and omnipotent grace, so prays yours in loving bonds,

W. WINTERS.

REVIVING SERVICES AT PETERBOROUGH BAPTIST TABERNACLE.

The Lord has graciously appeared for us, and we have proved the language of Cowper,

"Ye fearful saint, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head."

There appeared division and strife, a coldness and deadness of soul, and instead of a loving a critical and a harsh spirit was manifested. There were symptoms of dissolution and much unbelief in the heart of some of our friends. When we seemed at the lowest, a young man came forward and informed us that he had been for three years in bondage and darkness of soul, but a discourse delivered by Mr. Skelton on the previous Lord's-day had brought him into liberty and happiness, and he wished to follow the Lord in His ordinance. Although he had attended with us for some time, we were ignorant of the state of his soul.

A few days after, the young person who takes the head class in our Sunday school, said she was *compelled* to seek admission into the Church, and follow the Lord, for He had done great things for her. She is the eldest daughter of the late Richard Sturton, of Peterborough, and grand-daughter of John Sturton, of Dogsthorpe-grange. The work of grace in her heart was kept secret, but was suspected and believed in by some of us. Her age is 20 years.

Two young friends have regularly attended our prayer-meetings, taking low and distant seats. On inquiry, they proved to be two of Miss Sturton's class.

On Thursday, Mr. Kelcher preached. His sermons were heard with much feeling, and he baptized the three candidates. The Lord's pleasure was felt in our midst.

NEW NORTH ROAD.—Salem Sunday school anniversary assembly was very gratifying; highly honoured man the pastor, and largely privileged the people. Mr. Jos. Beach occupied the chair. To report the speeches would occupy much space. Some inquired the meaning of Chrysostom's reference to a critical photograph, for which the artist is so terribly censured. Public men are public property. For them to be over-sensitive, and to show it, always produces a fire of malice which is enough to consume a supposed adversary. Is this right?

MARGATE.—We are truly thankful to the dear Lord to announce that our pastor, Mr. J. B. Wise, has returned to us again, after a long and painful illness, in which he has suffered much. We are happy to state he is much better. May the Lord spare him for a long time to preach those truths to poor sinners that are so dear to his soul.—E. C.

THE LATE REV. JOSEPH IRONS AND THE DOCTRINE OF EXPEDIENCY.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

SIR,—I saw on the wrapper of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** for December, a passing notice of the ceremony of unveiling the memorial window at Hare-court Chapel. Perhaps all your readers are not aware of the circumstances of the case. I have, therefore, taken two extracts from the *City Press* (the organ of the City), a paper which has ever been faithful to the great Protestant and Evangelical cause. The extracts from the *City Press* are:—

"Recently a window was unveiled in Hare-court Chapel, Canonbury, to the memory of Dr. Raleigh. At the unveiling ceremony—if the report is correct—the proceedings commenced without prayer; the singing consisted only of performances by the choir; and the only act of worship was the pronouncing of the Benediction. It is further stated that the devotional exercises were omitted because, had they been allowed, the Rev. Gordon Calthrop, the vicar of St. Augustin, Highbury-new-park, would not have felt himself at liberty to be present. Mr. Calthrop had no objection to hear a Dissenter pray, but the Bishop of London could not sanction the participation of any of his clergy in a Dissenting religious service. The Rev. Gordon Calthrop is known as a clergyman of liberal views, and it is hard to believe that the facts are properly put."

"There is an excellent institution known by the name of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, of which Mr. James Abbiss, J.P., is the Treasurer, and which, by the way, at the present season of the year, is especially in need of funds. This society has been in existence for nearly half a century. In its early days the Rev. Joseph Irons (minister of the Grove Chapel, Camberwell, father of the respected rector of St. Mary Woolnoth) was one of its principal supporters. At one of the meetings of the Society something was said of abolishing prayer, when Mr. Irons put on his hat and said, 'If you are ashamed of my Master, I am ashamed of you.' He was then leaving the room, but was prevailed on to return. On re-entering he prayed 'a prayer that was not soon to be forgotten.' So far as we can understand matters ecclesiastical, there is no law that prevents a clergyman from hearing prayer in a Dissenting chapel; in fact, Dean Stanley has not only been in a Dissenting chapel when prayer has been offered, but he has taken an active part in different chapels in London, and has attended the funerals of one or two eminent Nonconformist ministers."

There has been no contradiction of the first extract, so it is to be presumed that the facts stated are true.

Here is an exemplification of the doctrine of expediency—a doctrine dangerous in its beginnings and destructive in its consequences. I am not a Baptist, therefore can speak out the more boldly on some points;

and I hesitate not to say that, logically, open communion can only be taught and upheld under the teaching of this doctrine of expediency. It can be defended in no other way than that it is better to do so and so, than to be rigid. Now the second extract will show how, at once, the late Rev. Joseph Irons put his face against this doctrine of expediency. I do not enlarge; your space is too valuable. *Pax vobiscum.*

Faithfully yours,
SPES.

FIRM ON THE ROCK.

What a mercy it is, while passing through this world of sin and sorrow, to see the Lord's Word made good in His people's experience: "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." This promise was truly verified in the life and death of our departed sister, Miss Bower. In very early life she was brought to a knowledge of the truth. At the age of fifteen she was baptized by Mr. Milner, in the month of May, 1841; and joined the Church under the care of Mr. George Coombs, at Soho. She remained there until 1847, when she united with the Church at the Surrey Tabernacle, under the care of Mr. James Wells, where she remained a member for 33 years, leaving the Church here below to join the one where membership and communion shall never cease. She left town (as was her usual practice in the Summer and Autumn) to spend some time at Margate, where she took cold, and returned home, not apprehending any danger, but she gradually became worse. The Lord graciously took away all fear of death; blessed her with a full assurance of her interest in His love; and her heart bounded with joy at the thought that she was going home to be with Christ in the many-mansioned city above. She sent for two of the deacons of the Tabernacle, to whom she gave the assurance that she was standing on the Rock. The writer of this note called to see her several times during her illness. At the first interview he said to her, "My dear friend, the Lord appears to be about to take down your tabernacle; where, now, is your hope fixed, after so many years of profession?" She replied, "I feel my heart and flesh failing, but the Lord is the strength of my heart and is my Portion for ever." *I feel I am on the Rock of eternal ages.* From this time she gradually got worse. The writer called for the last time to see her on Wednesday afternoon. She said the Lord brought her to a knowledge of His truth nearly 40 years ago, and He had kept her in the truth to the present; and now He was about to take her to Himself. She shook hands with me and bid me good-bye, and said she "should not see me again in this world, but should meet me in that glorious home to which she was going." She looked smiling, and her eyes sparkled with delight when she said, "she must patiently wait His time." She gently sank into the arms of her kind and gracious sovereign Lord at 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, Nov. 26, 1880, aged 60 years, and was interred in Nunhead Cemetery, Dec. 3.

Mr. William Jackson, in a note to us, referring to Miss Bower's death, says: "Our late friend was for some years a useful member of the Ladies' Committee at the Camberwell Asylum; and when the Hornsey-rise Asylum was opened, she soon joined the ranks of the workers there, and had only recently resigned in consequence of distance from home. A real lover of the aged saints, she entered warmly into the work of the Aged Pilgrims' Society, her business habits and clear judgment were very valuable in the management of affairs. The Secretaries of the Society and Asylums, with some of the Committee, were present at the funeral."

KENT.—Our faithful friends at Strood are bereft of their affectionate pastor, Mr. Lawson, jun. His health has failed. We much esteem him, and feel grieved so young and tender a branch should droop and leave the little garden. We trust both the retiring pastor and afflicted cause will yet be raised up into greater strength and joy. Aged workers, who have toiled, travelled, and spared themselves in no way for fifty years or more, must expect to be cast aside; but when young men faint, it is painful. Cranbrook has one chapel less where TRUTH was preached. How and when the late Dr. Burch left we cannot tell A. S. The ancient Daniel is still in Isaac Beeman's pulpit we believe.

BETHNAL GREEN.—"Hope" blossomed beautifully Sunday evening, November 28, 1880, when (as our warm-hearted correspondent says) Mr. James Griffith preached one of his very best discourses from the words, "Doing the Will of God from the heart." Then he baptized five believers; one of them had listened to Mr. Griffith's ministry for twelve long years, whereby she had been brought unto the light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ. We pray Mr. Griffith may have many, very many more such indisputable souls.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—The Hampden people have obtained another new pastor. If the gentleman succeeds in raising up a healthy and happy cause, by the Lord's blessing on the ministrations of the Gospel, it will be a honour to him. South Hackney is so full of Churchism, of Congregationalism, and of Evangelicalism in tree halls and mission houses, that the whole district ought to be very good. We believe Hackney, in its different districts, has a numerous army of professing worshippers, but we know of no flourishing Baptist interest.

WALWORTH-ROAD.—Tea was given at York-street to the members of the Excelsior Junior and Senior Bands of Hope, November 30. About 200 children, and fifty more advanced partook of the plentiful meal. After tea the children recited, and sang in a creditable manner. Mr. Dobson is still well supported, and happy in the work.—W. B.

BOROUGH - GREEN. — This sweet Kentish garden is, we understand, favoured with the keenness of truth, free from asperities of wild censures. "The harshly chiding tongue hath neither pleasuring nor profit." As a "Kentish critic," I think Bro. Geo. Holland, our pastor, is "a workman" in the study, and a wise messenger in the pulpit. Some may think him rather too deep, but they will follow him to soul establishment presently.

KING'S CROSS.—Our brother, W. White, who was about to leave King's Cross Ebenezer, has been constrained to continue his ministry in that happy little sanctuary. That the Lord will still honour him is our sincere hope and prayer.

BUCKS.—The ancient Welsh pastor, John Jones, of Speen, is anxious to rest from his pastoral labours. He has been honoured to work in the vineyard fifty years. At his jubilee a purse has been presented. Poor man! He has sighed over trials a long time.

HERTFORD.—We preached in Ebenezer for brother R. Bowles, Sunday, October 24, to help the chapel repairing fund. Pastor Bowles baptized on October 31.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."
W. WINTERS.

A HUSBAND WHO DIED FOR HIS BRIDE.

ORIGINAL POEM ON CHRIST'S FAMOUS TITLES.

By JOHN BOLTON, Baptist Minister, of Boston.

"His Name shall be called Wonderful."

THIS feeble attempt of my muse
To sing Thy adorable Name,
O rather, dear Lord, than refuse,
My slumbering pathos inflame.

A Prophet! an Advocate! King!
High Tower! a Shelter! a Stone!
A Root, and a Branch, and a Spring;
The Holy, the Sanctified ONE!

JEHOVAH-TSIDKENU, a Priest!
A Lion! an Eagle! a Lamb!
The offspring of David, the Christ!
The Alpha, Omega, I AM!

A Father! a Brother! a Friend!
A pillar of fire, and a Guide!
Creator! Beginning and End!
A Husband who died for His bride!

A Cedar, a Rose, and a Palm,
A Plant, yea, a Plant of renown!
A Fountain of gardens, with Balm,
A Temple, a glorious throne!

A Tree, which no woodman can fell;
An Angel, a Man, and a Shield,
A River, that watereth well
The lilies which grow in His field.

JEHOVAH, who dwelleth on high,
Foundation, an Altar of gold,
A Shepherd, who keepeth His eye
On every lamb in His fold.

A Fir-tree, to shelter the Stork,
A Standard, a Banner—Shiloh!
A Builder, completing His work,
A Wonderful Counsellor too.

A Sun, whose celestial rays
Enlighten those under a cloud,
The Infant, the Ancient of Days,
When His glory was wrapp'd in a shroud.

Immanuel—JESUS, the Lord!
The Rock that is higher than I!
GOD, by the bright seraphs adored,
Who wills, and the cherubims fly.

A glorious mystical Head!
A Daysman, a Refuge, a Door,
A Bishop, and heavenly Bread,
And a glorious Robe for the poor.

Physician! a marvellous name,
Ne'er failing His patients to cure,
Though wounded, heart-broken, and lame,
Whose eyes (through much weeping) are sore.

Forerunner to heaven, who's gone,
With garments outshining the sun,
In which He is seated upon
His mediatorial throne.

In heaven, Thine exalted Name
Is written with bright diamond pen,
Whose sight and whose sound will inflame
The ransomed for ever. Amen.

GOD IN CHRIST OUR SUPREME GOOD.

By J. BAILEY.

WHEN all my friends their faces change,
I'm not surprised, or think it strange,
Nor creatures rashly blame:
'Tis God ordained it, to the end,
I may the more on Him depend,
Who always is the same.

Welcome, my friends—my friends you'll be
So long as God doth wisely see
Your friendship will be best:
When He sees meet to pull me down,
My friends shall change, and on me frown;
In this I'm also blest.

Farewell, my smooth and easy way,
Since God ordains that as my day
My strength shall also be.
Lord, grant me this,—let all the rest
Be managed as Thou seest best;
I'm happy still in Thee.

Farewell, enjoyment of the mind;
How oft, alas! do Christians find
All discomposed within;
Yet cannot changes of their frame
Change their dear Lord—He's still the same
As He has ever been.

This is the sum of every bliss,
A God in Christ! What joy is this!
It cannot be exprest.
This God, this Christ, I'll still esteem
My best and chiefest good—in Him
I've everlasting rest.

Deaths.

On Nov. 22, after a short illness, Richard Knight, Esq. of 8, Rochester-square, Camden Town. The departed was a member for many years of the Church under the pastorate of the venerable Mr. John Foreman, to whom he was greatly attached, but of late years a member of the Church at Shouldham-street. "Be still and know that I am God," were nearly the last word that escaped from his dying lips. Blessed end.

Died at her residence, 34, Hayter-road, Brixton, November 26, 1880, Susannah Bower, aged 60 years, for 33 years a member of the Surrey Tabernacle.

The Pastor;

HIS QUALIFICATIONS, OFFICE, AND WORK.

"Who is sufficient for these things?"

[The recent recognition services, connected with the settlement of MR. ISAAC LEVINSON as the chosen pastor of the Strict Baptist Church meeting for Divine worship in Bromley-road Tabernacle, Lee, has occasioned much searching of heart, of the Scriptures, and of the testimonies of the good, the wise, the devoted, the useful ministers and authors of all ages; and the conviction has been internally fastened in my mind that some few chapters, specially directing the attention of the pastors and the members of Churches to this branch of practical godliness, might be, with God's blessing, of some advantage to us all.]

WEDNESDAY, January 12, 1881, found London and its suburbs elegantly clothed with one of those splendid white carpets which only the heavenly elements can produce. The snow lay thick; the houses and the roads everywhere looked grand, while the sun, in the high heavens, cheered us with its clear rays of light and gladness.

"White as snow," saith the Word, "was Miriam, when she and Aaron spake so contemptuously of Moses, because the poor man had married an Ethiopian woman;" and, in that record, are many large lessons. Will ye professors of the Christian religion consider them? The snow is a silent, but wonderful preacher.

First there was jealousy. "Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses?" How much of that bitter taunting is there still in existence! The marriage of the minister often produces a violent flame of indignation. Fortunate man is he who is never necessitated to marry after he becomes "the beloved pastor" of any flock.

Secondly. It is expressly said, "The Lord heard it." Think, ye fast speakers, the Lord hath ears everywhere.

Thirdly. "The anger of the Lord was kindled." Behold, Miriam became leprous—

"WHITE AS SNOW."

Fourthly. "Moses cried unto the Lord, saying, Heal her now, O God, I beseech Thee." Will ye sound men, ye faithful servants of the Lord, cry unto HIM on behalf of those who have done wrong; but who are now the subjects of God's chastising rod? Oh, if the conduct of Moses was more followed in our Churches would not the unity be stronger? Would there not be more of the Spirit of Christ, more manifest evidence of our being possessors of that grace which "is designated a love," which "many waters cannot quench," which even the floods can never swallow up?

Fifthly. The prayer of Moses did prevail. The Lord said unto Moses, "Let her be shut out from the camp" (for ever? No! only) "for seven days. And after that let her be received in again." Here was

punishment for wrong doing; which was JUSTICE. Then there was MERCY, restoring the offender; and Miriam comes into the fellowship of the Israelites again. "Let a man," saith the philosopher; "Let a man take one wrong step, and Society shuts her door against him for ever." Well, then, he must patiently bear it. Should he be a man born of the Spirit, his own conscience will condemn him. He will smite upon his breast, and before his God he will mourn over his wrong-doing as long as he lives; but he will cry unto the Great High Priest, the Good Physician. Like Jeremiah, we know he will plead, "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved; for

"THOU ART MY PRAISE."

It is 200 years ago since Philip Henry preached on the doctrine of faith and repentance. He used to say that he had been told concerning the famous Mr. Dod, that some called him in scorn "*Faith and Repentance*," because he insisted so much upon these two in all his preaching. "But," said he, "if this be to be vile I will be yet more vile, for faith and repentance are all in all in Christianity." Concerning repentance he has sometimes said, "If I were to die in the pulpit, I would desire to die preaching repentance; or if I were to die out of the pulpit, I would desire to die practising repentance." And he had often this saying concerning repentance, "He that repents every day for the sins of every day, when he comes to die will have the sins of but one day to repent of."

In our Saviour's kingdom, in our blessed Redeemer's official work as the High Priest over the House of God, true repentance never dwells alone, for "He is exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to GIVE REPENTANCE unto Israel, and the FORGIVENESS OF SINS." We have learned that mercy is an attribute only in the Deity, and that God alone can forgive sins. It is God that saith "to the snow, Be thou on the ground." It bespeaks His greatness and wisdom, and calls man to reverence his Maker.

Halt! We are on our way to the Bromley-road Tabernacle, to witness

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S RECOGNITION AS PASTOR

over the Strict Baptist Church, meeting in that place for Divine worship. Many will be anxious to know where this Tabernacle is. We take our tickets at Cannon-street station for Lee, in Kent. When we alight there we walk up that fine aristocratic hill, called "the Bromley-road;" we turn down the Burnt Ash-lane and enter the Tabernacle, in the afternoon of January 12, 1881, while Mr. J. S. Anderson, the minister of New-cross "Zion," is preaching on that heart-melting Scripture, "Who, for the joy that was set before HIM, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at

"THE RIGHT HAND OF THE THRONE OF GOD."

Oh, what an illustrious text to begin the sacred services with! It made one think of "Tholuck" and his wondrous expositions of "the cross." Man's destiny in the fall was, as some would now sadly declare, when they, in their dark despair, exclaim,—

"The grave is deep and silent,
Its borders dark with gloom;
An unknown country lies beyond
The blackness of the tomb."

But the joy set before JESUS was to obtain eternal life for His Father's gift—"THE CHURCH OF THE FIRST-BORN." For this authorised bestowment He laid down His life, He poured out His blood, He conquered the foes which had deceived us, entangled us, sunk us beneath the curse of God's holy law, and made us "the children;" subject to wrath, "even as others." And could puny man raise himself out of this horrible pit? The new school theologians have dreamed, and declared that God requires no atonement, that man needs no atonement. The editor of a new monthly tells us that the doctrine of

"THE CROSS OF CHRIST"

is now almost everywhere erroneously "*explained away*."

Martin Luther, in his Reformation hymn, as good old Carlyle has translated it, speaks God's holy truth as regards fallen man's impotency, when he taught the people to sing,—

"With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights THE PROPER MAN,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.

Ask we, 'Who is this same?'
CHRIST JESUS is His Name,
The Lord Sabaoth's SON;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle." Amen.

So John Slate Anderson contended in his opening discourse that afternoon at the Bromley-road Tabernacle; and I noticed how profoundly wrapped in meditation sat that loving and loveable benevolent Christian statesman in the New Testament Churches, T. M. Whittaker, Esq., and the unassuming but sterling deacon, Thomas Daynes Wood, Esq., and many more, whose solemnised features appeared to unite with us, while, as we walk, or wander up and down among the poorest of the Churches, and when we gird up the loins of our mind by saying, when we cannot sing,—

" 'Twas well, my soul, He died for thee,
And shed His vital blood;
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God."

"JESUS, alone, shall bear my cries
Up to His Father's throne;
HE, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan."

Ten thousand times ten thousand of the seeking seed of Jacob have sung those lines with faith and holy feelings in our Churches, and will until time shall end. The cross of Christ, His finished work on the cross, His conquest over sin, and death, and hell; his intercession in heaven on the right hand of the throne of God:—These are the doctrines Christ's ministers will preach so long as the HOLY GHOST is their teacher, so long as there are any of God's redeemed family (by the Gospel) to be brought to know that Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. And I pray that our brother, Isaac Levinsohn, may be found preaching these God-revealed doctrines, with the anointing of the Holy One upon his soul, until the present preliminary Bromley-road Tabernacle is filled to overflowing, until the Bromley-road Tabernacle *proper* is erected and

crammed; yea, until the Lord Jesus shall say, "Isaac Levinsohn, thou hast attained to a good old age, thou hast fought a good fight, thou hast finished thy course, now enter into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

MR. E. LANGFORD

stepped to the front of the platform as soon as Mr. J. S. Anderson had finished his discourse, and exclaimed (with a voice as sound, as sacred, and as melodious as though he had one of Aaron's golden pipes in his throat, and one of the twin-like pomegranates in his soul),—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne,"

And the whole of the people sang it with a pleasure and power it is not easy to describe.

When the afternoon service was concluded, up came the smiling Isaac Levinsohn, and gave us all a hearty welcome into the refreshment-room, where a magnificent tea was served up in superior fulness by the ladies, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Whittaker, Mrs. Fothergill, and a host of friends who thoroughly enjoyed the feast of useful and wholesome helps to keep the mortal part alive.

THE EVENING SERVICE

commenced with a hymn distinctly announced and led by our good, honest, hearty, and cheerful brother, Mr. Jonathan E. Elsey. Contentment, cheerfulness, and expectation flowed like waves of joyful anticipation over the minds of the throng who filled up the place of assembly. On the new and spacious platform appeared T. M. Whittaker, Esq., as president; and after the deacon, Mr. Stringer, had gone up to the mercy-seat for a blessing, the special service proceeded.

All the phantom spies of *unbelief* which often lurk about the courts and the out-posts of Zion had fled, and joy sent in her pleasant breezes, producing the most reverent and hallowed feelings of devotion. Mr. Whittaker, with affection, and a heart full of anxious breathings for the prosperity of the cause, opened the course to be pursued, and then distinctly requested me (C.W. Banks) to ask Mr. Levinsohn three questions: his call by grace, his call to the ministry, and his call to minister in that place. He said we should not be methodical, but must be brief, as there was so much to be done in a little time. Consequently, I was careful to obey the chairman, and only intended to ask the three before-named questions. I arose, and taking Mr. Levinsohn by the hand, I said, "My dear brother, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, you will remember some few years ago, I (as we say) accidentally met you and Alfred B. Hall in St. Paul's-churchyard; Mr. Hall kindly introduced you to me, and you said you had written a paper on the Jews, and had sent it to me some months since, but that I had never either inserted it or noticed it. I then told you, as no name accompanied the paper you sent me, it was laid aside; but that I would be glad to see you in my study any evening by previous appointment. On a certain evening we met together in private for the first time, and I tried to ascertain, as far as possible, whether the Lord Himself had truly brought you to know JESUS as the MESSIAH, and as the alone Saviour of your soul. So thoroughly satisfied, astonished, and assured was I of the work of God's grace in you that I cannot recollect from that evening until the present moment ever seriously

questioning either the sincerity of your heart, or the genuine conversion of your soul. I saw you had a strong and most determined will of your own, which will had been sanctified by the eternal Spirit of the living God. I saw you had left a fond mother, a father whose heart was intently set upon your rising to some eminence in the Jewish service. I saw you had turned your back upon all your prospects in your native land, had ventured upon a most perilous voyage, involving dangers, distresses, and painful labours beyond description; yet through all, and over all God had, in His mysterious providence, brought you to England, to London, enabling you to speak our language correctly. Above all, I believe He had revealed His Son in your soul, enabling you to embrace CHRIST as your Redeemer, and had called you to preach, to become a member, and a minister in the Strict Baptist denomination, and when I looked upon you as an orphan in this—to you—new country, I felt most ardently, and I said most decidedly, as far as the Lord enabled me, I would be as a father and a friend unto you. I have no hesitation, therefore, in asking you to give to the congregation an account of your conversion to God by grace divine.”

Mr. Levinsohn then declared the work of God upon his soul; how he was led into the ministry, and how, in a remarkably happy way he had been led to the Bromley-road Tabernacle; also with what joy and gladness he had been received, invited, and constrained to accept the wish of the Church that he should become their pastor.

All this, and much more, has been published, and can be read in the volume of his life and ministry, now publishing in Racquet-court, Fleet-street, by Mr. Robert Banks.

MR. LEVINSOHN'S TESTIMONY

was listened to with inexpressible feelings of interest and sympathy. As he had run his three answers into one statement, I had nothing more to do. I told him that as I travelled home from Chatham on the previous evening, I had Paul's words to the Philippians respecting Epaphroditus much impressed upon my heart; and as Paul said on behalf of Epaphroditus to the Philippians, so would I say to the Church in the Tabernacle, “Receive him, therefore, in the Lord, with all gladness, and hold such in reputation.” I had seven views of Mr. Levinsohn's position during that previous night's journey homeward, but they should be given in another way if the Lord would permit. I did not press for a confession of Mr. Levinsohn's faith, neither did I unite the pastor and people together, because I was instructed only to ask the three questions; but before—

MR. ANDERSON

would deliver “THE CHARGE,” he called the pastor-elect to state the articles of his faith, which Mr. Levinsohn did in a clear, succinct, and satisfactory manner. As I could not hear the charge, I asked Mr. Levinsohn to furnish me with a brief summary. The following is from Mr. Levinsohn's manuscript.

“Mr. Anderson, in giving his charge to the newly-elected pastor, took for his text the charge of Moses to Joshua, in Deut. xxxi. 7 :— ‘And Moses called unto Joshua, and said unto him in the sight of all Israel, Be strong, and of good courage, for thou must go with this people unto the land which the Lord has sworn unto their fathers to give them, and thou shalt cause them to inherit it.’

"After a few brief remarks on the important, solemn, and holy duties of a minister who is ordained of God and recognised by the Church and her pastors of truth, Mr. Anderson said, Joshua was one of the men who were sent to Canaan as a spy, and returned with a good report of the land. He searched well, and became thoroughly acquainted with the land into which he afterwards led the congregation of Israel; and so must everyone who is called by God to be the leader or teacher of His people. He must, Joshua-like, go before his people, and become well acquainted with the kingdom of Christ—the kingdom of salvation—of which Canaan was a type. Joshua was the instructor of the people. So must a true minister of the Gospel instruct his flock. He must study hard, have much fellowship with his Master, search the Scriptures, and be earnest, zealous, and affectionate. Having spoken for about one hour to Mr. Levinsohn, Mr. Anderson congratulated the newly-elected pastor on his settlement at Lee, praying that the spirit of God may enable the Church and pastor to go on in harmony, and be edified, and glorify God."

On Mr. Anderson resuming his seat, the chairman, T. M. Whittaker, Esq., addressed the friends in loving and earnest words. The congregation sung a prayer for the new pastor, then

MR. JOHN BOX,

the minister of Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, came forward to speak of and to "THE CHURCH."

In the form of an essay, or consecutive address, Mr. Box eloquently and scripturally defined the origin, the constitution, the character, the design, and the ultimate perfection of the one true and saved Church of the Eternal Jehovah, as chosen by the Almighty Father in His Son before time, as completely redeemed by the Christ of God in the fulness of time; and as regenerated by the power of the Holy Ghost, and preserved unto the kingdom of glory. It must be acknowledged that the Oxford-street Soho pastor, Mr. John Box, is a most promising man. He has everything on his side, and in his favour, that Nature, education, circumstances, and character can give him. He is no heavy, dull, stereotyped speaker. He evidently has a mind to study, a memory like a springing well, a door of utterance as free as the South wind, when its breezes in the Spring-time are full of animation and freshness; withal, his manner is graceful, his language is chaste, and, being young, healthy, and well-to-do, he is bound to secure a lengthened continuance of that popularity which is fast ripening into a well-grounded maturity. His uncle, the noble benefactor of the aged pilgrims, and his sainted father, the once well-known pastor of the Woolwich Enon, both these notable Christian men prepared the way for the business-like, devoted, and truly courteous Secretary of the Metropolitan Strict Baptist Association, who is now usually designated

"JOHN BOX, OF SOHO."

I write for no mercenary motives. I expect nothing from any of these high classes, with whom I never sought to be associated; but I can see clearly that where honour is bestowed, where gifts are imparted, and where they are used in the best of all causes, we are bound to speak, and to write, in terms of thankfulness to God, and of commendation respecting those we meet by the way.

"Some have said, 'What is a name?'
 Most potent plastic influence!
 A *name* is a word of character,
 And repetition establisheth the fact.
 A low *name* is a thorn in the side;
 It hindereth the footman in his running;
 But a name of ancestral renown
 Shall often put the racer to his speed."

I must close this imperfect notice of Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's settlement at Bromley-road. I could not attempt an outline of Mr. John Box's discourse on the Church. I would not mar its beauty by isolated sentences.

May the days to come increasingly confirm the fact that Isaac Levinsohn has been ordained, anointed, qualified, and called by the Lord, the Spirit, to be the New Testament overseer of the Church in Burnt Ash-lane. May his soul ever glow with a powerful zeal to win souls to Christ, to build up the Church, to feed the flock, to nourish the lambs, to be merciful to all poor bruised hearts, and to live wholly devoted to the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Such is the ever-sighing supplication of his friend,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, Jan., 1881.

THE FAMILY OF "LITTLE FAITH."

(MATTHEW VIII. 10).

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR, PULHAM-ST.-MARY.

THERE is a small family by this name. We have heard of two families bearing this name: there is the Centurion family, and there is the Syrophenician family. The family of the great faiths has ever been small. But, besides this, there is the large family of the little faiths; and let us rejoice that this is not despised by the great Master—"Who hath despised the day of small things?" Again, "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." Again, "It is not your Father's will, which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Have we got great faith in this chapter? Do not be frightened, you who are but three feet high in the ways of God, for we also have in this chapter little faith. Hear him: "Lord, if Thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Little faith, you see, has an if, but where great faith is no if can exist. Have we a giant in this chapter? We also have a dwarf, as in the second verse. Is there Mr. Greatheart? There is also Mr. Feeblemind, Mr. Ready-to-halt, Mr. Despondency, and Much-afraid, his daughter. We will notice three things in the history before us. (1) The Centurion's faith. (2) How he came by it. (3) Its fruits and effects.

First.—We will notice the Centurion's faith. It was indeed worthy of notice; God looks at it, Christ looks at it, angels look at it, and devils look at it. Here we find Christ wondered at it. I read of only two things Christ is said to have wondered at—namely, faith and unbelief. Which of the two does He wonder at in us? But why should our Lord wonder at what the Centurion had? Wonder is often the fruit of ignorance. If a thing is beyond our capacity we are said to wonder

at it. But Christ our Lord knows all things that are done in heaven and earth, for He is Lord of all, and He is God over all, blessed for ever. His wonder here was that of admiration only. Here begins the fulfilment of ancient prophecies, even the calling of the Gentiles. Look at verse 11: "Many shall come from the East and West, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." This centurion here spoken of was of the first fruits of the Gentiles; and see what a sample of believing he was. Hear what he says, "Lord, my servant is sick: I want Thee to cure him." Says Jesus, "I will come and heal him." Now mark what this Gentile says, "Lord, I'm not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof," &c. This was great humility. And where great faith is the other is sure to be. But what was the Centurion's faith? Why, he believed in the Sonship of Christ, and so in His Godhead power and authority. The test of faith at that time was the Sonship of Christ: "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God." Again, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God" (1 John iv. 2, v. 1). Whosoever believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, this was counted to him for great faith. Let us notice some confessions of this description. Peter says, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Hear the same from the disciples as a body: "We believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." Take notice of the faith of the Samaritans: "We have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." Hear Martha's faith: "I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." The eunuch's confession we must not omit: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." But is this the test of faith in our day? No, we can only judge of faith by an experimental acquaintance with the law and the Gospel, and consistency of conduct. We must look through the form, and search for the power; and if we discover living works, we may be sure their root is living faith. Love, no doubt, is the grand test of the real Christian's faith: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Second.—Let us now say a little upon how the Centurion came by his faith. He had what few possess, but how came he by what he had? We will answer this in plain Scripture language, "Faith is the gift of God." His kind of faith does not stand in man's wisdom, nor his power, nor his will, nor his skill, but in the power of God. We cannot give ourselves faith, nor give one another faith. And do I say this to the exclusion of all efforts and endeavours on our part after faith, or believing in Christ? By no means; for though this is true what I say, yet it does not destroy our moral powers or natural ability, in our proper use of all Scripture means. If we depend upon our efforts, such as praying, reading, hoping, desiring, and also doing to others as we wish them to do to us, and think because of these, our doings, we have a claim upon God, we spoil our best endeavours, and only make our case even worse than it was before. If, however, we labour all in our power to do, imitating obedience to the exhortations and invitations of Scripture, in subordination to God's own will and power, not relying on anything of our own, but rejecting all, then let us fully expect the good Lord to take pity on our weakness, and magnify His strength in the same. All seek-

ing souls, who are labouring to believe in Christ for themselves, and are willing, in this humble and scriptural exercise, to wait patiently for the Lord, shall prove that He never exhorted them, nor invited them in vain: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." It is certain the disciples felt it was not in their power to make their faith great faith; but they used the power God had given them in crying, "Lord, increase our faith." Faith is given by Christ, as also the Holy Spirit; but it is mine to ask for both; and even this I should never properly do, without a sensible and heart-felt need of the same. There is what is called the door of faith. There is also the door of the ancient temple in Jerusalem, which took twenty men to open it; but not all the men in the world could open the door of faith; for that is not in man's power, but in the power of God. God, I find, is said to deal out a measure of faith to every man (Rom. xii. 3); and so, when we have done all in our power that can be done, we are entirely depending upon the will of God as to what measure of faith He shall think fit to give us. It is better to have faith as small as a grain of mustard seed than not to have any faith at all. The sum of all is, as it respects vital and saving faith, Jesus is both the Author and Finisher of the same (Heb. xii. 2).

Third.—Now a word or two upon the fruits and effects of faith. One principal fruit of faith is coming to Christ. Without a right knowledge of Christ, and a hearty confidence in Him who can acceptably come to Him? All that rightly come are related to Him; or they would never feel really free and anxious about coming to Him. Loadstone draws iron to itself; and if any soul has a real mind to come to Christ, it is evident that soul belongs to Christ, and is, therefore, according to His own will, drawn to Him. If these points are well looked into, there is no need of the fuss that is now made about believing and coming to Christ. It is right to carry out the use of our natural powers in religious matters as far as we can, and this can do us no harm whatever; but before we can put forth any spiritual power, we must ourselves be made spiritual; and this is done when a principle of Divine life is put into the soul. A real desire for communion with God, that His presence may be enjoyed, is another fruit of living faith. If the mind is set upon an object, the enjoyment of that object is most earnestly desired. Another fruit of faith is setting our affections on heavenly things. Where true faith is, heavenly things will be desired above earthly things; it is a principal trait in the Christian to be looking upwards and not downwards: "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Christ says to true and living faith, "Come unto Me." This faith says, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Now, perhaps, after all, you will say you are not worthy to come to Christ. Granted; but will you say you are not needy? "All the fitness He requires, is to feel your need of Him." God also says, "The needy shall not be always forgotten." But will Christ look upon a vile creature like me? Yes, He will; for you have something like Abraham's feeling, who said, "I am but dust and ashes." You are something like David, who says, "Who am I, and what is my house?" You are something like John, who said, "I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose His shoes." I will close all with this,—

"Blessed are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven."

"WHO ARE THE REDEEMED?" BY WHOM? BY WHAT? WHAT ARE ITS BLESSINGS?

"In whom we have redemption."—Ephesians i. 7.

JUST as we regard with peculiar and special interest and pleasure the workmanship of a person known to be eminently skilled in any particular art, even so we approach the consideration of this most blessed subject—*Redemption*. Viewing it as the work of the God-Man Mediator, the ever-blessed Lord Jesus Christ, very great is the interest attaching thereto for *His* sake; then, when we perceive how intimately it affects *us*, truly we may well become absorbed in contemplation thereupon for *our own* sake. It affects us so nearly, that if we are redeemed, we shall be saved with an everlasting salvation; if not redeemed, we shall perish for ever. The "redeemed from among men alone stand before" the throne of glory, serving the Lord continually in the "beauties of holiness."

We will inquire—First. WHO ARE REDEEMED? Secondly. THE REDEMPTION. Thirdly. THE BLESSINGS OF THAT REDEMPTION.

1. *Who are redeemed?*—the "*we*" of the text. Paul addresses (and includes himself among) the "saints which are at Ephesus," and through them the whole Church of Christ; for truly does the minister of Grove chapel, Camberwell, call this the "Family Epistle." To all the "saints," then, upon the earth, do the encouragements, comparisons, blessings, mysteries, petitions, warnings, and exhortations contained therein belong; and to all of them, doubtless, the Holy Spirit is pleased from time to time to apply its precious truths. The word "saint" has ever been a term of reproach and scorn in the esteem of worldlings and the vulgar multitudes of professors; yet, it is Biblical phraseology, a title of honour, and it expresses the highest dignity to which poor, fallen creatures can attain. The honour, however, which comes from God, is so greatly contemned among men, that the very word by which it is most aptly represented, is derided, and used only to point the scoffer's sarcasm, or to emphasise his ineffable disdain for the despised followers of the despised Nazarene; thus proving to a demonstration that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are *foolishness* unto him." Rejected and hated though they be, yet it is manifest that "saints" only have an interest in the Redeemer's work. A "saint" is one who *is made holy*. He could not make *himself* holy. He is a changed character; constituted by the implantation of a Divine nature, something different to what he was when in his primal state of original degradation. Then blind, now he sees; spiritually dead then, alive now; then wholly earthly, now he is a partaker of something heavenly. This radical change is *not* the effacement of the old carnal nature, but it *is* the infusion of a new principle by the Holy Spirit at regeneration. According to this definition a "saint" possesses two natures—otherwise called the "old man" and the "new man," sin and

grace, flesh and spirit—and these are so contrary, the one to the other, that they are continually “striving together for the mastery.” This is the conflict of the Christian—the good fight of faith—the battle-field from whence the warrior comes forth more than conqueror through Christ the Redeemer. Unholy in himself, the saint is *made holy* by the importation of the righteousness of Jesus; and the *evidence* of this saintship is that he brings forth the blessed fruits of the Spirit, *internally*, in *holy* desires, lookings, longings, pantings, and breathings after a precious Christ; *externally*, in an upright, consistent walk before his fellows, so far as the Lord enables him to honour HIM, and to “walk worthy of the vocation wherewith he is called.”

The redeemed are also in this chapter described as “faithful in Jesus;” not, be it observed, faithful in themselves, but in HIM. Every gift and every grace is “in JESUS.” “From Me is thy fruit found” (Hos. xiv. 8). “The branch cannot bear fruit of itself” (John xv. 4). Most emphatically is it declared, “Faith is the gift of God.” We might call true living faith the *active principle* of the regenerate soul, for “as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also” (James ii. 26). True faith works inwardly and outwardly. Its works inwardly are repentance, humility, &c., and the faithful in Christ Jesus work out that salvation which God has worked in, by a profession becoming the Gospel, a sweet submission to the yoke of Christ as regards their conduct in the world, and a patient, humble, daily taking up the cross. These are, briefly, the characters of those who obtain redemption. Now we notice—

2. *The Redemption.* The disciples of Jesus are taught their *need* of redemption; this is one of the very first lessons they learn in the school of Christ.

“By nature and by practice far,
How very far from God!”

The birth-state of all men is one of captivity and bondage, so complete that they are said to be “sold under sin.” Adam and Eve were the only human creatures ever freed from the curse and taint of inherent and actual transgression, and they—and they alone, of all mankind—had a capacity to keep themselves free from sin; but they “sold themselves to the devil,” and yielded to his temptation, thereby gratifying the “lust of the flesh” in *tasting*; the “lust of the eye,” for the apple looked desirable; and “pride,” the pride of being “like the gods.” Their posterity, falling in them, are born with an inherent proneness to sin, and therefore with the curse of a broken law resting upon their very entrance into the world. Here we see the needs-be for a Redeemer. All “go astray from the womb speaking lies; and till redeemed from this bondage all are led captive by the devil at *his* will.” The largest amount of outward morality a carnal person can have is but a little whitewash, concealing more or less imperfectly the deformity of the charnel house of a depraved heart. The experience of these things demonstrates the need of redemption. Let us here remark that one reason of the instability, which is so strikingly characteristic of the professing Church at the present time, is the little acquaintance persons seem to have with the *depth of the fall*. There are two things we cannot too frequently meditate upon—the degradation of all in the first Adam, and the exaltation of believers in Christ. Those who best know how low

they have sunk, will most appreciate the matchless riches of that grace which raises the "beggar from the dunghill, and sets him among the princes of God's people." The persons who have most understanding of the awful curse entailed on those "*under the law*," will most value the glorious privileges pertaining to those "*under grace*." It would seem that one need hardly insist upon the fact that this redemption is, and *must be*, by its nature *particular*, yet this obvious truth is denied and explained away, although the opposite—i.e., the doctrine of general redemption—is, upon the very face of it, one of the greatest absurdities, one of the most violent perversions of truth, one of the most God-dishonouring doctrines which Satan has ever foisted upon poor fallen man. The almost universal acceptance of this monstrous corruption proves to a demonstration the total depravity of man's heart and mind. That all the redeemed shall be saved, is as patent a truth as any revealed in the Word; if Christ, by His atonement, redeemed all mankind, then all mankind must be saved. But all mankind are not saved, therefore Christ did not redeem all.

If Jesus shed His precious blood to make reconciliation for the sins of *all* men, and yet all men are not saved, His blood-shedding therefore was unavailing in some cases; but this is an absurdity; hence redemption cannot be general, and therefore must be for particular persons. Having premised these things, let us now observe the two-fold aspect this glorious truth presents.

Redemption conveys the idea of *deliverance from captivity by purchase*. For this redemption to be perfect there must of necessity be, not only the *payment of the price*, but also the *actual release* of the captive. In redemption, then, we have, on the one hand, the payment of the price on Calvary's tree by the Lord Jesus Christ, in virtue of which the Church became His "purchased possession;" on the other hand the liberation by the Holy Spirit of the poor prisoner, fast shut up in the prison-house of spiritual death, with the devil and sin keeping watch and ward as jailors. To put it in another form, God the Son *wrought out* the redemption which God the Holy Ghost effects at regeneration; the whole work proceeding from the eternal and unchangeable love of Him of whom it is written, "God is love." Thus the whole, from first to last, is of God; the creature absolutely having no hand in it whatever.

"In His greatest work—redemption—
See His glories in a blaze;
Nor can angels ever mention,
Aught that more of God displays."

The text, part of which is transcribed at the commencement of this paper, avers that the *blood* of Jesus was the price laid down; hence it is called the "blood of atonement," for "without shedding of blood is no remission of sin." Having, then, voluntarily paid the price by the offering up of Himself, and taken possession of the purchased flock by the impartation of the Holy Ghost, He never leaves His own; but as their Shepherd, Prophet, Priest, and King, brings them in due time to the inheritance prepared for them from before the foundation of the world; and when time shall end, and the last elect vessel of mercy shall have been called by Divine grace, then will He, "in the dispensation of the fulness of time, gather together in one all things in Christ," and there shall be "one fold and one Shepherd."

The subject of the present paper is set forth by type and figure in Numbers xxxiii., where, from the forty-first to the fifty-first verses, we have a description of the redemption by purchase of the first-born of the children of Israel; and very aptly does it exemplify the same truth in regard to Christ's Church, called—partly, perhaps, from the very circumstance of being redeemed in a similar manner—the “Church of the first-born.” According to the Mosaic law, the eldest sons of the Israelites were especially dedicated to the service of the Lord in the sanctuary; however, in God's arrangement of the Jewish economy, the Levites were chosen to serve in their room and stead, man for man; but of *those* there were 273 more than of *these*. The surplus number were to be redeemed at the rate of five shekels a-piece, and this money was called the “redemption-money.” The “Church in the wilderness” of old learned hereby two great and wondrous truths, far more clearly revealed, however, in the present Gospel dispensation. These truths were—first, redemption by substitution, the substitution of the Levite for the first-born; second, redemption by price, inasmuch as they paid the money. Even so, the elect are redeemed—1. By the substitution of the Lord Jesus Christ, the fulfilling the demands of the law in their room and stead. This is just what the Levites did for the first-born in regard to the service of the ancient tabernacle. 2. By the payment of the “redemption money,” even His own most “precious blood.” These are the grand central truths of the Gospel, and very glorious is it to observe the perfect development, under the new dispensation, of that which was thus shadowed forth under the old dispensation.

In what a sweet, precious, and endearing relationship does Jesus stand as the REDEEMER. We must not, however, enter on this, or our remarks will be unduly extended. We pass on to consider:—

3. *The blessings of redemption.* The apostle enumerates them in this chapter. They are summed up in the third verse as “all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus,” and very comprehensive is the list.

1. *Election*—“According as He hath chosen us in Him” (verse 4). This is the foundation, the source, the fountain head from whence all other blessings flow. It is the first thing connected with redemption. When the blessed Trinity determined in council to *save* some of Adam's ruined posterity, manifestly the first step to be taken by Almighty power and wisdom, was to choose the persons of those whom God, according to His determinate counsel, resolved to save.

2. *Sanctification*—“That we should be holy.” The sanctification of the elect is a most precious truth, though it is but very dimly apprehended in these days. The word means a “setting apart,” as the vessels of the temple were sanctified—*i.e.*, set apart for the service thereof. When the Holy Spirit takes up His abode in a poor sinner's heart, this separation necessarily and immediately results. That man becomes separated in Spirit from the ungodly world of professors and profane. Sanctification also means “a special dedication by anointing.” Hence, John writes, “Ye have an unction from the Holy One.” This refers to the pouring out of the Spirit of grace and supplications from on high, whereby poor sinners are brought, first to cry for salvation, and then, in a blessed apprehension of the fact of that salvation having been sealed home to their hearts, to joyfully cry, “I once was lost, but now am

found." This salvation, thus wrought by the Spirit, leads to the next step in sanctification—viz., a letting the light shine before men in life, walk, and conversation, by living to God's glory in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. The reader will observe that in this view, sanctification is not only doctrinal, but also experimental and practical. It, however, bears another aspect, and implies "a making holy." Men, as we have explained above, are made holy by the imputation of the holiness of Christ, the Holy Spirit again being the effective agent. If sanctification has any meaning, it obviously implies the inability of creatures to make themselves saints,—

"HE takes the robe the Saviour wrought,
And wraps it all around."

3. *Justification*—"Without blame before Him in love." We have here the root of justification—namely, the love of God. This truth also has a twofold signification. 1. The imputation of the sinner's transgressions to the Saviour; and 2. The imputation of the Saviour's holiness to the sinner.

4. *Predestination*—"Having predestinated us" (verse 5). Election is the choice of a people; predestination the fore-determination of the destiny of the elect. What that destiny is to which they are fore-ordained will be manifest at the close of these remarks.

5. *Adoption*—"Unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto Himself." Saints earnestly desire to know their adoption. The privilege of sonship is one so high, great, and noble that they fear to presume, lest they should, like the Pharisees of old, make the awful mistake of thinking they were the children of God, and yet remain all the while the children of the devil. It is the good pleasure of His permissive will that many of His dear children should stand for the most part in doubt of their adoption. It is better to fear that we are not right with God, and yet have to prove that our fears were groundless, than it is to be sure of our sonship, as the Pharisees were, to find out the mistake at last. There are few, however, of the living family who are not sometimes enabled to say, even though it be with trembling tongue, "Abba, Father."

6. *Acceptation*—"Wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved" (verse 6). Oh! the Lord does not reject His own. He may turn aside for awhile, so that they mourn. "He shutteth out my prayer," but ere long He reveals His smiling face, and assures them they are "accepted in the Beloved." Indeed, as they stand in Christ, their glorious Head, how can they be rejected? The intercession of Jesus for them must meet with acceptance. He personates them, and thus with Him, their Head, the members are accepted too.

4. *Remission*—"In whom we have the forgiveness of sins." In connection with all the new covenant blessings we are now briefly enumerating, might be written, "JESUS ONLY." "Jesus only" is the channel by which these strains of mercy are conveyed. In Him, by Him, through Him, of Him, are they all. In Him, then, the saints are perfectly cleansed from all taint of guilt; their sins being freely forgiven, are covered by His atonement, and washed away by His precious blood.

The purifications, the blood-shedding, the sacrificial solemnities of the old dispensation, all taught the sweet doctrine of remission of sin by blood. But,—

“Not all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.”

8. *Revelation*—“Having made known unto us the mystery of His will” (verse 9). Effectual calling is the revelation of His will to save. How sweetly Jesus by the Spirit reveals Himself to His people as their Saviour, Substitute, Shield, Sanctuary, and Sun. The saints are taught with Paul the efficacy and power of the Gospel by the “revelation of Jesus Christ” (Gal. i. 12). Then we learn, both in the Word and by experience, that “He hath, in the exercise of His sovereignty, hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.” The last blessing connected with redemption which we shall notice, as here mentioned, is,—

9. *Glorification*—“That in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ” (verse 10). What can we say in regard to the glorious and triumphant scene of the gathering together of all the elect in the high court of heaven, in the new Jerusalem? “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

Here we conclude. We have noted down, from this first chapter of the “Family Epistle,” a few of the greatest blessings heaven or earth can afford; and we have expressed these high privileges by nine of the most comprehensive and grandest words in the English language—words, be it observed, which are far more than mere theological definitions—words which express great and momentous FACTS. Hard must be the heart, dead the soul, careless the spirit, that can read or hear, without lively emotion, of election, sanctification, justification, predestination, adoption, acceptance, remission, revelation, and glorification.

The Lord command His blessing on this little feeble effort to show forth His glory in the work of redemption, and the endowment thereby of the redeemed, with such great, singular, and marvellous blessings.

INSIGNIFICANS.

“H E A R M Y C R Y.”

Oh, hear me, Lord! I cry to Thee;
 And from my bondage set me free;
 Hear my complaints, and soothe my fears,
 Comfort my pain, and dry my tears.
 Oh, hear me, Lord! I am bowed down;
 I cannot live if Thou dost frown.
 Oh, pardon such a wretch as me,
 And make me what I ought to be.
 Oh, hear me, Lord! in mercy hear,
 And make my hope for heaven quite clear:
 That when on earth my journey's o'er,
 I'm safe for that bright, happy shore.
 Oh, hear me, Lord! for Thine own sake,
 And from my burden'd heart now take
 The weight that hangs so heavy there,
 That I may all Thy blessings share.

A VITAL EXPERIENCE OF "THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL."

[Most earnestly we ask our esteemed brother's forgiveness for the delay of inserting this paper—for which we thank him—and trust thousands will read it with gladness of heart and soul-profit. With gratitude we remember our brother Mr. Matthews' "home comfort and kindness" in Manchester. Since then, we have gone thousands of miles, and was never much more employed than in 1880, which constant travelling has been the cause of packets of papers not receiving due attention; but now, if spared, we shall search them up.—ED.]

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS,—It is now some years since I wrote to you, and more so since I last met you at the late Mr. John Corbitt's house at Manchester. I recollect that, amongst other matters, our conversation and interchange of thought, at that time, was upon the great and glorious doctrine, and the reality of the justification of God's elect. Ah! that was more than 32 years since. But the same eternal truth and reality remains unchanged both in its design and final accomplishment. And I am thankful to state that the more I advance in years the more precious and savoury it is to my soul. I left Manchester shortly afterward, but the numbers of the EARTHEN VESSEL which I then had by me (even from the beginning of its circulation) have accumulated (with few exceptions) from that day to the present, and are now received as monthly remembrancers of many events in the old country, and also of former near and dear associations I had when located there, a few of which remain, but the greater part have passed away.

The following are a few thoughts, feeble and imperfect as they evidently are, both in a doctrinal and an experimental way and manner (and which you are at liberty to insert in the EARTHEN VESSEL, or otherwise, as you may see fit) upon that sacred portion of Divine truth: "Who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification" (Rom. iv. 25); and in treating upon such a glorious revelation of the mind and will of our covenant God, the desire of my heart and soul is that I might be permitted to add a small tribute, although it be but a mite of gratitude, praise, and thanksgiving, for an humble, although, I trust, a well-grounded hope, through grace, of an eternal life-interest therein.

I. THE DELIVERY: OF WHOM, AND BY WHOM.—There can be no doubt but that it was the Lord Jesus Christ, in His pure and holy body, soul, and spirit, that was thus delivered, and that it was an act and decree of covenant determination that this delivery was made. "For it was by the determinate counsel and the foreknowledge of the Most High" (Acts ii. 23); and, as a consequence, we cannot but observe with love and reverence that the absolute and eternal decree of predestination, not only foresaw, but made ample and every provision for the glorious results of that delivery; and we further see that delivery confirmed by God, the Holy Ghost, in Psa. xl., where our glorious Lord, in the person of King David, exclaims, "Lo, I come: in the volume of the Book (of covenant determinations and settlements) it is written of me, I delight to do Thy will, O my God; yea, Thy law is written within my heart." "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways are past finding out." "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things, to Whom be glory for ever. Amen" (Rom. xi. 33, 35).

II. FOR WHOM, AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE.—“I lay down My life,” saith Christ, “for My sheep.” “Father, I will that all those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am.” They are the purchased flock of the Great Shepherd; they are the adopted sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty; they are the Lord’s hidden ones, whose life is hid with Christ in God. They shall never perish or be stolen away by the enemy from their covenanted security in Him; but, to be a little more experimental, they are those who, in fleeing from the terrors and wrath of Sinai, are led by matchless grace to Calvary, and there behold, as it were, through the gleaming lightnings and thunderings of that burning mountain, the Lamb of God, dying in agonies, sweat and blood, not only for their offences, but for the offences of the whole elect world of His purchased and saved Church and people.

III. THE ORDER OF THE DELIVERY.—(1) To make a perfect and loving obedience to that holy and righteous law which He Himself gave on Mount Sinai; and not only so, but as the Surety of His people, to satisfy all its just and legal claims against them. Yea, He went to the end of that law for righteousness, and in so doing left an eternal imprint thereon of its perfect fulfilment by Himself, which imprint was witnessed by God the Holy Ghost, and which never, no never, can be effaced or obliterated. (2) To make a perfect atonement for offences committed against that law; and in so doing, it was life for life, body for body, blood for blood, soul for soul. “The soul that sinneth it shall die, and without shedding of blood there is no remission.” This our most blessed Lord freely gave, and which God in covenant freely accepted in full of all demands, past, present, and to come. Yea,—

“Love moved Him to die, on this we rely,
Our Jesus hath loved us, we cannot tell why;
But this we can tell, that He loved us so well,
As to lay down His life to redeem us from hell.”

IV. ITS GLORIOUS ISSUE—namely, heaven’s covenanted and accepted justification of the whole election of grace, pure and simple in its precious and six-fold order. 1. By grace. 2. By Christ’s perfect obedience and righteousness. 3. By His pure and spotless blood. 4. By His sufferings and death. 5. By His resurrection from the dead, with the covenanted receipt in full of all demands in His rightful possession. 6. By faith, which is a receptive principle implanted in the soul at the new birth. The testimony of one of the old Puritans (R. Trail) in reference to this faith is as follows—namely, “That the plain old Protestant doctrine is this, that the place of faith in justification is only that of a hand or instrument receiving the righteousness of Christ, for which only we are justified; and that faith is a lost, helpless, condemned sinner, casting himself on Christ for salvation.” Then,—

“Who shall the Lord’s elect condemn,
’Tis Christ that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O’er all their sins divinely rolls.”

V. THE RESURRECTION OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST is the grand and unmistakeable evidence of the full satisfaction given, in the absolute perfection, completion, and acceptance, in the council of the Godhead, of the redemption work of the Lord Jesus, in His spotless obedience,

life, sufferings, and death, for the salvation of His Church and people, for had His holy redemption-work been incomplete, or imperfect, He never would have been released from the sepulchre. The apostle, by the Holy Ghost, in 1 Cor. xv. bases thereon the ground-work and foundation of our present and eternal welfare, and it is upon this great and solemn truth that he triumphantly exclaims; "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." This is also sweetly and experimentally set forth in the blessed ordinance of believer's baptism (Col. ii. 12). It is one of the most precious and fundamental articles of our holy faith. That the Lord Jesus lived, died, and rose again from the dead, and liveth in that risen body for evermore, and that nothing can separate His blood-bought from its certain and glorious issues (Rom. viii. 38, 39). And, oh, that our resurrection life and conversation in Him might increasingly and more manifestly disclose our eternal life-interest therein, even in the precious resurrection-life of our adorable Lord and Master. "For if we be risen with Him, then should we, by prayer and watchfulness, seek for a more perfect conformity to His spotless example set before us" (Col. iii. 1).

VI. It would appear that the first display or manifestation of our Lord's gloriously finished work was the justification of His Church and people. "For He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for, or with, our justification." Oh! methinks I see Him in the glory of His resurrection-life, rising from the tomb, or sepulchre, with the newly-stained royal banner of His victorious redemption-work in one hand, and the charter of our justification in the other, and which charter He had just received from the throne of the eternal Godhead, with the following inscriptions emblazoned in letters of gold thereon—namely, Full and free justification as an act of sovereign distinguishing grace; full and free justification by the shedding of the Lord's precious atoning blood and sacrifice; full and free justification by His perfect obedience, sufferings, and death; full and free justification by His righteousness, which, by an act of inconceivable mercy and grace, is imputed to His purchased and redeemed ones. And then I hear Him triumphantly exclaim, Who shall separate Me from the reward of the travail of My soul, even the justification of My dear elect, and their eternal security and acceptance with Me? And I do think, yea, I do hope and trust, that I have that justifying faith in Him, so that my heart saith, Even so, my dear Lord Jesus, even so come quickly. Amen and amen.

VII. He rose from the dead to strengthen the hopes, trusts, and confidences of the elect. "For if Christ be not risen, our faith is vain, we are yet in our sins." But He did arise, as the great Forerunner and Leader of His people; and, hence, our desire and assurance in Him is confirmed, even that He will present us at the grand and glorious consummation of all things before the presence of His and our Father, with exceeding great joy, exclaiming, "Here am I, Father; and all that Thou hast given Me." Oh! may we, at that great day, lift up our heads with ineffable rejoicing, and shout, "Worthy is the Lamb!" and so shall we sing His praise eternally, because we shall eternally feel the virtue of His precious blood. I love to anticipate the blessed day; the thought, even now, and more especially so when the blessed Spirit is pleased to make manifest in my heart and soul some of the sweet and saving powers of that precious blood; but what will the glorious reality be, when—

we shall see Him as He is? Eternally love Him and be made like Him.

"Oh! what a sweet exalted song
Will rend the vaulted skies;
When, shouting grace, the blood-washed throng
Shall see the top stone rise."

J. F. MATTHEWS.

Melbourne, Australia, May 4, 1880.

EVIDENCES OF THE NEW BIRTH.

EXPERIMENTAL.

Is thy heart, once cold and hardened,
Softened now to weep and pray?
Dost thou know thy sins are pardoned,
And for ever washed away?

Turns thine heart with fear and loathing,
From the sin you once could do?
And thy soul, with holy yearning,
Heavenly graces now pursue?

Is thy Saviour far more precious
Than each cherished earthly tie?
Does a sense of His sweet presence
Thrill thine heart with sacred joy?

When temptation overtakes thee,
And thine erring feet have strayed,
Clouds of darkness gathered o'er thee,
Till thy soul is sore afraid;

Dost thou mourn an absent Jesus,
While He hides His smiling face?
Grieving till He gently leads Thee
Suppliant to the throne of grace?—

Where He maketh intercession
As our great High Priest above;
While the Spirit beareth witness
Of the Father's changeless love.

PRACTICAL.

Dost thou love the Lord that bought thee?
Love His ransomed people, too?
Let the mind that was in Jesus
Manifest itself in you.

Love the Lord, love one another,
This commandment ever keep;
All within the fold of Jesus,
Tender lambs or wandering sheep.

Patient with the weak and erring,
Careful for the suffering poor;
Freely give as thou receivest
From thy God's exhaustless store.

In the precious name of Jesus
Work through love, and love alone,
All that's thine thou hast received,
Send the glory to His throne.

ASSURANCE.

Ask thyself, beloved reader,
Much heart-searching work we need,
Know'st thou these things by experience,
Then you are the Lord's indeed.

Quickening grace hath raised thy spirit
From a state of death and sin,
Life eternal to inherit,
Thou art to the fold brought in.

Heal'd, and wash'd, and cloth'd, and par-
In a right and heavenly mind, [don'd,
Seated at the feet of Jesus,
With the world and sin behind.

In that happiest, loveliest station,
Where thine heart more bliss hath
Than on earth's high elevation, [known
Though it were a monarch's throne.

With that "blessed hope"* before thee,
May increasing grace be thine,
Till with Christ, in heavenly glory,
Saints in full perfection shine.

* * * * *

In this day of wide profession,
Oh, how many do we find,
Bear the name without possession,
Not transformed in heart or mind.

But to know the Lord, and love Him,
Lose the world, and hate our sin,
This is to become a Christian,
None but such will enter in.

Leytonstone, Essex.

MARIA C.

* Titus ii. 13.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"To Do Good and to Communicate, Forget Not." Such is the appropriate motto of the *Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society Report* for 1881. This long-established and perpetually-prosperous Society comes forward again with statements sufficiently joyous to produce the happiest of feelings to all its one thousand and sixty-one members. In every department there has been increase; and the committee anticipate having an invested capital of £10,000 before very long. Already they have in Bank of England Stock £9,400, besides their floating capital in London and Westminster Bank, which, with other funds, now gives them a capital of nearly £9,800. We only tender sound advice to all truly godly young men who are not enrolled in any such society, to procure a copy of the rules, also of balance sheet, and then judge and act for themselves.

Canon Farrar's Sermon on the Ritualistic Prosecution, is a chain of eloquent and separating argument, whereby he runs his mental sword through the prosecutor and the prosecuted, and reproves both parties, vividly illustrating, and decidedly censuring, the fact "that no wild beasts hated each other with so much ferocity as rival theologians." This has been, and is, the cause of much decay and of weakness in all the Churches. One man stands in his pulpit to pelt with all his might some other kind of preachers which he hates with intense hatred. Says he, "I am for Christ; those other pretenders are for and from Satan. I am for truth; all the rest are for error." It is so between the Ritualists and the Evangelists, between the scientific and the spiritual, between the most exclusive of all denominations and those who have more of the Spirit of Christ than of bitter, ignorant, selfish, creature-made idolatry. Canon Farrar shews that the Church for centuries has been fearfully torn to atoms by her leaders, who have been more of the tyrant than of the tender shepherd. It is so everywhere nearly. We cannot dissect this sermon now, but it is not to be sneered at.

King's Garden Manual. Mr. P. B. Brown, the manager of King's Seed Farms, Coggeshall, Essex, has sent us *The Illustrated Catalogue of Imported Bulbs* and the *Garden Manual*. To all amateur florists, botanists, and lovers of the indoor plants, and the out-door gardens, as well as all agricultural

enterprising workers, these elegant manuals will be of much advantage. For near upon a century has King's seed establishment been renowned, honoured, and progressively prosperous.

Constantine's Religion, and the massacre by his son, Constantius, of the next heirs to the throne, is in spirit the religion of many now. Constantius loved the Arian party and theory. Their leaders were men of immense mental, oratorical, and scholarly power; "but they were not spiritual men." Types were they, our age has their antitypes in abundance. The gift of tongues flourisheth amazingly.

Where are the Jews? In Jerusalem there are about 14,000; in Syria altogether, 40,000; in England, 80,000; in France, 50,000; Germany, 400,000; German-Austria, 800,000; Roumania, 400,000; Russia, 2,000,000; European Turkey, 20,000. It is now proposed to establish a United Jewish Colony in Gilead and Moab. This rich country may soon become fertile and flourishing. The judgments on Israel are drawing to a close. It is said the declaration is about to be verified, "God will be merciful unto His land and to His people." What changes are looming in the distance! Let us study our Bible and stand on the watch-tower.

"A New Year's Joy Song." *Gospel Magazine* for January, 1881, brings us (with a full freight of soul-consoling truth) a song for 1881. It is from the heart, the mind, the faith, the pen of the writer of "Wayside Notes." We take a note or two from this pretty "Joy Song."

Ah! I have been thinking,
I'm not found sinking,
Although the warfare is fierce;
All, all has been well—
What a tale I've to tell
Of precious, omnipotent grace!

Ah! yet I've been thinking
Of my cowardly shrinking
From what may happen ahead;
When my God has given
His own pledge of heaven,
What folly it is to dread!

Ah! I've been thinking
Of a heavenly linking—
A union with Jesus on high;
He gives me His token,
It ne'er can be broken;
'Tis love's unchangeable tie.

Ah! I've been thinking
Of a precious imprinting
Within the Lamb's book of love;
Faith sees my name there;
Oh, it does my heart cheer,
To think of my standing above!

Ah! I've been thinking
Why my heart is sinking
Because of the cares of the day;
While time is fast sweeping
My soul to the reaping,
Where sorrow is all done away.

Ah! I've been thinking
I shall not be sinking
When Jordan's deep waters I breast;
Underneath love embracing,
Jehovah encasing,
I shall gain the haven of rest.

Ah! I've been thinking
Of joys unceasing,
Of which I'm daily in quest;
In a robe befitting,
I shall be found sitting
Down at the Lamb's marriage feast."

A Perfect Beauty.—"Beauty is ill to be defined." "The patent mark of beauty is its Maker's name imprest." "The Great Creator's seal is set to all His works."

"Beauty, theme of innocence;
How may guilt discourse thee?
Let holy angels sing thy praise,
For man hath marred thy visage."

Nevertheless, "though sin hath shattered every limb, how comely are the fragments." When we grasped vol. v. of *Old Jonathan*, with its external vignette representing the cheerful, noble, delightful face of a fine boy, looking at us with a placid pleasure, we exclaimed, "This is a perfect beauty." And the more we continued to gaze upon it, the more we were impressed with the conviction that all who truly love innocent-looking and happy youth, before any of a fallen nature's seeds have become developed, all such affectionate admirers of big babyhood will unite with us in asserting that Messrs. W. H. & L. Collingridge have obtained a conquest over all the annuals this year in the style of binding and printing *Old Jonathan*. In a sense, the exquisite natural face of a darling boy gave to us a sweet remembrance of our Saviour's words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Garden Oracle, and Floricultural Year-Book, 1881. By Shirley Hibberd, editor of "The Gardeners' Magazine." One Shilling. To be had at No. 11, Ave Maria-lane, Paternoster-row. This is an extraordinary annual. With its calendar, diary leaves, and monthly directory for all kinds of work and watchfulness in gardens of every sort and size. The representation of Mr. Outridge's "Pompous Chrysanthemum," is like some enormous heads on little shoulders, heads as full of thought as London is full of people. Parsons might catch in lessons here, and aim to grow up, not bowing down to self, to sin, and to Satan.

Double collapse of C. Bradlaugh in the debates with T. Lawson. The

questions discussed in these debates are vital. Whether it is wise to expose the sacred things of Divine revelation to a mass of ungodly infidels, must depend upon the motive in the breasts of those who come forward to meet the bold and gifted atheist. To draw forth the enemies of God, of His Christ, of His Bible, and of His people, into public discussion, giving them the opportunity of pouring out their blasphemies, is dangerous work. We wish to examine Mr. Lawson presently.

MR. EDWARD BAINES. — *The Protestant Dissenters' Almanack*, 1881 (R. Banks), gives us a faithful look at that fortunate and powerful journalist, Edward Baines, Esq., the proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*, considered the most powerful "daily" in Yorkshire. The sketch of Mr. Baines's life is a narrative of a wise, wide-awake, earnest, and excellent man. *The Protestant Dissenters' Almanack* has a well-digested review of the past year's public events, and all the generally useful calendars and tables, rendering it valuable to all classes and for all times.

Lucky Lads in Lebanon. From an outsider's standpoint. The first is the poor Manchester shoe-maker, who rose up to be "D.D." Singular and serious criticisms. "Who makes these poor boys into popular and well-paid gentlemen?" 1. Nature giveth peculiar gifts; 2. Colleges fructify and furnish the mind; 3. Churches open up fields for practice. Then, if grace converts the soul to God, if Christ gives the man a Divine commission; if the unction of the Holy Spirit anoint the heart with fresh life; if Providence preserve the growing cedar in truth and holy living, prosperity in usefulness and honour will result. But many have not brains tough enough, nor constitutions sufficiently strong, to endure the heavy warfare of mastering Hebrew, Greek, Latin, &c. Something snaps: they are gone! We should think the work worth quoting presently.

Zion. A sermon by Thomas Watts, Wellingboro'. (Published by R. Banks. One penny). This sermon describes, in a newly-wrought, allegorical style, the pilgrimage of a sinner travelling from the world on to "the temple of Arminius," from thence to other places of delusion and death, until he reaches the Mount Zion, the city of the living God. It is a discourse by no means of the usual order; but one which many would read with curiosity and profit.

Hand and Heart, weekly and monthly. is a well-sifted reviewer of all the movements of men, ministers, and merchant-men everywhere.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE!"

AFTER so many years of public life—both in the civil and evangelical branches of the community—we feel justly proud and grateful to a wonder-working Providence for calling our friend and brother ISAAC CHARLES JOHNSON, Esq., of Gravesend, to the solemn office of a magistrate for the county of Kent. The announcement informs us that on Thursday, January 6, 1881, Mr. Johnson, of Mayfield, Gravesend, qualified as magistrate for the county of Kent, having been recommended to the Lord Chancellor by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Earl Sydney; and our esteemed brother, Mr. Johnson, will sit in connection with the Earl of Darnley and other notable and eminent gentlemen. "*A magistrate?*" Yes! that is, "one invested with authority, to guide and to govern others;" a most responsible and necessary office and power; and when such power is placed in the hands of a truly godly man we little know the amount of influence for good which will flow therefrom. Job was a magistrate; and Joseph of Arimathea was something in the same line. In the kingdom of Christ the rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all. Mr. Johnson has been under excellent training for a position requiring so large an amount of general knowledge, of keen discernment, and of a strong will guided by the purest of all motives; practically working out that inspired complexity of a dignified, yet devoted and sanctified character which Peter contendeth for, when he saith, "As the servants of God, honour all men, love the brotherhood, FEAR GOD, honour the king." We can, conscientiously, point to a host of such worthy men in the Churches of the "Strict Baptist denomination"—Alderman Tatham, of Rochdale; William Crowther, Esq., of Gomersall; Alderman John Osborn, of Banbury; with others we have known—of whom it might be said, as Mr. Osborn once beautifully said to us, "All the year of my mayoralty I never once forsook my little chapel." So, while Mr. Johnson was mayor of Gateshead, he continued to fill the pulpit of the Strict Baptist chapel in that monster Northern metropolis called "Newcastle-on-Tyne." Old John Foxe, the renowned martyrologist, in a preface to his renowned treatise on "Free Justification by the Righteousness of Christ," contendeth earnestly with those persons who object to the preaching of "free grace" doctrines, on the ground that wicked men will take licence therefrom to be more wicked still. The wonderful old martyrologist tells his opponents he knew well some men preached that there was no other way or medicine for rooting out vices, and reforming manners; but the perpetual inculcating of laws and precepts and dreadful

threatenings to stir up terrors. Let men, if they will, so labour; but "let not CHRIST be expelled from the Church," nor shut out from the pulpit, which, alas! some think He is near upon it now. "This world," saith our author, "hath its adorers. Christ also hath His own miserable and afflicted elect in the world; the CARE OF WHOM must not be neglected." Therefore God in His all-wise management of things doth raise up qualified men, even some of His own regenerated elect; men of affluence, of wisdom, of well-balanced and concentrated judgment; men of mark, men who openly confess their faith in "the grand old Gospel," and are at the same time pre-eminently fitted to serve the state and country, wherein, for the time being, they are ordained to dwell, whose characters shine as lights in the world, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.

That Mr. Johnson may long live a blessing to the Church, and to his country, is the prayer of

ONE WHO HAS LONG KNOWN AND ESTEEMED HIM;

even C. W. B., who spontaneously and gratefully offers this note to his readers.

THE LAST AND THE FIRST.

December 27, in Ebenezer Baptist chapel, King's Cross, Gospel services were enjoyed by many. C. W. Banks preached from the words, "Jesus Christ, Himself being the chief Corner-stone." The pastor, W. White, presided at the evening gathering; I. C. Johnson, Esq., was prevented by illness. Brethren Bolton, Kingston, E. Beazley, and others, gave out living testimonies; but the Pen Beacon pastor, Mr. Price, nearly set all the people on fire; his exhortations to "ENCOURAGE THE MINISTER," were purely and practically good. We understand *Cheering Words* has a cheerful note on the cherubim of the evening. The next day we were with our brother Mr. Jabez Whitteridge, in his comfortable chapel in Gillespie-road, Finsbury-park. C. Cornwell gave the people a scriptural exposition of "binding up the testimony, and sealing the law among the Lord's disciples." Mrs. Whitteridge, one of the best pastor's wives in London, and her family, furnished an excellent tea; and on the platform, afterwards, we saw brother Jabez as president, supported by W. Bradly, E. Beazley, W. Beddow, C. Cornwell, H. Brown, C. W. Banks, and other ministers. We all heartily pray that this almost newly-planted garden may flourish by the eternal salvation of many of the redeemed.—On New Year's night, Saturday, January 1, 1881, we enjoyed a meeting in Speldhurst-road for prayer and praise from six until nine o'clock. Our hall was filled with a large number of godly praying brethren. Thus we commenced the New Year, seeking His blessing, who only can truly bless us for ever.

WHERE ARE WE?

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE NEW YEAR
AND THE NEW EDITORS.

In the uprising of crowds of learned and talented enthusiasts, it is not surprising that very few editors or pastors can hold their offices very long. What complaints are made about Charles Stovell living and labouring for such an unusual period of time. Young aspirants consider aged men should resign, retire, go to rest, be quiet, and let better minds succeed them. Only think of Isaac Dixon and John Plaw, both advancing towards ninety and still in the pulpit. Oh, how the juveniles sneer and ridicule the venerable fathers! "Be patient, brethren," a little longer, and these ancient sires will all have passed away. In all our magazines for January, each editor comes out with "A New Year's Address," and some with new editors, and new features of interest. We are reading them with some anxiety, wishful to ascertain the "Watchman's" announcement of the present "Signs of Our Times." We grieve to learn that Dr Cumming's once powerful and prophetic mind has become so weak that he now takes repose at Chiswick Asylum. We most sincerely pray the Lord to comfort him with His consoling presence and blessing. High, indeed, the learned doctor stood in the pulpit, on the platform, and by the press. Perhaps he went beyond his strength. Whether the Lord ordains one man to do two or three men's work is a serious question. Look at C. H. Spurgeon, with such an immense Church. Is not the oversight of so large a body quite enough for one or two men? But C. H. S. is pastor, president of a college, editor and reviewer, author, responsible head of two large orphanages, alms-houses, &c., and of much beside. Well, he believes he is called to it; and he says:—"The year has gone, and everybody is glad to think that we have entered upon a new one; yet who knows what 1881 may be? Who can tell? Well, brethren, let it be what God chooses it shall be. Let it be what He appoints; for there is this comfort in the assurance that not a moment from this Sabbath night on to the 31st December, 1881, shall be without the tender care of Heaven; not even for a second will the Lord remove His eyes from any one of His people? Here is good cheer for us! We will march boldly into this wilderness, for the pillar of fire and cloud will never leave us; the manna will never cease to drop, and the rock that followed us will never cease to flow with living streams. Onward, onward, let us go, joyously confident in our God."

The Pope, the Romish Pontiff, is mentally depressed. Yes, it is supposed that Pope Leo is losing his faculties. Ah, it is not so easy to be a Pope, or even an editor; how many have tried it, but soon have given it up; and how many, of late, have been lifted up into the editor's chair, but they speedily fainted, fell down, and declined. Any silly critic may find fault with and laugh at the editor's productions, but it is not every *learned scholastic*, or even eloquent divine, that has the

patient endurance, the persevering plodding on required to meet all the buffy and blusters, the tiring and tiresome labours of the editor's position. When the late William Tait and James Wells set afloat *The Gospel Ambassador*, they were prophetically persuaded that triumphant success would soon crown their labours; and they did their work well; but it died. Master Jeffery, with his "*Pot of Manna*," persevered magnanimously. Where is it now? And the *Voice of Truth* was sent forth under distinguished patronage; when it fell ill they married it to an old friend. But *Voice of Truth*, with all its power and patronage, has vanished. We all must die. If the Almighty Lord God call anyone to such a work, then certainly, in the midst of all reproaches, discouragements, and over-working,—

"He who has helped them hitherto,
Will keep them all their journey through."

Whatever there may be in the "New Year's Addresses" of our learned and loving editors, there is no plunging into prophetic speculations, there is no light thrown upon the journey we are now pursuing, no marking or defining the distance we have come, or how much more of "TIME" there yet remains ere we reach the decreed consummation of this dispensation. When the indescribably glorious "ALPHA (*Unfolder*) and OMEGA (*the Sealer*)," when "*the Revelation of JESUS CHRIST*," was "sent and signified unto His servant John," it was clearly shown that *all the predestinated wheels, events, and circumstances of Time*, yea, all that should transpire on the face of this earth between the first and the second advent of the Son of God, was hidden under the seven seals, and these seven seals were continuously opened up by THE LAMB—THE LAMB OF GOD. And, mark you, ye prattling people of the "light literature" age; mark you, ye honoured proprietors of the pulpits; mark you, all who diligently search the Scriptures, at the opening of each of the four seals, one of "the living creatures" cried, "*Come, and see*," which plainly tells me that they were so clearly led into the mysteries of those seals that they could boldly cry out, "*Come, and see*." Can any "living creature" open to the Churches in these times our present whereabouts? I mean, can anyone show unto us *which of the seven seals are now being opened*? In all the addresses we have yet examined, neither *the Person of Christ* nor the seal He is now opening, is in the least degree referred to. Dr. Cumming's failure was his unwisely fixing of the precise period of the anticipated coming of our Lord; the extraordinary ebullitions of Edward Irving, of Thomas Hughes, of Hackney, and some others, have caused such keen and powerful minds as the late James Wells and most of our present preachers, to almost laugh at prophecy altogether; many dwindle down to small essays upon doctrines, experiences, and casting censures over all other people; hence there is weakness in the pulpit, weakness in the pew, weakness in the treasurer's

purse; yea, it is weakness everywhere. Let any man who has "the mind of CHRIST," prayerfully study the grand old prophets of the Bible, then the voices of the law of Christ, of His apostles; then let him, without yellow spectacles, read the history of the Reformation, the writings of Cunningham, of Samson, of Habershon, of Bickersteth, of Hooper, of D. N. Lord, of Gill, of William Huntington, and others, and such a man must see that the small talkers—the infidels, the Jesuits, the wild-fire armies—are all leading on to delusions and uncertainties; or, as the spirit of truth in Isaiah xxxii. describes it, "a land of thorns and briars," which has become "a joy of wild asses," of dread desolation, which will continue "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high." So believeth one who dares to sign himself a loving and constant searcher after truth,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
January, 1881.

In my next, if spared, a note or two may be found on our new editors and of the old fathers, who tell us where we are.

RIPENING FOR GLORY.

BY THE LATE MR. FOTHERGILL.

The following letter was sent to an aged Christian brother just six months before the dear pilgrim was called home.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—Many thanks for your last letter, which would have been replied to sooner, but have had a bad attack of bronchitis, rendering me feeble and good-for-nothing; but being somewhat better. I seize this opportunity of sending a few lines to you, who have ever been one with me in doctrine, experience, and honest, hearty and sincere love of the truth, and determination to know nothing in Gospel matters, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified; a rich atonement that sinks sin, engulfs all our frailties, stops the mouth of God's law in the Great Law-fulfiller, bids justice stand contented, and proclaims aloud, even with smiling face, more than satisfied; while the voice is heard ringing through God's gorgeous heavens, "Death, I am thy plagues; grave, I am thy destruction." O happy day, sin gone, Satanic influence no more, the old man puts off this mortal clay, the cares of life for ever fled, all tears wiped away, and a perpetual spring of peace and happiness is for ever gazing on Him who said, "Because I live ye shall live also;" and again, "I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish;" and the beloved John says, "This is the promise He hath given us, eternal life, and this life is in His Son." So that our life is hid with Christ in God, and you and I know what it is to have passed from death unto life, because He hath given us of His Spirit. I have been trying to gather up some of our evidences apart from doctrinal truth, knowing that many embrace these from head knowledge; but have no saving acquaintance with a sense of sin, a broken heart, true repentance, a deep sympathy, and mourning over a suffering Saviour, nor real value for His

atonement, immaculate righteousness and marvellous stoop into our nature—the wonder of heaven, the delight of His Father, and God's salvation to the ends of the earth, and has picked up such poor insignificant creatures as myself. What then is the ground I stand upon? Christ, the Rock of Ages, apart from anything in me, good or bad, elected as foreknown, chosen in the beloved, redeemed by blood, righteous by imputation, but in your present experience, which is exactly my own, we find that God's predestination runs through the beautiful territory of conformity to the image of His Son. Christ is the image of the invisible God, and God is love, therefore Christ is love, and they that are born of God have the Spirit of Christ; for "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." Now you and I have not seen the Father; but by the love we have to Jesus, and His poor disciples, we know that we dwell in God and God dwells in us. Your letter breathes the same noble aspirations, and warbles sweetly the notes that fill heaven itself. Oh, love, that beautiful table-land from which we behold the golden city, and the land so far off that few find it; but so close to us as to be ready to depart at His gracious bidding. What a mercy, as we near the end of our journey, to find the love of God shed abroad in our heart, and such love to the children of God as to think everyone better than yourself; love that takes the lowest seat in Christ's school, and pushes up to a higher place every brother or sister that your hand may touch their feet. This is just where we are now favoured to be, and this is where I mean to stay to all eternity, if it be the Lord's will. Here is a beautiful grace that eclipses every other; like the sun in God's beautiful firmament, it puts out all other lights. Faith is a brilliant star, and hope sometimes comes to our aid, and is seen twinkling amid the gloom of night; these are helps by the way to the celestial city, but not permitted to go farther; but charity and love, no longer encumbered with mortal clay, will spread her wings and soar aloft in search of some heavenly treasure to lay at the Redeemer's feet. My friend, we have found even now that which is beyond all price—love to Jesus surpassing all other loves, love to each other that will not admit of a thought of wrong, a love that gathers up the law and the prophets, embraces, hugs, and kisses them; against such there is no law, and where no law no condemnation.

"If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be!"

I hope this will find you as your letter left you, and as this, my letter, leaves me, in the peace of God, which passeth all understanding—a peace indescribable, a calm waiting for His appearing, and longing to depart subject to the Divine will, absorbed in holy, heavenly meditations; contented to be nothing or anything, as He may desire and direct, thus to be moulded into His image, made meet to be partaker of the saints in life.

Yours in the Lord Jesus,

J. FOTHERGILL.

GRAND SCHOOL MEETING IN ZION CHAPEL, CHATTERIS.

The Gospel of the grace of God is still preached in our midst, and we are not without evidences that God is among us. We were constrained to give our young brother, Mr. A. B. Hall (after labouring and residing among us for nine months), a unanimous call to be our pastor; for signs and wonders are following his labours; additions to the Church and congregation have taken place, and we expect soon our pastor will baptize five or six believers. We trust the union may be lifelong, and the truth as it is in Jesus, in all its purity, unchangeability, firmness, and stability may be continued here, the Spirit of God may bless the Word to the ingathering of many precious souls.

We were favoured to enjoy a large measure of success in another of our special gatherings. Wednesday, Jan. 12, was the annual distribution of the Sabbath school children's prizes. In the afternoon they listened attentively to an excellent address, delivered by Mr. Lamb, of Willingham, on "Spiders, and what to learn from them;" then some received prizes for good conduct and regular attendance. 250 friends partook of a good tea, and in the evening our large and commodious chapel was well filled. Interesting, profitable, and comprehensive addresses were delivered by Mr. Morling, of St. Neots, on the "Power of Influence;" Mr. Lamb on "Hope;" and Mr. Hall on "Triumph."

We were much delighted and profited by the meetings; so thank God and take courage.

A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.

A TENDER PLANT TAKEN OUT OF THE FOURTH GENERATION OF RIGHTEOUS ONES.

"One generation shall praise Thy works unto another, and shall declare Thy mighty acts."—Psalm cxlv. 4.

Yes, they shall. I have seen this as true as any part of the sacred words of truth. It is over fifty years since I first became acquainted with that thoroughly manly, that sterling English gentleman, that decided sound-hearted and discerning Christian whom they called, "Old Mr. Fenner, of Harbledown." He resided with his intelligent and lady-like partner, whose face beamed with the purest smile of heaven-born kindness, in his own mansion, near the city of Canterbury. There was a storehouse of Biblical knowledge in this excellent Mr. Fenner, of Harbledown. His was no common mind. His was no weak soul that dared not to follow in the track of vigour and decision. Of this rock-like descendant of a Pauline genealogy, I would, if I dared, shew thee a man of whom, with Martin Tupper, it might be said, "Come, I will shew thee A FRIEND! I will paint one worthy of thy trust;" not like the soft and courteous soothsayers who secretly confirm the fact that "CONFIDENCE cannot dwell where Selfishness is porter at the gate."

This venerable sire, the great grandfather of that lovely grandchild whose death I have here to record; this ancient Mr. Fenner, of

Harbledown, had one Mary-like daughter, who had chosen the better part, and he also had one son. Oh, such a noble form! A full-grown cedar in Lebanon. We called him Mr. William Fenner, of Hackney. He was one of the most generous friends I ever found in London. He opened up Windmill-street chapel for me to preach in every Wednesday evening; and where, to this day, I hear of souls born of God. The same Mr. William Fenner also opened up Hepzibah chapel, Mile-end, where, for seven years, Almighty mercy helped me to preach to crowds every Friday evening, and our Crosby-row Church, which once numbered nearly three hundred members, was continually increased from those blessed children who were called in that justly called "Hepzibah chapel, Darling-place, Mile-end." Praise God for giving me such a spontaneous friend as William Fenner, for so blessing the grand old Gospel that fetched into Zion's happy assemblies many of the redeemed of the Lord, most of whom are fallen asleep. When I baptized this Mr. William Fenner, he being a tall, stout, heavy man, he stood in the water like a giant, and I like a dwarf. As I was about to lay him in the water he bent his knees, sunk himself down so as to be just equal to myself, and I baptized him as easy as if he had been a child. He was no dreamer, he was an express-train man. He saw a thing was to be done, and he did it. Alas! he has gone home many years since. His wife, the mother of some of the best of children, was a jewel in the Redeemer's crown. Their son William died in the Jewish Missionary field abroad. There is a Christ-loving daughter, and a swift-footed sainted son (Mr. Richard Fenner, now the first-class meat salesman in Rye-lane), both of whom are members of Heaton-road, in Peckham; who, with his excellent wife, and other branches of the family, have all been baptized by Mr. James Clark.

Thus I have seen three generations in the truthful Baptist Churches.

Abounding grace indeed.

Now of the fourth generation here is a note from the aforesaid Mr. Richard Fenner. With painful, yet with gracious notes, he says,—

"My dear Friend and Brother, C. W. Banks,—Knowing the kindly feelings that have a place in your heart toward our family, on account of those that have gone to rest, I feel something that prompts me to pen these few lines to you. My dear son, Alfred, has lost his precious partner, of whom the following is a memorial:—

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF
EMMA,
THE BELOVED WIFE OF A. R. FENNER,
Who fell asleep in Jesus, Jan. 1, 1881.
AGED 25 YEARS.

'He is faithful that hath promised.'

'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end.'

'My soul would leave this heavy clay

At that transporting word,

Run up with joy the shining way

T' embrace my dearest Lord.'

Interred at Nunhead Cemetery, January 6, 1881.

It pleased the Lord to reveal Himself to her, as her heavenly Father, in the year 1878, under the ministry of our dear pastor, Mr. J. Clark, of Heaton-road, whose ministry has, indeed, been made a great blessing to several members of my family. She was led to see her way clear to follow her Lord in the ordinance of baptism, and was received into the Church with my dear wife and self in October, 1878. The ordinance of baptism was to her a season she never forgot. On coming up out of the water those precious words flowed into her soul, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end.' Her gracious Lord kept her near His feet, a humble follower, and enabled her to rest on that promise. She was loved by all that knew her, though her time here with us on earth was not of long duration; yet she has left behind a sweet testimony that her heavenly Father was very gracious, and though not enabled to say much during her three months' affliction, yet she was always patient, and repeatedly, when asked how she was (when in great pain) replied, 'My heavenly Father is so good.' Well, dear brother, we do not mourn for her, she is now enjoying what, ere long, we trust each of us, with every member of our families, shall enjoy. Her pastor felt her loss much, he loved her as one the Lord gave him. Our loss is her gain. May it be our happy lot to receive the same welcome. Rheumatic fever was the disease. She has left a dear husband and two sweet children. The Lord will give unto her bereaved husband such grace that he may be enabled to bless the Hand that gave, and the Hand that took away.

"Yours in Christian love,

"From your sorrowing friends,
"R. AND E. FENNER.

"147, Rye-lane, Peckham,
"January 13, 1881."

ONE OF HER FAVOURITE HYMNS.

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me
breath;

And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

Our God is glorified. C. W. BANKS.

BRIXTON TABERNACLE.—The sixth anniversary of the Sunday-school was celebrated on January 9 and 11. The pastor and Mr. H. Lee, of Plumstead, preached stirring sermons on the Lord's-day, and on Tuesday W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, pleased us exceedingly with a most encouraging sermon from Gal. vi. 9: "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Over seventy friends partook of tea at the evening meeting. Joseph Beach, Esq., presided; a goodly assembly was gathered together. Messrs.

Webb, Hand, Lawrence, Winters and Stringer gave most excellent and appropriate addresses, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The total amount realised for the school by collections and donations was *eleven guineas*. There are eighty-four children in the school, of which pastor Cornwell is superintendent, assisted in the noble work by eight or nine teachers, and the anniversary meetings have given a pleasant opening to another year's work, in which all engaged will go forth, bearing precious seed, hoping and praying for the Divine blessing to rest upon it.—On Monday evening, January 17, 1881, the members' annual meeting was held. After tea, a prayer and conversational meeting was held, in which thanks were offered to the great Head of the Church for the prosperity which has attended this little hill of Zion during the past year. The additions to the Church have been twelve, and losses one, making the present number of members seventy-one. The pastor is upheld in his labour by almighty grace, and lives in the affections of his people. For these, and ten thousand other mercies, our best thanks are due, and we would desire to be grateful for such a measure of blessing.

LITTLE STONHAM.—DEAR C. W. BANKS,—You are always glad to hear God is blessing His Word, and prospering Zion. We, at Little Stonham, are a select and quiet few. The last Sabbath in 1880 was a happy season in our little Bethel. Our pastor, Mr. Grimwood, was favoured to baptize. We had a high day in Stonham. One dear friend, to make it a day not soon to be forgotten, presented our minister with what we call a Christmas-box; it was almost more than he could bear. We hope some outside are like lambs, bleating round the fold. I must tell you, on the first Lord's-day in '81, our minister preached a searching sermon upon Aaron's sons offering "strange fire." Numbers in this day, he said, think our Lord will be pleased with anything, even if it be strange fire; but not so! Our pastor is of full weight; he works hard; he has three villages where he preaches; once a month he is at my cottage. January 5, 1881, was a very profitable service. We commenced the year, singing "Now to the Lord a noble song!" It was so to our hearts. I have much enjoyed the *VESSEL* of late; hope the Lord will make this a happy New Year to you. Our cottage services have proved very good; you, "The Village Preacher," have found these things so. May you be spared many years yet to send your useful *VESSEL* out; it has stood many a storm, and, bless God, not broken yet. Yours truly, A. G. HALL.

WOOBURN GREEN.—The late Mr. R. Howard. Our friend, Mr. John Dullea, says, "This is a heavy trial for his family, and a great loss for the Church; but our loss is his gain. He is now singing those songs that were so dear to his heart in a nobler strain. What that service is we must die to know. This death has a solemn voice to us. Are we ready to enter that valley?"

BAPTIZING AND JUBILEE SERVICES AT NEW LONDON-ROAD, CHELMSFORD.

(Communicated by Mr. R. A. Huxham, Minister of the Chapel.)

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—As your correspondent anticipated, we had baptizing the first Lord's-day morning of New Year; five believers were baptized upon the profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It was a solemn season. I preached from Matt. iii. 13—17. A sacred awe pervaded our minds in the pulpit, and in the water; in the afternoon, when the baptized were received into communion, the right hand of fellowship was given in the name of the Church by the minister, a suitable address, also a baptizing memento to each; a portion of the Word of the Lord inscribed thereon. With thankfulness we recognize the hand of God with us; in supplication and hope, we believe others are prepared to pursue the same course of love and obedience to our risen and exalted Lord and Lawgiver.

A pleasant meeting in connection with the Baptist cause, was on December 27, 1880; tea was provided by kind lady friends for nearly 100 persons; then a public meeting was presided over by W. Beach, Esq.; the first public position he has filled since his painful affliction, and that mysterious bereavement in which, I am sure, all who know him deeply sympathise. The venerable chairman opened the meeting by giving out, "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays," &c. Brother Pissy led us to the throne; he prayed with a large heart; he knew he had a large and liberal-minded God and Father to plead with. Mr. Beach introduced the business of the meeting by addressing the esteemed James Debnam, one of the deacons, reminding him it was fifty years last April that he was baptized in connection with that Church; and fifty years last October that he was married to his present wife; therefore, it was the jubilee of his baptism, and his golden wedding. Mr. Beach said he had been over fifty years connected with the Baptized Church of Jesus Christ; and felt it was an honour to be thus long associated therewith. Now, he had great pleasure, in the name of the Church, congregation, and teachers in the school, of presenting brother J. Debnam with an appropriate present, "A COUCH," on which to recline his weary limbs in his old age, and also his wife in her afflicted state. Brother Debnam was bathed in tears at the kind expressions of the chairman; also at the Christian affection displayed by the friends. On recovering a little, he expressed his surprise at such an unexpected manifestation of kindness to himself, and his dear wife. He had never heard one word of it, either directly or indirectly; he had been associated with the Church of Christ in Chelmsford for fifty years; enabled, during that long period, to maintain a character consistent with his profession. On fully recovering himself, he manfully expressed his thanks to the Church, congregation, and teachers, for their consideration of him, and hoped he should be

enabled in the future, as well as in the past, to show himself worthy of their confidence and esteem. Brother Mead, of Surrey Tabernacle, offered warm-hearted congratulations to our aged brother, as also to the Church, in regard to their present prosperity, and future prospects. Then he launched out into the deep waters of the Gospel, in order to survey, and describe the towers round about Zion; Mr. Mead was instructing and edifying. A few words from myself, and this happy meeting, with singing and prayer was closed. Peace, harmony, and good will prevailed. To our God alone be all the glory.

R. A. HUXHAM.

On Lord's-day, January 9, I had the pleasure of engaging the services of one of the fruits of my labours at Borough Green; the last I baptized there was Mr. Ebenezer Beecher, who was heard remarkably well at Chelmsford.

BOXMOOR.—THE VOICE OF GRATITUDE AND HOPE.—Dear C. W. Banks,—We are spared to see the beginning of another year. The Lord has been very gracious to us during the year that has just closed. We have been fed and clothed, and supported, under every trial. We have been kept from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience; still kept in the good old way, with a desire to be found among the happy poor. My largest wishes ask no more, and I trust that the same Hand that has been our guide during the year that is past, will be our guide through the year we have just entered upon, should the brittle thread be lengthened out to see the close; but you well know our breath is in our nostrils, and we know not how soon we may be called to resign that breath.—We had our New Year's meeting at Salem, Two Waters, on Monday. Mr. Beazley was the speaker in the afternoon; he is a blessed man. "Service of song" in the evening. The hymns were very good, the reading was beautiful, and the meeting was as quiet as a Sabbath-day. We had Mr. Beddow in December; his testimony was well received. There's nothing like "the grand old Gospel." Yours in the love of the truth, S. A. GREEN.

PLUMSTEAD TABERNACLE.—The New Year's Meeting, Lord's-day, Jan. 2, Brother Stringer gave us a very blessed discourse in the afternoon on the King eternal; and the pastor, W. H. Lee, morning and evening, good congregations. On Tuesday evening Brother Carpenter preached an excellent discourse from Zech. ix. 10, 11. About 100 partook of tea, kindly given by the friends; and the Tabernacle was decorated with evergreens and mottoes. The pastor presided at the evening meeting. Our good brother Lodge gave us some precious Gospel truth of an experimental kind, and made us right glad. Brother Hand spoke of the history of the Church of God in the various trials, etc. Brother Hitchcock was warm and good, speaking on the River of God (Psa. xlv. 4). Collections, etc., about £16. Praise God for all His favours.—W. H. LEE, Pastor.

GREAT GRANSDEN BAPTIST CHAPEL.

The annual meeting of our teachers and choir was held at the minister's house, on January 12, 1881. About seventy members and friends sat down to tea. In the evening the proceedings were invested with a deep interest, by the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. King, who, after having been the minister of the above place for twenty-two years, has resigned the pastorate, and accepted an invitation to preach at Carlton, Beds, for three months.

The testimonial consisted of a handsome timepiece and a purse of gold. The former was presented on behalf of the subscribers by the senior deacon, Mr. Housden, and the latter by Miss Wright, each of whom expressed the most cordial esteem and best wishes for the retiring pastor, and the general regret that was felt at his removal.

Mr. King said he must be something less than a man if he did not feel overwhelmed by their kindness. He was surprised, gratified, and overcome. He could very inadequately express his appreciation of this spontaneous and unexpected manifestation of their regard. To one and all of his friends he tendered his heartfelt gratitude. He should ever value the testimonial as a token of their esteem. He felt he was never more in their hearts than at the present time, and could assure them they were never more in his. If he could serve them in any way he should be most happy. He came not to the resolution to resign his position in haste, nor without pain; but after prayerfully looking to the Lord for direction he had believed there were important considerations, indicating it would be right to remove to another sphere. He reiterated his thanks for all the kindness the friends had shown him, and expressed his wishes for all, both in relation to the life that now is, and that which is to come.

Jan. 18, 1881.

F. K.

[Huntingdonshire only contains a little over 60,000 souls. It has nearly fifty Baptist chapels. Spaldwick cause is about 200 years old; Kimbolton the same; Great Gransden is 150 years of age. "A Friend" prays the Lord would call the North wind to awake, and the South wind to blow upon all the gardens in this once forest-like, "hunting," well watered and fertile county, so snugly enclosed, and so rich in its agriculture. Who will succeed Mr. King we cannot tell. Mr. F. Asby, at Ellington, is, we believe, the oldest Baptist pastor in the county, of nearly forty years' continuance.—ED.]

HARWICH.—This steady old seaport has had a Strict Baptist Church in its bosom over sixty years. An almost endless roll of pastors and preachers have sounded out the Gospel there. We have known many of them. Mr. Josiah Cowell, of Chelmsford, has received a cordial welcome to its pulpit possession and Church presidency. He is a gentleman and a Christian. May he be our Lord's minister to build up the wall.

BOROUGH.—January 4, special services in Trinity chapel; Brother C. Cornwell preached; his discourse was cheering and edifying. In evening a large company gathered. Mr. J. Lee, presiding, called Brother B. Woodrow to prayer. Mr. Lee gave an appropriate address, and made special reference to the esteem he had for all lovers of the truth, and the trust he had in the finished work of Christ, the Rock of his salvation and his Hope of eternal glory. Mr. James Clark was in excellent condition for speaking; he held forth with great power and eloquence on the merits of Christ, the Foundation of the Gospel kingdom. Mr. W. Webb put the hearers and doers of the Word in their proper places. Mr. Cornwell spoke on the work of Christ and the operations of the Holy Spirit in the salvation of sinners. Charles Waters Banks gave a very novel and interesting address in his usual solid, yet earnest manner, on the sandy foundation; he used as striking similes of the various unsound builders, the different coloured sands used mainly by horticulturists in their professional pursuits. The ideas appeared quite original, and particularly entertaining. W. Winters expressed some thoughts on the two foundations, the culminating part of Christ's sermon on the mount. Mr. J. Bennett made sensible remarks on the great tests from without and within, which are brought to bear on the foundations of our most holy religion. T. Stringer, the pastor, sent forth powerful statements regarding the grand fundamental truths which, by the Holy Ghost, he had proclaimed with unmistakable clearness for the last forty-five years. Such truths will live in the immortal souls of the ransomed flock of Christ, unchanged when the world, with all its corruptibility, shall have passed away. We heartily sympathise with our beloved brother Stringer in all that concerns him. He is a man of sterling character in the highest sense, and is worthy to occupy the pulpit of any Christian Church in the great metropolis. Our warmest prayers shall not be wanting in his behalf for time and eternal blessings. Brother Stringer is a muscular Christian, tempered with great fertility of mind, and a large share of tender-heartedness and genuine Christian love. The Lord bless him.—W. WINTERS.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.—On December 27th, Mr. John Box preached in the afternoon from Eccles. ix. 1. He spoke well of the knowledge God has of His people, and the care He taketh with them. After tea, James Mote, Esq., presided. Mr. Reynolds, of Islington, C. Cornwell, J. Clark, and Copeland, opened to us the mystery of "The Righteous Man," proving, though man by nature is vile and sinful, yet, by the work of Jesus, and in His Person, he is spotless and pure. The triumphs of grace over the miseries of the fall were scripturally defined. Eternal truth in our Clapham Junction is delighted in and defended.

WIDCOMBE, BATH.—Baptizing services were held at Ebenezer Baptist chapel, Lord's-day, December 12, 1880; the services were of a special character. The brethren met at 7.30 for prayer; a precious time. At morning service they sung—

"How firm a foundation, ye saints in the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word:
What more could He say than to you He hath
said,

You, who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled?"

Mr. C. C. Davis spoke on the words, "What mean ye by this service?" Mr. John Huntley, our beloved pastor, baptized in the name of the blessed Trinity, six persons upon their own confession of faith in Jesus. In the evening Pastor Huntley preached from "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." The candidates were then received into the Church; the Lord's Supper was administered. A profitable day. The Church rejoiced in what the Lord was doing. We have great reason to be thankful to our covenant-keeping God. May the Lord save our Church at Widcombe from all creature-made converts. Free-will is dispensed freely in this fair city of churches and chapels. Bath is far-famed for its waters, but there are many places of worship where the hearers do not hear much about the clear crystal stream of God's unchanging love. The precious distinguishing doctrines of grace are kept back. Why? Because if you preach Gospel truth folks will grow careless and indifferent. Such is the reasoning we hear from some. We rejoice that the truth is preached at Ebenezer, and our prayer is that our esteemed pastor may be spared for many years to come. A gentleman with his wife has come to take up their abode in the city for a short time. He was formerly a member of the late Joseph Irons' Church, in London. He visited many of the churches here, and it was not until he came to Widcombe that he could hear "the truth as it is in Jesus." We believe God's children want something better than husks. They desire the corn and wine of the kingdom—

"Nothing else will satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die."

That many more trophies may be won by the Spirit for Jesus, and that God may be glorified in all, prays W. P. Bath, January 6, 1881.

HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.—Wednesday, January 12, our members and friends enjoyed a private tea. At 7 o'clock at public meeting, Mr. Hitchcock presided. Brother Woollard implored the Divine blessing. The chairman made some interesting remarks with reference to the progress of the Church since his connection with it in 1847. They had seen many changes, different pastors had been settled over them; Mr. Matthews and Mr. Field being mentioned, who had been amongst them eleven years respectively, and whose ministry had been blest to the ingathering of over one hundred precious souls. Mr. Matthews has gone to his long home; but Mr. Field is still blowing the Gospel

trumpet at Charsfield. Mr. Hitchcock then alluded to the labours of Mr. B. J. Northfield amongst them (who is now, after two months' previous engagement, prosecuting a six months' call), and in closing his address feelingly presented him with a purse containing four sovereigns, in the name of the Church and other friends. Mr. Northfield, who was taken by surprise, in thanking the friends for their token of love and esteem, remarked that words failed to express his feelings; but he desired to praise the Lord for blessing the word of life through his instrumentality. Mr. Sewell gave a warm-hearted address, alluding to the prayerfulness, unity, peace, and prosperity which now reigned in their midst, and adverted to the mysterious way and manner in which the Lord brought their young brother (Mr. Northfield) amongst them. After singing and prayer another happy meeting at Hadleigh was brought to a close.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

A GLORIOUS MEETING AT MIDDLESBOROUGH.

MY DEAR FRIEND C. W. BANKS.—We had the tea-meeting on New Year's day, and such a one I never saw before; a remarkable success; it was a social tea to bring us all together at the commencement of the year; after every expense is paid we have 20s. in the Post Office Savings Bank, as a commencement to a building fund. Mr. Bailey spoke to us on "A Happy New Year." Mr. Birkbeck on "The Evidences of a Christian." I spoke on Responsibility: the responsibility of a minister; the responsibility of deacons; the responsibility of the members. A glorious meeting, every heart swelled with love, joy, and gratitude. Your dear name was frequently mentioned as being the father of the Church. Some said, if he could only come in now, what would he think, and say? I said he might think, but could not say much; he would be choked with emotion. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor gave half of the tea, and were busy the whole night making people comfortable. We had a splendid meeting last Sunday night. I never had more freedom in speaking, and was quite at home. I spoke from Judges vii. 7. Our prayer-meetings on Wednesday evenings are well attended; special seasons we have had. How we do all long to hear your voice again, and see your face. Hoping happiness and blessings await you, I am, my dear esteemed friend,

Yours in the bonds of eternal truth,

D. VERNON.

CHATHAM.—New Year's tea meeting at Enon took place January 11; more persons present than usual. At public meeting Brother Oliff presided (in the absence of our kind friend, Mr. Johnson, of Gravesend, through illness), who, after a short address, and Brother Vanheson asked the Lord's presence and blessing, gave a statement of our position as regards building a new chapel. C. W. Banks gave us a warm-hearted address on the purpose and

promise of God, and the necessity of believing prayer in the promises, illustrating it by several passages in his own experience. Brother Peploe, as an old and attached friend to the cause, was led in a sweet experimental way to take a review of the Lord's goodness to us from the formation of the Church, and of His faithfulness in the many changes through which we have passed. Brother Shaw, in an animated address, told us of some things in his own history of an encouraging nature, urging us to do our utmost in obtaining the means for the erection of the new place, looking first to Him with whom all things are possible. Several friends spoke afterwards, gratefully remembering past mercies, &c. The meeting was interspersed with singing. "The Lord hath been mindful of us; He will bless us."—J. C. [All our Churches should help this long-established and faithful cause. They have endured much tribulation. A word from each pastor to his people might be a help indeed to a people whose lease is soon out, and who must build, or be without a Gospel home. We must not leave our Churches to die out in these times. We shall have a collecting book, and will gladly forward all we can.—C. W. BANKS.]

"THE SURREY TABERNACLE."

"*The Life and Times of the Late Much-Beloved and Deeply-lamented Mr. James Wells: for more than forty years the extensively useful and honoured minister of the Surrey Tabernacle.*" Such, "Nemo," is the title. Who will write the memoir we know not. "Nemo" (who sends his card, and who is much interested in the cause of truth), says, "I would ask publicly, for a man so much beloved as Mr. Wells, is no substantial memoir to be left to the coming generation? Surely hundreds of letters could be got together, and a good account would be appreciated by thousands who love the truth." We have long lamented the non-appearance of such a life, &c. We have often desired to erect a small literary tablet ourselves, as none has yet been given. If a meeting could be convened, if such men as Mr. Crowther, Mr. Mead, Mr. Winters, and others could unite together, call for letters, and appoint one or two able brethren to compile the work, a great blessing might be conferred upon future generations. "Nemo" also touches upon a more delicate point. He asks, "Why do the deacons object to give a collection for the 'Hospital Sunday?' it cannot be because the people cannot give. I say it gives cause for the free-willers to charge those that love the truth with 'only caring for themselves,' when the Word says, 'Do good unto all men, especially unto the household of faith.'" [We believe "Nemo's" motion is purely for the honour of the cause, but we are bound to believe the deacons and the people at the Surrey Tabernacle are thoroughly of a philanthropic spirit, and if they can see their way clear, they will take the hint.—ED.]

A NEW STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL.

"The truth" has been preached at Sydenham, Oxfordshire, for upwards of fifty years. The chapel is an old thatched barn-looking place. The presence of the Lord has often been realised. He who has promised, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, I will be in the midst of them," has been faithful; His people have been built up and comforted under the preached Word; souls have been brought to the birth, and sinners saved. The present place of worship being very old, uncomfortable, and far too small, an effort is being made to raise funds to build a new chapel on the site of the old one, which is freehold. On Christmas day special services were held, many gathered together. Mr. G. Scott preached in the afternoon. Over one hundred sat down to an excellent tea. A public meeting was held, presided over by our brother G. White. Addresses were delivered by brethren E. B. Lloyd and G. Scott. Before the meeting closed a committee was formed, with brethren G. White, as secretary, and E. B. Lloyd, treasurer, to carry on this noble work. In reviewing the providence of God, we acknowledge the same with thankfulness. He has given us a glimpse of His loving-kindness towards us in raising friends to our help. Nearly £40 is already promised; the congregation is well at work with collecting cards. We trust the Lord will graciously incline the hearts of many to assist this good old cause. We must make up £100 by the end of March. Friends disposed to help, please send donations to Mr. G. White, Secretary, Totteridge-road, High Wycombe; Mr. E. B. Lloyd, Treasurer, 3, Oxford-road, High Wycombe.

A FRIEND TO THE CAUSE.

[The late venerable Mr. Allnutt, who was the pastor here for half a century or more, was much helped and honoured by the Lord. All the eminent preachers of the past generation visited Sydenham old chapel, and frequently preached therein. We preached there in the last Autumn, and feel justified in recommending the case to all our friends. It is a well-known fact that in this Sydenham, near Thame, none but the Baptists could ever gather the people to hear the Gospel.—ED.]

ROYDON.—"A sparrow in the desert alone" seeks for the living streams here—for any public ministry—but seeks in vain; and Brother Winters says, "There is no established cause of truth, as far as I know, from Edmonton to Ware, the barren distance once traversed by 'Johnny Gilpin.' It has been said, that truth will not thrive in Hertfordshire. Brother Casey's room at Cheshunt is opened every Wednesday for prayer and praise." We have, for nearly forty years, preached to many people in the pretty county of Herts; but many parts are destitute. Our section, "the Strict Baptists," are so divided, that we make little progress in the provinces. We often sigh and mourn over our sleepy and selfish condition. We shall die, and leave it no better, we fear.

WARE. — NEW-ROAD CHAPEL. We spent enjoyable evening with brother John Samford and brother Robert Bowles. A cluster of friends met round the tea table. Mr. Samford, the pastor, presiding at the meeting. Deacon Chapman prayed. Mr. Samford gave opening address, in which he related some special circumstances connected with the Church in which he had so long laboured as pastor. There was great cause for gratitude; peace reigned in their midst. Mr. Bowles spoke on the words, "Year after year;" he was well received. W. Winters next addressed the friends. Mr. Chapman addressed the pastor, and presented him with a New Year's gift, which Mr. Samford gratefully acknowledged. The services of the opening day, July 23, 1860, will never, while life remains, be eradicated from our memory. The Church was then formed. Mr. Flack baptized sixteen believers, one of which was the pastor elect, Mr. Samford. The delight of our soul at the time was so great we could hardly keep out of the water. On that grand day C. W. Banks delivered the charge; Mr. Flack addressed the Church; and the lines given out at the termination of the day's proceedings, by Mr. Banks, have rung in our ears with inexpressible sweetness ever since.

"Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven, the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

A full account of that day's services were published in a neat little work called "The Rural Shepherd and His Sheep." Those Ware Christians who have not read it would do well to purchase it. Perhaps the worthy editor, Mr. Banks, can furnish information. —W. WINTERS. [There is so much of our own in "The Rural Shepherd," we can only say copies can be had at the office, in Racquet-court.—ED.]

WESTERN COUNTIES.—Our "Old Traveller" says Hereford is a poor city for truth, but heaps of the Carmelite nuns and priests have flocked here from France. You should find Whitestone Church a pastor who would come into the city of Hereford on Sunday evenings, and gather together the scattered and fainting sheep. I have been to Cheltenham; could not find Joseph Flory there; but in St. James's-square, Bethel chapel is to be renovated and repaired. Some noble golden pipe, with power to empty out the life and light-giving oil into the souls of the true seekers, might be a blessing. As to Swansea, I cannot find anything but the Arminians. They are numerous; cannot venture to write of Plymouth and Devonport until next time.

BROADSTAIRS.—Our Sunday-school children's festival was held Tuesday, Dec. 23. The school increases; congregations better; excellent attention given to the Word spoken; we feel much encouraged; the Lord is with us; the Lord is our Helper, our trust is in Him; He is equal to all we require.—J. W. C.

CROYDON.—The annual meeting of Darley-road Baptist chapel, West Croydon, Sunday-school scholars, parents, and teachers, was January 5, 1861. There were of scholars, 160; parents, 40; beside teachers; all took tea together. At public meeting our president, Mr. Thurston, presided; gave us an address, other brethren spoke on Sunday-school work. Rewards were given; children and friends were very happy. Our school-room was crowded. We have increased in scholars last year, 30; "The Lord hath done great things for us."—JOHN E. ROWE. [When we first knew Croydon we believe Pump Pail was the only Baptist cause, now there are several; but few men have worked on more quietly, faithfully, or successfully than has Mr. Thurston, during the many years he has been in Croydon. Peace and prosperity in soul, in the Church, in the family, attend him yet for many years, prays his old friend, C. W. B.]

BOW. — BOTOLPH ROAD CHAPEL.—Anniversary of opening of Mount Zion chapel was January 18. It was one of the most severe days that Londoners ever experienced; the terrible snow-storm raged the whole day, and as we plodded our way to Brother Webb's chapel, through arctic London, we felt the force of the Psalmist's words, "Who can stand before His cold?" Brother Cornwell preached on "the Bread of Life;" in the evening, Mr. W. Webb presided, and gave an encouraging address. Mr. Holding felt the force of the sacred words as he enlarged upon them: "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God." W. Winters spoke "to them that have obtained like precious faith." Mr. T. Stringer dwelt on the word of the Lord that was precious in the days of Samuel, and which is precious to many now; Mr. Cornwell on the "exceeding great and precious promises." Mr. James Clark gave a closing thrilling address.—W. WINTERS.

THE LAST TWO HOURS OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY SAMUEL FOSTER, OF STURRY.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I have just been waiting upon the Lord at the throne of grace, and there I have been pleading for you, God's ministers, and God's people. Now, dear brother, I will try and commune with you a few moments, if the Lord will help me. Oh, how I need His help! I feel so ill, so weary, and in so much pain; but the love of Christ constrains me to write to you, dear brother. I have wanted to do so for some days, but have not been able. Dear brother, the Lord has mercifully preserved you, kept you through another year, and I feel it a great mercy the Lord having spared you to us so long. May He bless thee, keep thee, and be gracious unto thee, for Jesu's sake. I must tell you about the close of the Old Year, and the entering the new; I was much favoured of the Lord the last few days of the Old Year. I had some sweet solemn seasons with the Lord, and His Word was very precious. Deut. viii. 2, 3, xi. 12, were very sweet to

me, my meditation was truly sweet; also Josh. xxiii. 14. and Ps. xlii. was very precious. I had a solemn season the last two hours in the Old Year; and after stepping into the New Year I tried to sing that sweet verse:

"Now to grace, as debtors we,
Spared another year to see;
Mercies past we'll still review,
God hath helped us hitherto."

"Here we raise our Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help we're come."

I then laid waiting in silence upon the Lord for a word from Him. I had asked the Lord to give me a word to enter the New Year with, a special word, and, bless His dear Name, He did. This promise came so sweet, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Oh, it was so precious! Again, He hath said, "I will never leave thee, no, never; no, never forsake thee." Thus, you see, beloved, I entered the New Year leaning upon my Saviour's arm; but what does the promise say? Tribulation! tribulation! or we should not want shoes of iron and brass.

"Thus far my God has led me on;
And made His truth and mercy known."

When I entered the year that is past, I never thought I should see it close; still, I am spared, a monument of mercy. What is before us we know not; but in faith we go forward, resting upon the promise. Last week I was suffering much; but the Lord was very gracious. Friday I had a sweet time, but I can say no more. My warmest love to you, and many many thanks for all your kindness to me. Grace be with you. Amen.

SAMUEL FOSTER.

Sturry, near Canterbury, Jan. 10, 1881.

NEW CROSS ROAD.—ZION CHAPEL.

The 17th anniversary of Mr. J. S. Anderson's pastorate was celebrated on January 11, when an eloquent sermon was preached by Mr. J. Hazelton to a large congregation. About 200 friends sat down to tea in the school-rooms, which were tastefully decorated with evergreens and Scripture texts and mottoes, most artistically executed by nimble fingers, prompted by warm and loving hearts. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, at which there was a large attendance. The pastor presided, and spoke of the goodness of God to the Church, as shewn in the prosperity He had continued to them during the past year; addresses were also given by the ministerial brethren Box, Griffiths, Meeres, and Shepherd, interspersed with the singing of hymns composed for the occasion by the pastor.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—Believers travelling through Yorkshire will find the Gospel of the free-grace of God preached by Mr. S. Bailey and Mr. David Vernon, in connection with Providence Baptist Church, meeting, for the present, in Vanguard Lodge rooms, nearly opposite the Gospel Hall, in the Boundary-road, Middlesborough. Services, Sundays, in afternoon at 2.30 and evening at 6.30. Meeting for prayer every Wednesday evening at 7.30, 24, Unthank-street.

NEWLY-SETTLED PASTORS.—The pulpit of the late Septimus Sears is to be occupied by Mr. F. Marshall, at Sheffield, Beds. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn is now the settled pastor of Bromley-road Tabernacle, Lee. Billericay finds a new pastor in Mr. Hanson. Dacre Park invites Mr. Dexter from Grundsburgh. The Grundsburgh Church, with its ancient standing, good membership and large surroundings, requires a strong, a solid, a devoted pastor. Ebenezer, Basingstoke, calls Mr. Farvis. At Bury, Lancashire, Mr. R. Moxon has commenced a new pastorate; so has Mr. Ashdown, at Zoar, in Whitechapel, London. At that noble Zion, in Chatteris, Mr. Alfred Hall is to be settled, if the Lord will. Mr. W. H. Lee, late of Wellingboro', has been recognised as the pastor of the Church in Plumstead Tabernacle, while the good deacon of Plumstead is settled pastor at Kedington, Suffolk. Mr. Copeland, we are informed, is settled pastor at Walthamstow.

TWICKENHAM GREEN.—SURREY AND MIDDLESEX BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—Services were held here Tuesday, January 11. In the afternoon a paper was read by Mr. Brown, after which there was a discussion, the majority of speakers supporting the remillennarian view of the coming of Christ, expressed in the essay. About seven, friends assembled for evening worship, which commenced by singing Dr. Watts' hymn, "Lo, what a glorious sight appears." Mr. Cooke, of Richmond, preached a profitable sermon from 2 Thess. iii. 5. Messrs. Tarbox, Blake, Bailey, Kingston, H. Beddow and others were present.

Deaths.

GROVE, CAMBERWELL.—In the death of Horace Morley Hummel, Esq., we have sustained a severe loss. Mr. Hummel entered into the joy of his Lord, Jan. 8, 1881. Aged 62.

Mr. W. Kennard, the well-beloved deacon of Tamworth-road Baptist chapel, Croydon, has been mercifully sustained under the heavy trial of the loss of his eldest son, Mr. Frederick Wm. Kennard, who, after a long illness, departed this life at the age of 21, on January 14, 1881. His remains were laid to rest in Nunhead cemetery on January 19; Mr. Willis, minister of Tamworth-road, officiated; and expressed his satisfactory persuasion that the dear departed one had found, received, and rested alone upon the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation during the sore affliction which terminated his earthly career.

Died, at her residence, 3, Cavendish-street, Queen's-crescent, Kentish-town, on January 5, 1881, aged 56, Mrs. Phoebe Squiers, a member of Mr. Hazelton's Mount Zion chapel, Chadwell-street, Clerkenwell.

At Woodburn-green, Jan. 12, 1881, the venerable and faithful Mr. Richard Howard departed to his blissful home with a precious hallelujah in his soul. His now orphan sons and daughters deeply feel their loss of a truly Abrahamic father.

Mrs. Sorrell, of Homerton, a well-known Christian worker, died in Jan., 1881, triumphant even in death. Was buried by Mr. John Vaughan, minister of Trinity, Hackney.

Two-fold Cry of the Young Pastor's Soul.

A few notes of a Sermon preached

BY MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN,

As Pastor of the Strict Baptist Church, Bromley-road Tabernacle, Burnt Ash-hill, Lee, S.E.

"Who am I, that I should go?"—Exodus iii. 11.

"The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers. Let Him not leave us, nor forsake us."—1 Kings viii. 57.

THE reading of the two passages of Holy Scripture is simple, yet full of pathos and sublimity; and it beautifully expresses my insufficiency and nothingness, when I consider the great work you have called on me to begin this day as your pastor. The language of our text, I feel, is the prayer of this Church; and I am sure it is the cry of my soul. O brethren, let us repeat this prayer again and again, until we shall pray no more. This house has been erected for the honour and glory of our God, and for the salvation of souls. I feel very keenly the great responsibility, when I think that I shall from time to time stand up between you and God.

Considering the importance and solemnity of a pastoral position, I feel my weakness, and can only exclaim with one of old, "Who is sufficient for all this?" or with Moses, in the text before us, "Who am I, that I should go?" Brethren, the ministry of Christ, if I understand it rightly, is a position important, solemn, and holy. It is important; for, think, the Church is Christ's property, by creation and donation of JEHOVAH, and by purchase with His own precious blood; and if we are truly called to labour in His vineyard, surely we must not think of being satisfied to labour without desiring, yea, and continually praying for holy success. I, brethren, as your minister, will certainly pray, and look forward for God's glory to rest in this Tabernacle. We will look for holy success. We shall not be satisfied to labour here if we do not enjoy the benediction from our covenant God. We shall long and pray for a larger house to be erected for the glory of God. We shall long to see souls brought by sovereign grace out of darkness into light. Lost ones saved, the perishing rescued, hungry souls fed with the bread of heaven which God Himself designed that the hungry should feed on, the thirsty to drink and be quenched, naked clothed in the glorious robe which Jesus has provided for such; the ignorant taught, the weak strengthened, the desolate consoled. When I think of all this, brethren, I confess that I know not of anything that I can do which shall accomplish so much. Unless it be God's presence with me, my soul's language is, "Who am I, that I should go?" I can assure you that there is no work I love more than preaching the Gospel of Christ; yet I keenly feel my insufficiency, and this morning, the first time, as I stand before you in the important position as *your own minister*, we begin with this simple prayer, "The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers. Let Him not leave us nor forsake us."

We will now endeavour to expound the words we have selected for our meditation, praying for God's blessing whilst we do so. As Moses was engaged feeding the flock, no doubt in solitude and silent meditation about his afflicted brethren who were in Egypt, whose bitter cries touched the very heart of God, he was suddenly surprised when he beheld a burning bush; yet the fire failed to consume the feeble produce of the earth. Out of the burning bush the Almighty appeared unto the Hebrew shepherd, and called him to go as His messenger to Egypt, and deliver the message faithfully. "*Thus saith the Lord.*" Also to perform mighty works in bringing out slaves from slavery, men from captivity into blessed freedom. Oh, what a grand mission for the Hebrew shepherd! When Moses heard God speak through the burning bush, having felt the power of God in his inward soul, and also having thought of the importance of the mission he was called to, he then realised his weakness, ignorance, and, in a word, his nothingness. Full of earnestness and godly fear, he exclaimed, "*Who am I, that I should go?*" etc. But with all the feelings of unworthiness and nothingness, he learned that when a work is to be done, GOD WILL DO IT, and means *He will USE*, however humble and insufficient. Moses made one excuse after another, but every difficulty was removed by God Himself; and he was taught that "*God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.*"

If a nation must be delivered from bondage, He can take away the shepherd from the flock in the peninsula of Sina and send him, and invest him with might and power, and make him successful in his work. If the great warrior must be killed, a young shepherd can slay him. If the captain of the Assyrian army is to be healed, he must learn the way through his captive maid. Thus far I am comforted. If a great work here is to be done, however insufficient we may feel, yet if God uses us as a means to accomplish His purpose, our life will not be a useless life. Oh, that we may have more grace to humble ourselves, and submit more readily to His will.

Moses was commanded to go to a land from whence he once fled. He was to go and see the old scenes; they would bring back to his memory old associations. He must become well acquainted with the people, learn much more than he knew, although his knowledge was great. He was to learn to sympathise with his afflicted brethren; he was to learn to grieve in their grief, to sorrow with them in their sorrows, and weep with them as they wept. The minister of the Gospel, when sent by God to work as God's workman, must also go back to the country where once he was; or, in other words, the world with all its allurements, which once we loved; and it was to us a beautiful Egypt, its sins was our sweetmeat; but sovereign grace caused us to flee from it, to run to Christ, knowing that there is no refuge but JESUS, the sure Refuge of guilty and repenting sinners. Brethren, the minister must go back among the worldly, yet keep himself from the evils thereof. We must be in the world, yet not of the world. We must go about and meet the blasphemers, the hard-hearted infidel, the self-righteous, also the anxious, and all classes of sinners. We must meet; yea, we must search and find them, and tell them the truth, tell them of judgment, justice, truth, mercy, grace, peace and joy. We must tell them of hell and of heaven; and in all messages it must be, "*THUS SAITH THE LORD GOD.*"

Yes, brethren, we must, like the prophet, go round about the valley

of dry bones, and see the bones dry, without life, without any sign of life, so far as human observation may be concerned. But yet the command is, "*Preach to the dry bones, O son of man.*" Not only are we to preach to the unconcerned and thoughtless, but to the anxious seeker, those who are spiritually oppressed with heavy burdens; and, Israel-like when in Egypt, are groaning and crying bitterly for deliverance. Oh, with such the minister must particularly make himself acquainted; sympathise with them, weep with them as they weep, pray with them as they pray. Brethren, is it not a solemn thing to be a minister. "*Who am I, that I should go?*"

Moses was to go to Egypt, the seat of science and literature; he was to go to the wise, learned, and powerful. The minister of Jesus, however unworthy and insufficient he may feel, yet must boldly and fearlessly proclaim the Gospel to all classes of men. The same message he must deliver to the wise of this world, to every school of thought, and to those who are powerful in the world. And who is sufficient for all this? "*Who am I, that I should go?*"

Moses was to speak to people about God. Egypt knew not God, although the Egyptians acknowledged several hundred thousand gods, but knew not the true God. Moses therefore felt that it was a most important work. We too, brethren, have to preach to men who are so ignorant that they do not know the very Being who made them. They are blind and deaf; and seeing the message is of so momentous a character, "*Who am I, that I should go?*"

Moses was to stand before the inhabitants of Egypt, to smite and slay, to destroy the gods the people love to worship, and to declare "*thus saith the Lord.*" The minister, Moses-like, must be bold, not fear men, nor slander; must send the arrow as God helps him; reprove of sin, pull down the proud from his high summit of pride; endeavour to destroy those objects on which the heart is set. Every idol must be destroyed, for none can worship God and Mammon, or whatever the name of such idols may be. "*Who am I, that I should go?*"

Moses was to speak to two classes of unbelievers, hence the difficult mission—i.e., unbelievers in the God of heaven (the Egyptians), and unbelievers in his Divine mission. To deliver the Divine message to those who believed not God was painful enough, but most trying to find the very people whom he came to deliver would not believe in his sacred mission. The minister of the Gospel must also experience this painful trial. To be amongst such men often who believe not in God and the dear Saviour! Oh, how miserable. Most trying and bitter to preach to those who will not believe in the minister's Divine commission. "*Who am I, that I should go?*" Consider the message I have to deliver. St. Paul says, "We are ambassadors." The post of the ambassador from an earthly king is important, and the importance is proportioned to the dignity of the monarch, and the nature of the mission. But we are ordained and instructed by the great *Ehejeh*, "I AM." Our Prince is "The Prince of peace and of glory." Our King is JESUS, the King of Zion. It is altogether impossible to estimate in this world the magnitude of the minister's mission; indeed, it will take a whole eternity to estimate it. We have to preach the Gospel to every creature.

"WHO AM I, THAT I SHOULD GO?"

Thus far, brethren, we have observed simply the importance of the

minister's work. No wonder Moses made use of the words which we have selected as a part of our text this morning. Let us now, with God's help, endeavour to notice for a little while the prayer of the second portion of Scripture before us: "The Lord our God be with us," etc. In the language of our text we have the simple yet sublime prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple. It is full of earnestness, pathos, and poetry. Solomon prays for God's Presence and for the continuance of that sacred Presence among His chosen and peculiar people. This prayer, beloved, is therefore our language to-day, and will be so until we shall not pray any more. It is indeed applicable to us. Oh, may the Lord our God be with us, and if He be with us here, with our goings in and out, we shall be blessed.

Solomon, in this prayer, asks for a blessed *realisation* of God's Presence. The LORD our GOD be with us. JEHOVAH ELOHIM are the names used. We want to realise the Presence of our God. JEHOVAH ELOHIM, the eternal, self-existing, merciful, long-suffering, without Him we can do nothing, and our work here will be fruitless; yet, if His Presence be with us, then this Church shall be as a garden full of sweet fragrance and beauty.

In the prayer in our text, we do not mean the essential Presence of God, but His gracious Presence. The essential Presence of God is everywhere, and among the most profligate and rebellious, but His gracious Presence is revealed to the redeemed of the Lord only. A judge sits in the judgment hall, and is present with criminals, whom he indignantly condemns. The same judge sits in his chair at home, and is present with his children, but how great the difference is the presence of the person to the two classes. To one he is to condemn, to the other, full of grace, pity, love, sympathy and tenderness. Oh, to know God as a gracious Being in Jesus is to have the riches of all riches, and the splendour of all splendour. God is present with His people in such a way that He is not with any other people in the world.

"THE LORD OUR GOD BE WITH US."

For we know not how to direct our steps. But, blessed be God, He has promised to guide the meek. "The meek He will guide in judgment," &c. "The meek He will teach His ways." "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory." And, brethren, we much need, as a Church, and as individual Christians, God's protecting and defending Presence. We are safe because He protects us. We bless His dear Name because He condescends to commune with us. In the means of grace and in all the Christian life He protects His saints. We especially feel His presence in prayer, through hearing the Word, observing the holy ordinances in the Church, in hours of solitude, affliction and death. The Presence of our Lord is needful for our comfort, strength, and happiness; therefore "*leave us not.*" O God, leave us not to ourselves, for we shall surely fall and perish for ever. O God, leave us not without Thy sovereign and constraining grace, for we shall defile ourselves and sin against the Holy Spirit, and commit the unpardonable sin. Leave us not, God's Presence has a mighty influence over us, that we may apply our hearts unto Him; to love Him, serve Him in obedience, fidelity, and in everything that is noble and refined. Leave us not and we will be faithful unto death, and glorify the Name of the Triune God, world without end.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST AND OF HIS BLOOD.

ANOTHER LITTLE LEAF OUT OF "THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL,"
 REFERRING TO "THE MAN OF SORROWS."

"In every point THE LAMB was tried ;
 And then for us He bled, He died."

WHETHER the hand that begins this paper will ever finish it, is known only to the all-seeing, the ALMIGHTY LORD GOD, "Who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." In "*the Home Office*," of late, there has been much work going on. "*The Foreign Office*" is an immense establishment; and the different missionary societies are gathering up large sums; they are training and sending out many ambassadors; but the results of all these vast enterprises, of course, come not before me. Whenever I catch a glimpse of the triumphs of CHRIST in the far-off lands, I always realise a desire to do something, as the Lord's instrument, toward extending the kingdom of our most blessed LORD JESUS CHRIST. But if I try to weigh myself in the balance of these missionary societies, I always tumble down under the sentence: "WEIGHED! FOUND WANTING!" I should be miserable indeed if I could not fall back upon the long-living conviction that a real work has been given unto me, for nearly fifty years of ministering, evangelically, spiritually, and sometimes temporally, to the necessities of the poor Churches, and to the encouragement of distressed and afflicted pastors. One of our noble deans asked me the other day if I still carried that "*soft spot*" about me which enabled any supplicant to get over me? There are a plenty of hard, iron-cased ones; I never hear of any poor mortals getting over them. God knoweth who and what they are. Blessed be the LORD, there are sons of the Good Samaritan who, in their measure, obey the injunction: "GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

In "*the Home Office*," where I have been much engaged of late, strange things have passed before me. Our services on Wednesday, February 9, 1881, were singular to me. All the morning I was weeping inside; in the after parts of the day I was wondering from what I saw all around me, but I could not speak. When it was all over, the next day I was expected to preach; and I did, after a manner. But the exercise of my soul was gloomy.

"BELSHAZZAR'S IMPIOUS FEAST"

came into me. How is it possible to shut out Scriptures, or questions, or heart-searchings, when they are poured right into you? Paul tells us, after he had been lifted up, there was "*given* unto him"—see, not any accidental movement of men—"there was *given* unto him a thorn in the flesh; the

"MESSENGER OF SATAN TO BUFFET HIM."

And the impression upon my soul was, as I had been lifted up on the Wednesday, I should be cast down on the Thursday. I could appeal to the Lord, and declare before HIM, I had no lifting up on the Wednesday; the only little anointing I realised was under Mr. Robert Bardens, whose address was heart-melting to me; otherwise I was not conscious of being in the least degree lifted up. I was obliged to go to Dan. v., and from the eighth verse I spoke to the people that Thursday evening.

There were four departments. First, the blazing flames of wickedness. Look at the awful king! Go into his grand banquetting-house! See him on his gorgeous throne! Look at the thousand lords, and the ensnaring wives, concubines, and servants all around him! Listen to his command—his sacrilegious command—to bring all the golden vessels out of the temple, that, from God's consecrated vessels, they might drink, blaspheme, and be merry!

To what deep seas of wickedness man has sunken since the Fall! Oh, how the blazing flames of Belshazzar's wickedness made my soul to stand amazed! Our people looked at me, and I thought they began to wonder whether my mind was being disturbed; and indeed it was.

The second scene I witnessed in this banquetting blaze of wickedness was the visible demonstration of

THE WRATH OF ALMIGHTY GOD.

Just as the king, his nobles, his harlots, his servants, and his sycophants, were all mad in their revelling, "in that same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand," and "wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the king's palace." Here was such a display of the wrath of God as had never been seen or heard of before. See the king now! Look at the monstrous Belshazzar now! He was all brightness, and glory, and power! He was as a god! All waited to worship him! In a moment paleness covers his face, his joints are all skaken, his knees smite one against another! This gorgeous king is alarmed, broken, undone; he shrieks out, "Bring in the astrologers, the soothsayers, the Chaldeans!"

As the heathen fly to their gods, as the Romanists fly to their priests, so this Belshazzar will now have called in all his wise men, and to the man who will give the interpretation the king will give great honours. Ah! man! only God can read His own writing! only the favoured God-fearing servant can interpret the writing.

Here is the third scene: The blindness of the naturally, scholastically, and highly-cultured "WISE MEN!" We have in this country armies of "*wise men*." God has revealed His mind in His Word. Can our wise men give the people the true interpretation? Nay! They are all wise enough to give their own glossary upon the deep things of God; but THE INTERPRETATION is not in man's power. What multitudes of wise men the universities have turned out! but their wisdom is a mass of contradictions, of ignorance, and of awful unknowableness and uncertainties.

The last scene is the introduction of Daniel, who, pouring contempt upon the king's offers, gives such an interpretation as is immediately fulfilled—"for in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain." There was a deplorable finish to a wicked and impious feast!

Such is the dark side of my silent meditations on the Thursday when I entered upon my seventy-sixth year. To say the fearful thought never entered my mind, "Am I like Belshazzar? Shall I be slain?" To affirm all these horrible scenes passed before me without some searching of heart, would be unjust. Yet, blessed be God, I was NOT SLAIN, have not yet been slain! Hope, in God's mercy, I never shall. Instead of this,—

THE CHRIST OF GOD, OUR SAVIOUR,
lovingly, quietly, instructingly appeared to converse with ME.

It was Saturday, February 12, 1881; I was in "*the Home Office*;" I mean silently reflecting upon the past; and prayerfully anticipating the work to be done on the Lord's-day, now close at hand. Some inside whisper said to me, "You must preach a thanksgiving sermon to-morrow." Yes, I thought, I ought to notice the large and loving-kindness of all the friends to me this last week. Nobody said "it was time I retired." One of our aged brothers said, "Keep on as long as you can, and keep at home."

"A thanksgiving sermon." Yes. What text? The silent whisper said again, "You have a volume of Dr. Thomas Goodwin's. Find it! He may give you some useful thoughts." I began to make a search for Goodwin's thanksgiving; but before I could lay my hand upon it, very distinctly this sentence was deeply spoken in my soul,

"MAKE MENTION THAT HIS NAME IS EXALTED."

It repeated itself in my mind over and over again; and it has continued to speak to me from that time. I had not been reading it. I am sure I had not heard any such quotation. Quite spontaneously it flew into my soul, and it fixed itself there. So I sat down, and I said,—

"*Prone to wander.*" Ab, that I am. Though I command my soul to "abide in the secret places of the Most High," to think only, preach only, write only of the great centre and circle, where all my best passions move, yet a thousand things drag, draw, and take me down into the low valley; hence the words,

"MAKE MENTION THAT HIS NAME IS EXALTED,"

called me back from my wanderings; it allured me so prodigal-son-like, that I took the "*HOLY BIBLE*," turned to Isaiah xii., and as I read that river of heavenly balm, my whisperer said, "This twelfth of Isaiah is

"THE CHURCH ANTHEM OF PRAISE UNTO JEHOVAH."

Every line, every note, every sentence in this anthem is full of the goodness and mercy of our God. But I must not attempt to sing this anthem now. Three times the sentence referred to touched me as with a touch of vital power.

First, *correctively*. It suggested the folly of going down into the slough of despond; of looking, in any sense, at the potsherds of Egypt, or of troubling myself with the controversies of the critical stars in the school of culture, and thus burdening my mind with those things which the wise men, the deans, the canons, the high and lofty bishops in the Nonconformist Church appear not able to give any true interpretation. Instead of contending earnestly for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints, our modern "wise men" are covering the minds of the people with newly-designed patterns, hiding from their view

"THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD."

"Let them alone," said my whisperer. "THE GREAT AGE OF DOUBT" has set in. The winds of modern thought, and the waves of scientific researches, have drawn the once Protestant professing Church off from the Rock (where she had, in her words and worship, cast anchor) on to the sandbanks of man's supposed supremacy, where a semi-deism will sink the people (in a religious sense) down into that

perilous condition implied in the Saviour's momentous query, "When the Son of Man shall come shall HE find

"THE FAITH ON THE EARTH?"

"The age of *doubt* is the age we live in; but while ye live" said my whisperer,

"MAKE MENTION THAT HIS NAME IS EXALTED."

A second soul-stirring touch opened the sentence *instructively*, "Make mention that HIS NAME is exalted." "HIS NAME!" "What is His Name? and what is His Son's Name? If thou canst, tell."

There is His own original, natural, essential name, "THE SON OF GOD," which the Holy Ghost, by Isaiah, says, "His Name shall be called WONDERFUL!"—*i.e.*, "*Secret*." There is His Name as given Him by His FATHER—that is, "Messiah"—the anointed One of, and from, God. There is that Name of His, given Him on behalf of His people, "Thou shall call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people *from* their sins." There are other significant names which are given to our Lord, wherein is found the mystery of the Person and work of Christ; but I must not occupy more space now. When Isaiah cried, "Make mention that His Name is exalted," he delivered a prophecy which is exactly true *now*; "His NAME is *exalted*." What He is lifted up from, His present state of exaltation, and the saving blessings flowing therefrom, are themes so extensive they must be deferred. Only one word, and I close this small section by declaring that the exaltation of Jesus as

"A PRINCE AND A SAVIOUR,"

silently comforted and confirmed my soul because of the PROOFS of His exaltation in His ascension gifts to the Church of apostles, of pastors, of teachers, which He still raiseth up in the courts of our Zion. Also His ascension gifts to individual saved ones, for the Holy Ghost triumphs in this, that our Lord is now exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and the forgiveness of sins. My friend, has a true, evangelical repentance been wrought in thee? turning thy heart unto the Lord? Has the burden of guilt been removed from off thy conscience? Have the joys, the privileges, the mercies of God's salvation been enjoyed by thee? Then, surely, to thee the Word speaketh, "Make mention that His Name is exalted." This is a poor, a meagre effort to "extol the stem of Jesse's rod;" but if any more days are allotted to me, of "the Man of sorrows," as now exalted, I will write again. God help us to honour Him, prays

C. W. BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney.

BLACK CLOUDS AND BRIGHT BLESSINGS.—If the clouds were not black, you might not expect rain. If your afflictions were not grievous, they would not be profitable. If your adversities did not pain and trouble you, they would not be blessed to you. We have heard some people say—"If this trouble had come in such and such a shape, I would not have minded it." But God meant you to mind it, for it was in your minding it that it was blessed to you. "By the blueness of the wound," saith Solomon, "the hurt is made better."

A WATCH-WORD FOR THE CHURCHES, AND WORDS OF SYMPATHY FOR HER MINISTERS IN THESE DAYS.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR

(Forty years pastor of the Church at Pulham-St.-Mary, in Norfolk).

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Please accept many thanks for the kind present sent me. The volume of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for 1880 is most beautifully and elegantly bound, and your portrait life-like, the best I have ever seen. The readers and admirers of the *VESSEL*, and its aged and worthy editor, will be delighted to possess this volume as a memorial of its laborious and generous proprietor. *Cheering Words* is also a pretty little volume, containing marrow and fatness for living souls, and is full of the highest interest and entertainment for the young. For presentation I do not know of a better and more useful miscellany. I find you have offered six volumes for one shilling for free distribution.* This is kind of you; the opportunity will not be lost by the public, and you will quickly dispose of all you have in stock. As I am this day to visit some of my sick members, I must be short; but still I will give you an outline of my yesterday's performances. I the more readily do this because my Lord and Master blessed me with such power, unction, and liberty in preaching the Word. I found also the Lord's tried ones were much blessed under the sound. I need the comfort and support I have, because of the heavy loss I sustain in nearly all my old friends being called to their eternal home. I shall soon be quite alone, as to dear old friends who have stood by me so many years, and whose prayers and conversation I have appreciated beyond expression. I have three more who cannot be here long, for they now seem to be in the very arms of death. But oh, how cheering, how soul-strengthening and encouraging to hear them talk of the blessed Jesus, and of going home, and of how they have loved and prized the precious doctrines of sovereign and discriminating grace!

But I forget myself, I was to give you just an outline of my pulpit labours yesterday. Here it is.

In the morning I preached from the words, "*Brethren, pray for us*" (1 Thess. v. 25). This exhortation ought to be regarded because of the solemn truth contained in the second verse: "The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night." Also because of the present state of things, as set forth in verse 3. The people are saying, "Peace and safety," whereas sudden destruction is coming. While looking at this exhortation, we look at the Saviour's admonition, "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." We also look at verse 6, and consider the solemn counsel which Paul urges upon all Christians, "Let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch and be sober." If we study the two prominent features of these last days, we shall at once discover the most weighty reasons for this exhortation. Please oblige me by looking at, and thinking over 1 Tim. iv. 1—3; 2 Tim. iii. 1—5; also chap. iv. 3, 4.

Two propositions were laid down for discussion upon the words of the text. 1. The persons addressed. 2. The exhortation given to them.

1. *The persons addressed*—"BRETHREN." When husband and wife are like-minded, how well things go on; there is peace and happiness

* These are back volumes. The volume for 1880 is now "out of print."

in the house. Even so when minister and people are of one mind, and of one judgment, there is confidence and comfort in the pulpit, and confidence and comfort in the pews. When the people heartily pray for the minister he must preach well. If I had not such kind, loving, and praying friends, do you think I could supply you every Lord's-day as I do? I cannot preach anywhere as I can here; for here is my Master, here are my people, and here my soul is blessed, and has been this forty years. But who are my spiritual brethren? Not the Pope, the man of sin; nor the professor of religion, who can live in sin; nor the man who denies the Divinity of Christ, or the personality of the Spirit, or One-in-Three and Three-in-One. Among any of the Protestant sects, wherever I can discover the image of the Master, or the signs of Divine life in the soul, there is my heart and my hand, if even in some theological points we should be at logger-heads. The brethren in our text are all begotten by the same Father, and are born of the same mother, whose name is *Jerusalem Free*. She is above, and is the mother of us all. It is a large family, and the day will come when we shall see them all at home, and at the same table. I thank God for the brotherly union and kindness there is among us. May it continue and abound. Go among one another more and more, rub against one another; don't pull long faces if you can possibly help it, nor hang down your heads like bulrushes, for we have enough to rejoice for. Oh, that you may know more of the fruits of the Spirit, and less of the fruits of the flesh! Go among the congregation, sound them upon soul matters, and do not be afraid of making hypocrites. I have too much confidence in you to think you will take fleshly ground, instead of Scriptural ground, in this sort of work. One of our members, here present, was staying a short time ago in a small village, where he attended a place of the same faith and order as ourselves. While there he found a good man who was an outsider. My friend expostulated with him upon the impropriety of his conduct in not complying with the Saviour's sacred commands. The man took the hint, got baptized, and joined the Church of Christ. There is a great necessity that my friend should go to work here, and that others should join him therein. God grant it may be so. One word more. These brethren, being all entitled to one inheritance, they ought to share the present profits of it without any grumblings or disputes whatever, and they should endeavour to live in peace, that the God of love and peace may dwell among them.

2. But let me briefly notice the exhortation—"PRAY FOR US." What encouragement we have to practise this from the Lord's prayer—"Our Father, who art in heaven." Not my Father, and there leave off. No; but "*Our Father*," because though we be many, yet we are all one in Christ. Take the Master for your example, and so pray for one another without ceasing. If you want a copy for prayer to go by, then look at John xvii. See how Christ prays for us, and in like manner let us pray for one another. Is a brother in any kind of distress, or trouble, or affliction? Let the body of the disciples take encouragement to pray for him, as recorded in Acts xii. Peter was put in prison, and prayer was made for him by the Church. God heard the prayers of the brethren, sent His angel and set Peter at liberty, unperceived by the soldiers. He marches at once to the house where the Church was—the praying Church

of Christ. Peter knocks at the door, Rhoda attends to the sound, and, to her astonishment, hears another sound she well knew—it was that of Peter's voice. She runs to the little assembly of the brethren, and says, "Peter is at the door." Say they, "Thou art mad." Says she, "I tell you Peter is at the door; it is he and no one else. I got the right sound, and I well know his voice." Say they, "It is his angel." The door is opened, there is Peter, and no mistake. Here is earnest praying, here is prayer answered, and here is astonishment expressed at the reception of that which was unanimously and earnestly pleaded for. My beloved friends, can you understand this singular circumstance? I think you can. My brethren, I would say in conclusion, pray for me still, for I need your prayers, because of the burden of the Lord, the burden of the Church, the burden of a family, the burden of my sins, and the burden of my bodily infirmities. Oh, think of it; sometimes when I have to come up here I find God's Word a sealed book, I am hours in searching for a text; when I think I have found one, I am dark to that, and that is dark to me. No promise, no comfort, no heart to pray, or to go forward in anything. I then cannot help saying,—

"Lord, send by whom thou wilt,
But do not send by me."

Well, my friends, but after all, there I am still, toiling on, toiling on, and toiling on, and have to climb the pulpit with a burden on my back, a dark cloud over my mind, without the least spiritual feeling whatever, and am ready to say, Surely I can have neither part nor lot in the matter.

I concluded all by referring my dear hearers to Eph. vi. 18—20, and then begged them to ask God to open two doors—the door of utterance, that I might freely speak to them in the name of the Lord; and the door of the sinner's heart, that he might receive the ingrafted Word, which is able to save the soul. And now, my brother, I must conclude, without taking any notice of the afternoon service. If this should meet your approbation, I may attend to that another day.

I am, my dear brother,

Yours in Jesus,

Pulham-St.-Mary, January 31, 1881.

B. TAYLOR.

CONSCIENCE! AWAKE, AND WEIGH THESE WORDS.

THE adversaries of Christ, and of His Church, shall be ultimately, though they be not immediately, destroyed. The triumphing of the wicked is short, though it be for a lifetime. "Knowest thou not this of old?" (Job xx. 4, 5). The joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment, though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach up to the clouds. God has a due time, both to fulfil His own promises, and to frustrate the enemy's purposes. The judgment of evil-doers never lingers, much less slumbers. "If damnation were a sluggard, many would escape" (2 Peter ii. 3). "But they shall not escape" (1 Thess. v. 3).

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding sure." When Christ was a babe and weak, He had to flee out of the land; but

Herod's days were not shortened for His sake. The wicked prince's life was not cut off until the appointed time had come; for Christ and His cause will be the death of no man, but rather their life. Solemn are the words of the last verse of Proverbs viii. : "But He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul. All they that hate Me love death." And if the righteous are scarcely saved, where will the ungodly and the sinner appear? Reader, how is it with thee? If not for Christ, thou art against Him, and "the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of rams, into smoke shall they consume away" (Psa. xxxvii. 20).

RUFUS.

DOES CHRIST LIVE IN YOU?

HOW deeply important is every human life, not only to each person separately considered, but to all around. Not a word or action that is known to, or observed by others but has its effect, whether it be good or bad. No life is so feeble as to be without influence. No person is so obscure that he is beyond observation. Very frequently great events have hinged upon a single word or a trifling act. More or less, all men are under the power of their fellows. "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness," seeing ye are the salt of the earth and the observed of angels?

If ye live after the flesh ye shall die, and if Christ be not living in you, you are living only in the flesh, like the fatted ox, you are living to die; yea, dead; dead to God, even now, while you are alive in the flesh. Moreover, your life may be very moral, very religious, and very praiseworthy; yet, if Christ does not live in you, if there be no putting forth of His power in your heart, no drawing of your affections to things above, you do not live to God. On the other hand, if you do feel some measure of love to His Name, and desire to know more of His power and grace in your soul, in order that you may be assured of your eternal salvation, and live on earth for His glory, then rejoice, for these buds prove you to be a branch in whom the life of the vine is manifested. Henceforth, it is not enough that Christ lives in you, but the life of Christ is to be exhibited by you in your daily life. He who said, "Christ liveth in me," also said, "Always bearing about in the body, the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be manifest in our body" (2 Cor. iv. 10). Christ in heaven for you is a precious truth; and Christ in the Church with you is a cheering fact for daily praise; but Christ in the heart, Christ *possessed* by you, and manifested to others through you is best of all; for none can know that Christ is in heaven for them, unless He is possessed on earth by them. He has said, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them." If He thus dwells in your heart, then you are His; and not only are *you* His, but all that you can call *yours*, whatever it may be. "You are not your own, you are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and your spirit, which are God's." Your daily life is to be directed by the Word of God, and not by natural affections and inclinations. Keep a conscience void of offence; for it is a faithful companion, and most ready to help in every time of need; if you would walk in peace and safety consult it frequently.

Jesus said, "Abide in Me." May you daily be, coming up from the wilderness, leaning upon the Beloved, and singing,—

"I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend !
 He loved me ere I knew Him ;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him.
 And round my heart still closely twine
 Those ties which nought can sever,
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 For ever and for ever.

I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend !
 He bled, He died to save me ;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.
 Nought that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver ;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His for ever."

ESSEX.

THE OLD WADDESDON HILL PASTOR.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LATTER DAYS AND DEPARTURE TO GLORY
 OF MR. WM. MEEKINS, LATE OF WADDESDON, BUCKS.

BY JAMES GARDNER.

[Waddesdon-hill Baptist Church is nearly one hundred years old. We knew the cause well, with its Roses, Coxes, and others ; but our friends are translated, and other spirits rule in their stead. The following memoir of a melancholy minister will be acceptable to many who knew and esteemed old Master Meekins, who walked in darkness, comparatively speaking, for many years ; but at his evening time it was light.—ED.]

THE writer first became acquainted with Mr. Meekins at Waddesdon, in the month of February, 1879, by being called upon to preach the Gospel in Waddesdon-hill Baptist chapel, as an occasional supply, with which cause the subject of this brief memoir maintained his membership until his removal from his earthly to his heavenly home.

He came from Ipswich to Waddesdon-hill by the instrumentality of Mr. C. W. Banks, where he continued to labour in word and doctrine until failing health and infirmity caused him to retire from the pastoral office. By his ministry, both the law and the Gospel were fully set forth in their purity and preciousness with godly honesty, and sincerity, and oftentimes with many tears; for he felt with uncommon solemnity the responsibilities of the preacher's office, having to tell sinners of their awful condition by nature, in which state they stood condemned by the sin-avenging God. And so deep was his conception of human depravity, and of God's righteous judgments upon the unregenerate, that he more frequently and more powerfully dwelt upon the judgments than upon the mercies of God.

Whenever a lack of savour in his ministry was complained of by his hearers (as was sometimes the case), he would reply in some such way as the following: "I had better go to the extreme in casting down than in lifting up, for in the former you are sure to be safe, but in the latter you may not be;" or, "I am more likely to injure you by comforting you too soon than I am by probing out your ill-humours, and so giving you pain." But this striking and searching process was not confined to his hearers, for he seemed to be almost always putting

himself through this same painful ordeal. Thus, he judged that to be safest, and, therefore, best for others which he felt was best for himself.

This knowledge of him the author of this sketch has gained both from the old members of the Church at Waddesdon, where they sat under his ministry; and also from personal acquaintance and frequent conversation with him in his latter days; for it was impossible to be long in his company without discovering this feature of his experience, which, of course, was not without authority (see Rom. xii. 3; 1 Cor. xi. 28; 2 Cor. xiii. 5). Oh, that there were more such discriminating preaching in our so-called orthodox pulpits; and oh, that we (who do feel the importance of this within ourselves as the subject of our narrative did, may, like him and others, such as Wm. Huntington, Robert Hawker, John Berridge, and many more who dared to tell the worst, as well as the best part of their message—*i.e.*, what is in the sinner as well as what is in the Saviour) may be made more and more skilful and active in this probing business, by not shunning to declare “all the council of God,” thus taking opportunity to “prepare the way of the Lord” in the hearts of sinners, like the Baptist in the wilderness of Judea.

Mr. Meekins retired from the pastorate about twenty years before his decease through a lack of sufficient brain-power, but he frequently supplied neighbouring pulpits; and by the time he was obliged to entirely give up his public service for his Master, he had, by uniform habits of economy, been able to save enough to keep him above want till he died.

Having been a widower for some years, he married a second wife, who was also a baptized believer in Christ. This was in the year 1874. She, however, died rather suddenly, in the September of 1879. After this he seemed to fail more rapidly, and was subsequently taken with a slight attack of apoplexy, from which time he seldom appeared to be conscious; and during those rare intervals his mind seemed to be much beclouded and his spirits much depressed. On one of these occasions he said something about destroying himself; and when remonstrated with, and told that that was not at all a likely thing to take place, he answered, “I don’t say so; better men than me have been left to do it.” And he would frequently cry out, “Oh, what shall I do? I cannot live so!” and two or three times he cried out as loud as he possibly could, as if in absolute torture, although in no bodily pain, so far as his doctor could tell. But, enough of this.

NOW FOR THE CHANGE.

About four days before he died, the writer sat down by his bedside and slowly read to him John xiv. After reading which, he said to him, “Don’t you feel now that Jesus says to you, ‘I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye shall be also’?” And never will it be forgotten with what emphasis he answered promptly, “Yes, I do;” and with upraised fingers and glowing countenance, this once gloomy son of sorrow seemed to be suddenly lifted above all his many doubts and fears, which left no doubt in the mind of the beholder but that he felt satisfied of what he had just said.

After this, no one seems to have heard him say anything that could be understood; and on Monday morning, December 29th, 1880, at 5.30, in the eighty-second year of his age, this honest, humble servant of Jesus

Christ closed his eyes for ever to this world of grief, to open them in the presence of his all-glorious Lord. Thus he passed away silently, and beyond all doubt, peacefully, and on whose obituary might be well inscribed, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

His countenance after death bore evident traces of a calm, sweet smile, which made it really delightful to look upon, even like a heavenly glow, which impressed the beholder with the conviction, that beyond doubt "this man died happy," and is now in the paradise of God. No longer to sigh over inbred corruption, but with inconceivable and endless joy to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Thus he has fought the fight and kept the faith, and now has doubtless got the crown of righteousness which fadeth not away.

Come, poor child of sorrow, if like him you long have sighed over sin, and fear to think yourself secure, your fears are wholesome fears if they lead you to the foot of Calvary's Cross. Oh, be content to lay there, and presently thou shalt feel the precious drops of atoning blood falling on thy soul, and that shall at once cure thy disease and take away all thy pain; and through that same precious blood as applied to thee by His holy Spirit, shall come joy unspeakable, and fulness of glory into thy poor disconsolate soul.

Oh, that my dear, redeeming Lord
May speak to thee some healing word,
And by His blood remove thy guilt,
So shall its cleansing power be felt
By those same pangs which He endured,
Thy soul at once shall then be cured.
Then shall thy inmost feeling be,
"Sure Jesus Christ has died for me."
And when thy soul from earth shall rise
To join the chorus of the skies,
Thine eyes shall see His lovely face,
Thy tongue shall sing His wondrous grace.

No more shall sin and sorrow join
To rob thee of those joys divine,
Which Jesus, with unmixed delight,
Gives in that world of cloudless light.
No more shall pain or weakness mar
The song you'll sing for ever there;
While all His beauties you behold,
And sing His Name to harps of gold.
No more shall inbred sin arise
To dim with tears thy joy-lit eyes;
But pure, eternal holiness,
In Christ shall make thy happiness.

Baptist Chapel House, Withington, near Hereford.

A CAPTIVE SKYLARK.

BY HARRIETTE A. NOEL-THATCHER.

"A captive, and removing to and fro."—Isaiah xlix. 21.

A CAPTIVE skylark, long immured,
His pleasing, pensive, strain had poured
In thrilling numbers sweet,
When cruel Boreas in a rage,
Assailed the prisoner's wiry cage,
And hurled it to the street.

What terror filled the captive's breast,
Thus rudely shaken from his nest,
The muse would fail to tell;
His prison broken, scattered lay,
Nought hindered him to flee away,
And bondage bid farewell.

A cruel one who passed the street,
Beheld the ruin at his feet,
And to the capture hies;
But love of liberty within
Shall teach the little one to win
What all so dearly prize.

The frightened, timid, captive deemed
It all unreal, and thought he dreamed.
And so demurred to fly;
Anon I saw him spread his wings;
With new-found liberty he springs
To greet his native sky.

Sweet bird! like thee I long have known
What pangs attend the captive's doom.
Like thee I fain would fly;
Yet fear to feel my prison break,
Tremble that death for me should make
A passage to the sky.

Like thee, I fain would soar on high
Away from sin and vanity,
Nor feel the tempter's grasp.
Lord, grant me faith's untiring wing,
That I from bondage thus may spring.
And rest with Thee at last.

THAT ALL-COMPREHENSIVE WORD WHICH MANY SEEK TO BURY IN OBLIVION.

FELLOW-SUFFERER IN THE PRESENT SEA OF TRIBULATION, AND COMPANION IN THE SORROWS OF THE WOUNDED SAINTS,—I received your note of lamentation on the desolate state of some of the Churches, also of the double-faced little man who kisses you while he betrays you. Well, boy,—

“There may be a future rest for the patient victim of the cruel.”

“And a season allotted for their bliss to compensate for all our suffering.”

“There is a secret somewhat in antipathies, for LOVE is more than fancy.”

Your melancholy brief essay came soon after a sacred season of much felicity, while trying to unfold ONE WORD which is much abused, greatly distorted, to which “the divines” generally give the cold shoulder; but is, nevertheless, the largest word in all the Book, the most potent power in all the world, the grandest complex character on the stage of time, and THE ONE whose glories shine the brightest before the throne of the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY in the highest of all the heavens.

“Verily, there is nothing so TRUE that the damps of error have not warped it.”

But of that word on which my meditations have been long, lovely, and (forgive the egotism) luminous, of that ONE WORD of which I would write you, it may be said, it is so invincible that nothing can *warp* it, no ill-use can injure it. It lives erect, strong as God Himself; yet stoops to lift the weakest, and bless the most distressed; to heal the fatally wounded, and to clothe, to comfort, and to crown the vilest of all the wretched race, whom sin hath dashed down to the lowest hell. I believe I may tell you THIS WORD was never spoken, or written either by patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, nor by the Redeemer Himself. Its expression and exposition appears to have been left chiefly to one inspired apostle. Two others refer to it. In my next will endeavour to persuade you to examine it for yourself.

C. W. BANKS.

PASSING JORDAN'S STORMY RIVER.

A brief Review of the Sufferings, Experience, and Death of Mrs. Emma Sickel, who departed this life December 30, 1880, in her 60th year.

BY HER HUSBAND, MR. H. T. SICKEL.

TRULY, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.” Myself and my departed wife, Mrs. Emma Sickel, were united together some five-and-thirty years ago; for thirty years we have walked together in the bonds of the Gospel. When first united we were found in the Arminian school; were going to heaven, as we thought, by human merit; but the LORD had better things for us in store; and being providentially led to where the truths of the Gospel were preached, our eyes being gradually opened, we were ultimately led to embrace the truth,

and renounce our former errors. We now rejoiced in the doctrines of free and sovereign grace; and, thirty years ago, were baptized at Zion chapel, Deptford, by the late Mr. J. Felton, then minister of the place, and were united to the Church assembling at Rehoboth chapel, Pimlico, where we remained members for about five years; afterwards removing to Carmel chapel, Pimlico, where we remained for some few years under the ministry of the late Mr. Henry Wise, until, in the order of Providence, we were called to remove into the Borough of Southwark, when we occasionally attended the valuable ministry of the late Mr. James Wells, whose memory by many will never be forgotten. Having profited so much under his ministry we determined to make the Surrey Tabernacle our home. We applied for membership at the Old, and were admitted at the first Church meeting held at the New Surrey Tabernacle in the year 1865, sixteen years ago.

Now to come to the sad affliction of my late dear and beloved wife. I may at once state, for the information of many who knew her, that between five and six years ago she was called upon to undergo a most painful operation, that of having a tumour taken from under her arm, and her right breast amputated. This was a great trial to both. She remained at St. Thomas's hospital for seven weeks, then came out under the impression that she was cured, having survived the operation well. At the expiration of three years there was a return, which so worked upon her whole system as ultimately to cause her death. For these last twelve months, more or less, with but little intermission, she suffered great pain of body. She was much strengthened, and thus enabled to bear with great patience her very trying affliction, which was acknowledged by all who knew her; though, at times, she greatly feared lest her patience would not hold out to the end. The Lord failed her not in His promise towards her, and thus greatly supported her to the end of her journey. She oftentimes when it was morning wished it was night, and when night wished it was morning. I began to feel myself to be partaker with her in her sufferings; and though I did not in reality feel the same pains she felt, I was often pained at beholding her in her great agony of body, and would have given a world to have relieved her, but could not; my heart being often lifted up in prayer that the Lord Himself would grant her some relief. She expressed herself on one or two occasions as not possessing that full enjoyment which she desired; still she knew on what ground she was resting; and when asked as to the ground of her hope would repeat the following lines:—

“On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.”

She well knew her standing before God as a sinner, her lost and ruined state by nature, but could point to the precious blood of Christ as her only plea for salvation. Many things escaped her lips at times which gave ample proof that she was among the redeemed of the Lord, only waiting the heavenly mandate when her Saviour would call her to Himself, to the upper and final regions above. Her memory at length began to fail, and her mind at times greatly wandered. I answered many questions she put to me respecting the Surrey Tabernacle and other matters, which she soon after forgot. On one occasion, calling me by her bed-side, I asked her how she was? She said, “VERY WELL!” I said, “Are you happy?” She said, in a very faint tone, “YES!” her

speech being now nearly gone, it being but a short time previous to her departure. I observed her at times raising her left hand, and constantly moving her lips, as though something was passing through her mind, which she was attempting to repeat. I found she was sinking lower and lower. I watched her narrowly, frequently approaching her bedside, until I perceived the great change. I spake to her; she could not answer, but for the space of one hour laid speechless, till she drew her last parting breath, when her happy and now glorified spirit was borne away to those mansions of rest where she is in the full enjoyment of that blessedness which awaits all the ransomed of the Lord. Her end was peace. May we, who follow in the footsteps of the flock, experience a joyful end when we come to die; pass the Jordan fearless of all our foes, and find a triumphant entrance into our Father's house above.

LINES COMPOSED BY HER HUSBAND ON HER DEPARTURE.

DEAR wife, thy sufferings now are o'er,
Safe landed on the peaceful shore;
Thou art released from toil and pain,
My loss is thine eternal gain.

Thy journey's o'er, thy race is run;
The battle fought, the victory won;
Now in the regions of the blest
Thy weary soul hath found her rest.

Though in the grave thy body lies,
At the last trump it shall arise,
Shake off its dust, its earthly shroud,
And meet thy Lord in yonder cloud.

Though for a season called to part,
Let not this thought from me depart—
That soon I shall again thee meet
Around the heavenly mercy-seat.

THE ESSENTIAL STREAM IN THE SERMON.

"Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone!"

THE whole doctrine of redemption is in this verse; and redemption is the core of the Gospel. The minister has not learned how to preach who has not yet learned how to saturate his sermons, as it were, in the blood of atonement. Upon the walls of his study he ought to write up the blessed binding words of the infinite Love, "I have redeemed thee." They form an inscription to be woven in flowers over every common table. Every Christian should hear them in his closet, and they should follow him in all his business pursuits and his everyday life. From the moment that redeeming blood touches us, and the pierced hand lays hold of us, we are not our own; we are bought with a price. No name describes Jesus to me more perfectly than the word Redeemer; no process is so vital and indispensable to me for this world and the next as to be redeemed from iniquity by the blood of the spotless Lamb of God.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

The Late Thomas Carlyle.—The volume of this man's life will be a study for millions in all ages. Mr. Carlyle had a MIND, in a moral sense, pure, penetrating, and ever flowing forth with original thoughts of true wisdom. In a natural point of view, his mind stood far up above the common-place, the crafty usages, the idolatrous practices of the age in which he lived. He never sought his own exaltation. His one aim was the permanent benefit of mankind at large, which we may yet live to prove. We were perplexed to find out what kind of a heart he had for the Son of God. The following is a faithful witness:—"As a teacher by word and example of *thoroughness*, Carlyle is undoubtedly entitled to high commendation. His cordial hatred of shams and impostures also formed a striking and noble characteristic. He rebuked with scathing sarcasm the flippant and arrogant Philistines of materialism. He insisted that the living faith in spiritual realities, which glowed in the great heart of Cromwell, was the secret of all that was best and noblest in his achievements. When shallow critics sneered at the Word of God, he wrote: 'The Hebrew Bible, is it not before all things true as no other book ever was or will be?' He spoke with profoundest reverence of 'that agony of bloody sweat which all men have called Divine.' The sufferings of Christ had for him an awful and Divine significance. 'Knowest thou,' he wrote, 'that Worship of Sorrow? The Temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures; nevertheless, venture forward—in a low crypt, arched out of fallen fragments, thou findest the altar still there, and its sacred lamp perennially burning.' Yet it must, with sorrow, be confessed that notwithstanding these and many other expressions of reverence, there is far too much in his writings that can bear no other than a negative and sceptical construction." Wise and prudent Carlyle was. A man in every sense of the word; but here, until his private life is more fully developed, we must be quiet.

The Shipwreck, and other poems. By G. H. M. Reid. Here is another clever penman, a poet of a choice order; but as poor as poverty can make him. We have assisted him for years, but we cannot raise him out of a necessitous condition. The Margate papers announce

Mr. Reid's intention of shortly issuing another volume of his incessant out-flow of poetic stanzas. We wish a committee could be formed to examine, to direct, and substantially to help this wasted, wearied shipwreck of humanity. Out of the immense mass of poets, but very few can obtain a living by their pen. We shall endeavour to watch the further progress of this gifted but unfortunate friend.

The Five Points of Christian Doctrine. By Owen Jones, of Docking, Norfolk.—We suppose there can scarcely be found a man in these times who has laboured more zealously in bringing to light the great foundation principles, from the Belgic and other reformed Churches, than has Dr. Owen Jones; who, being planted in a poor country, and having wasted all his substance in translating and publishing "The Judgments of the National Synods," has reduced himself to severe straits. This volume may be obtained of him for 5s., and we feel it will be a laudable charity to assist a poor gentleman by immediately sending for some copies of the extraordinary exposure of man's free-will, and defence of heaven's eternal truth.

"The Shadows of the Soul."—Such is the title of a paper in *Modern Thought*, but of no value to anyone. The soul has no shadows; but there is a numerous host of clever ladies and gentlemen who, having nothing to engage their attention, do assail the pure and undefiled religion, which came down from heaven to redeem the lost sheep, and who are being gathered together unto the Great Shepherd, and Bishop of souls. Deacons and Churches will do well to keep a careful watch over the young men of the day; for they soon drink in the anti-Christian stream.

Immortality. By the vicar of Tipton. E. Scott.—Between reason and revelation there is a great gulf fixed. If in any one thing the Bible, the Word of God, can be proved to give a false representation, then it is over. We can only appeal to the Judge of all the earth to guide us with His counsel. We have none of us passed over into the seas of an eternal world as yet. We only wish to speak of Him who lived, and loved, and died for us. Our God will clearly justify His ways before all the world.

The Christian Church: A Monthly Journal in Defence of Christian Truth. (London: Hodder and Stoughton).—We have numerous Christian magazines,

papers and periodicals already. This sixpenny new defender of the Faith is of the higher class style of writing, contending for some of the fundamental principles. We attempt no criticism on the first number. No doubt it will grow in strength, in vitality, and in greater variety.

The Soul on the Wing.—The following must be the inspired language of a soul dissatisfied with the possession of time :—

"Oh, it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose Providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

Anti-Arminianism, etc.—It would be a hopeful sign of life in our Churches, if the ancient Lincoln's-inn barrister, Prynne's, book was to be re-published in a cheap form. Two hundred and fifty years have rolled away since the last edition of this invulnerable testimony for God's revealed truth was issued. In those days Arminianism was rejected, and denounced by all who knew the Bible, and the God of the Bible for themselves. Now Arminianism is, in all the nominal Churches, popular, powerful, progressive. It can do anything. What does this mean? We pause, and try to pray.

A Poetical Continent.—Two gentlemen have been engaged in collecting all the best religious poems, of all ages and tongues. They have produced a magnificent volume, which sells for 24s., by Sampson, Low & Co. Lovers of genuine poetry may revel here with joy and amazement. The following is one of the choice gems which many seekers after rest and happiness will read with sympathy and hope :—

"Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, 'No.'"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favoured spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, 'No.'"

And thou, serene moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace!
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,

Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded, 'No.'"

Tell me, my secret soul—
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith—
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, 'Yes,
In heaven!'"

FOR THE COMFORT OF THE BEREAVED.

ADDRESSED TO
MR. J. AUSTIN, ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

Oh, sad, oh, mournful thought!
That those we loved are gone;
All creature comfort seems but naught,
While we for loved ones mourn.

And were it not for grace,
That bore their souls away
To that bright happy place,
The realms of endless day,

The hearts thus made to mourn,
No comfort e'er could know;
But by the grief and anguish torn,
Quite unrelieved would go.

But oh, the joy that now
Is theirs, before the throne.
While at their Saviour's feet they bow,
And wear the victor's crown.

And oh, delightful thought,
That we shall thus be blessed;
When by our Saviour we are brought
With Him, and them, to rest.

Then we will join the song
With those we loved before;
While endless ages roll along,
Our Saviour we'll adore;

And sing with millions more,
From tribulation come,
Who each have had their trying hour,
But now are gathered home.

J. G.

Aylesbury, Bucks, January, 1881.

CRADLE, CROSS, AND CROWN.

THE cradle with the helplessness of infancy was
Thine;
No palace sheltered Thee, Thou Babe of David's
royal line;
A manger was Thy resting-place, yet angels
sang Thy birth;
The lowliest place on earth was Thine, though
Lord of heaven and earth.

The cross with all its infamy, its sorrow, and its
shame,
Was Thine, O Saviour, to endure; and, blessed
be Thy Name,
Thine awful death upon the cross from death
bath set us free,
Thy life outpoured for us has gained life to
eternity.

The crown is Thine! though cruel thorns once
pressed upon Thy brow;
There heaven's brightest diadem resplendently
shines now.

Angels and saints adore Thee, and loud Thy
praises sing,
While we would bow before Thee, and hail Thee
as our King.

New-cross, Jan. 16, 1881.

T. G. C. A.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SPELDHURST ROAD CHAPEL, SOUTH HACKNEY.

One of the very best gatherings of friends ever witnessed in Speldhurst-road Chapel was convened on Wednesday, February 9th, to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the birth of the pastor, Charles Waters Banks, editor of this magazine. Mr. Banks is, in truth, not a proud and haughty man, or he would have been lifted up on the occasion above measure; but throughout the day's proceedings he maintained a childlike spirit, yet firm and unmoved as any real old English gentleman when called to support that which he considered to be holy towards God and just towards man. It must be exceedingly helpful and gratifying to an indefatigable worker like Mr. Banks to receive at such an auspicious season the hearty congratulations of so vast a number of genuine Christian ministers and friends as flocked around him on that day, many coming from far-distant counties.

Undoubtedly the grace of meekness will outlive the petty prejudice that overcomes reason and justice, and in time will surmount the contemptuous jibes of mean sciolists and less successful scribes and preachers. The influence for good which the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL exercises is not small; and we are persuaded that the grace of Almighty God, which has made him useful hitherto, will sustain him in honour unto the end. In his life's labour he may say, with a large-minded poet,—

"What I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestalled remission."

The number of ministers called to speak throughout the day exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and many good brethren were prevented from publicly expressing their best wishes for the hero of the day, for lack of time. The morning service was commenced by singing the grand Psalm (132) of Dr. Watts,—

"Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest!
Lo! Thy Church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest."

Mr. W. Winters, presiding, called upon Mr. Burbridge to read a Psalm and offer prayer; the chairman then delivered an address on "Labour and Profit," illustrative of an active life of mental and spiritual labour. He endeavoured to show especially the work and pleasure of the preacher: 1. In preparing for the pulpit; 2. Also while in the pulpit; and 3. When out of the pulpit. Mr. Charles Goudelier honoured the meeting with an encouraging address from the words, "O magnify the Lord with me." Mr. Thomas Austin concluded that part of the service with prayer.

Mr. Vaughan, of Hackney, ascended the pulpit, and, before preaching, read a very kind letter from Mr. Thomas Bradbury,

addressed to Mr. C. W. Banks, stating that death had visited his Church, and that he was prevented from attending the meeting because of his having to bury a dear friend on that day. Mr. Vaughan preached a good, homely, Gospel sermon from Psalms xci. 14, 15, 16. The preacher regarded the subject as: 1. Literal; 2. Prophetic; 3. Experimental; and 4. Personal. After the sermon the friends, as many as could be seated in the vestry, were regaled with a substantial dinner on the voluntary principle.

John Wild, Esq., of Hayes, Middlesex, presided in the afternoon. W. Winters offered prayer. The worthy chairman, who we were heartily glad to see in such a good state of health and happiness, read Psalm xci., and made some well-timed remarks on the goodness of God in Providence and grace, and showed that the Psalm in question was for the speaker's meditation throughout the day.

Mr. Holden, in a gentle and comforting manner, treated of the "Secret Place of the Most High," the divine and omnipotent protection of Christ as our Shield.

Mr. Flack was very happy, but not more happy than we were to see his smiling face again, and to hear him testify of the greatness of the salvation mentioned in the last verse of the Psalm. Mr. Bardens spoke warmly and lovingly on the 15th verse of the Psalm, which Mr. Banks appeared much to realise. Several good friends came all the way from Hayes to honour the occasion.

Mr. Myerson, of Hackney, expressed many good things from the words, "He shall cover thee with His feathers." Mr. Branch also testified, in an appropriate little speech, of the Lord as a "Refuge;" as did likewise our warm-hearted brother White, of King's Cross, whose speech brought the afternoon meeting to a close.

John Bonney, Esq., was moderator for the evening. Mr. Battson prayed. Mr. Bonney made an opening speech on the beautiful words, "My God," and then called upon Mr. J. Clark, of Peckham, to address the meeting. Mr. Clark, in a most admirable manner, enlarged on the eternal truth of God, retrospectively and prospectively. The Rev. J. W. Banks, brother of Mr. C. W. Banks, gave a calm and instructive address on the figures five, seven, and ten, so frequently mentioned in Scripture, with an interpretation of their meaning.

Such addresses, we honestly say, are much to be preferred to many so-called spiritual discourses, which are devoid of point and force of meaning, and which consequently leave little or no trace upon the mind and memory.

Mr. W. Wheeler spoke a few genial words based upon a portion of verse 7, which was followed by a right good address to the point and purpose by Mr. Thomas Stringer. Mr. Stringer spoke well on redemption as the glorious deliverance of the soul from sin and hell, by which the soul was saved virtually, experimentally, and eternally.

Mr. J. Lee made some appropriate remarks, and Mr. King gave out a hymn. Mr. W. Webb spoke exceedingly well and with great savour, on the deliverance from condemnation and the power and blessing of the Gospel, to the eternal glory of Jehovah.

Mr. Lodge was called to say a few words. He came forward and told out of the fulness of his heart that which he himself had tasted of the good Word of Life. Mr. Beazley also was clear and unmistakably honest in his declaration of the meaning and beauty of the words, "I will show him My salvation."

Mr. J. E. Elsey, in a warm and suitable speech, congratulated Mr. Banks, and at the same time presented him with a birthday gift, which Mr. Banks received with many grateful expressions, as he did just previously for the token of love presented him by Mr. and Mrs. Stringer.

Mr. J. Bennett was called to speak, but owing to the lateness of the meeting he did not wish to do so. Mr. Bennett gave out the concluding hymn, and Mr. Joseph Flory pronounced the Benediction, which terminated one of the most heart-cheering and God-glorifying meetings ever before held in the chapel during Mr. C. W. Banks's ministry. All praise is due to the Lord of all grace. W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey, Feb. 11, 1881.

MR. JOSEPH COPELAND'S ORDINATION SERVICES AT WALTHAMSTOW.

Has Walthamstow (once forming a part of the Royal Forest of Epping, where, in ages past, monarchs and courtiers hunted the stag, the wild boar, and other denizens of the forest) ever had, at any period of the Christian era, a Strict Baptist Church? Were we better versed in its ecclesiastical history we might answer the question; but, be that as it may, Walthamstow has now a Strict Baptist Church; and Tuesday, the 8th of February, 1881, witnessed, at Zion chapel, Maynard-road, the ordination of her first pastor, Mr. Joseph Copeland.

We arrived at the chapel a few minutes before three o'clock. The day had been ushered in with boisterous winds and unusually heavy and driving storms; but we were anticipating the solemn services of the occasion; yet mentally discussing the propriety of holding ordination services at a suburban place at such an unsettled and inauspicious season of the year. Who, we asked ourselves, of the villagers will leave their homes? and as for expecting persons residing at London, seven or eight miles off, and other places, equally distant, it is preposterous. How far we might have indulged in thus scolloquising we know not, but seeing before us, in addition to a few women and some children, a person bearing a noble head upon his shoulders, we arose, and advancing towards him, we found it was one of Solomon's valiant men of Israel, who hold swords, being expert in war; one who hath his sword upon his thigh, whom we had the pleasure, a few years since in this same chapel, of introducing to our pastor, Mr. Hazelton

—Mr. C. Gordeller. A few moments' conversation with him relieved us of our morbid feelings, when to our joy and surprise one after another, clerical and lay, entered, and the stream continued to flow, and ceased not until the chapel (which has been recently enlarged) was full. Somewhat amazed, we inquired, Where do all these people come from? The reply was, The pastor elect, Mr. Joseph Copeland, is held in such high esteem, and so greatly beloved by the Church under the charge of Mr. Osmond, meeting at Newton-street, Hoxton, that the rail has brought down a host of them.

The afternoon service commenced by singing,—

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

Mr. Osmond read Isaiah xxxv., and asked the Lord's blessing on the pastor and his labours. Mr. Cornwell invited the pastor to relate his call by grace and to the ministry. Mr. Copeland gave a résumé of his past career. Born of godly parents, but early in life was it made manifest he

"Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all."

But the set time arrived, twice or thrice in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon him and trembling which made all his bones to shake, because of hell and the judgment. Feeling he was a sinner and needed a Saviour he read and contemplated the Scriptures. At length, in answer to groans and tears, there came a still small voice, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace." With the word of a King he felt there was power.

In February, 1877, he was baptized by Mr. Osmond, and was united to the Church. It soon became evident to pastor and Church that he possessed gifts for preaching, and they sent him forth to exercise his gift. Coming to Walthamstow, and speaking on various occasions, the Church decided to invite him for six months, with a view to the pastorate. Looking at his youth in nature and in grace, his better part recoiled, and he refused; but asking counsel of the Head of the Church, and of friends of mature age and judgment, he at length yielded, and

"Now, O Lord, what wait we for?"

Mr. Osmond, in the customary manner united pastor and Church; when Mr. Cornwell, grounding his remarks on the words of our Lord in John xviii. 36, "My kingdom is not of this world," in a forceful, logical, and Scriptural manner stated the nature of a Gospel Church. Tea followed; the chapel was literally crowded.

The evening service commenced with singing; Mr. Dearsly read and prayed. He then said, "We were sometimes told that in these days the Strict Baptists cannot succeed, but the meeting of to-day gave a negative to such a statement." Mr. Osmond delivered the charge to the pastor from 2 Tim. ii. 15: "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth." Addressing the pastor, he said, Brother,

direct your thoughts to what God approves. He approves of His own attributes and perfections: He approves of His dear Son. He approves the Holy Ghost, and His works. He approves of His Church. Study these things, and whatever is connected therewith; study your character, your reputation, study your thoughts, ideas, aims, words, and ways. Get your texts from God; His blessing will attend it. You are called to be a workman; the work is arduous. A Baptist pastor must use all his bodily and mental powers for the glory of Him who has allotted him his work, which at times is delightful and pleasant; labour to dig hard in the mysteries of eternal truth. You will have to take burdens, and carry them cheerfully; you are called to be a messenger, a messenger of mercy, but forget not the law. As a watchman on the walls, watch against error, watch for sinners, watch for saints, watch for the lambs, watch for the sheep. As a soldier, do battle with Satan, unbelief, doubts and fears; stand to your post; be faithful, preach the whole counsel of God; forget not the ordinances, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. All sorts of schemes are invented to upset them, but do you uphold them. And now, brother, before I sit down, will you be pleased to accept this handsome Bible as a token of esteem from the Church at Bethel, Hoxton, with which you have hitherto been connected.

Mr. Clarke, of Peckham, in his charge to the Church (2 Thess. iii. 1—2) said, "God has a two-fold design in maintaining a Church upon earth. First. It is a spiritual organisation of men and women. He believed there never was a time when the Church of God was popular; nor ever will it be. It is a sect everywhere spoken against; it is God's dwelling-house; His purpose is to dwell here. He watches her with care; protects her from harm; she is a crown; a royal diadem, in the hands of her God. Second. To show forth His truth. It is the ground and pillar of truth. Let men say what they will, be it your's to show forth His praise. The Head of the Church has brought you and your pastor together. What God has bound together, let no man put asunder, the Church has to regard such union sacredly. What you have done is your own act, we are merely here to recognise the union. God's ministers regard not men, but the Master. Do you want all that the Gospel aims at? Pray earnestly that the Word may run and be glorified. The sun is glorified, the seed is glorified, when the corn is fully ripe. Your pastor will say the same, when by a blessing on his labours saint and sinner are attracted to Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness. At your prayer-meetings pray for your pastor, yea, at all times pray for him; hold him up by faith and prayer, do not expect perfection in him, but he will be much concerned about your own godliness. If a friend or stranger find fault, protect your pastor as long as he preaches the truth, and never listen to, nor speak slander; cheer and encourage him; esteem him for his work's sake; he will need all your sympathy; deal with him as in the sight of God, and God will bless you."

With the Doxology and prayer the interesting and impressive services of the day closed. A collection amounting to £5 was made for the pastor.

We think the Church at Walthamstow has acted wisely. Although twenty-four summer suns have not shed their rays on the head of the new pastor, his views of truth, and his bold decision, might well cause many a grey-headed man to blush. "Let no man despise thy youth." Alas! there are many who disregard this injunction. Frequently is it asked, when our faithful preachers are removed, "Who will fill their places?" Too oft are phlegmatic, querulous Christians, with a shrug of their shoulders, exclaiming, "Too young, too young," as though wisdom will die with themselves. What has caused so many young men of talent, with grace in the heart, and truth on the lip, to leave our section of the Church, or in some measure to swerve from orthodox teaching? Has contact with some of the aged caused their youthful ardour to freeze? So did not Aquila and Priscilla.

Anniversary services will be held (D.V.) in May, of which due notice will be given. Kind friends, will you not encourage the young pastor, and the infant Church by your presence?
R. HUTCHINGS.

Leyton.

NOTTING-HILL.—JEHOVAH JIREH BAPTIST CHURCH, Kensington Hall, Kensington Park-road.—Anniversary, Lord's-day, January 9th, and Tuesday, 11th, was celebrated by R. G. Edwards and Brother Steel preaching the Gospel. It was a gracious season. The friends came with loving hearts to hear and to help; about sixty took tea. All were delighted to hear Brother Steel speak on "The Greatness of our God." You will be pleased to have an account of what has been done by a few that love the good Baptist cause here. In 1879, our friends made Brother Edwards a present, at Christmas, of a purse with the donations given of £10 18s. This Christmas, 1880, with a present of £12 12s. 6d., besides our subscriptions, which amounted, for the pastor, to £55 9s. 4d., after all expenses were paid. The Lord has been gracious to us, and our souls are raised in love to Him for the wonders He has wrought. We will go on singing,—

"My soul shall pray for Zion still."

WM. HUTCHINSON, on behalf of the Church.

DALSTON.—Forest-road Baptist chapel anniversary was announced for January 18, 1881, but pastor Dearsly and a few friends found the snowstorm forbade the expected assembly; in fact, the chapel and hall were more visited by snow than seekers for truth. It was a time of desolation and distress to thousands; to many it was the instrument of death; the whole course of nature was against external movements to a large extent. When the rain of heaven came to sweep off the snow which lay so heavy on the earth, we seriously sang,—

"Now thanks be unto God,"

Amen. Praise His Name for ever.

CHRISTIAN SALUTATIONS.

There is an atmosphere of spiritual life, of holy life, of true faith, of gracious sympathy, yet in the world; and the still small voice which often whispers in our soul, through the stream of letters ever flowing in, is expressive of more pure sympathy, and is often of more genuine consolation, than the long and laboured discourses which we can never find time nor mind to travel through. Some of these little breathings may be as helpful to others as I. Why should we burn or bury them? :—

DEAR FRIEND BANKS,—I was glad to hear from you. The Lord has been pleased to bring me into deep waters lately; I am just recovering from illness, but not able to keep my engagement this Sabbath at South Green. What the intention of the Refiner is towards me, in putting me so often into the furnace, is in the future, and at present hidden from me. I have had three children near death's door: my aged mother has kept her bed since Christmas morning; my daughter in service has ruptured herself severely; added to this, I have not had more than one week's work in nine weeks. This, you will allow, is hard to flesh and blood; yet, Job's confidence sometimes springs up, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." The glorious salvation of a covenant God, in His eternal election, all perfect redemption, sovereign regeneration, and sanctification, supports me in the overwhelming flood,

"When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my strength and stay."

I feel more than anything enforced abstinence from the work of the ministry, the work my soul loves. He can do without such a weak mean thing as I am, and often feel myself to be; though He has not left me without witness that He has made use of my feeble testimony to His faithfulness and unchangeableness; and I hope, now the severe frost has broken up, to be so far strengthened as to fulfil any engagements He may be pleased to give me, to proclaim what He has taught me of His beloved Son Jesus Christ as a suitable Saviour for the lost, the guilty, the helpless and the weak.

The perpetual care and anxious watchfulness of the Keeper of Israel, in the guidance, chastisement, and comforting of His eternally loved ones, is a choice theme. Ah, my friend, you ask, am I at anchor laid? My soul oft-times saith, "To depart, and be with Christ, were far better," but when I think of my wife and little ones, of the grand work of the Gospel, and of the Lord's people, I say it is more needful I continue with them.

"Because the Lord, who loves me,
Shall shield me with His wing.
Above my soul's dark waters,
His Spirit hovers still,
He guards me from all sorrows.
From terror and from ill."

And at times the earnest travail of the apostle springs up, when he said, "I would that ye knew what great conflict I have for you and many who have not seen my face in

the flesh." My spot at present is to stand still and see the salvation of Jehovah Jesus.

I would pray the blessing of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to rest upon you, begging an interest in your petitions at the throne of grace.

"Tell Him, when you see His face,
I long to see Him too."

Yours in "Baca's Vale,"

T. BALDWIN.

79, Waterloo-street, Camberwell Park.

BRIGHTON. — "A PRISONER OF HOPE." My dear sir,—May your remaining days be cheered with many a bright ray from the Sun of Righteousness, and while perhaps engaged in labours more abundant, may you always realise the fulfilment of the grand old promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." I am at present a prisoner of hope; oh, what would this life be, even with all its joys and mercies, without hope? even faint as it is at times, yet there it is, and as I write the thought comes, "Who put it there?"

"My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness."

"He will not put my soul to shame,
Or let my hope be lost."

I must tell you that on December 27, we gave our school a tea, after which they recited portions of Scripture and hymns. They acquitted themselves well, and sang with spirit several very appropriate hymns. A short address was given by Mr. H. Fowler, of Bond-street school, and our beloved superintendent made some good remarks, at the end of which he thanked those friends who were present for their kind support, saying how their presence cheered us. "But," said he, "should we not always meet with the sympathy from friends which we could desire, shall we give it up?" Then a large, loud, "No, not so long as 'tis written, 'Be not weary in well-doing,' &c." This you may believe we were right glad to hear from his own lips, because it may answer a purpose another day.—SUSIE TURQUAND.

LAMENTABLE LONDON!

The great preacher says: "There are hundreds of thousands in London to whom the Gospel of Christ is as little known as to Hindoos or Tartars." Is this correct? If so, it is an awful condition for the hundreds of thousands who are so deplorably in the dark. Take a careful walk through, and round about the immense Metropolis. See how churches and chapels, tabernacles and schools, mission halls and preaching stations, music halls and cathedrals (for they are much akin now), abbeys and colleges; see how thick they stand! Make an estimate of the millions of books, magazines, and fly-leaves that are sent forth by the great and the small publishing houses, all professing to proclaim the Gospel of Christ; and then, may we not ask, Why is it the many still stumble at the stumbling stone? How? why? is this such a lamentable London? Weighty question? Can any wise, faithful, godly man, venture to answer us?

MR. GEORGE BOWERS, OF SUTTON-AT-HONE.

DEAR SIR,—Our aged brother, Mr. Geo. Bowers, was born at High Wycombe, on September 20, 1790. He was the son of godly parents; yet he lived a gay and thoughtless life, without God, and without hope in the world, not without convictions that his conduct was wrong. When about twenty-five years of age he was hearing the Word at the Baptist chapel, in his native place, the minister's text was, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." That sermon was made the means of a real change. Our brother dated his call by grace from that time; often referring to the circumstance, and especially the text, saying, "*What a good FOUNDATION.*"

His parents had been removed in Providence into Kent; he also came to reside at Darenth, near Sutton-at-Hone. When thus brought here he sought the house of God. The Baptist chapel at Eynsford being the nearest place, he went there on Lord's-day, and frequently on a week night, although more than four miles from his home; often carrying in his arms one of his children. Soon after he came to reside in Kent, in a field near his home, the passage came with power to his mind, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." His mind having been solemnly impressed with thought about the ordinance of baptism. He took this as a Divine call, and set out at once to see Mr. Rogers, who was then pastor of the Strict Baptist Church at Eynsford. Mr. Bowers was baptized by him the last Lord's-day in May, 1821, near sixty years ago. His own father (who preached for many years around these parts, and whose ministry was greatly blessed) preached the sermon; taking for his text, "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." Doubtless parent and son rejoiced together. Our brother remained a honourable member there till the chapel at Sutton-at-Hone was built; when he, with twenty others, was dismissed from Eynsford and formed into a Church. There he was chosen deacon of the newly formed Church, which office he honourably filled till he died. The Church was formed August 23, 1842. He gave out the hymns till age and infirmities prevented him; he was never absent from the house of God while able to attend. He always had a word of encouragement for the minister and those with whom he worshipped. The members of the Church esteemed him highly for his decision and faithfulness to them. The last time he entered the sanctuary was on April 23, 1879, on the occasion of the present pastor's ordination, and his last office there was to join hands with him. Though absent, we always knew we had his prayers, and those who knew him most will regret his loss. His Bible and hymn book were his chief companions, and when visited he would be talking about the best things, saying, "There was nothing else worth talking about." He had long since done with the world. He had a wonderful memory, and would repeat a

great many things from the Word, and was frequently repeating some hymn he had learnt. Kent's hymns were favourites with him; yea, he loved all those hymns that spoke of that wonderful theme of salvation by grace.

A few months since it was thought he was near his end; he said himself he was going home. All who visited him then were kindly exhorted, and his wife, and children, and friends received his parting blessing. He seemed to be enjoying heaven on earth, so that we felt we must tell the people to go and see how a Christian could die; but he survived a little longer, and often spoke of the glorious prospects he had in view. The last conversation the writer had with him was about ten days before he died. He had been reading the Word, and spoke of the good he received from reading the New Testament—a copy of which, in two volumes (large print), had been given him by his children as a birthday present. I little thought this would be my last conversation with him. On the following Thursday he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and was unable to converse afterwards. He lingered till January 14, 1881, when his ransomed spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord.

"Methinks I see him now at rest,

In the bright mansion Love ordained;

His head reclined on Jesu's breast,

No more by sin and sorrow pained."

His mortal remains were interred in Darenth churchyard. The pastor officiating under the new Burials Act. A funeral sermon was preached the Lord's-day following, from Nehemiah: "He was a faithful man, and feared God above many."

A. DALTON, Pastor.

Sutton-at-Hone, Kent, February.

EGERTON FOSTALL, NEAR SMARDEN, KENT.—For nearly fifty years, in this quiet agricultural village, we have had a good, sound, useful, and blessed Baptist Church; of whose rise and progress our devoted deacon, Mr. Turk (not either nationally, or naturally, "a Turk;" no, as a Christian man, he is more of the sturdy and steady, laborious and industrious ox; we all gratefully appreciate the conduct, character, and creed of this our brother Turk) can tell you more of our sacred Salem sanctuary than I can; for I only step in once in a while. I have heard the minister, the pastor, the God-sent preacher—Mr. Robert Young Banks—who is "a man in whom the Spirit of God is." And for several years he has travelled regularly every week from Canterbury to proclaim THE Gospel; not a narrow bit of it, but the whole four sides of TRUTH, as revealed in our family Bible; not "Brown's Bible," but God's Book. Well, at their New Year's meeting, in January last, one hundred and fifty or more of the good people assembled; and after tea, at the public meeting, they handed to our faithful pastor a handsome New Year's gift. He beautifully acknowledged their kindness: and a little river of love flowed through that sacred assembly. We will sing praise to God as long as we can.

WHAT IS THE MISSION OF THE STRICT BAPTISTS? HOW OUGHT WE TO GO ABOUT IT?

In the crowd of teachers, and the din of voices that are now stirring the world, I have often turned to the day, when God was pleased to open my eyes to see, and my ears to hear His truth. When He cast my lot for me among a few of His followers, who go under the outward name of Strict Baptists.

For twelve years I have been sustained in my humble ministry among them, and through much affliction and deep trial, many searchings of heart, and strange dealings of the hand of my God. I continue even to this day, more convinced than ever, that with them, with us who bear the name given, are the pure truths of God's Word and Gospel, and the simple ordinances of unity, established at the beginning. If this be so, I have asked what is our mission in these trying times, when many run to and fro, and the world is at unrest by the multitude of her teachers.

Our mission, I am persuaded, is distinctly and clearly to bear witness of the TRUTH, the increase is with our GOD. Decided, united testimony should proceed from us, the trumpet in these days must give no uncertain sound: must not be a still small voice, but a clear note, uttering the words of our Captain and His apostles, with the force and power of the HOLY GHOST. In three things specially should our ministers seek to excel—in doctrine, in zeal, and in unity. The departures of this day are from the Word and doctrine, men are exceedingly zealous for their own traditions, and fill the world with divisions and sects, through vain and fleshly emulation. To increase in numbers, and splendour in outward appearance, everything is naturalised, and righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, are an inexplicable mystery to the fleshly religions of the age. Oh, brethren of our Strict Baptist Churches, in word and doctrine let us show uncorruptness, sound speech which cannot be condemned, let us labour in the Word, read the Word, study the Word, preach the Word in sincerity and in truth, we ought ourselves to become saturated with it; shall I stay steeped night and day in it: by continual prayer, giving ourselves to the ministry of it. It is not a day for trifling, and frivolous jealousies, and fleshly emulation among ourselves; but a day in which every man should try his own work, and seek to build "himself" upon the foundation, gold, silver, and precious stones of sterling truth in the temple of God. Our people are poor and few. If we cannot have the remuneration we are entitled to, in carnal things, let us labour as Paul did, parting with all, and taking nothing of the Churches, rather than rust at home, and be silent.

Let us seek the honour which cometh of God only, and as true ministers of CHRIST, go forth without the camp bearing His reproach; UNITED we must be; of one heart, and one mind in our work. Let us rejoice when our brethren are lifted up in usefulness, knowing that we are honoured with them. It is not for us to cherish the

despicable spirit of Cain, the spirit of envy, that lasteth to self exaltation. Oh, no! let us learn to be anything, or nothing, that we may be united in zeal and sympathy for the testimony of the Gospel. DOCTRINE! ZEAL! and UNITY! These are our watch-words for the times. Let us go forth in these things, and the feeblest among us shall be blessed in his work, and shall be made a blessing.

Let us aim at the understanding and the heart, and seek to win souls by the preaching of CHRIST, and Him crucified, as revealed in the Word, and made manifest in our hearts, by the spirit given to us of God.

But what of our people to whom we go? There is need of more decision and consistency in the faith, more diligent attention to the means; more appetite for the Word itself; and more deep soul sympathy and prayer for and with their ministers; more action for the cause; more sacrifice for the honour of God, and His truth. The witness of our people for their ministers, and for the truth should be clear and decided, without hesitation and captiousness, resolute and kind, full of charity and encouragement, that the world may see that the truth is with us in the power and love of it.

Why do our people call themselves BAPTISTS, and yet walk not in the ordinances as established? Why be one thing in word, and another in deed among us? Let us walk in the light, even as Christ has commanded us. We have heard and believed His Word, let us DO IT, and bear witness to the truth which is among us; at peace among ourselves, we must be united in doctrine, in heart, in life. Let us quit ourselves like men, and rise in the power of the Spirit within us, above all fleshly wisdom, and the ways and practices of this world, to a strong, vigorous, and united testimony for God and the Gospel of His grace in our Churches, and in the world.

"Always going, always sowing,
Let us each be up and doing;
Fearless, prayerful let us be,
Compact in faith and unity."

I hope you are well and full of treasure, unsearchable riches; if so, I know your heart still beats warmly to the poor Northerners who are bound, who cannot do as they would, purely because of pressing extremities, and not from any want of will, or love to their old friend C. W. Banks.

I remain yours as ever, faithfully in the Gospel,
J. TAYLOR.

KINGTON. — The little Church over whom the author of "Witnesses for Christ" presides, is not a great distance from Leominster. The pastor has studied hard, and has gathered up some old biographies. Herefordshire is miserably off for the grand old Gospel. Master Mudge is about the oldest and merriest man in the county. John Bedford has resigned at Whitestone. We know not another decidedly Strict Baptist Church in the whole of that county, which has nature's scenery so splendid. O, Purlbrook! we love thee still.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE OLD SURREY TABERNACLE.

By S. COZZENS.

It is nearly forty years ago since I was a seat-holder in the Boro'-road Tabernacle. I have some notes of my first Sabbath there. The first hymn was,—

"How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

I never heard a hymn read and sung as that was. It was like a little heaven below. Then came the fervid flashing comments on three verses of a Psalm, and then a fervent, flowing guttural prayer, which was pumped up out of the deepest depths of the soul by the furious oscillations or rapid to and fro motions of the body; after which a noble song was sung, and the champion stood up to the fight, in a sermon bright as a polished shaft, and sharp as a two-edged sword, and free-will had it hip and thigh, and free grace was crowned with the laurels of a glorious victory. The sermon placed up, right up, upon the high mountains of Israel, and we left the chapel rejoicing in God our Saviour and smiling at Satan's rage. And ever after that I loved James almost to idolatry, and the tabernacle, and the people of the tabernacle, have ever been dear to me.

In those days, at dear Barnes's, we could get a cold dinner for a song, and tea for something less. Oh, what love-feasts they were! I shall never forget my first Sabbath at the tabernacle; it was a gladsome gathering. It was worth something to see the people crowding up the narrow passage, to see their beaming faces, for they all looked as if they were coming to a feast, and expected to be served with royal dainties from a lordly dish. It was a pleasing sight to see the nods and the smiles of recognition; the hearty grips of brotherly affection, and to hear the kindly words of salutation. One said, "I am glad to be here again." "Bless the Lord, it is a mercy to be here," was the reply. Another said, "I hope we shall have the Master's presence." "Yes, brother, then we shall find it good to be here." "Wasn't that a splendid sermon we had last Sunday night?" "Oh, yes, it made me sing,—

'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,' etc.

And wasn't that a fine idea about the high priest carrying all the people into the holiest on his heart, and keeping them there all the time he was in God's presence?"

Such were the conversations to which I listened (and of which I made note) while the people were waiting for the service to commence. There was, indeed, the communion of saints before the service commenced. Brother Wells had not to wait for his congregation, for his congregation was waiting for him. Oh, how I used to watch the vestry door for his appearance. Their early attendance proved how much they loved the house of God, and the services of him who made the house dear to them.

"What peaceful hours we then enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!"

OUR EVANGELISTS DEFENDED.

[A more self-denying body of ministers than the above cannot be found. We hope our readers will understand our meaning better another time.—ED.]

MR. C. W. BANKS,—Venerable brother in the heat of bonds of grace, of mercy, and truth, flowing from Father, Word, and Spirit Divine, Israel's one God,—I truly congratulate you, dear brother, upon your 75th year of life's pilgrimage in a world of chequered scenes; and I truly congratulate you also, inasmuch, as amidst so large an assemblage of ministerial brethren and friends, you appeared to enjoy such good health, and in every way seemed so vigorous. Though, through slight indisposition, I was unable to continue until the evening, all I saw argued the kindest feeling towards the aged editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

But allow me, worthy brother, a little comment upon some reflections inserted of late in that valuable periodical, in reference to brethren itinerating among the Churches. I fear, brother Banks, that even the term used by yourself in last month's VESSEL—namely, the phrase, half-starved itinerants—is likely to be misunderstood. I cannot think that my brother Banks intended by that term to stigmatise brethren who go from place to place proclaiming the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, that they, as a whole are men who never read, study, or reflect duly upon the responsibilities associated with the Gospel of God. Doubtless, brother, there are many who go forward in the solemn work whose minds have never been agonised relative to its weighty matters; but there are now amongst many of our young brethren—as Messrs. Reynolds, Copeland, W. Hazleton, Linden, Beddow, and many others—worthy to be encouraged in the work. But, brother Banks, amidst the various reflections made of late concerning itinerancy, let us ask the question. Where would be our Churches but for such an institution? Many causes are unable entirely to support a pastor, and it would only be honourable of some pastors if they would put their hand to the plough and not unduly put a strain upon a people. No one more than myself would urge upon the Churches the due consideration of a minister; but don't let us extract unduly. For seven years I was pastor at Holloway, and at the same time laboured hard for six days. Three years I served at Waltham Abbey; altogether for twenty-five years I have preached far and wide, and under no circumstances have I ever charged, but let the people give what they conscientiously could afford. Let the Churches encourage brethren more by letting them have time between services to reflect and be quiet, and help Providence, and watch God's blessing. Amen. With Christian love.

FREDERICK GREEN.

54, Leopold-buildings, Hackney-road, E., February 10.

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A KIND NOTE FROM MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have delayed replying to your letter till now, so as to write you on the eve of your birthday, and thus be able to congratulate you on the completion of the seventy-fifth year of your sojourn here. I think the last few years of your life have been more peaceful, or, at any rate, less boisterous and disturbed, than many of your former years. You had for many years a difficult and up-hill course to pursue, and it must be matter of thankfulness, both to yourself and your friends, that the evening of life has become for you comparatively calm and serene. The anxiety as to the wherewith to sustain life has been in some measure removed, and both your own wants have been supplied, and the privilege of being God's almoner has been considerably conferred upon you, so that you have experienced the true luxury, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." No doubt you have seen more that needed doing than you have been able to attend to. This is salutary, as it inculcates the necessity for discrimination, without which generosity becomes merely a premium on indolent mendicancy. The great difficulty is to give such help as may be an incentive to virtue, and not an encouragement to vice. The old adage is true, "He gives twice who gives well." I have no doubt you have often felt embarrassment on this head, and, like others, that undeserved sympathy has been excited towards unworthy objects, whilst the silent sufferer has been inadvertently passed by. It requires, as you know, great prudence to do good in such a way as to prevent its being turned to evil account. Your long experience has made all this patent to you; and, so to speak, you have lived long enough to have learned the true theory of life, and how to deal with human nature in its manifold variety of phases. One would desire for you a long further series of years of peaceful usefulness, if that were not in such a case a doubtful good, for no doubt you have often said and felt, and have now the chronic feeling, "I would not live away," for life accompanied with more or less of infirmity of old age often becomes burdensome and a weariness. I therefore wish for you a continuance of useful occupation so long as God shall give you strength for it, and happiness in it, and when either or both these have ceased, that He will then enable you to lay aside the earthly house of this tabernacle to inherit "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Enclosed I send you £5, for although you do not appear to intend to have collections to-morrow, you will know how to make use of it.

I am quite confined to the house, excepting for a few minutes in the middle of any fine days, and have not preached since October, when I had an attack of hæmaturia, which took away my little strength, and which I cannot hope to regain till Spring. "The will of the Lord be done." Hoping to-morrow will be a happy day in every sense

to you and all your visitors, I am, my dear brother, Yours very truly,

WILLIAM CROWTHER.

Gomersal, Leeds, February 8, 1881.

[This wise and kind note, breathing so gently the true spirit of Christian faith and fellowship, was the first indication of the blessing of the Lord being with us on February 9, 1881, which was a day of sacred amazement at the abounding mercy of the great God and our Saviour towards us. We do grieve to find our brother, Mr. Crowther, is held back from his useful ministry at Lockwood. The philosophical emphasising lines are not applicable to our afflicted brother, he is only in the "ripe-prime" of his life. In some years to come, of some of us it may be said, "Behold a patriarch of years, who leaneeth on the staff of religion; his heart is fresh, quick to feel, a bursting fount of generosity." Not a few of our ministers throughout the country are in some way afflicted. Our Churches feel the loss of some of their best men, and the lameness of others tends much to depress us. We murmur not. "The religious world" (as it is called) is becoming so light, so unfaithful, so vain, and so filled with conflicting theories, that it makes one's heart to faint, and the wearied, the weeping, the watching soul often yearns to stretch her wings, and fly up into that city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God! Gently, at times, to us He seems to say, "Come nearer!" And for closer communion, for a mind staid on God, for a renewed confirmation of a perfect salvation we secretly cry.—ED.]

CROYDON.—DERBY-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL. Our Annual Meeting took place January 25, 1881. A good party took tea. At public meeting our worthy pastor, Mr. Thurston, opened the meeting with some very kind and comforting words, speaking of the Lord's goodness to us, as a Church and people, and what great things He had done for us, and brought us through another year. Although we have had some removed from our midst by death, yet He has brought in others. We believe all things are working together for good. We sung, and offered up prayer; then our worthy treasurer read the annual report of income and expenditure, which was of a very pleasing nature; it was adopted. Having a small debt remaining on the Sunday-school, it was resolved not to make any collections during the past year, and when the treasurer read his report, he had a balance in hand of £47 18s. 0d., which was placed to the credit of Sunday-school. Our superintendent of Sunday-school read his report, which was satisfactory. We have seen some fruit of our labours in the school this year, therefore we take courage, and press forward. We had a nice meeting, well attended; money sent us, without asking for, as per cheque, £5, and I think others as much promised. May the Lord give us thankful hearts, and I hope we shall continue to dwell in love and unity in the sincere desire of yours in Christ Jesus, JOHN E. ROWE, Secretary.

HAYES TABERNACLE.

MR. THOMAS BOXELL ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Wednesday, January 12, the earth put on her Winter apparel to welcome the friends to celebrate the tenth anniversary of our Sunday school. A number of people gathered to hear Mr. W. Hazelton preach from, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me." The people heard with great comfort. To a substantial tea about 140 sat down; the parents of the children had been invited free.

In the evening the chapel was crowded; the platform was occupied by superintendents. Brother Beazley prayed the Lord to pour out His presence into the meeting, and to help the brethren who would take part in the service.

Mr. Boxell, the chairman, introduced the subject. He said that if it was the duty of the nation to supply a secular education to the young, it was a much greater duty for the Church to supply a religious education to the same, especially to the poor. He said the Sabbath schools must soon take a prominent position in the management of the affairs of the nation. He urged the Church not to leave all the teachers' places to be filled by young people, for they required the middle-aged to foster them and lead them on to point the young minds to the blood of Christ, and that the older ones must be busy themselves. It was more especially requisite that the Church should provide a Christian education for its own sons and daughters, for it was impossible for them to teach what they do not know themselves. We must therefore have Christian men and women for our teachers. It was a pleasure for him to tell them the testimony of a little girl who used to belong to the school, and who, when dying, asked her father to be sure and go to hear dear Mr. Bardens preach, and the man, to please her, came and heard that minister speak from the words, "Lead me and guide me," and the words went home to his soul, and he had been an altered man and a regular attendant at the chapel ever since.

Mr. Gregory read the report and financial statement. It appeared that the school had been well maintained in numbers, our average morning attendance being 140, and the afternoon over 200. The children had paid very largely into the Clothing Fund, there being very nearly a hundred pounds distributed at the end of the year. The financial statement showed that there was still a balance of £16 due to the treasurer.

Mr. Hinton, of Soho, moved the adoption of the report, and spoke from, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

Mr. Voysey, of Brentford, seconded the report, which was unanimously carried. He spoke nice words on salvation being purchased by substitution and sacrifice.

Mr. Wakell, of Keppel-street. Mr. Howse, of Colbrook, and Mr. Hazelton gave interesting speeches.

After addresses to the parents by Mr.

Bardens and Mr. Wild, the meeting was brought to a close.

The service was interspersed by several very nice hymns, which the children sang well, and all the people spent a very enjoyable evening. F. J. B.

NOTE ON THE LINE.

Working and waiting, with some little rest.

Has filled up my days until now;

No hard work is found in the realms of the blest,

There, God in HIS CHRIST we shall know.

Rochdale Station, on my way into Derbyshire.—A word came spontaneously, like this. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."—Last evening, at Royton, I said a little about salvation and eternal glory. Had some conversation with Brother Butterworth, the minister of the new Baptist chapel at Royton. I found he was a man of sterling principle, of clear mind, one that knoweth the Lord for Himself, one that will have no Popish parsons, no tyrannical deacons, no false idols, no mixture of the old and new covenants, but a free and holy man of God; industrious, independent of men's trammels; and living a life of faith upon the Son of God. I do not find such men every day; but this I feel certain of, that if you find in the North a man of God, you find a fellow with mental muscle, none of your Amaleks—soft, but as rotten as deceit can make them. A good congregation listened for one hour; but I had more matter than I could well manage; still, the service was useful, I hope. An alderman kindly sent his brougham for me: hence, with a good deacon, I had a pleasant ride back to Rochdale.—Now, Charlesworth, in Derbyshire, is my next scene of labour; and will the Lord be there?

TEXT AND CONTEXT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In your weighty and timely article entitled "Where are we?" in the VESSEL for February, you say, "Oh, how the juveniles sneer and ridicule the venerable fathers." That is the text. And again, "Young aspirants consider aged men should resign, retire, go to rest, be quiet, and let better minds succeed them." That is the context. If you are correct, and if the text and context truly represent the character of the times, so much the worse for the goodness of "the signs," both of the present and the future of the Church and the ministry. Not being one of the juveniles, or hardly old enough to back out to escape their ridicule, the subject does not much concern me personally, although relatively it does to some extent.

We reckon ourselves the most apostolic body in all creation; but in the text and context is disclosed a spirit that appears to bode but little good, and which is neither that of apostolic times, nor analogous to that which still prevails in all important departments of public usefulness, excepting the Christian ministry. One of the juveniles you have called attention to, while talking smartly

in the way you describe, said, all a minister's useful work was out of him at fifty, and that he ought to give up. Let me ask why this error should be entertained now rather than in earlier times? Or why it should be held concerning ministers rather than other public men? The generals of an army are not raw recruits. Our judges are not saucy young lawyers holding their first brief. The heads of our seats of learning are not freshmen. Our eminent medical men are not novices, nor are our great statesmen entrusted with the government of the country in the educational period of their political career. It will not be denied that these men hold positions of great responsibility, requiring a maturity of mind and ability which time and labour have brought them, and that they are not all worn-out men, but have a capacity for effective work in their several departments to equal which young aspirants must work and wait a little longer. Can it be shown, on rational and Scriptural grounds, that the argument which holds good in those cases is not equally valid with respect to the Christian ministry and those engaged in it? If so, let it be shown, for the subject is important.

Felmersham.

C.

BOW.—**MOUNT ZION CHAPEL.** The second meeting this year, in celebration of the opening of the chapel, was on February 8th. Mr. Thomas Stringer preached a solid sermon, based on a solid text, "Christ, the Rock of Salvation." The pastor, Mr. Wm. Webb, presided. Mr. Joseph Flory prayed. Mr. Webb gave a brief address on the nature of the meeting, and introduced Mr. Stringer, who dwelt at some length, and with great force, on "The Precious Word," the power, progress, and prevalence of that Word. Mr. W. Winters endeavoured to unfold the meaning, use, and end of the precious gems of the Word. C. W. Banks appeared free in mind as he dwelt on that all-prevailing subject, "The Precious Blood of Christ." The speaker entered sweetly into the cost of redemption, together with some main heads referable to the sacrifice and blood of the covenant, which he proved to be efficacious to the salvation of all who come to God through Christ Jesus. Mr. Banks related several interesting points relating to Hezekiah's enthronement, and illustrated the nature and typical meaning of the sacrifices made on that occasion. Mr. George Webb, of Maidstone, brother to Mr. William Webb, spoke warmly and well on "The Precious Promises of God's Word," and it did our hearts good to hear the pleasing testimony he gave of the joy he realised in his work at Maidstone. The Lord will surely honour them that honour Him. Mr. Oakley gave us a hymn. Mr. Burbridge addressed the friends in an animated manner on the precious sacrifice of Christ, and its virtue realised in the salvation of immortal souls. The pastor closed the happy services with prayer and the Benediction. The Lord bless our brother W. Webb, and all in association with him.—**W. WINTERS**, Waltham Abbey.

A GODLY MAN KILLED BY A CAB.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—As a constant reader of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, I have been led to praise God for the liberality and large-heartedness of its much-respected editor, and that induces me to intrude on your kindness, in order to bring before a sympathising public a somewhat peculiar and distressing case; that of the widow of the late Mr. Richard Grinter, who was, I believe, for over forty years, connected with the Trinity chapel Sunday school.

On the night of October 30, last, on returning home from his daily avocations, and when almost within sight of his own door, he was run over by a cab and killed on the spot, or at least breathed his last ere he arrived at the hospital. Deeply distressing, indeed, was it to the poor widow, who had been kept in suspense all that night and part of the next day, till, after much search, the body was found at Guy's hospital.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to say that our dear departed brother was most energetic and indefatigable in the work of Sunday school teaching, and, although 65 years of age, never appeared so happy as when surrounded by the young.

At a very early age he was baptized by the late Mr. Foreman, and since that period, for nearly forty-six years was constantly engaged in teaching or visiting the sick.

No man was better known or so respected by the "Sunday School Union" than he was; of which a letter I enclose will abundantly prove. To attempt to set forth the many little traits in his character, known to all who knew him so well, would occupy too much space. I will only say, then, that his mortal remains were consigned to the tomb in Norwood cemetery, surrounded by a very numerous company of sorrowing friends.

If you, dear sir, would permit the **VESSEL** to become a medium for asking the sympathy of kind friends amongst the Baptist community in assisting the poor widow in her distress, you will have my heartfelt thanks, and will add much to the gratitude which the poor dear soul feels to those kind friends who have already rallied round her.

Pray pardon me for occupying so much of your valuable time, and believe me,

Dear sir and brother,

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN SMITH.

119, New Kent-road, December 15, 1880.

[We knew the deceased for years. We lament his sudden removal. We have had the privilege of relieving a host of bereaved widows, and certainly this case must not be neglected.—**ED.**]

BRIGHTON.—Baptist Mission Hall, Mighell-street. January 25th, 1881, our annual tea-meeting was held on behalf of the Sabbath school; about 400 children, parents, and friends took tea; each teacher presided at a separate table with the children and parents of their own class, comfortably filling our spacious hall. Public meeting followed, presided over by the pastor; when

Brethren Virgo, Read, and Smith, gave very interesting addresses. The chairman, in his opening remarks, took for his standpoint the relation of parents to Sabbath School work. Brother Virgo on Thrift, from the words, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." Brother Read on "The Necessity of the New Birth;" and Brother Smith, "The Love of Christ as Exemplified in His Illustrious, devoted, and suffering Life and Death." The teachers and elder scholars sang very effectively a selection of suitable sacred pieces; the doxology and benediction brought to a close a very refreshing and animating meeting.—On Thursday evening, February 3rd, we had the great pleasure of again administering the sacred ordinance of believer's baptism; and much enjoyed a time of blessing from the Divine presence. May it prove seed for a future and speedy ingathering.—Praying that Heaven's divine approval may rest on your manifold labours, I am, dear brother, your fellow-labourer in the Gospel,—THOMAS BOXELL.

A NOTE TO MR. THOMAS STRINGER.

MY BROTHER,—"Thou hast considered my trouble" (Psa. xxxi. 7). Our troubles may escape the notice of men, but they cannot escape the notice of our God. No earthly parent ever watched over a child with that tenderness, concern, and attention which Jehovah manifests in watching over us. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open to our cries. He has considered our troubles, He knows their nature, number, and purpose. He considered them when the covenant of grace was made, which is ordered in all things sure. Then provision was made for every fiery trial, for every troublesome billow, for every distressing event. There is something in God's covenant, suited to meet every trouble that can come upon us. Pray Him to show you His covenant, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, unto such as keep His covenant, and His testimonies. He considered our trouble, when He made His exceeding great and precious promises. They are so framed as to suit us in the Winter of adversity, to administer consolation in seasons of peculiar distress. They are exactly suited to us, being made on purpose for us; and every promise that is suited to me, I am at liberty to take up, and claim as my own. All the promises are in Jesus, yea; and in Him, Amen.

Some persons do not know an old friend in trouble, but the Lord especially knows His people in adversities. He never walked with the three children, but when they were in the furnace. He is more especially present when most needed, He knows us, and loves us, let who will appear to neglect, or turn against us. He knew and appeared for David, nor ever left him until He had done that which He had spoken to him of; so He will make good His word to you, fulfil all things. He has known us in all past adversities, He will know us in the present, and in all that are future. My brother, one Friend will be sure

to know thee in trouble, will be sure to visit thee in poverty or sickness, and to help thee in thy distress; and that is thy God. And if God be for thee, who can to any purpose be against thee? If the Lord help thee not, who can? and if He will befriend thee, there is no real ground for fear, though earth and hell are banded together against thee. Are you peculiarly tried, cry out with David, "Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, for I am desolate and afflicted."

"Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food,
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

I am yours, in the Lord Jesus Christ,
GEO. HOLLAND.
Borough-green, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

HERTFORD.—On Thursday, January 27th, the friends at Ebenezer held their annual gathering. After tea, at the public meeting, the pastor, Mr. Robert Bowles, presided. Prayer was offered. Mr. Bowles stated some of the remarkable dealings of God toward him since his appointment as pastor, upwards of twenty years ago. In the course of that long period the Lord had given many additions to the Church, for which he, with the Church, were thankful. Peace and unity abounded, and the work of the Lord was still prospering in their midst. After Mr. Bowles's warm and genial address, the good deacon came to the front with words of truth, and congratulated the pastor in his work and labour of love. The deacon then presented the pastor, in the name of the friends, with a New Year's gift, amounting to £14, which Mr. Bowles received with expressions of love and sincere gratitude. Warm-hearted addresses were delivered by Mr. John Sampford, of Ware, the well-known "rural shepherd;" Mr. Chapman, of Ware; Mr. Dixon, town missionary; Mr. Pannell, an old deacon, now residing in London; Mr. Salmon and Mr. Searls. The meeting proved to be one of the happiest ever realised in connection with Mr. Bowles's ministry. May this pleasant circumstance incite the friends to works of greater usefulness in the best of causes.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—The Church at Raunds has just sustained another very heavy loss in the removal, by death, of Mr. John Pentelow, Manor-house, who had filled the office of deacon for about five years, and the superintendent of Sabbath school ever since it commenced. He died of cancer in the neck. He has left a sorrowing wife and seven children; the eldest is under eleven years; and, what seems worse, the eighth is yet to be born. The Church, his family, and his business could all ill-afford to spare him; but God, who is infinite in wisdom, said, "It is enough, My child, come home." And what creature dare dispute His right? Mr. Pentelow died February 1, aged 52; buried Saturday, 5th inst., by his pastor, Mr. A. J. Margetun.

BETHNAL GREEN.—HOPE BAPTIST CHAPEL SICK VISITING SOCIETY. We desire with sincere thanks to acknowledge the donations received on behalf of this society: William Beach, Esq., Chelmsford, £2 2s.; Isaac C. Johnson, Esq., Gravesend, £1. Death has again visited this Church. On Tuesday, February 1, our pastor committed to its last resting-place the remains of a dear brother, who for many years had the interest of this cause at heart; he is gone to be with Christ, which is far better. On the following Lord's-day evening our pastor was enabled to deliver a solemn and impressive discourse from "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Since that event the Lord has taken two more friends from our midst safe home, to dwell with Him for ever. May He fit and prepare us all for the solemn change that awaits us, is the earnest prayer of the Society's unworthy secretary. — JOHN PEACOCK, 71, Bancroft-road, Mile-end, E.

THE AGED PILGRIMS' HOME, EGREMONT PLACE, BRIGHTON.

Second anniversary meeting was held on Wednesday evening, February 16th, in the Royal Pavilion, under the presidency of the mayor of Brighton, Mr. Alderman D. Smith. There was a large attendance. After singing and prayer, the chairman gave a few words of earnest sympathy and encouragement, and commended the claims of this new home for the pensioners of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society to the friends assembled. Mr. Heathfield gave an explanatory statement of the Society's operations. Mr. W. Jackson, secretary of the Home, specially referred to its opening and present position. Seven inmates are now resident; others of the elected candidates will go in as vacancies occur. A committee of six ladies, resident in Brighton, manage the internal working. Mrs. Selway is the matron, who will be happy to receive visitors, and show them over the house, any week-day. The ladies are desirous to form a fund for supplying coals to the inmates, same as at the London asylums. Collecting cards for this purpose are now ready. The Home will cost now about £150 a year to carry on, which sum it is hoped will be supplied by the Brighton friends. All subscribers have votes at the elections (as per Rule).

Addresses were given by Messrs. Storrow, Lawson, John Gadsby, Esq., etc. Cordial thanks were voted to the Mayor for presiding, which having been acknowledged, the doxology and benediction closed the proceedings.

Communications on the Home to be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. W. Jackson, 29, Marlborough-road, Upper Holloway, N., also at the Society's office, 83, Finsbury-pavement, E.C., and at the Home, care of the matron.

Mr. Bradbury, of Grove Chapel, will, D.V., in his next visit, in April, preach in Brighton on behalf of the Home.

Notes of the Month.

BECCELES.—On Tuesday, February 15, services were held in connection with the recognition of pastor W. H. Smith (late of Tenterden, Kent), as pastor of the Church at Beccles. At three o'clock, Mr. W. J. Styles, of Keppel-street chapel, London, preached an excellent sermon. At half-past five a tea was provided in the spacious Town Hall, to which about 180 sat down. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Stokes, of Cranbrook, and the following brethren contributed to the edification of those present: Messrs. Bland (Ipswich), Brand (Bungay), Suggate (Halesworth), Knight (Lowestoft). A pleasant and profitable time was realised by all present.

HOMERTON-ROW.—*A Silent Examiner* (a new and select journal) says: "One of our company went the other morning to hear Mr. John Inward. In the pulpit he confessed himself unwell; and looking into the gallery he saw a fellow-worker. 'Friend,' said the pastor, 'will you come into the vestry?' The invite was accepted; and the brother, who was Thomas Emery, preached in the evening, and was heard gladly." We trust the fresh invigorating breezes of the coming Spring will restore Brother Inward to good health. As to Thomas Emery, we have long thought he has been saved in a remarkable way that he may serve the Churches and the ministry.

WINTER.

"Blessed is he who remembereth the poor."

WINTER is come at last,
Robed in his sheet of snow;
Attended by a bitter blast,
And fierce storms round him blow.

Hellens the roads and distant hills,
The hedges covers o'er;
The valleys be completely fills,
And blocks the poor man's door.

Heaven help the needy! and incline
The rich to feel for them;
Upon all acts of mercy shine,
Stern Winter's ill to stem.

God bless the man, or woman kind
Who for another's woe
Shews a true philanthropic mind,
May such no sorrow know.

G. H. M. READ.

Margate, Jan. 18, 1891.

Marriage.

On the 8th of February, 1891, at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington, Joseph Robert Wood (junior), eldest son of Joseph Wood, Esq. (senior) deacon of Nunhead-green Baptist chapel, of Barry Villa, Barry-road, Peckham-rye, to Matilda Keith, fourth daughter of the late Alexander John Ball, Esq., of Sydney, Cape Breton, British North America.

Deaths.

On the 16th of February, at his residence, 94, St. John-street-road, Mr. Richard Minton, for many years senior deacon at Mr. J. Hazelton's, of Clerkenwell.

In loving memory of Urania Hoare Crane, (mother of Mrs. Lettis, of Dulwich) relict of the late Commander Crane, R.N., who entered into her rest the 27th of January, 1891, aged 87 years. "This God is our God for ever and ever. He will be our guide even unto death."

On January 28, 1891, at the residence of her son William, 27, Lucas-road, Kennington-park, Mary Harding, at the advanced age of 85. Her end was peace.

Christ's Own Witnesses

TO THE POWER OF "THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL," WHO LIVED AND LABOURED IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created, shall praise the Lord."

IT is a grief to many that no truthful testimonials are prepared to hand down to succeeding generations memorials of that cluster of extraordinary men who, in this nineteenth century were evidently raised up by the Lord, specially qualified to defend THE GOSPEL OF GOD, to gather thousands of His redeemed into the fold, and instrumentally to "feed the flock of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood."

Fifty-two years ago, when the Lord called us to know Himself as our Saviour, there was quite a noble army of the valiant men of Israel, who answered exactly to the prophetic prayer of Hannah, when she exclaimed, "The Lord killeth, and maketh alive; He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; He bringeth low, and lifteth up." Yes, more definitely to our purpose that godly woman said, "*He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill—*

"TO SET THEM AMONG PRINCES,

"and to make them inherit the throne of glory."

We have lived to see, to know, to be well acquainted with men who, First. Were down in the dust—poor, miserable, desolate sinners indeed.

Secondly. Without schools, colleges, or academies (although of these training seminaries we write nor speak nothing unkindly, but without any of these qualifying universities), we have seen the poorest of the poor lifted up by the grace of God, into the moral, spiritual, evangelical, truthful ways of godliness. "Amazing grace!" Sovereign grace! Omnipotent grace! Oh, what broken hearts! What bleeding consciences! What floods of scalding tears! What agonizing cries unto God for mercy! What crucifixion to the world! But,—

Thirdly. We have seen these men "set among princes;" set up on the Rock of Ages; set up in the fulness and freeness of salvation; set up in pulpits all over the land, preaching Christ's own glorious Gospel, sinners thereby being converted, and Churches planted and established.

Last of all, these uplifted miracles of grace finished their work here and went home to—

"INHERIT THE THRONE OF GLORY." HALLELUJAH! PRAISE YE THE LORD!

Are many *such* God-created, Christ-redeemed, Spirit-anointed men to be found *now*? The poor widow who cried unto Elisha was in a condition like unto most of the men we have referred to. All the degrees these men ever had, all the stock-in-trade they ever possessed, all the capital they could call their own was—

"Not anything, save A POT OF OIL."

That "pot of oil," with God's blessing, saved the widow, saved her from ruin, and kept her safe and sound. But now, except in a few cases, go where you will, there may be found the tongues of men, and of angels too, for aught I know, there will be found gifts and miraculous powers of speech; but,—

"WHERE IS THE POT OF OIL?"

Alas! it appears the oil has ceased to flow. Not universally, but, to a most melancholy extent. God forbid that we should sit in judgment over any class or character of men. We know no man can, of himself, produce the pot of oil. *Without it*, however, what are men worth in the great matter of salvation? We have only just come up as from the brink of the grave; for days and nights we have been down in the valley of deep reflection. We have just completed forty years of *painful servitude*. Pursued and pelted on every hand, yet mysteriously upheld. Laugh who may, we still affirm that although crushed almost to atoms, we have had the eye of spiritual discernment. Where the image of Christ has been discovered, where the Spirit of Christ has been breathed, where the full salvation of Christ has been realised, there we have enjoyed a unity of soul beyond expression. Where such vital elements are wanting, all we can do is to exercise a courteous, a kind, a hopeful feeling, and leave the rest with the Almighty. If we are to live and labour a little longer we desire to furnish a few brief—

BIOGRAPHIES OF GODLY MEN.

We have the material, and before we close our eyes in death we have a desire to give for the few remaining generations yet to come demonstrative proofs, that even in this century Christ has had His own faithful witnesses, who, to thousands of precious souls they have been as God's mouth, taking forth the precious from the vile.

MR. JOHN FOREMAN'S EARLY LIFE

as written by himself in the following letter, we give first of all, not because we would set Mr. Foreman before his contemporaries, but simply because the letter referred to has recently fallen into our hands. It has never before been published, and it carries with it the impress of a genuine, original, special, saving work of Divine grace.

Writing privately to a Christian lady, Mr. Foreman said:—

BELOVED SISTER IN THE LORD,—As you requested some account of my life, and of the dealings of the Lord in His mercy with my soul, I have embraced the earliest opportunity to answer your request, although nothing of particular interest or benefit to you or anyone else perhaps will be stated. But it is the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich anything that one may say, either from the pulpit, or with the pen, to another's comfort or edification. And as the Lord sometimes makes use of the feeblest instrumentality for the greatest and happiest ends and purposes, He may in some small way bless this, even this line; for He has before this time rode into Jerusalem upon an ass's colt, and perhaps will do so now to the Hosanna of His blessed Name.

I was born on the second day of April, in the year 1791, in the parish of Laxfield, in the county of Suffolk, of illegitimate birth, of

poor parents, and was brought up by my grandfather and grandmother till a little upwards of eleven years of age, during which time I was put to a small school about four years, three years of which time I was admitted free, as it was in part a free school. After this, I was put out to a farmhouse as farmer's boy, and as a sort of parish apprentice, until I was sixteen years of age, and I obtained my livelihood by agricultural employment till I came entirely into the ministry; and the last piece of work that I did of that kind was the reaping of a part of a field of wheat, and which was in 1817, twenty years ago next Summer, and about eighteen months after I had publicly began to speak in the Lord's Name.

The people with whom I first went to live as boy were aged, and they left the farm at the end of my third year, when I had two years longer to stay. The old people did not fear the Lord, but the two sons who took the farm did, and used to oblige me to go with them about six miles to hear the late Edward Mansure, at a Baptist chapel in the parish of Horham. I had been the subject of some convictions of sin, and thought about God from as early as I can recollect anything, and hearing Mr. Mansure, those convictions were greatly sharpened; and as my masters used to read the Scriptures and have family prayer on evenings before retiring to bed, their example, too, had considerable effect on my mind, so that I became very strict and religious in my way, and used to go on my knees by myself to pray, I think sometimes as many as twenty times in a day; for when I have got up off my knees sometimes, I thought I had done it so well that I have gone down again and again, and thought I certainly was very religious, separated myself entirely from my boyish companions, and felt a pity for them because they had no religion. However, all this religion of mine, as might very justly be expected, wore off, and went to the moles and to the bats; I became hardened to every sin, felt mad against religious people; and even during the last six months of my time in my above place, I wished there were none out of hell like my praying masters, because their religion was a great check and stumbling-block to my inclinations. For although I had often set under preaching with tears, and had wept when anything occurred to prevent me going in my turn to hear, yet I now cursed all such things secretly in my heart.

At Michaelmas, 1807, I left my situation, having served my appointed time, and being then upwards of sixteen years of age, and I went to live with a man who was a very great drunkard, and in whose family there was no religion. Here I had no checks from the family to my inclinations, and I began to run the full length in every sin that my circumstances and situation would possibly admit, and continued to do so increasingly as circumstances increasingly afforded opportunity, till the year 1812. But through the most part of this time I was followed with cutting convictions, until I, at times, hated life; wished God had never made me; was at times angry with God for making me, and with my mother for ever having me; wished I was a beast or creature of any kind but a man to have a soul and to be accountable to God. I used to run into the worst of company, to drinking, singing, card-playing, and the like, as I then called it, to drown dull care. And I went on so, that it was supposed in the year 1811 that I had undermined my entire constitution, as I was very unwell and reduced almost

to a skeleton the greater part of that year, although I was then but twenty years of age. And I was in my illness as much distracted with the fear of death and dread of the Almighty, as I was with the pains of my body, although for months I had not a bone or part in my frame but what was distressed with pain. Oh, I used to lie and cry out, and vow to the Lord that I would be better, I would, indeed, and that He might depend upon it I would, if He did not kill me then, but let me live a little longer. But when I got better in health, I grew, if possible, worse and harder in sin, until men of no religion used to reprove me for swearing. I went to no place of worship, and was never more hardened and less troubled with convictions than in the last few months which brought me to the time when the Lord was pleased to meet with me in the month of July, 1812, and which was on a Lord's-day. I was walking about the fields with a gun, and discharged it several times in the course of the day; and about three o'clock in the afternoon, in the act of shooting a rook, I received a smart blow on the side of my face, by what we call the gun's kick, which I had not met with before in the whole of the day, and at which time my very soul was arrested with deep convictions of my sin, and that it was the holy Lord of heaven who had caused the gun so to strike me, and that He might have struck my body to the ground a lifeless corpse, and sent my soul into endless misery, for that I was a Sabbath-breaker, and was living in all kinds of wickedness against God. I stood confounded as one condemned for ever without remedy, and knew not where to go, nor to look, nor what to do; filled with all my guilt from my childhood—for all my wickedness came into remembrance—I was equally filled with the terrors of God and of eternal judgment. I compared myself with all, as well as with particular characters who had been my associates in wickedness, and there was a something which gave the blackest hue, and the heaviest down-weight in woeful death to my own, so that I really thought that what was soul in other people was devil in me. I threw my hat on the ground; I pulled my hair, wrung my hands, and wept and cried as though I must have sunk into raving madness with the distress of being eternally condemned of the Lord. And while I stood and felt so condemned, the word eternity, eternity, kept rushing across my mind with so much frightfulness that I would have shot myself or drowned myself, but I dared not, for I thought that would be at once to go to that judgment and death in endless woe, that I so much dreaded. I went home out of the fields and wandered about the yards and premises like one insane; and to pass over a multitude of things which continually rolled over my distressed soul, for brevity sake, I would say that I continued more or less in this state of mind night and day till the following Thursday evening. I scarcely knew what I went about, and I had an old piece of a Bible and a little Watts' hymn book, which I read at every opportunity, but all seemed to condemn me, and yet I seemed forced to read; but all this while I was afraid to pray, lest the Lord should be more wrath with me for such presumption than for all my other sins together, and that if I attempted, might consequently be instantly consumed. On the Thursday evening I ran over hedges and ditches about two or three miles to hear a Baptist minister preach a sermon in a cottage, and I went under this impression, Who can tell? And the minister took for

his text Luke iv. 18, 19. What he preached I know not, for the text took up all my thoughts and engaged my whole soul, for I thought I saw something of mercy for miserable sinners; and all I seemed to want was to know that that mercy was for me; but this I could not ascertain; nevertheless, the fact of God's being at all merciful gave me some encouragement, and so much so, that when I got home I could but drop down on my knees for the first time to implore Divine mercy, and this I did by the road-side as I was entering on the premises by the outer gate; and my prayer was in about the following words: "O Lord God, if it be possible to have mercy on such a wretch, O Lord, have mercy on me;" and I had favourable impressions of the Lord's goodness while my soul was thus lifted up to God, and my heart was poured out before Him. And I went in and went to bed, and, for the first time since convinced, had a good night's sleep; and I dreamed about Paul, saw him, and became very familiar with him, that he was very kind to me, took me into partnership with him in business, and that our business laid in his epistles. I thought nothing then of ever having part with him in the same ministry, for all my soul's concern was to have part with him in the same mercy; and with such earnest prayer of soul I awoke; and I think there was not one clear five minutes in all the Friday and Saturday in which my soul was not gone out to God in earnest, prayerful suit for that mercy.

I now began to have some idea of Christ, my burden began to lighten, and I began to have a little comfort; but as to any judgment touching system or order in Divine things, I was but a lump of ignorance and confusion; and as to High Church or Low Church, and the various systems and sentiments that were in the world, I knew no more about them than a child at two years old, as to their nature; nor was it my concern to know which was right or which was wrong; for although I had got but little in my head, I had got the publican's system in my heart, of "God, be merciful to me a sinner." And when the Lord did bless me to obtain the consolation of good hope, the comfort of the Scriptures, and the joys of His salvation, Jonah's system was from that time deeply, immovably, and for ever settled in my whole heart and soul, that "salvation is of the Lord."

But to return to our point. I went three times to the new Baptist chapel on the Lord's-day, in the village of Laxfield, but I do not remember anything that touched my mind in the services of the day, except I felt that through mercy I was brought to be where it was better to be in the sight of God than to sin away the Lord's-day as I had done; and also something touched me with some comfort from the hymns, but the preaching and the praying was but little to me, for my mind was too much and too prayerfully taken up with the Lord that He would have mercy upon me, and bless me indeed, to attend to much else. I kept searching the Scriptures, and particularly the New Testament, which I seemed best to understand; and many parts gave me encouragement; and on the sixth of August the first anniversary was held in the above chapel; and being on the Wednesday, I could not go till the evening, but I went then, and the text was the sixth and seventh verses of the sixth chapter of the book of Micah. And in this service, also, I found but very little take hold of my mind but the text, but that seemed to swallow up my whole soul, and heart, and thought,

for I thought that was the inquiry of a man of God, and I knew that was just the inquiry of my soul, and my desire to do and suffer any thing the Lord might require; and as I had nothing else to give, was ready to give my body up to Him in any way of sacrifice He pleased, if that were required, so that I might have peace with God, escape the wrath to come, and live. My mind was at this time a good deal led out toward Jesus, and to have such views of Him as the Saviour, the way of salvation, and the great sacrifice for sin, and to have such hope in Him as such for myself, that I was greatly comforted, and went home rejoicing in His Name and giving thanks that I was not cut off as I had expected, and that I had obtained that mercy; that at the time I was arrested, and for days after, I never, no never, thought that I should ever be favoured to see, or even anything like it.

But here I would step back and observe that at the time the Lord met me, as above described, I had not one farthing of money in the world, and I had got but an old piece of a Bible, and I wanted a whole one; and as farming man, I had got to go to Woodbridge, a distance of about eighteen miles, with a load of corn, and have a certain sum of money allowed for the expenses of the journey, I stinted and deprived myself of a little that was allowed me, and that was usual to take on the road, so that I saved one shilling and sixpence; and I carried a person some miles on the road, and when she left the waggon, and would have treated me with something to drink, I said, No, give me it in money, and I can get something to drink another time, and you can now take a part of what I must spend where I put up my horses to bait; and she did so, and gave me sixpence. Then I had a back-load of deals to bring for a gentleman who lived two or three miles out of my direct road home, and the day was wet; and when I got there, he said, "Well, John, come; come in and have something to drink, and my men shall unload the deals." But I said, "No, sir, I thank you, the day is wet, and the journey is long, and I would rather get home as quick as I can with my horses." And he said, "Well, boy, that is good; I like to see a man fond of his horses," and he gave me three shillings and sixpence. I was anxious to be getting home; but he thought my excuse for not going in to drink was all out of fondness for my horses; but I wanted the Bible, and I wanted him to give me some money to buy it with, only I dared not say that, for he was not a God-fearing man. Thus I obtained five shillings and sixpence; and as I had heard that there were cheap Bibles to be had at the chapel, I went there on the evening above named, and bought a Bible for three shillings and sixpence; and as there was a collection for the benefit of the chapel after service, I did not know how much it was right for me to give, and so I gave two shillings, which was every farthing I had, and so was again penniless; but not hopeless nor comfortless; and I had got a Bible, and I went home delighted, looking upon myself as one of the most favoured and richest penniless sinners the earth ever bore, or God ever blest.

I had just upon two miles to my home from the chapel; and when I got about half-way home I stopped and turned my Bible about and looked at it inside and out, and hugged it to my bosom, and then with tears of joy, kissed it, as the blessed Word of God's testimony of eternal life for lost sinners through the dear and blessed Lord Jesus Christ; and I have never since had to recall that kiss, as too great an

expenditure of heart affection, joy, and confidence laid out on the sacred Book of my God.

But the next morning after this evening's rejoicing, my comfort in hope and joy in Christ was greatly damped by the thought, Perhaps this may be false joy, and come to just such an end as did my many prayers when a boy. This ran through my mind continually, and again my mind sunk into sorrow, as though the thought was really a matter of fact; and I was increasingly sad the remainder of the week; and Lord's-day came and I went to chapel three times, but I only continued to feel worse; and on the Monday it came very powerfully into my mind as though it was a message from heaven, saying that my prayers were offensive to God; that He would not hear them, and that I committed more sin by them than I should by leaving such praying off altogether; and I left it off on Tuesday, Wednesday, and part of Thursday, with my mind almost drowned in grief and despondency. But on Thursday I could bear it no longer, whether I was cursed or blessed, spurned or embraced, and I got up into the hay chamber, which was over the stable, and there to pour out my whole soul to God, to know whether I was loved with that love, and redeemed with that blood which I read of in the Scriptures, or not; and while I was so praying, the Lord gave me such an overwhelming sense of His everlasting love, such a discovery of the Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, of the God-man mediatorial Person of our Lord Jesus Christ, of the plan of salvation, of the doctrines of the Gospel, and of the general meaning and design of the Scriptures, and of the ordinance of believers' baptism, and of the Lord's Supper as for regenerated persons only, that it was as though a new world of wonders opened upon my soul at once; I was completely overwhelmed with the scene, and my nerves were so shook with the exceeding weight of joy and indescribable delight, that I could only with great faltering and fluttering of voice, cry out, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

It was here that I learned system and sentiment relative to ordinances and doctrines. I had been reading hard in the Scriptures from the time the Lord met with me, but much in the dark as to understanding, and now I seemed to have a living light thrown upon everything I had read. At this time I had consulted with no one, for although I knew many persons who went to the chapel as belonging to the village, but they knew nothing of me in a religious character, although they knew enough of me in a wicked one, and so I had not ventured to speak to any one.

Thus, beloved sister in the Lord, I have given you a few of the leading particulars, skipping over more in the detail than I have stated of the history of my life, and of the work of the grace of God upon my soul up to the time when my soul was set at large in hope, and once and for ever settled in the truth of God that I hold at this day without wavering, and which I have preached now upwards of twenty-one years.

And behold the sovereignty of God in all this; think of the order of my birth, and consider that I am the only one that ever was heard of in any shape far or near connected in my family, that ever openly professed faith in Christ, and that I now stand alone, without any one that I know of belonging to my family fearing the Name of the Lord.

I attended constantly at the chapel in the parish of Laxfield, my

native village; and in February, 1813, I was united to the Baptist Church there meeting for the worship of God, after being publicly baptized. Many of the members thought the Lord had designed me for more than private life in the faith of Christ; and upon a motion put by one of the deacons, the Church appointed in the month of September, 1815, that I should expound a portion of Scripture at the prayer meetings, and which I did to their satisfaction. As our minister left us on the 10th of March, 1816, his family being more than we could support, the Church then requested me to speak to the public congregation, and which I commenced doing on the 17th March, 1816, three times on the Lord's-day, and once in the week, from the table-pew, till the tenth day of the following December, during which time the Church considered me called to the public work of the Gospel ministry, and requested me to take their pulpit for six months, which I agreed to, and entered into that pulpit, in my native parish, on the 14th day of December, 1816. After this they wanted me to be their pastor, but that I could not agree to for some time, because our Lord's words continually followed me about, saying, "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country."

THE LATE MR. AND MRS. HUMMEL.

ON Wednesday, February 9, at 12.30 noon, the mortal remains of Mary Maitland Hummel were interred in the Brompton cemetery, in the same grave as her late dear husband, whom she survived only twenty-six days. A service was held in Grove chapel previous to the funeral, at ten o'clock, conducted by the pastor, Mr. Thomas Bradbury. The people sang the following precious hymns:—

1. "Give me the wings of faith to rise."
2. "Why do we mourn departing friends?"
3. "O God, our help in ages past," and the two following verses:—

"We weep, but Thou hast also wept,
Thy tears o'erflowed at Thy friend's grave,
Such was Thy love to those bereft,
Such, too, Thy mighty power to save;
Thy voice the gates of hell o'erthrew,
And bid the dead his life renew.

Thou art the Resurrection, Lord,
Thy voice shall raise Thy saints who sleep,
One moment, one Almighty word,
The harvest of the just shall reap;
Their bodies raised by power Divine,
Conformed, O Lord of life, to Thine."

Fervent prayer was presented by our brethren, Daniel Clarke, Josiah Crutcher, and the Rev. E. W. Bullinger, of Walthamstow. A sound, solemn, and savoury address was given by our brother George Davis, minister of Woodbridge chapel, Clerkenwell, an intimate and spiritual friend of the deceased, from the words, "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ. Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him" (1 Thess. v. 9, 10). The portions of Holy Scripture read during

the service were Psa. xxxix.; 1 Thess. iv. 13—18. The whole closed with the benediction, which ever fell with sweetness upon the ears and heart of the dear departed one:

“May the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord: and may the blessing of God Almighty the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be with us now and evermore. Amen.”

Mrs. Hummel was a member of the Church of God, worshipping in Grove chapel, Camberwell, of which her late honoured and honourable husband was a deacon. She had a clear apprehension of the truth of God in Christ Jesus, was well established in covenant verities, and was a quick discernor of misquoted Scripture, which she rarely failed to correct.

God's sovereign grace has been at work in her family for generations back. Her grandfather, the Rev. Erasmus Middleton, was an intimate friend of Toplady, and endured much persecution for the Master's sake. He became rector of Turvey, Bedfordshire, where his mortal remains lie in the chancel of the church, near to those of the well-known Leigh Richmond. In early life our dear departed sister was taught in the ways of the Lord by a mother, whose worth and excellencies she ever loved to remember and speak of in terms of true filial fear and devotion. Born, and trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, at Olney, Bucks, she drank in deeply of the Spirit of those precious hymn-writers, John Newton and William Cowper.

Twenty-eight years ago, on January 11, she was joined in marriage to Mr. H. M. Hummel, and our gracious covenant God put His seal of approbation upon their union by declaring to His children with whom they came in contact that they were “heirs together of the grace of life.” Sharers of each others sorrows, and helpers of each others joy they were, for by the faith of Christ they stood. In fact, they knew no other faith but that communicated from their risen and glorified Head.

In the allwise and unerring providence of God they were led to cast in their lot with the despised remnant who worshipped the glorious Three-in-One and One-in-Three, under the faithful pastorate of the Rev. J. W. Gowing, in Boulton-street, Kennington. When that dear servant of God was persecuted and removed from that favoured spot to many, our dear friends were led to the Grove. There they found a resting-place, and were God's servants sent to succour the pastor, Mr. Jay, as they did also dear Mr. Gowing to the day of his death.

God's message of sovereign love to His elect in Christ Jesus from the heart and lips of the present pastor of the Grove was greatly prized by them. The Lord graciously acknowledged it as the means in bringing them into blessed liberty, causing them to say without doubt or presumption, “The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death” (Rom. viii. 2). They were well “established in the present truth,” “heirs together of the grace of life,” and their eager spirits sought to scatter covenant blessings in the pathway of their Father's poor and needy children. Many a God-given tear has been shed over their removal to their sweet home of rest above. The last days upon earth of Mr. Hummel are briefly hinted at in Nos. 181 and 182 of the “Grove Chapel Pulpit.” There, the reader may see that

on the evening of Thursday, January 6, a few of the Lord's loved ones met in his house for the transaction of business, preparatory to the Annual Church Meeting. While he was engaged with his brother deacons and auditors in his room, the Lord led me to read Judges vi. without note or comment. Afterwards I gave a few words which God had given to me for those present. This proved a season of soul-refreshment to dear Mrs. Hummel, for she spoke of it often before the Lord took her home to glory. The next evening, Friday, February 7, we held our Annual Church Meeting, during the whole of which God's peace and soul-prosperity prevailed. Our brother, Ebenezer Carr, read the annual report, and in alluding to those who were present with us last year, whom God had graciously taken to their everlasting rest, quoted these precious words, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world" (Matt. xxv. 34). While the words were read, the head of our dear brother Hummel was seen to nod, as it were, in sweet anticipation of future glory, while his face shone like that of an angel.

The next night he was in heaven. For the moment, the departure of our dear brother was a severe shock to the frail one left behind; but sustaining grace did wonders for her. At the funeral her face beamed with heavenly joy at the thought and blessed assurance that her dear partner's ransomed spirit was wrapped in everlasting glory, bliss, and blessedness. I saw her several times after this. On Monday evening, January 17th, I called to see her, when she bewailed her coldness and darkness, while she knew nothing of unbelief or indifference. Our brother Ebenezer Carr called, and was a sharer with us of covenant provision from the reading of Isaiah l., and a brief season of prostration before the throne of the heavenly grace. My last visit to her was blessed to me in a humbling manner. She was too feeble to bear much mental strain. The Lord moved my heart and tongue to speak to her of His goodness in passing by all fleshly religious appliances, and of His laying aside His loved one in a sick room that He may come with His own still small voice of love and speak comfort and consolation to the heart. She looked very earnestly at me, and said, "I have not heard it much of late." When I arose to depart, as she gently pressed my hand in hers, I said, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." With emphasis she responded, "The Lord bless *you*, and preserve you for His own sake, for His truth's sake, and for Zion's sake."

She mourned her darkness and deadness, yet gloried in Christ her Light and Life. One of her last utterances was in the words of that precious verse by Berridge,—

"If gazing strangers want to know
What makes me sing of Jesus so,
I love His Name, 'tis very dear,
And would His loveliness declare;
A single smile from Jesus given
Will lift a drooping soul to heaven."

During her last afternoon upon earth, she said with confidence, "I know there is settled peace for me." A dear sister, by first and second birth, quoted to her that precious line of Newton's,—

"How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds,"

to which she responded with deep feeling,—

"In a believer's ear;"

her sister, Mrs. Storer, concluding the verse,—

"It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

With a loving sister's anxiety for her peace and confidence in the Lord, Mrs. Storer repeated those sweet words of the hymn-writer,—

"The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

About six o'clock on the evening of Thursday, February 3rd, she fell asleep in Jesus.

"In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints
When yielding up their death.
One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, '*They're gone!*'
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her in her flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe.
And with their Saviour rest.

While they have gained, we losers are,
We miss them day by day:
But Thou can'st every breach repair.
And wipe our tears away."

THOMAS BRADBURY.

P.S.—Mr. Hummel was a member of the Committees of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, and the Trinitarian Bible Society.

THE LATE MR. FRANKS,

THE DEPARTED MINISTER OF BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL, COMMERCIAL-ROAD.

"THE righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness." Such were the solemn words that fell upon my ear, at the grave of our departed brother Franks, late of Bloomsbury Chapel, Commercial-road, where he ministered the Word of Truth for more than eighteen years. Our dear departed friend was well known, and highly esteemed among the lovers of truth. The numerous gathering at the chapel, the scene of our dear brother's faithful ministry, and the still larger, and highly respectable assembly at the grave in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery, Bow-road, testified to the fact, "The memory of the just is blessed."

The services at the chapel were shared by the following ministerial brethren:—Grew, of Brentford; Godsmark, of Camberwell; Silvester, of Norwood; Whittle, of Croydon; Davis, of Woodbridge, Clerkenwell; and Vaughan, of Trinity, Hackney; while a truly fraternal, and sympathetic address was delivered by brother Meeres, of Church-street, Bermondsey. The address at the grave was delivered by brother Vaughan, of Hackney, who bore testimony to the living character of the ministry of our departed friend, as a protest against the unsound teachings of the day; that by

his removal the Church of God had sustained a great loss, more especially that portion where he had ministered so faithfully for so lengthened a period. Thus, on March 1, was committed all that was mortal of a devoted servant of the Lord to the silent grave, in the midst of a numerous and sympathising gathering of friends; some travelling more than thirty miles to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed one's memory.

Our dear brother was born in the early years of the present century, having completed seventy-six years some time since. Of an humble parentage, at the early age of ten he had to sustain a severe loss in the death of his mother, leaving him in the charge of a careless and neglectful father; but he was not forsaken by Him, who had a purpose of mercy in store, yet to be developed. At the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to a baker, a God-fearing man, member of a Baptist Church, and who evinced great interest in our dear brother's spiritual welfare; he joined the Church at an early age, and from thence was enabled through grace to maintain a consistent walk, and conversation, as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Subsequently, when our brother was about twenty years of age, he came to London, where under the faithful ministry of a relative of his, the late Mr. Wanstill, formerly of Three Colt-street, Limehouse, a stronger tie than that of mere natural relationship bound them closely together, even "the Trinity of the Spirit, and the bond of peace." Here our departed friend "grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Our brother's occupation necessitated his beginning work at eleven o'clock at night; having performed his necessary duty, he devoted much time to the study of the Word, and the writing of spiritual letters. His soul was evidently much under the teaching and bedewing of the Spirit at this time. His familiarity with Scripture, and deeply experimental letters, at this period of his life, were much blessed, especially to one aged saint, who attended the ministry of the late Mr. Wanstill. He often said, "He will be called to the work of the ministry, I feel sure, and for this to be made manifest, I am earnestly praying." About this time, our brother used to meet a few of the Lord's poor and living family at a seeking man's house, where he would read a portion of Scripture, and sometimes speak a little, as the Spirit gave him utterance.

In the year 1842 he met with a volume of the late Samuel Eyles Pierce's Letters; replying to a young man relative to the work of the ministry, "That if the Lord had a purpose to call him into the ministry He would open doors for him;" this was much blessed to the soul of our dear brother, who at that time was in great exercise respecting that matter, though he had never mentioned the subject to anyone. From this time doors opened in various directions, and our brother obeyed the heavenly vision. In the order of God's providence he was invited to preach at Bloomsbury chapel, the pulpit being at that time vacant. He was called upon to supply for three months, with a view to the pastorate. His ministry being much blessed to, and appreciated by the members of the Church and congregation, he received and accepted their cordial invitation. He was publicly ordained to the work of the ministry, and recognised as pastor of the Church in February, 1863. He expressed it as his desire, on that occasion, that the union might be life-long; and so it proved, ending his days with the people of his first charge.

In the earlier experience of our departed friend he knew little of the terrors of the law, being led gently into the green pastures of Gospel blessedness, but subsequently he was led more into this in his experience. Although so happy in the enjoyment of that glorious liberty wherewith Christ had made him free, yet he was much and often exercised concerning the article of death, not its consequences, for he knew who he had believed, and felt for time and for eternity it was well; but the mere act of dying, the inevitable parting of soul and body, brought him much exercise; but when the hour of dissolution came there was no anxiety. His illness was but of a few days' standing, and the suddenness of his departure such that, as it was well observed by our brother Meeres in his address, that "before he knew he was in the article of death, he was beyond it." The words of the sainted Irons appear very applicable in this case:—

"The traveller lying down to rest,
The Christian made completely blest,
The labourer gaining his reward,
The servant honoured by his Lord."

"The Lord has been down in His garden of late apparently more than usually frequent, gathering His lilies," as observed in the address at the grave. Every faithful brother removed is a loss to the Church at large, more painfully felt by the portion with which he stood more immediately identified. The weeping widow and family have sustained a loss. The speaker feels he has sustained a personal loss, and can say, "Alas! my brother." The world has sustained a loss; a portion of that salt has been withdrawn that prevents the universal putrefaction that will culminate in the manifestation of the man of sin, even that wicked one, "whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming" (Amos viii. 11, 12), appears to be rapidly fulfilling in our midst. We need put forth our prayer unto the Lord that He would graciously fulfil His promise, "I will give you pastors after Mine own heart, who shall feed you with knowledge and understanding" (Jer. iii. 15). But while we deplore our loss how great the gain of our departed brother.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

VITAL GODLINESS AND ETERNAL GLORY.

"All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too."

TO MY VENERABLE AND VIRTUOUS BROTHER, MR. ROBERT YOUNG BANKS, OF RIVERDALE HOUSE, NEAR THE CITY OF CANTERBURY,—
Everlasting mercies will convey thee safely home, beloved Robert, when thy journeies in the sweet orchards where you travel are all ended, and left behind for ever. Many have heard that, after finishing 75 years in this country, a gentle pressure said to me, "Lay you down and rest awhile." And a certain kind of voice muttered in me (when I finished my last sermon, Sunday evening, February 13, 1881), "Your work is done." And to the pulpit I said, in a quiet way, "Farewell!" But on Monday I arose and went on to work until they called the doctor in, and I was constrained to lay down; a strong and stubborn bronchi

attack seemed to threaten serious consequences. For three weeks now have I been confined to my bed-room ; and through it all, hitherto, I have been the recipient of goodness and mercy, far, very far beyond the power of any pen or tongue to express. I have proved that godliness is profitable in all things. VITAL GODLINESS here is the essential qualifying power for the POSSESSION of eternal glory hereafter. Godliness and glory are bound together by the golden chain of JEHOVAH'S EVERLASTING LOVE, and nothing will separate them.

As soon as I was thoroughly laid down, the doctor asked if I was light-headed. "No," said I. I was quite conscious of all that was going on, but I had what the late Thomas Carlyle called "VISIONS OF THE MIND," &c., and they were, all of them, remarkably instructing ; but I must not write them out now. Let this suffice : No sooner was I prostrate in my bed than godliness wrote, and hung up at the foot of the bedstead, these four words, in large capital letters,—

"THY WILL BE DONE."

And those words of faith, of resignation, and of anticipation, have been the inwrought feeling of my soul until now, of which you may hear more, if God spares your brother,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

"ONLY AN EARTHEN VESSEL ;"

OR,

THE WATERED LILIES.

THE Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parch'd and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The heavenly Master said :
"Wherein shall I draw it for them.
And raise each drooping head ?"

Close to His feet, on the pathway,
Empty, and frail, and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as He gently whispered,
"This shall do My work to-day.

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to Me :
It is small, but it is empty.
And that is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim ;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him !

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again,
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His labour was not in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers ;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before.

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water His flowers again."

AMERICAN PAPER.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST AND OF HIS PRECIOUS BLOOD.

A LINE LOOKING INTO THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL.

"Go to the garden, sinner, see
Those precious drops that flowed,
That heavy load HE bore for thee,
To pay the debt you owed."

JUST rising out of bed to write a line or two (that my readers may know I am still spared), my thoughts run strongly upon four things. First, after serious and solemn review of a long life, one feels appalled at the fact of how easily souls are beguiled into the snares which are laid to catch them, as they are pressing through this world of deception and of death. How very easily was Eve beguiled. Even Judas found no difficulty in betraying our Lord when once Satan had entered into him. Let the enemy of souls get into the will of a man, and the man shall be driven to eternal perdition if almighty grace prevent not. The key which opens up the dark mystery of many of our most wretched scenes lays in that, to us, very dreadful sentence in Job i. 12, where to Satan, "the Lord said, Behold! all that he hath is in thy power" (or hand). Then went Satan forth to his work. Oh, my soul, consider. A man of God, like Job, left in Satan's power. Destruction, like a whirlwind, hurled all Job had to ruin in no time. After many, many years, we are brought to review the way we have come, and, over some scenes in our early life we stand amazed. How could such things ever have come to pass? They come easy enough when once God has left you. Away, then, Satan hurls you, if not into hell he will into some terrific scenes of misery. Oh, sirs, the adversary can make it easy enough to plunge into the darkest gulph when the permission is obtained. Let us take heed, dangers stand thick on every hand to hurl us down to death.

Secondly, if sin is easy to run into, it is the most difficult, the most absolutely impossible thing ever to get rid of. Sin is a black, fast-sticking plaster that you never can tear off. Has Adam's sin ever been forgotten? Is not Cain's murder of his brother posted up all the world over? David, Peter, and millions more have groaned, wept, sorrowed, smote upon their breasts, and condemned themselves for sin. But sin committed is a **STANDING FACT**; it is written in the earth; you cannot get rid of it. A dead man, a blind man, an unconverted man may smother over, and, in a measure, forget his iniquities, but when God lights up a man's soul with the light of a Divine life, then, in such a case, a man's sinnership is never blotted out of his memory here. Read the third chapter in the lamentations of Jeremiah; that chapter belongs to the Church of Christ here, as much as any other chapter in God's Book; many of the Lord's dear people are up to their chin in the experience of that chapter, "Remembering mine affliction and my misery. The worm-wood and the gall, my soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me."

Sin is never easily got rid of!

Our **LORD CHRIST** could do anything easily, until He came to the getting rid of sin. Then, in that, the heaviest of all His works, He found trouble and sorrow.

Our Redeemer went on obeying the law, it may be, comparatively easy. He overcame Satan in the wilderness with majestic dignity. He called whom He would to come to Him, and they came. He cast out devils. He raised the dead. He healed all manner of diseases with the word of His godly power. But when the hour and power of darkness drew near, when the whole weight and burden of the Church's sin and curse, and death fell upon Him, when the sword of Divine justice did awake against Him, when the cup of wrath was presented to Him, when it pleased the Lord to bruise Him, and to make His soul an offering for sin, oh, then how He rolled ! how He became bathed in a bloody sweat ! how He cried, " My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ? "

Our LORD CHRIST, sirs, found it dreadful work to get rid of sin. He only got rid of sin by giving Himself up to the stroke which laid Him in the silent tomb. Of all that Joseph Hart did write, methinks his masterpiece is here:—

" Come, at length, the dreadful night,
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God.
See, my soul, thy Saviour sec,
Groving in Gethsemane.

View Him in that olive press,
Squeez'd and wrung till whelm'd in blood !
View thy Maker's deep distress !
Hear the sighs and groans of God !
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Oh, what wonders love hath done !
But how little understood !
God well knows, and God alone,
What produced that sweat and blood.
Who can Thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane ? "

Now Hart brings in the application, the appropriation, the laying hold by faith of this bleeding Substitute for the soul's redemption. Faith speaks with holy composure,—

" Here's my claim, and here alone—
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
No, not one good work to plead;
Not one glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane."

There, in connection with CHRIST being made a curse for us, on the cross of Calvary is our sin removed.

The third line of thought which I was exercised with was the insignificance, the apparent worthlessness of much of that *playing with religion*, that trafficking with the name and cause of our wondrous Lord Christ, so common now everywhere. Even old Daniel Smart, at Isaac Beeman's " Providence," has tea meetings now. Supposing these to be necessary, as the times go, is it not melancholy to reflect upon the paltry, party, jealous, dividing, rending, scalding, scattering, slaying spirits which exist in " our Churches," as we call them.

As far as their contemptible slaughtering goes, I do feel I have nothing

to fear. Grace has brought me nearly to the end of the journey; and, as on my sick bed I lay, the good lines came rolling over my soul,—

“Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds their raging power.”

Thus almighty mercy holds me up, but to witness the contentions of men, the poverty of the ministry, the rolling in of the Romish and the Arminian streams; these fearfully weaken our Zion, and fill the hearts of many with grief.

Fourthly, the richest, the deepest, the most sacred remedy for all outward calamities, for all inward sorrows, the most precious balm of all balms, of all cordials, of all comforts, of all mercies, of all reliefs, of all refreshings, is to be favoured to have the ETERNAL SPIRIT fulfilling in your own soul that promise the blessed Redeemer gave us, when of the COMFORTER JESUS said, “He shall take of Mine, and shall SHEW IT UNTO YOU.” Ah! then, that becomes your own. It is a kind of Patmos scene. It lays between your own soul and the Lord Himself; and it raises you above all doubt, all suspicion, all fear, all shyness, all carnality. Yea, it makes you at home with the Lord, and heaven itself is very near.

Something of this was in my soul’s enjoyment when going to Bow to speak on the precious blood of Christ. You know that mountainous, that globe-like text in Luke xxiv. 27, where, when Jesus was going with the disciples to Emmaus, it is said, “And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, He expounded unto them

“IN ALL THE SCRIPTURES
“THE THINGS CONCERNING HIMSELF.”

From this I was led into the Book of Chronicles; and something of what I there saw of the Person of the Son of God, and of His precious atoning sacrifice, shall come to you next month, if the condescending mercy of the Lord will spare your obedient servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, March, 1881.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY GEORGE COWELL, AUTHOR OF “WAYSIDE NOTES,” &c.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I can no longer refrain from writing you a few thoughts that are welling up in my heart as I rise from the perusal of the February number of the EARTHEN VESSEL—a little well-filled vessel that is very acceptable in my household. And just let me thank you for your kind and telling review, some months back, of my volume of “Wayside Notes.” Ah, my dear friend! it is my life’s solace to know these “Notes” have been made a blessing to thousands of the Lord’s own, not merely in this country, but in other lands far away; in Australia one dear man has been accustomed to read them to gathered ones at cottage meetings for years; and I am now corresponding with a dear saint of God in the United States, who also draws many around him for the same purpose. And with the deepest humility, yet thankfulness to God, I can say that I have not written a single article for the

last twenty years but what I have received a testimony, or testimonies, that the Lord has accompanied such with His blessing to the refreshing and comfort of precious souls. But I forbear upon this point, lest it should savour of the flesh. I will only add my expression of thankfulness to you also for your reference to my "New Year's Joy Song."

And now turning to the number of the EARTHEN VESSEL referred to. I am indeed surprised to learn that no memoir of that honoured servant of God, the late Mr. James Wells, has been written. I knew him when I was a young man, and have a vivid recollection of one circumstance which was important in my experience. When an apprentice I was, so to speak, thrown into the mixed company of a group of believers, unbelievers, and nothings-at-all. Among the company was a free-will minister and James Wells. These two had been in warm contest upon the doctrines of free-grace and free-will, when the free-will, looking round upon the company, as if certain the impression his point would make upon them, said emphatically, "Well, I sum up my religion in these words: 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;'" and the Ah! was breathed forth by many. Never shall I forget dear James Wells, as with a smile upon his countenance he responded, "And so do I, *with God's addition*, for it is *God* that worketh *in you* to will and do of His own good pleasure." I know not what the others felt, but the truth had at once flashed in my mind and melted my heart; the words were of everlasting blessing and benefit to me. Many times during the life of that dear man of God have I walked long distances to hear him preach the truth. There were giants in the truth in those days.

Well, I trust his memoir will be published; but this £ s. d. pressure seems so often the difficulty, and we scribblers know not a little of this matter. I fear my long-cherished hope that my works might be published and left as a legacy to the Church of God will have to be abandoned from the same sordid stop-lock.

And now, dear friend, I must not trespass further on your time. I have heard you preach the Gospel when you knew it not—one very precious opportunity in a little Baptist chapel somewhere just out of the Mile-end-road many years ago, and again in Suffolk. May you be spared to us, if the Lord's will, for many years to come, still to lade the EARTHEN VESSEL with the treasures of heaven.

Yours, in best bonds,

Shobnall Grange, Burton-on-Trent, Feb. 19, 1881. GEORGE COWELL.

"PREACH THE WORD."

2 TIM. IV. 2.

PLAIN PAPERS.—NO. I. BY W. WINTERS, WALTHAM ABBEY.

THE Apostle Paul, writing to the saints at Philippi, remarks that "some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some also of goodwill." The one preach Christ of contention, the other of love. "But," says Paul, "whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." The two classes of preachers herein named are still in existence, and both are useful in preaching Christ, although the result in the soul of each respective preacher is not by any means identical. The one labours

willingly and lovingly for the good of souls and for the glory of God, irrespective of earthly gain, and is blest in the deed; the other labours simply by constraint, fulfilling an office imposed upon him, and in which lies his temporal reward. The language to all God-sent men is, "Go ye 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" (Mark xvi. 15, 16).

The subject of preaching to sinners has for years past been much controverted, and extreme sentiments have been advanced with no little rancour by men of high doctrine and those of low doctrine. The first-mentioned men are charged as being unfaithful in not preaching to sinners; the other class, in order to escape general censure, have adapted themselves to "the great want of the age" (?) by preaching to *saints* one part of the day, and to *sinners* the other part. Some well-disposed people have greatly objected to this unwarrantable system, and have consequently only attended public service once a day, when *saints* were preached to, as they do not wish to be ranked as *sinners*. In another community a "one man ministry" is not acknowledged to be according to truth, consequently such do not believe in anyone being specially and distinctly called to preach, although their services in their rooms are generally carried through by men of means who have the gift of utterance. Others are more definite in their ministrations, and preach to saints only. But God has concluded all mankind (Jew and Gentile) in unbelief, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; hence the Divine commission before given (Mark xvi. 15, 16) is perfectly understandable to all right-minded men, and consistent with the views of those called "Hyper-Calvinists," who believe the *whole Gospel*, and shun not to declare it openly to all men or classes of men, whether they will bear or forbear. The Gospel is to be preached to sinners, as they are in continual need of the virtue of Christ's blood, and as none are without sin (1 John i. 10). 'Tis true the Hyper-Calvinists cannot do many things which some think they can and *ought to do*; they cannot tell ungodly men what they *ought to do* by way of making their peace with God, for such teaching would militate against the honour and truth of God. They tell them (the ungodly) not how strong they are, but how weak they are, and unable to perform good works without spiritual life. This is not stated with the supposition that mere moral persons, who are naturally intelligent and well-disposed, have not power to render great external help to the cause of Christ. They have their use in this respect, as the scaffolding is useful in the erection of a building, but is no part of it, so are they to the Church. The inability of the unconverted to do anything worthy of God's acceptance does not exempt them from being kind and beneficent to the Lord's poor, for all men have benevolence, but all have not beneficence, the former being the *desire*, the latter the *practice* of doing good; nor does their inability to perform good works exempt them from the just claims of God's inflexible and holy law. Why then, says some, is a law given which is impossible for man to keep entire. It is given to show the purity and holiness of God, and what His demands are in point of satisfaction to His own honour and justice, and which shows, also, the preciousness and suitability of the Lord Jesus as the only Mediator between God and poor sinners.

This little note is the outcome of some conversation just held between the writer and one of Mr. Spurgeon's students.

Church-yard, March 4, 1881.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

AWFULLY TRUE!

MR. BATTERSBY ON THE PRESENT CORRUPT STATE OF THE CHURCHES. The public ministry of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was a prophetic delineation of the different phases, or progressive stages, through which the Church would pass during the revolving circles of the Gospel dispensation. The parables delivered by our Lord were so many sublimely eloquent pictorial plans or prophetic outlines of the successive conditions of the economy of grace; and he will be esteemed a wise man who can work out the mind of God in these "dark sayings," rightly dividing these heavenly problems, wherein the work, the warfare, and the wondrous mysteries of "THE CHURCH" (in her external appearances, and in her internal powers) are wisely expressed. We have no space nor mind now to discourse upon the parables. ARE THEY NOT MUCH NEGLECTED? *The Leaven which a Woman Took*, is the title of a sermon preached by MR. BATTERSBY, the vicar of St. James, Sheffield, and is published by C. W. Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street; and, if it is worth anything, it is worth ten times the price for which it is sold. It is a masterly piece of composition; it is a concise review of the parables altogether; but of the "leaven which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal," we believe Mr. Battersby has given an indisputable revelation of the deep mystery hidden therein. Mr. Battersby opens the parable by the Word of God. The leaven represents that which is erroneous or corrupting; it is something *very bad*. The woman is "the mother of harlots." Of the hiding of this leaven in three measures of meal we give a few of Mr. Battersby's own words. He says: "There is death in every pot in which there is no Gospel. The Gospel is the meal (2 Kings iv. 38—41). The word for meal in my text means 'ground flour;' a very fit emblem of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which has been so admirably prepared for the sustenance of the saints. Now, if we take this 'ground flour' as setting forth the Gospel, then we shall regard the 'three measures,' or pecks, as the quantity which each Person in the Trinity has contributed to the Gospel. The Gospel is the outcome of the everlasting and sovereign love of God the Father. The Gospel has for its centre the atonement and blood-shedding of Jesus Christ. The Gospel is revealed and

effectually applied to the sinner's soul by the Holy Ghost. Has not the apostate woman concealed leaven in each measure of this ground flour? Has she not done all she could to discountenance the sovereignty of the Father's election of His people in Christ Jesus before the world began? Has she not and does she not now seek to glorify fallen man as sovereign in his salvation? And does she not try to hide leaven in the atonement of Christ when she speaks of Christ's death as only making salvation possible? And does she not put leaven into the Spirit's measure when she speaks of 'baptismal regeneration,' of 'man's free-will,' and 'carnal powers?' You may know the woman by what you hear preached from the pulpits. 'The strange woman' will be impudent, daring, and damning, if persons do not fall down and worship at her shrine. But the 'poor, persecuted woman,' will desire to know her loving Father, that she has victory over every foe through the 'blood of the Lamb,' and that she is under the teaching, guiding, and glorifying influences of the Spirit of God. The children of the Most High know the taste of the 'ground flour.' They have fed upon Christ in the Gospel as the 'Bread of heaven.' They have eaten angels' food, for Jehovah has sent them meat in abundance. Lord, evermore give us this bread, which is made of pure 'ground flour' and of the 'finest of the wheat.' Now for the effect—till the whole was leavened.' Here is assimilation. The leaven in due time shows itself in its corrupting effects. If you take any part of the leaven of which I have spoken, it was small and apparently insignificant at the first. But now look abroad at all the professing Christian Churches. The Church of Rome was once a Church of saints, and beloved of God. But what is she now? If she looks beautiful without, what is she within? The mystery of iniquity is inscribed upon her forehead. Her anathemas and curses, her sales of indulgences and pardons, her pride and arrogance, her idolatrous worship of images and saints, her sacramental confessional and crimes, her forgeries and falsehoods proclaim her as 'the woman with the golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornications.' She is 'full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.' And what can we say for the Church of England? With her Ritualism, with her priestcraft, with her ecclesiastical

nummeries, with her processional exhibitions, with her latitudinarianism, and with her hosts of indifferents. There was a time when she contended for the faith once delivered to the saints, and counted not her life dear to herself, that the Gospel of the grace of God might be preserved in our midst. But now, I fear, she is fast becoming 'the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.' If you look again at the Christian sects, as they are called. Do you find anything better in them? Alas! alas! In one sect reason is deified. In another the Godhead of Christ is denied. In a third there is no Holy Ghost. In a fourth the inspiration of God's Word is ignored. And in most, if not in all of them, there is a proud-pursed Diotrephe who loveth to have the pre-eminence. The words of my text are verily fulfilled in the professing Christian Church of the present day: 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.' If the explanation of the text which I have just given you be Scriptural and true, then is it not a time for testing and trying professing Christian Churches by the Word of the Lord? What saith the Scriptures?" We say to all honest Christians, Read, and circulate Mr. Battersby's sermon on the leaven.

Christ's Joy Fulfilled in His Disciples.

A sermon by Evan Edwards, Pastor of Baptist Church, Torquay. London: Elliot Stock. In a lovely spirit, in choice language, and with a sacred aim, Mr. Evan Edwards shows us, as far as it is possible, what constitutes the supernatural joy of our Lord Jesus Christ, and how that joy may be fulfilled in, and realised by, His divinely-sanctified disciples. The subject of this discourse, then, is completely out of, and far above the common, the stereotyped, the parrot-repeating sermons of many in these days of *unthinking talk*. If a minister has his Master's joy fulfilled in his own soul he will, in the main, so preach the joys of Christ and of His salvation, as to be the means of lifting up the souls of the people into the felicity and holy fellowship of the eternally glorious Son of God. We look at that thirteenth verse of the seventeenth of John's Gospel with a renewed and heavenly delight. See, our Lord is talking to, and anticipating being soon with His FATHER—"And now come I to Thee." But His loving heart is with His disciples to console them; and referring to His then present and to the whole of His future ministry,

through the Holy Ghost He says, "and these things I speak in the world." For what purpose? "That they might have My joy fulfilled in themselves." Oh, precious, testing language! Sit we down under a minister? Does Christ through that minister, by the blessed Spirit, "speak these things" to us who are yet in the world? Then the Saviour's joy shall be our joy; and to love, to honour and serve Him shall be our supreme delight. Evan Edwards, of Torquay, we thank you for this Christ-endearing discourse.

Dr. Doudney gives us soul reflections on reaching his three-score and ten; and to all such lively and CHRIST-adoring disciples the Doctor's "drawing forth" of his own emotions will be refreshing. As we have passed by the half-way between 70 and 80 we look upon the good editor of the *Gospel Magazine* as quite a youngster; but we shall both, in a little while, vacate our offices and our works in this world, leaving them, it may be, in better hands. From all we can gather, however, changes are fast coming over this nation. The solemnities of the divine revelation are covered over with pictures, and with play-things. Well,—

"God's purposes will ripen fast.
They're unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
Sweet will be the flower."

As we fluctuate between recovery one day, and decline another day, of course to us all here is uncertain. We have sat down by faith in Psa. xci. 15—"He shall call upon Me" (that we have done) "and I will answer him" (that the Lord has done). Now, what the two promises mean we have to leave. "I will deliver him, and honour him." If they mean a little more work here, or a lifting up to a higher blessedness, either must be well.

A Good Man. A sermon by Mr. Morris, of Ipswich, for the late Mr. James Webb, who commenced his ministry at Ebenezer, Stonehouse, and after a life of changing scenes fell asleep January 23, 1881, aged 78. Nothing neater or more highly respectable could be desired than is given us in this funeral memento, which is published by Elliot Stock. The preacher, the printer, and the pen-and-ink portrait of the deceased are all so good that criticism must be silent. A peaceful life, and a rather sudden and unconscious death, with, we hope, an abundant entrance into glory, were the merciful favours of this departed minister of Christ.

We have received several volumes, magazines, &c., which our space this month will not permit us to notice.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

WANDSWORTH.

OPENING OF NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL.

One of the most happy and auspicious occasions ever recorded in the historic annals of the Strict Baptist Church at West Hill, Wandsworth, was fully consummated on Tuesday, Feb. 22, 1881, in the opening of the new chapel at West Hill, to which the whole of the Church and congregation removed, far from the noisome and sepulchral meeting-house so long held near the unsavoury gas-works and the continual rumbling and hoarse screams of the "iron horse" at Waterside. The new building, like "Mount Zion," is "beautiful for situation," and of which Haggai's words are literally and strictly *appropos*, "The glory of the latter house shall be greater than the former;" and it is to be hoped that it will be a standing and lasting monument for ages of the goodness of God, and in which the distinctive doctrines of discriminating grace in all their untarnished splendour and inexpressible potency and sweetness shall be realised by thousands yet unborn, when the immortal spirits of the present worthy deacons and members shall range the blissful plains of the golden city of many mansions.

Two years since, when we first saw the building known as the "Skating Rink," it seemed morally impossible that a well-proportioned chapel with convenient vestries and suitable frontage could be constructed out of such an edifice. However, it is done, and a neat and commodious house of God it is; and which reflects great credit on all the hearty toilers connected with it.

Brethren Drane, Cooper, Mulliner, Tomlins, Brittain, and other officers, were well engaged through the whole day; and many lady members and friends have been very kind and active in the great work.

The services of the day were preface by prayer, and a right happy meeting it was, the friends having gained the ear of the King of kings. A very powerful and weighty discourse was delivered in the morning by Mr. John Hazleton, based upon "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen" (Phil. iv. 23). Mr. Hazleton made many striking remarks on the complexity of Christ, the glories and excellencies of God manifest in the flesh, and enlarged upon his subject, considering two or three things embodying the precious doctrines of Christ, in conjunction with which he expressed his love of sound doctrines to base experience upon. He spoke also of the grace needed, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," without which God could not fulfil His purposes in blessing poor souls, and in bringing many sons to glory. The Divine operation implied was the last head under which the preacher spoke well of Christ's exaltation, and of His virtue, and what it was to be filled with all the fulness of God. Thus untolding the beautiful apostolic

benediction, he concluded with some timely references to the word ALL—significant of the Church's unity, including ministers, deacons, members, young and old, and the words were applicable, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." Many friends were then regaled with a substantial repast.

Mr. Formau, of March, preached in the afternoon from Psa. xeviii. 1, and discoursed in a very interesting manner on the marvellous works of God, the variety and adaptation of all things produced by the Divine fiat to the use and end for which they were designed. The marvellous mercy of God in the salvation of sinners was a theme into which the preacher launched with considerable power and meaning, and dilated briefly on the marvellous triumphs of the Gospel effected by God, the sum and substance of the new and never-ending song. A large concourse of friends received an excellent tea.

In the evening, before service, Mr. Draine announced his regret at the absence of Dr. Cooper, who was appointed to the chair, but was prevented from being present on account of his state of health. Mr. J. L. Meeres presided. Mr. Higham led the way with a suitable hymn; Mr. Rayment offered prayer; Mr. Meeres read Psa. lxxvii., and gave a short address on the providence of God in leading the people, and in opening the way for a new chapel. Mr. Tomlins read the report, which was drawn up in a concise and praiseworthy manner. Mr. Forman addressed the friends on the true worth of prayer in connection with spiritual prosperity. Mr. Styles spoke excellently on doing good and seeking good. Mr. Box dwelt with some effect on the new position into which the friends were brought, and exhorted them with all possible charity to walk worthy of the Gospel of Christ. Mr. Box was very urgent in setting forth the real need of pecuniary help in placing the chapel free of debt; many heartily responded. W. Winters remarked on the necessity of Christian unity in maintaining a definite standing and in contending for the truth. Mr. Cooper, son of Dr. Cooper, gave appropriate words respecting the new chapel as a place of refuge, and expressed his cordial sympathy with the friends. Mr. Hall spoke on the salvation of God. Mr. Copeland reminded the friends of the streams of mercy flowing from the sacrifice of Christ typified in the dedication of the temple. Mr. Bennett on the work of Christ in the soul.

The hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," with the benediction, brought the happy services to a close. To God be everlasting praises given. Amen.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH, Providence Hall, Boundary-road.—We are filled with much

joy and thankfulness to the Lord for His blessing, which evidently attends this newly-planted garden of grace. Our truly-beloved ministering brother, Mr. David Vernon, in a note, says: "MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I thought you would like to know how we were getting on at the Providence meeting-hall. We baptized two on Sunday, February 27, 1881, mother and daughter; the mother about 70 years of age. I never saw anything so beautiful in my life, when they came out of the vestry together; the dear aged saint led the way, and the daughter (a true Mary) followed; every heart was moved; the father ought to have been there, for a more upright Christian man I have never seen; but the fear of rushing where angels fear to tread kept him back. 'GOD IS WITH US.' At our meetings He graciously condescends to acknowledge us with His presence. Our deacons, who are truth-loving, gracious men, are diligent in every good work, working together for the furtherance of the Gospel. The Church is united as one man; praying for the welfare of Zion. The ministers, so far as God gives them ability, preach the Gospel, whether men will hear or forbear. May He who is the salvation of Zion give us increase, that His holy Name may be magnified, and the purchased flock be brought into the fold of Christ, is the earnest prayer of yours in the bonds of truth, D. VERNON."

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LOCKWOOD, NEAR HUDDERSFIELD.—REHOBOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL. It appears a long trial to us as a Church and people, our beloved pastor, Mr. William Crowther, being so long detained from us by affliction; but we would ever be thankful for the blessing which the Lord has made him unto us for so many years: and hope, in patient prayer, the Lord will yet restore him to us again. Oh, dear C. W. Banks, what changes we have seen in our Rehoboth! How many have taken their flight to the universe of light even since you were here; and not a few of our friends are prisoners at home by illness of some degree. This Winter has been severely keen; it has tried us. Oh, for the refreshing showers of heaven to revive us. Turn we now to the merciful side. Our "Good Shepherd" has neither forsaken nor forgotten us. Our pulpit has been supplied by sound-hearted and truth-testifying brethren. Our Church is thankful for the ministering brethren Butterworth, Beacher, Taylor, Stansfield, Thornton, and others, who lovingly and faithfully declare unto us the true Gospel of God. Our valuable deacon, Brother Dyson, gave the New Year's tea to a nice gathering on January 29, after which Mr. Dolby, of Slaitwaite, gave us a discourse from the words, "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house," etc. (Num. ii.). Mr. Dolby earnestly contends for the "Grand Old Gospel" you write of so frequently, which we are glad to see; and we shall give you a hearty welcome when you can come, and be unto our souls as the mouth of the Lord.

MR. SIMEON EMERY,
ONCE OF MALMESBURY.
HIS SOLEMN BUT PEACEFUL DEATH,
IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

[Our zealous and beloved ministerial brother, Mr. Daniel Allen, forwards us the following most melancholy, yet grace-magnifying epistle, for which we return him the genuine thanks of our heart. Our aged readers who knew Simeon Emery will both grieve and rejoice.—C. W. B.]

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Love, mercy, and peace to you from Him, and to your readers. How truly solemn are the ways of God with His people! An aged brother, by the name of Simeon Emery, realised the following end of his mortal days yesterday, January 24, 1881, in the following way. The *Sydney Morning Herald* says:

An accident of a most distressing nature occurred on the tramway yesterday. The spectators were struck with horror and amazement at seeing an elderly gentleman on the side of the cars being dragged under the wheels, and uttering the most agonizing groans. The motor went about 30 or 40 feet before it was brought to a standstill. It was then seen that the unfortunate man was jammed between both wheels, and that his legs were almost severed. An immense crowd of persons gathered almost immediately, and assistance was freely rendered to extricate him from his dreadful position, which was done by means of screwjack, lever, &c. As soon as he was got from under the wheels he was placed in a cart and taken to the infirmary, where he received immediate attention from the whole of the medical staff. Upon examination it was found that he had received a double compound comminuted fracture of both bones of both legs below the knees—in fact, both limbs were so dreadfully cut and crushed that no hope whatever was entertained that he would survive; and he died at about 9 o'clock last night. His name is Simeon Emery, and his residence was at Mount Avon, Woollahra. Those who witnessed the occurrence from first to last state that the whistle had just sounded when Mr. Emery endeavoured to get into the car; but being an elderly man (79 years of age) he was unable to spring up on to the car before it moved on, and the result was that he missed his footing, his legs slipped under the wheels, and he was dragged about twelve or fourteen yards. No blame can be attributed to the guards, as both were attending to their duties when the accident occurred. Deceased was formerly a Baptist minister, and had officiated in England in that capacity for a period of 30 years; while in this colony he officiated in a similar position for over 20 years. He was a native of Wiltshire, England.

Thus ended the race of life and love, and the fight of faith, by this venerable brother, so well and so long known in our Churches in England and in this colony.

I was by our brother's side soon after the solemn visitation took place, and remained with him until his spirit left him, and his mutilated frame, and in holy quietude took its flight to the realms of endless bliss, to be for ever with the Lord.

As to the means, they are small things in my eyes, and very immaterial, though I know they are very great in little eyes, which can perceive all kinds of judgments, calamities, and retributions in the solemn circum-

stances by which God removes some of His saints from earth to heaven. Well, I do not profess to know so much as these people, nor to have such sharp piercing eyes as they have. I am content to see Jacob yielding up his ghost into the hands of his redeeming Angel with all the surroundings of friendly, family, and home comfort, in the holy tranquility of heaven's peace. And also John, I see, in the hands of the same dear covenant God, within the walls of a gaol, with his head severed from his dear body by ruthless hands. John is as dear to our Lord as Jacob, every wit as dear. The straightest way for "a foolish thing," is to conclude, as of old, "It is the Lord. Let Him do as it seemeth good in His sight." "Another shall bind thee," said Jesus to Peter, "concerning by what death he should glorify God."

So that the circumstances of our venerable brother's death is but the outflow of the Lord's sovereign will. Sitting by his side, after the wheels of the car had taken off his feet above the ankles, and the doctors afterwards above the knees, I said, "Now, dear brother, is the time to grasp by faith this lovely truth,—

"He who formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree."

He said his faith clung to that holy truth, though he had no great ecstasy or joy of soul. I need but add, "His days were determined, the number of his months were with his God, who appointed his bounds, that he could not pass" (Job xiv. 5).

In the presence of his mortal remains, we sang this solemn, soul-supporting truth—namely,—

"Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till He bids I cannot die.
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

Let this suffice for the solemn manner of his death; and let me now inform you of the state of his mind. He has been very happy at times during these last five or six years. Sometimes he has come into the vestry after service, and kissed me, and told me it was the blessed Gospel of the Lord Jesus which I had been preaching, and that his soul was happy in the love of the Lord. Sometimes he would say, "I never was so happy in all my life." At other times he neither looked happy or felt so.

The last two Lord's-days he was with us he was very comfortable in his mind, and only 25 hours before the solemn event happened he joined with us, in the house of God, in singing,

"Should all the hosts of death
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace."

Thus, with these sentiments and feelings, he left the Lord's earthly courts to walk the golden streets of the temple of glory. Twenty-six hours after this I was by his bedside, just after his legs had been cut off. He was as

conscious as ever he was in all his life; therefore, he knew me. He told me that he told the doctors that he would not drink their brandy, as he did not want to die drunk. I asked after his state of mind, when he said he had no great enjoyment, but that his soul was resting on the finished work of the Lord Jesus. A brother said the following verse had helped him many times,

"Here let the weary rest,
Who love the Saviour's Name;
Though with no sweet enjoyments bless'd,
His covenant stands the same."

Our aged brother said that was his state exactly. When I was alone with him, he put his arms around my neck, and in grief said,

"And can He have taught me to trust in His Name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?"

I replied, No, for,

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

After this manner he continued talking with me and other dear brethren until about half an hour before his spirit left us to be present with the Lord, when the chief nurse said to him, "You must not talk any more to-night, you may talk to-morrow." He answered, "I shall sing to-morrow." From this I saw he knew he would die in the night, and be singing in heaven the next day. These were his last words, for I let him alone at that point, and in the soft stillness of the valley of the shadow of death, leaning on the Lord's rod and staff, he closed his eyes to earth, and opened them on His God. He fell asleep in Christ.

I attended the inquest, as you may see by the enclosed. We then had his mortal remains coffined and taken to the house of one of his children, and from thence to the house of the Lord, and then to the grave, in which we buried his dear wife five years ago. A great number of the members of the Church, with various members of his family, followed him to this his last resting-place, there to remain until the Lord shall come again from heaven to raise him from the dead.

I was assisted in these services by Pastors Hicks and Hibbard, who were long acquainted with our brother. Our brother Emery wished me thus to write you of this close of his pilgrimage on earth. I have complied with this his wish as briefly as possible. I do hope the Lord may bless this solemn event to us, to you, and to your readers, if it be His holy will. We, too, must soon pass the river which rolls between us and the Paradise of God.

"Hail, blessed time; Lord, bid me come,
And enter my celestial home;
And drown the sorrows of my breast
In seas of unmolested rest."

With sympathising love to you, and my beloved brethren in England,

I remain, yours in the Lord,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, Jan. 26, 1881.

A SACRED SCENE!

FUNERAL OF MRS. JAMES WELLS.
dictated by the late Minister of Surrey Tabernacle.

On Tuesday, March 1, the mortal remains of the beloved widow of the late Mr. James Wells were laid in the grave with those of her much lamented husband, in Nunhead cemetery. We entered the grounds shortly after 3 o'clock, and found some hundreds of friends gathered together to show their real love to the departed. We looked into the cold grave and saw the coffin of the late minister of the Surrey tabernacle. We thought of that wonderful assembly at his funeral, nine years ago; it was the same bleak month of March; ministers from every part of the kingdom, and lovers of a free-grace Gospel met by thousands, expressive of the deep love and esteem they felt for one of the greatest champions of Strict Baptist principles that ever lived.

Mrs. Wells's funeral *cortège* was arranged to arrive at 3.30; very shortly after it was seen approaching. The hearse was drawn by four horses, followed by eight carriages, containing the relatives of the deceased, the deacons of the Surrey tabernacle, and the committee of the Ladies Benevolent Society—of which Mrs. Wells had been president for many years. The cemetery chapel was crowded, many friends could not gain admittance. Mr. Forman, of March, Cambridgeshire, read appropriate Scriptures, and fervently prayed that the blessing of the Almighty might rest upon the bereaved mourners. The procession then moved on to the grave. The coffin (which was of polished oak) being laid,

MR. MEAD GAVE A SHORT ADDRESS.

He began by referring to the bitter cold wind, and said it would be very unwise of him if he kept the friends standing there more than a few minutes; but this was one of those occasions on which a few words must be spoken. "It is now nine years, this same month, that we met here at the same spot to show our attachment to our beloved minister. That ever-memorable day will never be forgotten by those that were here. We are not called upon to grieve for the departed as one that was taken in the middle of life. The late Mrs. Wells was very nearly fourscore years of age. For upwards of half-a-century she knew the Lord; although she was the honoured wife of the honoured pastor of the Surrey tabernacle, and for many years was favoured to listen to his discriminating ministry, still she was never one of very great assurance. I might sum up her experience in these words, 'She hoped in the mercy of the Lord.' She never got much beyond that; she was always of a very tender conscience, and would never profess to feel what she did not; but those of us who were favoured to talk with her always found that she was a hopper in the mercy of the Lord. There are tens of thousands that hope they are right; they hope in a kind of general mercy, that when they come to die it will be well with them; but to have a good grounded hope four things are essential: First, a

knowledge of the nature of the atonement; for without this knowledge a man's hope has no solid foundation. Now, the departed had this knowledge. She knew that the atoning blood of JESUS CHRIST was the only atonement that was of any real use. Secondly, there must be a knowledge of the sovereignty of this atonement. The departed knew this also, for she felt that if she was saved it must be the sovereign act of GOD. Then, thirdly, there must be a knowledge of the need of this atonement, for without a felt need there will be no prizing this precious atonement. Then, fourthly, there must be a cleaving to the truth, and those who knew the departed know how strongly she cleaved with all her soul to those precious truths. We cannot have the shadow of a doubt but that on the last great day her body will arise, 'when these vile bodies shall be changed like unto His glorious body;' and we believe there is laid up for her a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give unto her; and not to her only, but unto all them that love His appearing. If it be in accordance with His holy will, may such be the happy lot of all in this assembly. Amen." Mr. Stringer closed with a few words in prayer.

WALTER KEAST.

TRUE LOVE IN THE CHURCHES,
WITH PURE SYMPATHY.

[Every morning has brought us affectionate notes of condolence like the following. To all the beloved friends we return deeper feelings of gratitude than any words can express; and some small, still voice constrains us to believe we shall see them all again.—C. W. B.]

MY DEAR MR. BANKS.—The Church and congregation of the Providence Baptists worshipping in Boundary-road, have expressed an ardent wish that a letter of condolence should be written and sent you. They desire to express heartfelt sympathy with you in your affliction, and earnestly pray that you may soon be restored to take your place in the Churches.

You occupy a position which, if you should be removed, it will be difficult to fill. Such a kind and sympathising nature is not frequently met with, so calculated to strengthen the bond of union, and inspire us with courage. All hearts were so knit to you at your last visit, and occupying such a peculiar position in regard to us, having formed the Church, it is our desire and prayer that you soon again may be about your Master's business, and that a gracious God may, in His kind providence, permit us again to see your face in the flesh.

This, my beloved brother, we are all convinced of: whether living or dying, you are the Lord's. Sincerely hoping the consolations of Israel may be yours, and when the time shall come there may be given you an abundant entrance into His most excellent glory.

(Signed on behalf of the Church and congregation), Sincerely yours,
 DAVID VERNON.

A TRULY GOOD AND GODLY MAN GONE TO GLORY.

A brief memoir of the life and death of my dearly-beloved father, Mr. R. Minton, who fell asleep in Jesus, at his residence, 94, St. John-street-road, Clerkenwell, February 16, in his 82nd year.

"Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

He was born in the parish of St. Marylebone, on August 11, 1799, of godly parents. At about the age of seven years they removed to Upper-street, Islington; he then attended the services held at Islington chapel, under the late Mr. Jones, and his first impression was made from hearing a sermon preached from the following text, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." In the course of time he was led to attend the ministry of the late Mr. Boulton, at Spencer-place, by whom he was baptized when about nineteen or twenty years of age; his father, mother, and brother William (late of Mount Zion, Hill-street, Dorset-square), and his wife, being members of the same Church. After the death of Mr. Boulton, Mr. Peacock accepted the pastorate; and about the year 1825, circumstances arose which led him to attend at Red Cross-street, under the late Mr. Jonathan Franklin, where he remained a member for sixteen years, out of which he was ten years a deacon and leader of the singing. After the death of Mr. Franklin, Mr. Whittaker was accepted as minister, not hearing him acceptably he left, and attended the ministrations of the late Mr. J. A. Jones, at Jireh chapel, Brick-lane, circumstances transpired which caused him and others to leave there, and from which the present Church at Chadwell-street has sprung.

HIS AFFLICTION.

My dear father was seized with paralysis, May 19, 1880, which affected his mind, and almost bereft him of speech, which not only made his affliction painful to himself but to us as a family, having at times to point to different things before we could understand his desires; we were compelled, as it were, to think for him. After this period he could articulate a little, if only a word at the time, which we tried to catch with the greatest eagerness. We often asked him if he was happy, he would say, "Oh, yes; oh, yes!" and where he was resting, he replied, "On the Rock."

Myself, with the assistance of my dear mother, having had the honour and privilege of waiting on my precious father, saw him gently fade away. We feel sure at times he experienced very happy seasons. He was a sweet singer in Israel, and loved the songs of Zion, of which he had many favourites. About a fortnight before his death I was reading Psalm xci., which he seemed to much enjoy, and said, "My God for ever and ever;" a day or so after that he frequently said, "Precious blood, precious blood." My dear mother said, "Yes, dear, that blood which cleanseth from all sin,

"His precious blood did once atone,
But now it pleads before the throne."

He replied, "Oh, yes; oh, yes!" February 7, he was seized with a very great trembling, we immediately lifted him into bed, when he fainted away, and did not recover consciousness until five o'clock the next morning; from that time he laid almost prostrate, until Wednesday, February 16, while we were standing round his bed-side a most heavenly smile illuminated his dear face; a minute or two after, at a quarter past one o'clock, his ransomed spirit took its flight, to be for ever with the Lord. He was always a most ardent and sincere lover of the truth, and was kept strictly steadfast in his walk and conversation in the Church, and in the world, and was beloved and respected by all who knew him. May our dear mother, and we, his two only daughters, whom I trust have been purchased by redeeming love, walk out our profession, and be ready, as he was, with our lamps trimmed; and when we come into the solemnities of death, fall asleep in Jesus, as our dear father did, without a struggle or a sigh.

His mortal remains were taken, February 23, to our chapel, Mount Zion, Chadwell-street, Clerkenwell, when our dear pastor, Mr. Hazelton, spoke a few remarks relative to his Christian and spiritual character; from thence we proceeded to his last resting-place, the family grave at Highgate cemetery, our dear pastor officiating. On the following Lord's-day a funeral sermon was preached from Job v. 26: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

AMELIA LAURA.

The following letter of condolence was sent to my dear mother from the Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches:—

"DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST,—As the representative committee of this Association, we desire to express to you, in the tenderest manner, our fraternal sympathy in the bereaving providence of our heavenly Father under which you now mourn. To most of the brethren comprising this committee, your beloved and now departed husband, Mr. Minton, was for many years well known. His sterling character, consistent conduct, and unswerving adherence to the principles he held as a believer in the distinguishing doctrines of free and sovereign grace, were pleasingly manifest in a long life of loving devotion to the Church of Christ, and won for him a high place in the regard and esteem of all who knew him. We fervently hope that in the remembrance of his useful life as a partaker of Divine grace, and humble follower of the Lord, and the profitable service he rendered to the cause of God and truth, will prove a solace to your widowed heart, now that the Lord has bidden him 'Come up higher' and enter upon the rest, towards which he had long looked, and during the painful affliction, and increasing infirmities of his latter days, so ardently desired as the fruit of redeeming love. We also pray that the Lord, the Comforter, will vouchsafe unto

you in your deep sorrow, that support and consolation which His Divine Word and presence can so richly afford, and enable your stricken spirit for the exercise of that resignation to His holy will in this bereavement, expressed by the poet:—

“‘Though cast down I’m not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken,
Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.
By Thy hands the boon was given.
Thou hast taken but Thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore Thy will be done.’”

“With sincere wishes for your temporal and spiritual welfare, and that of all dear to you. We are, dear sister in Christ,

“Yours in the bonds of covenant love,

“JAMES LANE MEERES, President.

“JOHN BOX, Hon. Sec.

“The Vestry, Sebo chapel, Oxford-
“street, February 24.”

BERMONDSEY. — LYNTON - ROAD SUNDAY-SCHOOL. — The twenty-first annual meeting was held on March 10. In the afternoon Mr. J. S. Anderson preached from Romans viii. 1; after which the friends partook of tea, provided by the teachers. In the evening a public meeting was held under the presidency of Albert Bouldon, Esq., of the Surrey Tabernacle. The report mentioned the resignation of Mr. Joseph Beach as superintendent, and the appointment of Mr. Thos. Knott. Mr. Joseph Beach, in moving the adoption of the report, spoke of the good Sunday-schools were, as a means whereby the Word of God was instilled into the young. Mr. Box, in seconding the report, spoke of the instrumentalities of Sabbath-schools, and gave some excellent advice to the teachers. He exhorted them to let the children in their classes discern that they themselves were affected by the Word of God, and their influence would certainly have its effect. Mr. Clinch spoke of his experience as a scholar in a Sunday-school, and Mr. Cornwell said, he could not understand why there should be a lack of teachers, and expressed a hope that those who were in the school would stick to the work. Mr. R. A. Lawrence said he had very strong opinions about Sunday-schools. In the history of this school, they had abundant proof that the Lord owned the work of Sunday-school teaching for the purpose of calling His dear ones out of nature's darkness, but even in a moral sense he believed the children were bettered in life by the lessons they received. “If you want to keep down taxes,” he significantly remarked, “support Sunday-schools,” for he believed the Word of God was the great enlightener of nations, and therefore the spread of it must result in a blessing upon the nation generally. Mr. Thomas Knott spoke highly of the teachers, and of the oneness existing between them. Mr. Meeres, Mr. Levinsohn, and Mr. Piggott also addressed the meeting, which was altogether a very pleasant and successful one, and was brought to a fitting conclusion by the whole congregation singing the Doxology.

NEW-CROSS.—ZION CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL. — The second annual tea and public meeting of the scholars was held on Thursday, February 24, when about 300 scholars sat down to a very substantial tea, provided in the school-room and vestry. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, attended by parents and friends, the pastor, Mr. J. S. Anderson, presiding and opening the meeting in the usual way. He then called on the senior deacon, Mr. William Matthews, to address the scholars, stating he was the founder of the “cause,” and had been connected with it for more than forty years. Mr. Matthews gave some deeply interesting reminiscences of his early days, which were listened to with great attention by the youthful audience. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Mr. Charles J. Porter, and the two superintendents. The chairman stating that he had received letters of regret from two of the deacons, Messrs. Topley and Freeman, who were unable to be present through temporary indisposition. The addresses were interspersed with some excellent singing by the children and teachers of a selection of hymns under the leadership of the much esteemed secretary, Mr. W. J. Nash, to whom very great credit is due for the successful carrying out of this interesting gathering. At its close oranges and biscuits were distributed to the children before leaving the meeting.

THE NEW MINISTER AT REGENT STREET CHAPEL, CITY ROAD.

A correspondent has favoured us with the following note on the new minister of Regent street chapel, City-road:—Since the lamented death of the late Mr. E. Vinal, the pulpit has been supplied by various men of truth, and amongst them Mr. W. Sinden, who at his first Lord's-day services showed that he was a man of no mean parts. And after preaching for a few times on Lord's-days and Thursday evenings, he was appointed by the Church to preach for three months, commencing this year, with a view to the pastorate. Our young brother commenced his labours at a bad season of the year, but the attendance is now much improved. It was only to be expected that some of the old saints, who had been fed under the ministry of those eminent men of God, Mr. Geo. Abrahams and Mr. E. Vinal, should feel that they wanted an older ministry, forgetting the message the apostle Paul wrote to his dear son in the faith, Timothy, “Let no man despise thy youth.” Mr. Sinden is not a youth, but a man who has arrived at years of discretion. The sweet and experimental Gospel that he from time to time is enabled to preach, must commend itself most especially to the tried and exercised children of God. When he takes a text, he keeps to it, and gives something for the poor soul to carry home, and by the Holy Spirit's influence on the heart to feed thereon and grow. Exercised and tried souls who want a lift by the way, go and give him a hearing.—W. T.

THE HISTORY AND THE END OF A GRACIOUS MAN.

Mr. John Pentelov, the subject of this memoir, was born August, 1828, at the Manor House, Raunds, and was the only son in a family of seven children. His parents being strictly moral, he used to accompany them to the house of God; but in his youthful days showed little signs of being a subject of grace. As a farmer, he was very diligent in his business, and undertook to manage for his father, ultimately became his successor, and afterwards purchased the farm, which had been holden by the family for three successive generations. After the death of his mother in 1837, the family left the Established Church and became regular attendants at the Baptist chapel; and when a Sabbath-school in connection therewith was first mooted, he took a very active part in its formation. He became a teacher, the superintendent and treasurer thereof; and those servants of God who have come to preach Sunday-school anniversary sermons, generally found a home under his hospitable roof.

Our departed friend was not a man of a bold, daring, presumptuous spirit. Whatever may have been his views of Gospel truth, he certainly was free from antinomianism. He was no great talker, yet loved to converse with the children of God, with whom he would compare notes, and was very anxious to gather up every evidence calculated to answer that important question which with him was ever uppermost, "Am I a child of God?"

In the Autumn of 1875 he presented himself to the Church a candidate for believers' baptism, was accepted on the confession of his faith, duly baptized and raised to the deaconal office the following year, which office he actively sustained till the month of November, 1880. When called upon by the Church to relate some of the Lord's dealings with him, his call by grace, and the reason of his seeking to be united with them in Church fellowship, his great grief was that he could not, like some of the blood-bought children of God, tell the time and place where the Holy Spirit directed the arrow first to enter his soul; he was one of those who never could sin cheaply, nor remember the time when he did not at least occasionally feel the necessity of prayer. As a member of a Christian Church, he set an example worthy of our imitation. Although possessed of a good measure of this world's goods, he ever sought the company of those, however poor, with whom he could converse freely about spiritual and heavenly realities. But in the closing scene of his life the grace of God shone most conspicuously. He had for several years a scirrhus in the side of his neck, which, however, caused but little alarm until about Midsummer last year, when it began to assume a far more serious aspect. He made use of every possible means to remove the disorder, but without avail. In the month of August last year, he went to Yarmouth, accompanied by his beloved wife and his sister, Mrs. Gross, of Caldecote;

but though his visit was somewhat prolonged, he gradually grew worse. He next sought the advice of a London physician, who, when he saw the weak condition of his patient, put the very best construction he could upon the case, and so raised a little hope of his recovery. But he secretly conveyed the mournful intelligence to a member of the family that the dreadful cancer would soon do its deadly work.

In the month of November he again went to London, accompanied by his medical attendant, to consult another physician, who very quietly told him it was an hopeless case, he could do him no good, to which our departed friend replied, "It is as it pleaseth God; and I know if it is His will, it is best." When arriving at the railway station homeward, while sitting in the waiting-room meditating upon the past and anticipating the future, he was compelled to give vent to his feelings by singing his favourite hymn, which seemed to breathe the very sentiment of his soul,—

"We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?"

On the first Lord's-day in November he attended chapel morning and afternoon; at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper he took his place as usual, and, though great weakness of body was clearly manifest, he seemed determined once more to take round the elements. This he did, while most of us felt certain that it would be his last act of service in the Church militant on earth.

From this time he got gradually weaker, and soon was obliged to take to his bed entirely. Articulation being very difficult, he could not converse much with those friends who visited him, and for several weeks before his death he was at times quite unconscious, so that not many of his last utterances could be collected; but though unconscious to all business matters, he was ever conscious in regard to spiritual and eternal matters, often spending many hours together in earnest prayer, so that his attendants felt it a pleasure to be with him.

He had a very tender regard for his dear wife and children; but was enabled by grace to leave them to Him who has promised to be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless. On the evening of January 31st, it became quite evident that his end was near. As usual, many hours were spent in prayer; and at an early hour on the morning of February 1st his happy spirit took its flight to the God who gave it.

On the following Saturday his mortal remains were laid in the parish church-yard, to await the resurrection morn, when the sound of the last trumpet shall awake the sleeping dead. A vast crowd assembled to witness the parting scene; expressions of either deep sorrow or tender sympathy marked the countenances of all present.

The burial service was very solemnly performed by his pastor, A. J. Margetum, who evidently felt very keenly the loss of his friend. The following Sunday evening a

(funeral sermon was preached in the Baptist chapel, by the pastor, from Hosea xiii. 14, to a full congregation, many being present from the villages round, who had come to pay the last token of respect to one whom they very highly esteemed. In the death of our departed friend, the sorrowing widow has lost a devoted husband, the dear children a tender parent, the Church an active deacon, the poor of the flock a constant friend; but our loss is his eternal gain.

H. NUNLEY.

Raunds, February 24, 1881.

SEASONABLE AND SOLEMN SENTENCES.

DEAR SIR,—I was sorry to read in the EARTHEN VESSEL of the illness of your dear father. I hardly know whether, when we consider his age, and the work which devolves upon him as an editor and a minister of the Gospel, we should be anxious for his restoration, or whether we should not better employ ourselves in praying for that Divine support in his behalf which will fit him for his affliction, and increase his desire for more immediate communication and intercourse with the Fountain of all his mercies.

To return to health and strength would be a return to the battle-field, and I am sure, in this day of strife and contention, it is desirable to resign the sword for the laurel of victory and rest. We shall never see perfection in the militant state of the Church, but it is ours to promote and cherish brotherly love among the true followers of the Lamb. Assimilation of mind, based upon spirituality of thought, is the true source of union. But, alas! how few employ themselves in such an engagement.

I wish your afflicted parent the experience expressed by the holy apostle Paul (Rom. xiv. 8): "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

With Christian regards,

I remain, yours truly,

GEO. SKRELES.

Watford, March 6, 1881.

MR. R. BANKS.

A CUP OF CONSOLATION.

BELOVED OF GOD,— I am to you, personally, almost a stranger; but, sometimes, helped to believe that I am not quite a total stranger to that precious Gospel I have heard you preach. The first time, some years ago, at Mayford; once since then at dear Charles Turner's place, Ripley; and last May at Horsell Common in the evening. There, in your prayer with your Divine Master, you seemed caught up into the third heavens. I have been much exercised in mind concerning writing to you; but finding by this month's EARTHEN VESSEL you were prostrate in body, I could find no rest in my spirit until I had sought the Lord at His mercy-throne, on behalf of His dear servant who was sick;

beseeching Him to still spare your useful life for the furtherance of the Gospel, and for the good of His dear Zion. And I trust I had warm and free, and near access thereto. Oh, my dear one, how I love to prove that assertion of the apostle, where he says, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened," and then adds, "not that we would be unclothed, as if he should say, not that we desire death, simply as death; for sure I am that death, or the results after death, will be most solemn and terrific to all those who die out of Christ, and when under the accusation of the devil," plunged into soul darkness, pressed down with gloomy doubts and dismal fears, how I dread to meet the ghastly foe; but, if the Lord in the greatness of His mercy, is pleased to rekindle a living hope, piercing through the dark veil of flesh and sense, then, for the time being, things wear a different aspect.

Oh, how sovereign is God the blessed Spirit in His sacred influence! God's prophet Amos, in speaking of the same, setting forth the Church of God as His husbandry, and the benign influences of Jehovah the Spirit, says, "One piece was rained upon, and another not." I often think how dim the sight, and how little the knowledge God's dear children possess, down here, of what awaits them above. It is true, as the apostle says, "here we see through a glass darkly; but there (or then) face to face;" there,—

"Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sit,

And spreads eternal noon,

No evening there or gloomy nights,

To want the feeble moon."

No, my dear one, no pain nor sorrow there.

"No aching hearts, no aching heads,

No farewell scenes, or dying beds."

The Lord, in the greatness of His mercy, make all your bed in your sickness, and may His Divine consolations be neither few nor small with His dear messenger, and when patience has had its perfect work, once more restore you to be with us a little longer, is the groaning petition and desire of one that loves you in the uniting bonds of Gospel ties.

"It is the Lord whose matchless skill

Can from affliction raise

Matter, eternity to fill

With ever growing praise."

CHERTSEY.

[Bless God for this.—ED.]

BOSTON.—"A Sigher for the Heavenly Glory" on pilgrimage, was led to Bethel, in Trinity-street, Boston, March 6; heard Mr. John Bolton preach, and saw him baptize some of the loving followers of the Lord. "A Sigher" says, You tell "C. W." the Strict Baptists are not dying out! If our Great Advocate would send the Churches in Lincolnshire a few ministers filled with His own Spirit, flocks would gather round them. Mr. Editor, I travel, and hear, and watch, and I dare to tell you the Churches, like myself, are "sighing" for ambassadors who have their credentials from the high court of the Almighty; men so clothed with salvation that they shall make the saints to shout aloud for joy.

HACKNEY ROAD.—On Tuesday, February 22, I walked into Shalom Chapel, in the Oval, Hackney-road, having seen a bill announcing the pastor's settlement, who for twenty-one years has sustained his position there; and an excellent meeting it was. Tea was provided by the committee of ladies, who gave their labour and the provisions free of expense, so that the pastor might have the entire proceeds. Mr. Thomas King took the chair, and commenced by reading a Psalm. Mr. Lee engaged in prayer, which was spiritual and encouraging, full of entreaties of blessings on pastor and people. Mr. Branch gave a very interesting address on the "Brook Besor" (1 Sam. xxx. 10), encouraging to the Church and pastor. He was followed by Mr. Holden, who gave us a most soul-stirring speech from the words, "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the Word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 7, 8). Mr. Langford followed in the same strain, and found plenty in the words, "Jesus Christ," to occupy the whole of his time, and truthfully stated that if the question be asked from member to member, "What was Mr. Myerson's text last Sunday?" the answer would be, "Oh, he told us about Jesus Christ." Mr. Levinsohn, with his usual warmth and energy, having expressed his great attachment to, and his appreciation of Mr. Myerson, his late pastor, gave us an inspiring speech upon "Moses' Rod." At this juncture of the meeting, the chairman suggested that the congregation should have the opportunity, in a tangible manner, of expressing their love to their pastor. The collection was then made, which amounted to £10 3s. which was presented by his senior deacon, Mr. Mobbs, after which addresses were delivered by Mr. Lodge and Mr. Osmond. This very happy meeting was then brought to a close by singing the doxology. We are glad to be able to state that the pastor is in good health, and is enabled with his usual zeal and fervour, to preach the pure unadulterated Gospel of God; and it is great cause for gratitude that in these days of declensions there are yet left to us such bold and gifted men, who will dare to declare the whole councils of God, whether men will hear or forbear.—T.

UPPER HOLLOWAY.—WEDMORE-STREET CHAPEL. This chapel is certainly not one of the most aristocratic buildings in the respectable locality of Holloway. It is, nevertheless, clean, and in a measure comfortable, answering the purpose for which it was recently designed. It is highly gratifying to see our brother H. Boulton thoroughly established as pastor of two years' standing, in a locality where his ministry is likely to be greatly acceptable. Mr. Boulton, together with Mr. P. Jones, Mr. J. Thorn, and other friends, are contemplating the erection of a new chapel in due course, and we wish them hearty success in their undertaking. A fund for that purpose was started last October, and by the co-operation of the lady friends it has

at present worked well; help, of course, in this direction is greatly needed. Brother Boulton is an honest, outspoken man, and is worthy of the support of all lovers of free and distinguishing grace. On February 27 and March 1 the second anniversary of Mr. Boulton's ministry was commemorated. Mr. J. Box preached in the afternoon from Isa. lii. 13. In evening W. Winters, presiding, called upon P. Jones to read and pray, after which very savoury addresses were delivered by Messrs. Cheshire, Hand, Osmond, Evans, White, Boulton, Jones, and Rayment. The usual thanks of the meeting was expressed, which terminated the very happy and profitable services.—W. WINTERS.

LINCOLN.—Sacred service was holden in our great city cemetery on March 1, 1881, when our minister, Mr. William Simpson, officiated at the funeral of brother John Pitt, who, on February 23rd, was seized by death suddenly, never opened his eyes or spoke any more, but departed on the 26th. A numerous company gathered at the funeral, for John Pitt, who had reached his sixty-eighth year, was a most exemplary, quiet follower of the Lord. He walked almost in silence, and much in a low frame, yet was he beloved both by the Beaumont Tee people and Mr. Simpson's friends. After visiting his sick chamber, our minister, Mr. Simpson, said the verse came into his soul expressly,—

"Poor and afflicted, Lord, are thine,

Among the great unfit to shine;

Yet, while the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange."

[We thought Wm. Simpson and John Pitt were suited companions, for both of these brethren have walked, worked, and followed Christ in the City of Lincoln for years, respected and honoured, in much solitary sorrow, crucified unto the world and the world to them; but alive unto God, by Jesus Christ. John Pitt's happy soul will sing better now than ever].

PLYMOUTH.—"A quiet walker, who never communes," furnishes hopeful signs. Omitting prophetic anticipations, one fact is safe, "Howe-street pastor and people worship quietly; enjoying the foretastes of that home, where no dividing elements can disturb!" O! "the REST that remaineth for the people of God!" We have, in gentle measures, had a sip or two of late. Let us covet more earnestly a loving fellowship with our great High Priest. A Christ-embracing faith alone can enable you to "rest in the Lord, to wait patiently for Him; for He will bring it to pass."

KINGSTON.—PROVIDENCE.—Shrove Tuesday, our brother Joseph Shrimpton walked to hear Mr. Styles preach from "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It was a time of hearing for soul-profit. We are glad of it. When souls so long exercised, yet sustained, as Joseph has been, when such honest pilgrims can hear the Master's voice through the servant, it proves that the COMFORTER is still with His children. Oh, praise the Lord for every spiritual blessing.

EDGWARE-ROAD.—Second anniversary of the assembling of the Strict Baptist Church in Shouldham-street chapel, in connection with the pastoral ministration of Brother William Carpenter, was celebrated by services on Sunday and Tuesday, February 27 and March 1, 1881. We have frequently heard from impartial witnesses, who have gone to Shouldham-street occasionally, of the blessing they realised in the services, and from the sermons of that somewhat independent, outspoken, thoughtful, and wisely-dissecting preacher, Mr. Wm. Carpenter. Providence prepared him for the people, and provided the people for him; hence unity, peace, steady prosperity, and help by the way, follows the cause, as will be seen from the extracts here given of the report read at the public meeting by that devoted friend and deacon, Edward Harris, Esq., who said: "My highly esteemed and beloved brother in the chair, our ministerial brethren, and Christian friends, we are happy to meet you this evening, and we desire to acknowledge and recognise the good hand of our gracious triune covenant Jehovah bringing us thus far on in Christian fellowship and in the Gospel bonds of peace. We trust our esteemed brother who presides over this meeting, with our ministerial brethren and friends, will find our dear Lord and Master's presence is with us, and that the meeting, under the Divine blessing, may tend to encourage and cheer us on in our work of faith and labour of love, for truly our heart's desire and prayer is, to see the Lord's cause and interest to prosper here abundantly. Our expectation is from the Lord, who hath graciously helped us hitherto with His promised blessing. We have felt His special favours here unanimously—both pastor and people have had much real cause to rejoice together. We were favoured last Sabbath with consoling and glorious subjects for the needy ones. We will just notice the text. Our beloved Mr. Hazelton brought forth into very blessed prominence, for the morning's discourse, that grand text, 'I will work, and who shall let it?' Our dear pastor's text for afternoon (forming a golden link), 'That thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth, and to them that are in darkness, Shew yourselves.' Our highly esteemed Brother Styles in the evening that glorious Scripture, 'The eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms,' all showing, as wise master builders, and valiant men of Israel, the grand superstructure of Jehovah's temple of mercy, and that it shall be built up for ever. How truly blessed are the Lord's chosen family! Our hearts went up with a shout, 'The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!' With great pleasure we refer to the ministry of our beloved pastor amongst us, which has been greatly blessed, to the building up and confirming the faith of God's dear people, also the means of gathering others to cast their lot in with us as fellow-travellers to our Father's house above. We can truly say the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our Refuge, and we think confirming our last year's motto-text, 'For in due season we shall reap, if we faint not; making good the lines,—

'That they that reap, and they that sow,
Shall everlasting triumphs know.'

Our simple report of last year's proceedings were kindly recorded by our venerable brother, Mr. Banks, in the *VESSEL*. We regret his absence this evening, especially hearing of his severe illness. Our motto-text which hath followed us for the present year is that one we think of more than gold's worth, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee.' We trust, under the Divine teaching of the Holy Comforter, this blessed covenant text will abide with us; having Christ found in our hearts it will serve us as our heavenly watchword, and by precious faith and prayer we may enter into its sweetness, and close the year, D.V., with,—

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

On the Tuesday, Mr. Reynolds gave the afternoon discourse; Walter Howe, Esq., presided. E. Beazley besought the Lord to crown the meeting with His blessing. In a note of this meeting, it is said: "Our worthy chairman, Mr. Howe, is a perfect model in his conducting the meeting with geniality and liberality for the cause of truth. Our ministerial brethren made excellent speeches. Our collections and donations enable us to reduce the debt down to £250. We can truly say, 'What hath the Lord wrought for us!' Our Brother Meeres gave us a good hearty cheer with brotherly love. Brother Steed was lit up with fiery zeal out of the abundance of his warm heart; his remarks were telling. Other brethren followed, making it a happy season of fellowship and communion with saints in the courts of the Lord's house. Let his dear Name be praised, and let the earth be filled with His salvation and glory. Amen."

PECKHAM RYE.—**HEATON ROAD CHAPEL.** Our beloved brother, James Clark, and his friends at Zion chapel, held special service on Lord's-day, March 13th, when the pastor, Mr. Clark, preached in the morning, and Mr. Osmond in the evening; and two very enjoyable services were held on the following Tuesday. Mr. John Hazelton preached in the afternoon from Job. xv. 8 (first clause), "Hast thou heard the secret of God?" This profound and comprehensive text was handled in a manner quite peculiar to the preacher, who appeared on the occasion thoroughly master of the line of thought he had adopted, and was throughout as equally Scriptural as he was logical; and our regret with regard to Mr. Hazelton's sermons constantly is that they are not taken down entire and published in a cheap uniform edition, which would be worthy of a place on the study table by the side of the Bible of every reading minister of the Gospel. Mr. Hazelton, in the course of his excellent sermon, illustrated the subject mentioned in the question put by Eliphaz to Job, charging him with self-justification, "Hast thou heard the secret of God?" The thoughtful preacher withdrew from Job and Eliphaz, and touched upon the doctrines of grace as the foundation of all genuine Christian experience, and dwelt with great argumentative force on the secret

of the being of God known in some measure experimentally to the Christian, who, when considering God as a self-existent Being, together with the indivisibility of His Person and essence, and the greatness of His operations, he (the Christian) is in wondering mazes lost. The speaker passed carefully on to notice the secret of God's will in reference to His Divine decrees; also the vastness of His grace concealed in His own Divine mind, which is equal to that which is revealed, inferring that He, the Lord, had not revealed the whole of Himself to His creatures. The worthy preacher, in his closing remarks, gave some very judicious hints to men who dabble in unfulfilled prophecy; and spoke of some of the promises which God will undoubtedly fulfil in relation to the afflictions of His people, and in connection with their death. After this able discourse, the friends were refreshed in body with a substantial tea. Mr. James Lee, of Bow, presiding, called upon Mr. Rayment to engage in prayer; this having been done, Mr. Lee, in his mild and genuine manner, made a few appropriate remarks on the value of Christian love and vital experience; and introduced the speakers of the evening, as also their respective subjects. W. Winters spoke on the Bread of Life; Mr. T. Stringer on the Water of Life; Mr. W. Webb on the Promise of Life; Mr. J. Bennett on the Tree of Life; and Mr. N. Oakley on the Crown of Life. Mr. Clark spoke a few words expressive of his sincere gratitude to God and the friends for marks of kindness shewn to him on the occasion of the meeting. Brethren Wadsworth and Goldsack, deacons, expressed the thanks of the friends to the chairman, and to the ministers for their kind support, and Brother Haines, of Homerton, concluded with prayer. — W. WINTERS.

HADLEIGH.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Sunday morning, March 6, Mr. B. J. Northfield administered the ordinance of believer's baptism to two persons, and, although the chapel was full, perfect order prevailed. After a discourse, which was anxiously and attentively listened to, founded on the words of our Saviour, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved," Mr. N. proceeded to administer this solemn ordinance, addressing suitable words to the congregation, and then to the candidates, who, like the happy eunuch, went on their way rejoicing. Others are anxiously waiting to follow the Lord in His appointed way, and our desire is that He may constrain them by His mighty love to come and cast in their lot with us. The Lord is thus blessing this Church and people, and with humble gratitude would we exclaim, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

MINISTERS GONE.—Mr. Stedman, the late pastor of Robert's-bridge Baptist church, was buried at Brighon, by his friend C. Sharp, on January 7, 1881. — Mr. John Cooper, late of Wattisbam, Suffolk, died February 22, 1881, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

LIMEHOUSE.—COVERDALE ROOMS. The eleventh anniversary of the formation of this cause was held on March 7th. An excellent number of friends sat down to tea, and everyone seemed thoroughly happy; and if they were not, it was not for the want of kind waiters and plenty to eat and to drink. It would immensely gratify us to see our brother, F. C. Holden, the pastor, in a chapel more equal to his true worth. The day, it is to be hoped, is not far distant when the Lord of the Church will fulfil our heart's wish in that respect, for we love our brother as a servant of Jesus Christ. A public meeting was held in the evening, Mr. Holden presiding; Mr. Lodge offered prayer, and the pastor gave a short opening address on the nature of the meeting, and the Lord's mercy enjoyed by many under his ministrations. Mr. W. Webb treated in a highly spiritual manner Christ staying the issue of blood. W. Winters followed with remarks on healing the leper; Mr. Osmond spoke well on Christ calming the tempest; Mr. J. Clark was potent and pungent on Christ strengthening the impotent man; Mr. Myerson was inspiring and definite on the majestic theme, the raising of Lazarus to life. Mr. Lodge gave some few homely hints on feeding the multitude, which provoked our risibility, and much general good feeling. Mr. Kemp conducted the service of song, and with many young friends sang select pieces during the service, which gave great satisfaction, and tended to cheer the meeting and relieve the speakers. — W. WINTERS.

M A I D S T O N E . — P R O V I D E N C E SUNDAY SCHOOL, MOTE-ROAD. We held anniversary of the school, Wednesday, March 2nd. At tea-meeting all did heartily join; then our pastor, Mr. G. Webb (who takes great interest in the young), distributed many prizes to the children, whose recitals were edifying and encouraging. The school is now reorganised by a committee of the pastor, the deacons, and Church members, all working harmoniously together. Our teachers (the greater part being members of the Church), and a gracious man as superintendent, spare no pains to benefit the children. I have never seen such hopeful times before. With our pastor at our head giving us counsel and encouragement, we hope the work will prosper. — J. LAMBERT.

Birth.

February 25th, at York Cottage, Bideford, North Devon, the wife of J. E. Hoskins of a son. March 23rd, wife of Mr. G. J. Allen, of Ossery-road, Old Kent-road, S.E., of a daughter.

Death.

In loving remembrance of Elizabeth, the wife of James Buckingham, of 80, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, who departed this life Feb. 21, 1881, aged 60. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

On March 1st, Mrs. Weller, wife of the late James Weller, Baptist minister, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Her end was peace.

The Rose of Sharon full of Blossom in the Solitary Place.

"The Wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. IT SHALL BLOSSOM ABUNDANTLY."

"Bless God! I hear a still small voice above life's clamorous din,
Saying, 'Faint not, O weary one, thou yet mayest enter in;
That city is prepar'd for those who thro' grace do win the fight,
Who tread the wine-press, till its blood hath wash'd their garments white.

That city hath no darkness, nor any baleful flower
Shall there oppress thy weeping eyes with stupefying power;
It lieth calm, within the light of God's peace-giving breast;
Its walls are called SALVATION, the CITY'S NAME IS REST!"

MORE than forty years have I walked about this tremendous wide-spreading London, and as I have seen its Churches falling, its new sanctuaries rising, all its once famous ministers departing, and its armies of new aspirants everywhere springing, I have been humbled in my soul to find myself still spared, still employed, still in love with every sacred and solemn movement and effort to carry forth the Gospel, and still clinging to the promise, "Him that cometh unto ME I will in no wise CAST OUT!"

Lately, I have been looking about Clerkenwell. What this forest-like part of London was only about a century since, I have read in well-authenticated history. What it is now seems to verify the truth of the ancient prophecy, "The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them!"

"Glad for Them!"

Who are they! Let us, for the confirmation of our faith, look at Clerkenwell, as it was when a waste howling wilderness; then at the means God mercifully raised up for its partial reformation; and lastly, without being too inquisitive, inquire (in a Gospel sense), Does the Rose of Sharon fully blossom here?

What Clerkenwell was a century ago is not to be fully written by me. Such scenes of wickedness and woe one cannot, dare not, here attempt to record. Thousands of guilty immortals must then have been driven away in their wickedness, never, it may be, having heard the sound of Christ's voice either in the Gospel or in their own lives! "Hockley-in-the-hole," its "bear-garden," and the raw, ruinous haunts all around, formed "a waste, howling wilderness," "a horrible pit of noise," of confusion, of wickedness and ruin, beyond all description dreadful.

Those timorous souls who deprecate the present age as "an awful age," cannot surely have ever fairly considered what was the moral condition of London, and its now crowded suburban districts, only even a century since. It bespeaks much ignorance, ingratitude to the great Governor of the world, and a spirit of unhappy bigotry, not to recognise the wonder-working hand of a merciful Providence in turning many a dreary desert into a fruitful field. That there were many extraordinary,

deeply-sanctified and noble-minded ambassadors for Christ, and sound and heavenly-instructed commentators and expounders of the mysteries of redemption in those days I most gladly admit, but, as John Bunyan wisely writes, God has provided His men according to the necessities of His Church in the dispensations through which she is called to pass. In His infinite wisdom, He gave His people a race of "altar-men," men like Goodwin, Owen, and others, who deliberately, carefully laid down the fundamental doctrines of the cross, a kind of Pauline students and labourers. Then came "the *building* men," men who, instrumentally, did contend for the ordinances and practical privileges of a New Testament order of Church unity and of godly consistency.

What is left for these latter days is the gathering out of the growing masses, the election of grace, the bringing into the "*large house*" the different vessels, some of which prove to be "vessels to honour," some, alas! "to dishonour." Yet, so it is, we are all very anxious, ambitious, or, for some motive, very desirous of *gathering*, of bringing in, of what is termed, "converting," "calling," or "adding unto the Church" over which each registered minister doth preside. And he is looked upon as a favoured good fellow who heaps up in our membership many hundreds of professing believers in our Lord Jesus Christ. In our exclusively "Strict Baptist Churches" membership never rises very high. Where there is the most gifted pastor there is the largest *roll*, generally; but in proportion as ministers and Churches are "open," "liberal," "Arminian," so they speedily swell up their additions rapidly. I am looking at the fact, but now, for a moment, the *instrumentality* which the Lord was pleased to employ in the Clerkenwell district should be briefly noticed.

That sacred place which we have long known as "*Spa Fields chapel*," was erected and opened about 1770, as a place of public amusement, but in a few years it proved a failure. The workers of wickedness could not continue to hold it up. God had designed that "the wilderness should blossom as the rose."

THE BLESSED COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

had been called by the sovereign grace of GOD to know the LORD JESUS CHRIST as the Saviour of her soul. She had grown in knowledge of His Person, and in zeal for the glory of His Name, and for the growth of His kingdom.

This "*Selina*," after encountering much opposition, purchased the building now called Spa Fields chapel, turned it into a Dissenting place of worship, placed two of her godly curates there as ministers, and from that moment the Gospel began to be preached in Clerkenwell, and it has been continued with some showers of blessing from that time to the present. For thirty-five years Mr. T. E. Thoresby has been the minister of the said Spa Fields chapel, which will hold more than 2,000 persons, and was for many years one of the most influential Non-con. meeting houses in all London. What it is now, and what Clerkenwell has besides—in a Gospel sense—comes in my next small chapter.

That devout and excellent lady, the Countess of Huntingdon, was born in 1707, and died in 1791. There is a note or two in the life of the Countess of Huntingdon not to be silently passed by, as they prove that her profession was not mere "*religion*;" the root of true godliness was mysteriously, powerfully, *savingly* planted in her soul in early life,

and it took root downward, and bore fruit upward, in the various loving efforts she continuously put forth for the publication of the ever blessed Gospel of the grace of God. But how misunderstood are the labours of the children of God, by those who are blind to the spiritual tendencies of a living faith in the eternal God! The following note shows both the persecution she was exposed to and how entirely she consecrated herself and her wealth to that one cause so dear to her heart:—

“Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says, in one of her letters, ‘I have seen very little of Lady Huntingdon, so I am not able to judge of her merit; if I wanted to paint a fanatic, I should desire her to sit for the picture. I hope she means well, but she makes herself ridiculous to the profane, and dangerous to the good.’

“The countess having opened her house in Park-street for religious services, Whitefield and Romaine preached in her drawing-room to the great and fashionable. She began to build chapels at Brighton, Bath, Tunbridge Wells, and elsewhere, and also established a training-college in South Wales. Altogether, she either built or helped to build sixty-four chapels, and is supposed to have expended £100,000 in charity, though for many years she lived on a small jointure of £1,200 a year. The countess seems to have been a truly excellent and sensible woman, but with a warm-tempered prejudice, and with a true aristocratic dislike to opposition. ‘I believe,’ said her chaplain, ‘that during the many years I was honoured with her friendship, she often possessed no more than the gown she wore. I have often said she was one of the poor who lived on her own bounty.’”

Fifty years ago I knew, and heard, some of the countess’s ministers; they were hearts of Gospel oak, what the present race is, I pretend not to criticise.

Before coming more fully to the good men we have had in our Churches in the present century, it has been considered only fair to notice some of those striking characters which were formed, fitted, and made by the Holy Ghost to flourish in the promulgation of the truth, ere the Baptist denomination became so extensively known, and so diversified in the present critical period of THE CHURCH’S travail on the earth.

“The righteous are to be had in everlasting remembrance.” And a prayerful review of the many miracles of grace in Mercy’s building may help us more truly to love all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth. So believeth your grateful servant in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Under the little Elder Tree, in Banbury-road,
South Hackney, April 6, 1881.

THE TWO PREACHERS.

THERE is a preaching which has been made by the brain, laid up in the memory, and is told out by the mouth, which may be cold, hard, and death-like; it may instruct, but never saves. There is a preaching which has come into the mind, and into the memory, and into the heart, and is like that of which the Saviour spake, “It shall be in you as a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.” This will come gushing out of the soul, will enter into other souls. They will receive it, believe it, love it, and be experimentally and practically saved by it.

A MERCY AND A MIRACLE.

"As we have received mercy, we faint not."—2 Cor. iv. 1.

SOME things are joined together in the Word of God in such a manner that they cannot be separated without loss, hence the need of "rightly dividing the Word of Truth" ministerially. If you take away one stone from an arch the whole fabric falls to the ground. The portion of Scripture at the commencement of this paper represents the two sides of an arch, of which one is a *mercy*, the other a *miracle*; the *love of God* being the key-stone, for the love of God is the *source, centre, and crown* of all mercies and of all miracles. Let us, dear readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, consider, first, the mercy; second, the miracle.

1. THE MERCY. "As we have received mercy." It is a truth that in a certain sense God's mercies are over *all* His works, and manifested towards *all* His creatures. The beasts of the field and the forest, the birds that soar with fleet wing through the yielding air, the multitudes of fish that swim the trackless paths of the mighty deep, together with the whole of inanimate creation, all show forth the praises of Him who is the Creator and Preserver of all; but oh! what incomparably greater favours God has bestowed on man! An undying life, the gifts of intellect and thought, knowledge and reason, and the providential bounties with which the Lord crowns the rolling year, rendering it meet and right for men, as His creatures, to acknowledge His goodness as their Creator: "He, in whom we live and move, and have our being." But the mercy alluded to by the apostle in the passage before us, infinitely transcends all this. It is something supernatural, special, peculiar and particular, and therefore *all* are not partakers of it. Paul speaks evidently of spiritual mercy; and further, of spiritual mercy *received*. Now, spiritual mercy flows FROM the love of God the Father, THROUGH the Lord Jesus Christ, BY the Holy Spirit, to the elect only. By putting it in this form we learn the *source, channel, effective agent, and objects* of the special favour of God, here designated *mercy*, and in briefly looking at a few of the mercies *received* by God's dear children, it will behove the reader (and writer too) to inquire what part and lot he has in them.

Amongst the most important of all is *regenerating mercy*. Does the reader know what we mean? It is a solemn fact that eternal perdition awaits those who live and die ignorant thereof. We fancy we hear one say, "The subject has long been uppermost in my mind, and my greatest trouble is, that I do not know whether or not I am 'born again.'" Such an one desires to be right for eternity; and nothing but regeneration will make a man right for eternity. In the case of a soul who thus so sees the importance of regeneration as to earnestly *desire* and *seek* to be a partaker of this rich blessing, there is good reason to believe these desires and cravings are the fruits and effects which *prove* the mercy has been received. Go on seeking, "Little Faith!" and ere long you shall experience *adopting mercy*. As a rule, we believe it is only as the Lord is pleased to reveal Himself as the Father of His little ones, that they can claim the kinship and unwaveringly say, "Abba, Father." Oh! how sweet to taste the joys of adoption! We may be partakers of the *privileges*, and yet not experience many of the *joys* of sonship. The former are certain and sure to all the seeking seed, and always remain, whether seen or not; the latter can only be enjoyed when the Lord is

pleased to remove the darksome cloud of doubts and fears, and reveal His smiling face. If but short, these love-visits are very, very sweet; and as the poet sings,—

“Did Jesus once upon me shine,
Then Jesus is for ever mine.”

Again, the saints are in a peculiar manner the objects of the Lord's—

Providential mercy. As a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, how often He makes a way where there seems to be no way! It is a blessed employment, as we journey through life, to watch the Lord's providential hand shutting one door here and opening another there; hedging up the way with hewn stones on this side, and then, when at an extremity, revealing the path on that side wherein we are to walk, perhaps in a most unthought-of direction. Thus, sovereignly and graciously He leads His people forth by a right way, that they may go to a city of habitation. Whilst the pilgrim is still in the chequered path to heaven, he is made a partaker of—

Reconciling mercy. The ministry of the Gospel is said to be a ministry of reconciliation—that is, its scope and intent, in the hands of the Spirit, is to reconcile poor sinners to God's plan of salvation, and also to His dealings with them; hence, we find the apostle exhorting the saints: “We pray you,” children of God “be ye reconciled to God.” Be not rebellious! kick not! murmur not! Be ye *reconciled* to Divine leadings and teachings, correction and discipline, ever remembering the Lord's chastisements are lighter than our guilt. Every trial is sent in mercy, and every affliction comes from the loving hands of a Father, who corrects,—

“Not in anger,
But in His dear covenant love.”

The saints, however, cannot always recognise this fact; they cannot always *be still*. Rebellion will sometimes rise high in the hearts of the poor, wayward, weak, and wandering ones, who have to prove that the “rebellious dwell in a dry land;” but still a covenant-keeping, mercy-remembering God does not forsake them. To prevent them wandering too far He stretches forth His arm and manifests—

Restraining mercy. The Lord often protects His children by restraining them from going whither they would. When prevented by circumstances over which we have no control, and by unforeseen hindrances, from pursuing a course previously marked out, we frequently fall into grievous rebellion; and yet God's gracious hand and marvellous lovingkindness may be far more conspicuous in *crossing* our schemes than in allowing us to pursue them to what we might consider a successful issue. Now, amidst all the many disappointments, the cross dispensations, the losses and trials, the Lord never withdraws from us a single moment His—

Supporting mercy. The fiat of Almighty wisdom and Almighty power is—“As thy days thy strength shall be.” The result of the support thus daily, hourly, and momentarily vouchsafed is—

2. THE MIRACLE. “We faint not.” The days of miracles have by no means ceased. These words, “We faint not,” imply the continued perseverance and endurance of the poor, helpless children of God, notwithstanding, on the one hand, their utter weakness and complete feebleness in self, and, on the other hand, the exceeding might and

number of their foes. This perseverance is, we maintain, a standing miracle in the Church of Christ in all ages. Often, under the weight of some heavy cross, the saint is fainting and ready to die, yet he dies not. Though cast down, he is not destroyed; perplexed, he is not in despair; or, as the margin reads, "not without help;" persecuted, he is not forsaken of his God. Frequently sorely oppressed and crushed by the weight of trial, he is not utterly and finally overwhelmed, because "underneath are the everlasting arms." The pilgrim knows the spot in which one of old was when he said, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!" Thus *panting*, he is ready to *faint* quite away by reason of the extremity of his distress; seeking water and finding none, with David he cries, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God, when shall I come and appear before God?" but, though failing and faltering, the Lord preserves him from utterly *fainting*. A person in a fainting fit loses all consciousness; now a saint, in his worst state, does not finally and fatally lose all consciousness of *need*, of a sense of *thirsting* after God, or of a *desire* for the living waters.

The *Christian warrior*, amid the heat of the battle with world, flesh, and devil, sometimes feels ready to give up. He longs for a sight of the Captain, but the smoke of the battle-field hides Him from view. He wants to hear his Captain's glorious voice, but the din and confusion of the never-ceasing strife seems to prevent the most distant echoes reaching his listening ear. Weary, and sorrowful, and sad, he still fights on. He faints not in the day of battle. The *pilgrim*, carrying a weighty cross, oppressed and crushed in spirit, as he painfully toils up the hill Difficulty, is ready to sink. Helplessly weak, he is brought at last to "venture wholly" upon Jesus as the Burden-bearer who always appears in time to relieve the pilgrim from his fears, and so *he faints not*.

The *Christian mariner*, tossed to-and-fro on life's stormy sea, encounters some more than usually terrible gale; neither the Sun of Righteousness, nor the moon of the Gospel, nor the twinkling light of the stars (ministerial help) appear for many days; everything has to be thrown overboard, all creature dependencies, human ability, fancied attainments, *all must go*; when the storm is at its height, and the poor tempest-tossed soul at his "wit's end," *then* the voice of the Lord is heard, hushing the winds and the waves into a great calm; and so the mariner faints not.

The *heavenly racer*, who presses toward the mark, in hope of gaining the prize of an high calling of God in Christ Jesus, even a crown of righteousness that never fadeth, will occasionally find his hope grow very dim as he falters and fails in the course, unable at all times to "lay aside *every weight*," and finding "the sin that doth so easily beset him" sadly clogging his movements and hindering his onward progress; his heart is oppressed within him, his strength fails, his spirit flags, and instead of running with patience the race set before him, he is more inclined to give up the contest altogether. In this extremity the Lord appears either with a word of reproof, in a way of chastisement and correction, or with a word of consolation, cheering and encouraging him still to press on.

The sin-sick, sin-smitten soul, knocking at the door of mercy, sometimes, like her of the "Pilgrim's Progress," seems to be quite shut out,

yet is admitted, notwithstanding the faintings and the fears, and that with a hearty welcome. The everlasting arms of Divine power and love support, sustain, and strengthen the tried, troubled, and tempted one under all his sins, sorrows, and sufferings. Yea, though he has to "walk through the valley of the shadow of death, the rod and the staff," of Jehovah, "they comfort" him. When he is enabled, whilst travelling on, to turn his eyes away from self, and all the failings and circumstances connected with self, away from the difficulties of the faith, *then*, looking unto Jesus, his drooping spirits revive, the feeble knees are strengthened, and the hands that hang down are confirmed.

Now, the Lord is pleased to provide means for our use to prevent us from fainting. Jesus exhorts His disciples thus: "Men ought always to *pray*, and not to *faint*." Prayer is a mighty weapon, and when in extremities it is most effectual. The greater the trouble the louder the cry; the more faint Mercy became, the more vehemently she knocked; the less ability *Self* has to extricate from the net, the more eager will be the looking and longing for the Deliverer; the greater the sickness, the more welcome the physician; the deeper the debt, the more earnest the application to the surety; the viler the wretch, the more fervent his importunity.

"Prayer's a weapon for the feeble,
Weakest souls can wield it best."

The weaker we are, the more implicitly and perfectly we lean upon Jesus, and the more we lean upon Jesus the stronger we are; and thus it is God's children, out of weakness are made strong. Receiving the mercy of help *always* vouchsafed according to their needs, the saints "faint not."

The Lord bless *this*, and all other little attempts of *the most insignificant member*, to feed and comfort the "body of Christ"—the *Church*.

INSIGNIFICANS.

"THE LAST HOUR SHALL BE THY BEST HOUR."

BY JOSEPH TAYLOR, BAPTIST MINISTER, SHEFFIELD.

"Oh, may my last expiring breath
Thy lovingkindness sing in death."

[The following original little narrative has laid, almost unnoticed, on our table for some time. When from our bed-room (where we lay three weeks) we crept once more into our study, there we saw this little piece, with heaps of other papers. We took it up and read it. It was so precious, we present it to our readers.—C. W. B.]

I AM not much of a believer in dreams, but I forward to you one with which I was favoured a little time ago, that if I live to be as old as C. W. Banks I shall not forget. We read in Job that God speaks once, yea, twice, in dreams and vision of the night unto man; but he perceiveth it not, and this that He may seal instruction upon him.

Come hither and hear my dream. I dreamed that I and some others were waiting and looking for the coming of our glorious Redeemer from heaven, when lo! we espied on the waters of the sea—for we were near to the sea-shore—a bright, beautiful shining form arise out of the waters, and gradually make his way to a road that reached from where we were standing to the edge of the waters. I dreamed that he was to come up

that road to a person who was waiting for him, residing half-way up the road. I saw them meet, and heard the Lord salute him by saying, "I am the Light of the world," and other similar expressions indicating the Divinity of His person and mission.

Immediately they began to proceed up the road to where we were waiting, I beheld an army revealed following Him, arrayed in brilliant armour; He came at the head of them. I beheld His form, and now have it before me as He passed where I stood. Immediately He came opposite me I was overpowered by a strange feeling, and cried out, "Oh, my Lord! oh, my Lord! pass me not without a blessing." Thus I cried repeatedly, while my heart melted within me. After going a few paces He turned Himself about as if He had heard me, and looking around fixed His eyes upon me, while yet calling on Him; then, pleasantly smiling, said, "What wouldst Thou that I should do unto thee." I replied, "A blessing, my Lord, a blessing." He then said to me distinctly, "Thy last hour shall be thy best hour." To which I replied, "That will do for me, my Lord, *that will do for me.*" After which He proceeded forward and disappeared in a door under an archway; after which I saw Him no more.

This is the third time I have seen Him in my dreams. I immediately awoke, and felt so comforted upon the remembrance of my dream that I could not describe to you the joy I had in the thought, "Thy last hour shall be thy best hour." And now, what think you? He liveth and we live by Him; bless Him. How graciously He turneth Himself about to help us. Oh, how we chide our faithless hearts and mourn because of our blackness and wanderings before Him; but we shall be like Him; and then, oh, then! we shall rejoice. Weeping for this night, but joy in the morning. A few paces further, and we are at home.

"THE PATIENT, LOVING SOUL."

Extract from a Sermon on Patience.

BY MR. P. PARKER, MINISTER OF NEWBOLD, ROCHDALE.

"When He was reviled, He reviled not again."—1 Peter ii. 23.

THE feeling that human nature is most susceptible to is one akin to anger. It is the emotion which is the opposite of patience and gentleness. Whilst it makes us men, it also often makes us foolish; whilst it is sometimes the source of our strength, it is oftentimes an evidence of our weakness. It is a feeling which in certain circumstances is commended, and yet in others it ought always to be condemned. Almost every man is subject to this emotion; it is sometimes called spiritedness, and it urges men on to glory; it is sometimes called temper, and it leads men on to ruin; it sometimes brings men world-wide fame on the field of battle, then we call it bravery; and it sometimes brings men world-wide detestation in deeds of crime, then we call it passion. In animals, it is most predominant, perhaps, in the fierce tiger which hides in the jungle and bounds on its prey, and it is most lacking in the gentle lamb, which is meekly led to the slaughter. It is to be commended when checked and governed by reason; but to be condemned when allowed to rush wildly forth, and dash itself blindly against the buttments of our common sense.

Our Lord had the patience and gentleness of the lamb. Never was patience more strikingly manifested than His; He never allowed His feelings to lead Him astray, for His affections being evenly balanced He carried nothing into excess. When His heart swelled with indignation at the hypocrisy and injustice of the Pharisees, He uttered scathing words of condemnation, and reiterated, "Woe, woe." He was angry and sinned not. He bore continually with the unbelief and ignorance of His disciples, never chiding them with vehement wrath (though He was often grieved), never upbraiding them because of weakness, or threatening them because of carelessness; He was patient with those whom He taught. He was patient with those among whom He laboured. In the cities where He went, in the houses where He stayed, by the roadside where He met with the sinful and suffering, He was gentle, kind, and compassionate. He was patient and gentle though opposed by enemies. When hard things were said of Him He reasoned, not quarrelled; when misrepresented, He silently bore the wrong; when insulted and reproached, He patiently endured it. Oh! how truly the words of the prophet are fulfilled: "He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth."

Well, Christian brethren, you may go where you will, and you will find that tone and temper make up the sweetness of life. You may enter in the play-ground where the boys are busy enjoying themselves in all manner of games; you may go in the busy workshop where the sparks are flying from the forge, and the clink of the wheel and hammer is heard; or amid the bustle and din of the loomshed, where the weaver is working all day long; you may enter in the humble cot of the poor, where the pale-faced mother strives in vain to make both ends meet, and satisfy the wants of her large family; or you may go in the higher circles of life, where health and luxury abound on every hand, and you will learn this lesson—that it is not so much the circumstances that make up the happiness of life as the disposition. It is the patience and gentleness, the even temper and the soft smile, that shed a brightness and sweetness around which make our life a gladsome song. Who is the character we love the best? Is he the morose, sullen man, who always has the cloud upon his brow, indicative of a gathering storm; who will not turn aside in his path for anything less than a kindred spirit in a ferocious dog—the man whose presence casts a gloomy shadow o'er the hearts of all in the room which he enters? Is he the one we can fling our arms about and tell him of our love? Or, is it the cheerful, loving character, who will turn aside from his path for fear of treading on a lowly daisy, who has a cheering "good-morning" for the schoolboy he meets whistling his way to school? who has a look of pity on his brow and a copper in his hand for the blind beggar at the corner of the street, and who, when his day's duties are over, returns to his bright home, and throwing himself in his easy chair, will greet his children with a smile and kiss as they clamber on his knees; is he not the one we love, the patient, loving soul?

Children, I want you to think of this patience and gentleness when you have to bear with the envy and scorn of your companions, when their little wills and independent spirits rise against yours; remember it is no disgrace to give way where you are wrong, you are not fit to rule others until you can rule yourself, and if you are opposed when you are

right, the best way to win the battle is not by anger and temper, but by coolness, patience and love. Teachers, I want you to think of the patience and gentleness of our Saviour when you have to bear with the indifference, the carelessness, and the ignorance of your scholars, and as our Saviour bore with these traits in His disciples, count it an honour to copy His example. Remember that the sceptre of authority, when swayed by a loving hand, bringeth the lasting obedience of love, but when swayed by the unsteady hand of passion, it bringeth the temporary obedience of fear. And you, dear mothers, when perturbed by the cares and anxieties of your household, when you have to battle hard with your children's disobedience, when you are distressed by anxious thoughts about your son's waywardness, in patience, endurance, bear your burden, for a mother's patient love and earnest prayers seldom fail to bring the golden crown of satisfaction.

CONSTRAINED PETITIONING.

"But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."—John ii. 22.

My God and Father, yet once more
Regard my humble plea ;
I bring a loved one, wearied, sore—
A far-off one, to Thee.

I bring Thee now a mighty guest:
This wanderer fill with grace ;
Let him obey Thy high behest,
Return and seek Thy face.

A banished one ! oh, bring him nigh,
And cheer his heart oppressed ;
Lord, end his bitter, life-long sigh,
And win him to Thy rest.

A lonely one ! oh, Jesus Christ,
Go, bear him company ;
Dwell in his heart, Thou good unpriced,
And let him dwell in Thee.

Despised and lone ! oh, Man of grief,
All unperceived quite :
Wilt Thou not speed to his relief,
And succour with Thy might ?

A gifted One—Pearl of great price,
Outshine such gifts as his ;
Reveal Thy heavenly merchandise,
Thou Fulness of all bliss.

He is so desolate and sad !
Great Householder, make room
In Thine own heart for this dear lad,
And banish all his gloom.

Thou know'st his lot of suffering, Lord ;
Oh ! send Thy quickening breath
To calm and soothe him with Thy word,
In sickness unto death.

Neglected, severed far from friends,
At enmity with Thee ; [attends
Lord, let Him know what wealth
Thy sons continually !

And let him find his all in Thee,
Thou Friend and Kinsman dear ;
Be his the full felicity
Of walking in Thy fear.

Oh, tend'rest Nurse, oh, gentlest Friend,
Be near his dying bed !
To him sweet sympathy extend,
Since Thou for him hast bled.

Then, oh ! what sweet and blessed rest,
What peace and joy shall fill
His soul—so long, so sore distressed,
When he shall love Thy will.

No longer weary, lonely, now
His soul at ease doth dwell ;
Nor thoughts of fear, nor careful brow,
For he can praises swell.

"To Him who hath so loved me—
Washed me from all my sin
In His own blood—all glory be !
He loved the wanderer in."

Father, Thou saidst, "All souls are
I knew Thy word was sure ; [Mine,"
Now let his soul be wholly Thine,
Faith's hardness well endure.

Anoint her head who bade me pray,
Give holy vehemence ;
Master, such kindness well repay,
Grant her full recompense.

The waiting, pleading time be past,
The sorrowing days be o'er ;
In glory may we all at last
Rejoice for evermore !

I leave my breathings at Thy feet,
Oh, Thou that hearest prayer !
In me Thy work, O Lord, complete,
Thy cause be all my care.

J. K.

THE DIVINE PLEDGE OF FUTURE GLORY.

THAT is the title which the Countess of Huntingdon once wrote as descriptive of what is termed "the faith of God's elect." How beautiful to my soul this title appears! It points my spirit right upward, and reminds me that—

THERE IS A FUTURE GLORY!

Wilberforce and Robert Hall once had converse about heaven. Hall asked Wilberforce, "What is your idea about heaven, sir?" Wilberforce replied, "*Love, sir, heaven is love, sir.*" "What is your conception of heaven, Mr. Hall?" Robert Hall replied, "My idea of heaven is *REST, sir.*" Mr. Hall had been from childhood a sufferer, and never did he find perfect rest until his martyred manhood was placed in his coffin, and his ransomed spirit was carried by the angels into the paradise of God.

But heaven is the future GLORY, and glory means more than "*REST!*" Work on, poor suffering ministers, such as brother Benjamin Taylor, who in thyself, in thy beloved wife, in thy study, in thy congregation, in thy village labours, in nothing here, but in the Lord, can ye find rest! Pray on, ye long, long, painfully, long-suffering Samuel Foster, patiently wait on a little longer, and although having the same source of constant disease and pain as Robert Hall was found to have, as Dr. Pritchard, at the *post mortem* discovered, yet soon shall all thy pain be turned into praises, for there is an—

"EXCEEDING AND ETERNAL WEIGHT OF GLORY"

reserved in heaven for all who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, "which is ready to be revealed in the last time." Leaving such gigantic intellects as Hall and Wilberforce, I think to myself, and enjoy the thought, the fact, that *heaven is a royal residence! Rural retreats are there, rolling rivers, on whose banks the ROSE OF SHARON blossoms beautifully. The ROCK OF AGES surrounded with regiments of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and all the members of the glorified body in the loving likeness of their ever living LORD.*

Then shall we serve Him with delight,
And not one sin our joys to blight;
No boisterous sea! no shade of night!
When my poor soul with you takes flight,
To boundless spheres on high!

True faith is the divine pledge of that future glory. What **THIS FAITH** is, can any child of God tell C. W. BANKS?

"THE WEANED CHILD."

"My soul is even as a weaned child."—Psa. cxxxi. 2.

THE Psalmist was a tried child of God; tried in his family, tried in circumstances, and tried in his own soul, yet we find him resigned to his lot, and in real contentment, saying, "My soul is even as a weaned child;" and it was these many trials that brought him into that spirit of resignation, for hereby was he brought to see how frail and changeable, how fleeting and unsubstantial are all things here below, and it was also the confidence and faith that he possessed in God as the all-sufficient Consoler and Comforter of his mind, as his Friend at all times, and as

his Guide even unto death, that made him utter these words with even a greater degree of pleasure.

As naturally the child weans not itself from the breast, but the mother, so spiritually the children of God wean not themselves from the world, in which their life naturally consists, but this is the Holy Spirit's work. The words of infallible truth are, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, for they are spiritually discerned." Man is spiritually dead until God takes possession of his soul and quickens him into spiritual life. So we find it the Lord's work alone to bring the soul to a right knowledge of its state and condition; and the poor soul! awakened to see his lost and ruined condition, may therefore take encouragement, because it is God Himself who hath brought him into this position. How lovingly and kind does the Lord deal with the soul; yea, the sorrows and woes we feel within testify that the Lord is dealing in love with us by thus weaning us from all that hitherto we have trusted in, and while extreme sorrow on account of sin may be felt in the soul's experience, it is that the soul with more joy may be enabled to sing,—

"I looked for hell, He brought me heaven."

Varied are the methods that the Lord doth use in order to wean the soul from earth. The comforts and pleasures of this world will soon cease to sustain those who now live upon them, and the soul will surely die, yea, die the *second* death if not weaned from the natural breasts of this world's false pleasures and delusive comforts. So, in order to accomplish this weaning, the Lord convinces the poor sinner of its state, and brings it to see that that which has hitherto sufficed will no longer satisfy. Now is the soul brought into very painful experience. All that he once loved he has now to renounce and hate, and the things he once hated and despised he now doth love and cherish. His soul is directed to Jesus as the Bread of eternal life, and the language of his prayer is, "Evermore give us this Bread," "Give me Christ, or else I die," &c. Now the Lord's children are not only weaned by conviction of sin, but also farther on in their pilgrimage journey, in fact, they have to experience a continual weaning. Disappointment is one method that the Lord uses to wean His dear children from this world. An old writer hath well observed that "Many are the storms which blow upon God's trees, to keep them from becoming earth-bound." So the child of God has to prove more or less of the storms of disappointment, afflictions, bereavements, persecution and reproach, until ultimately brought to say with the Psalmist, "My soul is even as a weaned child," and the more the soul is earth-bound, the greater and more severe will be the trials and sorrows to wean it from earth. They are the happiest and safest souls who live nearest to Jesus, and our desire is that God would grant us more grace to live nearer to Him, for we are conscious of the fact, when in our right mind, "That without Him we can do nothing," and how earnestly do our souls often say,—

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne.
And worship only Thee."

The world may satisfy the carnal and unregenerate, but will never satisfy the souls who are brought to "hunger and thirst after righteousness." The spiritually dead may say, "Give me the world, or else I

die," but the living in Jerusalem have to cry continually, "Give me Christ, or else I die." The soul is weaned not only from the world but also from creature-confidence. How many are there of the Lord's children trust too much to an arm of flesh! and the Lord hath declared, "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man," but "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord," so will God surely wean His children from creature-dependence; and not only from this, but from self-dependence; and the apostle Paul knew what this was when he said, "We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead." Oh, for more of that faith in the everlasting God, that we may be enabled continually to say, amidst all that opposes and discourages us,—

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Though often so painful, how necessary this weaning is! "This is not your rest, because it is polluted." Beloved, why do we think so much about things temporal, to the neglect of things divine? It is sometimes because we have had no storm lately to wean us from them; and then our affections get earth-bound, and our nearest and dearest Friend, Jesus, is slighted, and coldness in our affections makes us relax in our devotion, our prayers become formal and lifeless. Great is His love that He should put up with all our ill manners and coldness toward Him. Doth our love grow cold?

"His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course."

Lord Jesus, communicate more of Thy love to our souls, that we, in Thine embrace, may be enabled to say, "My Beloved is the chiefest amongst ten thousand, yea, the altogether lovely." Being persuaded that this is not our rest, let us "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." May our souls enjoy more sweet communion with Him who is our All and in all, because we shortly hope to see His face with joy, and to "awake with His likeness." Let His exceeding love to our souls forbid that we should seek for pleasure elsewhere than at the foot of His dear cross, and having found our joy and comfort there, never let us hope for salvation apart from Him whom God the Father appointed, and who Himself willingly "was made to be sin for us, who knew no sin: that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," and may the Holy Spirit lead us more deeply into these glorious and divine mysteries, which make for our eternal peace and joy, is the desire of

BENJAMIN JOHN NORTHFIELD.

Argyle-street, Ipswich.

If our faith be that God forgives those who believe that Christ died for sinners, our faith will not heal us, but just *set us to do this thing in order to be healed*, and, therefore, however we may delude ourselves with words, it is a salvation not by faith, but by works.

HEAVEN'S GREAT PREACHER AND HIS HOLY PREACHING.

[The following meditations on Matthew v. were originally dotted down in a scrap-book as they entered the mind, but were afterwards re-written for publication, in the hope of their being made as useful to the reader as they were in the first instance to the writer. If the Lord permit, they will be continued through subsequent numbers. Should they, in any degree, be blessed to the disciples of the Lord Jesus, all the praise shall be HIS.—JAMES GARDNER, Baptist Chapel, Whitehouse, Hereford.]

"Seeing the multitudes. He went up into a mountain, and when He was set, His disciples came unto Him, and He opened His mouth, and taught them, saying, blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. v. 1—3.

WHOSE eyes but His could have seen the "multitudes" as He saw them? for He saw their hearts, and knew that He had disciples among them. They were not lost to Him in the great concourse of people, and in their hearts He saw what He often sees now—*i.e.*, a desire to see *Him*, to hear Him, and get near unto Him. And in order that they might the better have their desires fulfilled, He went up into a mountain. And, oh, what matchless love burned in His heart, and glowed on His countenance, and dropped from His lips as He opened His mouth. He opened His mouth, because His heart was open, and thus His heart supplied Him with words which came like oil and wine into diseased and sorrowing hearts. Unlike the great teachers who emerge from the schools of philosophy He sought not to gain the public ears by a flow of brilliant ideas and probabilities, but He opened His mouth and taught them (His disciples) *facts*, not to please their ears but to cheer their hearts, in words most simple, and, therefore, most easy to comprehend. Around Him now, He has a group of His disciples which He has, by unseen "words of love and bands of a man" drawn unto Him from a mighty host beneath His feet. Among them are some poor-in-spirit ones, but little did they think that He would speak of them, much less that He would speak of them *first*, and less still that He would pronounce them blessed. But the Lord, who has always a reason for everything He does, had a reason for addressing these *first*, doubtless, because the "set time" to favour this portion of Zion had now come.

But who are these that are described by our Lord Jesus Christ as poor in spirits? even those to whom belong the kingdom of heaven. The people of God, in their militant state, pass through a great variety of soul experience, and this is one phase of it, and methinks it is one which they know more of than any other, and it is as well, perhaps, that it is so, for it tends greatly to prevent them thinking more highly of themselves than they ought to think. May be, dear reader, you are at this moment passing through the same sorrowful path.

To be poor literally, is to lack the good things of this life, and to be poor spiritually is, in reality, and in imagination also, to lack the blessings of eternal life. And are there not times when the children of God not only know that they have no good in themselves, but are terribly afraid that they have no part nor lot in grace blessings? Thus they often sit and cogitate within themselves, saying, I have no deep knowledge of God, therefore, I cannot be a child of His; no strong faith in Him, no ardent love to Him, no sweet peace with Him, no joy from Him, no enjoyment in prayer, nor in reading the sacred Scriptures, nor in the services of the sanctuary, no relish for communion with His

people. In fact, I fear God has cast me off, and that His mercy is clean gone for ever, and that He will never revert His secret to me, but that I shall go down to the gates of death in the bitterness of my soul. I used to think I was one of His disciples when I read His words of love, and of salvation to poor sinners, and thought He was speaking to me, but I must have been mistaken, for I cannot either see Him or hear Him now.

Stop a moment, poor soul. Although this may be a correct account of thy feelings just now, let me assist thee (if the Lord will), to separate, as it were, the precious from the vile; or, in plainer words, the truth from the error in thy poor disconsolate heart. Let us see if we cannot find the saints of God in old time expressing the feelings of their hearts in very singular language. Just look at David's account of his soul-trouble, and how he ultimately got above it (Psa. lxxvii. 1—10, see also Jer. iii.; 2 Kings xx.; Jer. x. 19; Micah vii.; Luke xviii. 10, 11. Now see all such described Zeph. iii. 12).

Thus you see you are not the only one who has trod on this dark and rough pathway. It may be quite true that thou canst not see nor hear Him whom thy soul desireth, and doubts and fears may have taken the place of faith and love, and it may seem to thee that thou hast neither part nor lot in the matter of eternal salvation, and thy fear may have got so far the upper hand of thee that it may make thee think the Lord hath cast thee off. If so, then thou art poor in spirit, *indeed*.

But is there not, somewhere *deep* down in thy poor heart, underneath all these things, a *desire* to see Him, and trust Him, and love Him, and to possess the blessings of the kingdom? Then, if this be thy case, cheer up, for Satan hath not given thee these desires, though he has caused thee these doubts by engendering unbelief. But that gracious God and Saviour, who gave thee these desires has (though thou see it not *just now*), given thee the kingdom with all its *fulness* of blessedness. Therefore, having given thee His *word*, which is to thee as the *title-deed*, He will, ere long, give its enjoyment also.

Let me ask thee to read His declaration once more, and my prayer for thee shall be,—

“ Oh, that the Holy Spirit may
The Saviour to Thy soul display;
So shall His voice delight thine ear,
His gracious words thy soul shall cheer,
His beauteous form delight thine eyes,
His boundless love thine heart surprise,
His fulness shall thee satisfy,
And fill thee with an heavenly joy.”

(*To be continued.*)

MR. PUNSHON'S LAST WORDS.—Until within the last few hours he was not aware that his end was approaching. He had no fear of death, but he said to a friend who asked him if he had any fear of death, “ Oh, the rapture of living; the rapture of living; I do not like to feel that my work is done.” Not long before his death he said to his medical man, “ Doctor, am I going?” The physician replied, “ Yes.” He rejoined, “ Thank God; Jesus is to me a bright reality.” I believe his last words were uttered to Mrs. Punshon, and they were these—“ Love Jesus, and meet me in His presence.” So he went into the problem of life, and now understands it. “ Absent from the body, present with the Lord.”

THE PERFECT WORK—OUTLINES OF THREE SERMONS.

BY S. COZENS.

"Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.—Phil. i. 6.

LET us notice: (1) the work; (2) its commencement; (3) its progress; (4) its completion.

I.—THE WORK—the good work. The devil begun a bad work in Paradise; he sowed the seeds of evil in the mind of Eve, which struck their roots down deep into her heart, and brought forth in her hands the fruit of disobedience. The fruit of that first fruit of human evil, the *badness* of that bad work of the devil, is seen in the expulsion from Paradise, in the great misery of Cain, in the deeper remorse of Lamech, in the sweeping flood, in the burning cities of the plain, in the fall of Babylon, in the destruction of Jerusalem, in the sorrows of a groaning world, in the horrors of outer darkness. The devil, the god of evil, carries on the work of evil to maturity in all his willing subjects. It does seem, from many passages of Scripture, that there is a ripeness for hell, as there is a meetness for heaven (Gen. xv. 16; Matt. xxiii. 32; 1 Thess. ii. 16). This good work is the work of the Spirit of God. It is not a stirring of transient emotions, which pass away like morning clouds, but a real work in the moral being of the man, enlivening the soul, enlightening the mind, enlarging the heart, conquering the will, correcting the judgment, cleansing the conscience, converting the life, renewing the spirit of the mind, removing the enmity of the mind, and restoring the affections to the God of love, who will be loved by all the heirs of grace and glory. In few words, it is the work of *life* in the soul, quickening our moral sensibilities into spiritual action of *light* in the mind, revealing the glorious future in the records of grace; of *love* in the heart, attracting and winning the affections; of *liberty* in the life to keep the commandments and ordinances of the Lord's house blameless. Yes, indeed, it is a good work when the Spirit quickens a man out of a death in sin into a life of righteousness; when He calls him out of darkness into marvellous light; when He lifts him up out of the horrible pit of moral degradation, and places him upon the Rock of Ages; when He snaps the chain that binds him a captive to Satan, and translates him into the kingdom of God's dear Son. This is more than *reformation*, it is *regeneration*. This is a work so good that only God can do it. God alone can open the door of man's will, and enter in, and begin the work of regeneration and salvation. It is a work so good that the devil cannot destroy it. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Everything connected with this work is good. The *moving* cause of it is God's good pleasure: "Of His own will begat He us." The *efficient* cause is the good Spirit, born of Spirit. The *instrumental* cause is the good word of grace: "I have begotten you through the Gospel." The *evidential* cause is good works: "We are created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works." The *final* cause is the possession of all that is good in the heavenly land of Canaan.

II.—ITS COMMENCEMENT. This work, like all other works, has its *beginning*. There is a beginning moment, a time when the renewing of

the Holy Ghost takes place; when the incorruptible seed is sown in the heart; when the well of living waters is opened in the soul; when the law of the Spirit of life takes possession of the mind; when the root of the matter is planted down deep into the new-born affections. Yes, there is a time when the first pang of spiritual travail comes upon the soul, when the first fear startles a man to a consciousness of danger; when the first tear of penitence falls upon a misspent life; when the first godly resolve steps into the way of Zion.

This work is begun when a man feels his sinful state, and his need of a Saviour. The beginning moment is not always clear. Some have been twice born at once. Jeremiah was born of the Spirit at the same moment that he was born of the flesh. He was "sanctified from the womb." He was possessed of the Spirit when his mother fondled him in her bosom, and when lying upon her breast he was drawing strength from another source. And such was the progress of his spiritual growth, that he was an ordained prophet when a child. Jeremiah could not have related his conversion to God, for he was born in *grace* as soon as he was born in *sin*. He was as much indebted to his divine Father for the date of his spiritual birth, as we are to our human father for the information of our natal day. You cannot tell, of your own knowledge, when you were born, and it is even so with most of God's children. They can't tell when the work was begun. But as we know that we were born, by the facts and functions of life, so we know that we are born of God, by the actions of the inner life, by desiring the sincere milk of the Word (the first sign of life, "*new-born* babes desire the sincere milk of the Word"), by the voice of prayer, &c. "Behold, he prayeth." It is not necessary to know the beginning moment, though it is very blessed to be able to go back, like Abraham, to the time of the heavenly calling, that was incentive to immediate obedience; or, like Paul, to the road when his mad career terminated, and a new life commenced. Amongst the worthies of the Bible there are many whose religion is dated with chronological accuracy. They can give you time and place for the beginning of the work; but there are many more whose godliness is as much a matter of history as the former, who give us no account of their first awakening. The great thing to ascertain is, to know that the work is begun. Only be assured of that, and then you may sing,—

"Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work Thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm."

(To be continued.)

I AM not much of a believer in death-bed repentances, but there are men who have had a suppressed religious life; have been brought up from childhood to believe the fundamental truths of Christianity, but who by misconception of doctrine, or misapprehension of church matters, have been kept from letting the faith that was really in them have disclosure; whose heart, when the din of life's battle is over, and they are brought to their couch, and are preparing to depart, in the light that begins to stream in from the other world upon them, gets emancipation; and who then break forth into religious rapture, and exclaim, "I believe in that!" But where a man has been living a wicked and sordid life, and the last hour he trumps up a kind of repentance, do you suppose it is a substitute for that will which has run through the whole of life like a keel to a ship?

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.—On May 17, the *Revised New Testament* is to be issued. Orders for it roll in like the waves of the sea, when tossed on the shore by some near and powerful winds. The British and Foreign Bible Society are rather in a fix: an immense stock of the old version will be thrown on their hands. No doubt this will shake the old Society much. It is suggested that they send out the old edition to the heathen of all the nations at a cheap rate. Quite a New Testament excitement is coming on.

Robert Hall. By E. Paxton Hood. (London: Hodder & Stoughton). A series of popular biographies are flowing from the pens of celebrated writers, through the publishing house of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, bearing the general title, "Men Worth Remembering." This of Robert Hall is, we believe, the fifth volume of the series. All of them are produced in a neat and excellent style, and furnish the lives of some of England's greatest Christian men in a comprehensive, impartial, and instructive manner. Everybody has heard of Robert Hall: but our readers, it may be, have never been thoroughly acquainted with this most extraordinary man. For half-a-crown, in this edition of his life, by Paxton Hood, they may gather up such a knowledge of him as will edify, if not much astonish them, shewing how much of suffering is frequently blended with success, as must be recognised in the cases of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, and others we might name. Speaking of the closing scene of Robert Hall's life, Paxton Hood says he "was a martyr then as he had been a martyr through all his days, a martyr to the severest and sharpest of agonies." We believe there is more vital power in the ministrations of these martyrs than is ever found in the naturally gifted, easy-going popular ministers. Some are martyrs morally, some mentally, some physically. We purpose to give our readers a literary treat over Robert Hall's singular history.

THE BAPTISTS were recently somewhat ridiculed, misrepresented, and yet, in some things justified, by one Brooke Lambert (the successor of the late Canon Miller), the vicar of Greenwich. St. Botolph's Church, in Bishopsgate, has lately been crowded to hear Sunday evening lectures on *Dissent*, and on April 3, 1881, the Baptists were exhibited, criticised, and unfairly spoken of. We have a lecture called, "The Water Wor-

shippers," which, if published, will more scripturally define the origin and New Testament standing of the genuine and consistent Baptists than Mr. Lambert Brooke's address has done. We may add, this clergyman admitted that the rubrics of the Church of England made baptism by immersion a rule, yet he called the baptistry an *immersion well*, which was a figure of speech wholly out of character with Christian feeling and Scriptural fact.

CHRISTOPHER NESS COME TO LIFE AGAIN!

Astonishing, indeed, it is to us to find a new edition of *An Antidote Against Arminianism*, by Christopher Ness, is brought out in these days when "Arminianism" is in the zenith of her glory; when nearly all the preachers bow at her shrine; and the most popular publications applaud her as the goddess of the age, as the spirit which is to gather up the fallen masses, as the power which is to *save the world*. To think that anyone will promote the publication of Christopher Ness's *Antidote* in these illustrious days of liberality, of free-thought, of speculation, and of the high culture of man's intellect, is perfectly marvellous. But so it is, and we are cheered up to enthusiastic gladness to meet good old Ness in such neat attire, in such respectable clothing, and so correctly and cheaply produced, as a copy can be had of Mr. Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, for fourteen stamps, bound in cloth, or in paper cover for nine stamps. Of Christopher Ness himself, of his preaching, and of his devotion to the Gospel of God's grace, we hope to give a chapter next month; we are not well enough now. Meanwhile, let everybody get a copy for themselves.

A God-fearing Man. A sermon in memory of the late Sir Chas. Reed, by Rev. Joshua C. Harrison. The text, Obadiah's confession: "I, Thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth." Obadiah and Sir Charles Reed, in this discourse, are set forth in such beautiful harmony as to illustrate the deep-rooted goodness, and the practical development of true godly fear, when implanted in the soul in early life. Sir Charles Reed has very suddenly been called away before he had reached his sixty-third year, and while he was actively engaged in many offices of benevolence, of philanthropy, and of works tending to the improvement in every way of his fellow-man. We have never known any public man in the city of London more

generally esteemed than was the late chairman of the London School Board, except the Earl of Shaftesbury. Joshua Harrison had known Charles Reed from his youth; they had been co-workers and travellers together for very many years. Joshua Harrison is one of the best of the Congregational ministers in London, and from this excellent Joshua the sentence came most significant when, while testifying to the devotion, the zeal, the success, the honours which attended the whole life of Sir Charles, the preacher said: "This I say, not to magnify him, but to magnify the grace of God in him; being a partaker of the Divine Spirit, he learned to live, not for self, but for Christ." Oh! that we had in this city thousands like the deeply lamented deceased; but we fear such men are few and far between. A first-class likeness and an interesting memoir of Sir Charles Reed is published by R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. In that work the life of his labouring in the fields of Christian benevolence is well drawn out.

Autobiography. We are so amazed at the circumstances herein related, and at the deliverances effected, that we fear either to believe them, deny them, or make any comment upon them. Two things fasten themselves forcibly upon our inner man: 1. This mixing up so much money-making with religion is loathsome to all who are not sunk in a pool of covetousness. Poor fellows who earn their bread by an honest industry say, "We must be reprobates, for such extraordinary finding of money we never knew." 2. We do not find men of sound mind ever making such a parade of money in their religious experiences. It may be we are not in the secret. We never could turn the pulpit into an auction mart. Therefore we exclaim,—

"Poor was I born,
Poor do I live;
Sometimes forlorn;
Father doth give,
As promises say,
'Nough for the day.
Praise His dear Name,
Always the same."—Amen.

[Such mangling for money, murders many a cause.]

SERMONS.—*The Promises of God*, by J. Battersby, is a fine discrimination between unconditional and conditional promises from the high court of heaven.—*The Late George Doggett, Esq.* Funeral sermon by Mr. E. Littleton, pastor, Forest-fold Baptist Chapel, Crowborough, Sussex. True, spiritual, and instructive. The narrative of Mr. Doggett illustrates the value of a genuine disciple of Jesus.—*Sermon for the late John Church*, by James Wells, will see day-light, and prove the

thoroughness of Mr. Wells's spirit of love and of sympathy, if we are permitted to raise up a literary monument "To the Memory of the Old Surrey Tabernacle, its Preachers, and its Times." All who are alive, and knew those remarkable days, must help us. We never sympathised with the "protestors." Living, vital truth always has been afflicted with tares. Both have, and still are found to be growing together—the heaven-born soul is a grain of spiritual wheat; but in the flesh is nothing much but tares of some sort.—*Sermon on the Life and Public Services of the Late Robert Fisher*. By C. Graham. (New York: Smith & Co.) This astonishing production is to be reviewed more fully soon. Illness has delayed it. All we can sometimes say is,—

"I long to know, beyond earth's view,
What work He keeps for me to do."

A Doxology over a New-made Grave. A memorial sermon by J. A. Griffin, for Mrs. Hayward, of Charles-street Chapel, Camberwell New-road. The pious zeal, and perpetual godly course of a good woman is here expressed in plain yet pleasant terms. Oh! forgive our weakness: but when we came to the closing scene of this precious saint's mortal existence, when one of the daughters cried out, "We have lost a mother!" it carried us back to the sacred moment when we saw the lifeless corpse of our once dear mother, who, after she had softly said, "Into Thy hands commit I my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth," she fell asleep, and, like the weeping child referred to, we cried, "I have lost my mother." It maketh the tears of keenest feelings to flow again. Blessed be God, there are four of us poor boys and two poor girls, who know that, although our most invaluable mother has long been gone, her prayers for us have been answered, and her God and Saviour, through grace divine, has ever been our faithful and unchanging Friend.—*Joshua, the Angel, and the Devil*. An exposition of Zech. iii. By Arthur Wilcockson. (London: R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street). Here are thirty-two pages of a report of one evening's service at Lewes: the hymns, the prayer, the sermon. There is no question but you will get both sides of experience when you read or hear Mr. Wilcockson. Here is a small specimen:—

"Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free."

We respond to the lines, we endorse the sentiment contained in them. Oh! depend upon it, all those whom God loves the devil hates, and he will do all

that lies in his power to harass and afflict. One season I have in remembrance about nine months ago, when this was specially my experience, and I will narrate the particulars. I was in much exercise of mind at the time, and the great adversary was permitted to make such an onslaught upon me, that I was tempted to believe that I should die in black despair. Yea, more; it appeared to me I could hear the dread denunciation from the lips of the Judge, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels,' and I could see that what persons had anticipated I should prove had really been verified—viz., that I should turn out a hypocrite. Now, these were tremendous darts hurled from Satan's bow; they were arrows from his quiver, and they produced a great effect upon my mind, they sunk me to the very earth. But 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed,' was Jehovah's sovereign mandate to my cruel foe. And I remember well the place where He began to draw out my heart after Himself in burning and in hot desire; and I remember, too, the lines which He was pleased to apply:—

Fiery darts of fierce temptation,
Intercepted by thy God,
There shall lose their force by patience,
Sheath'd in love and quench'd in blood.

What was the result? All the devil's darts and accusations and insinuations came to nothing; my blessed Jesus came into my soul with His own love-power, and I rose superior to all Satan's wiles, and held glorious and precious communion with my altogether lovely Lord. Child of God, there is reality here, I know there is; and let me tell you, in God's Name, if you are now similarly placed, and like-tried, Jesus will appear for you, and deliver you, even as He appeared for and delivered me."

The Gospel According to Satan. By Standish Grey, M.A. (London: Kerby and Endean, 190, Oxford-street). We have no hesitation in recommending this neat and plain exposition of both sides of truth, as a text-book for all our young people. Mr. Standish Grey takes the lamp of Divine revelation, and turns it first upon "the mystery of iniquity," which is increasingly working to deceive and to ruin the souls of men. When our author has carefully and correctly shown how the Word of God has anticipated and described "the working of Satan with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, with all deceivableness of unrighteousness:" after Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope," and other intellectual

dreamers have been examined and proved to be unsound, then Standish Grey turns the lamp of God's revelation upon the Gospel of Christ, and largely discourses upon the Divinity of Christ, the substitution of Christ, and the resurrection of Christ; in fact, the delusions which are far beneath, and the heaven-inspired teachings which are from the throne of God, are faithfully contrasted. Mr. Standish Grey has done a good work. Messrs. Kerby & Endean have clothed it in excellent style.

Better than Gold; or, The Precious Blood of Christ. By H. D. Brown. London: Hodder & Stoughton. This handsome, scarlet-bound shilling volume has been extensively circulated; and we hope its great theme has been savingly realised in the souls of some who have read its pages. The three prominent words, "CHRIST," "BLOOD," "PRECIOUS," are words so loosely, so lightly, so flippantly, yea, we fear, so *unfeelingly* used in these days, that we have become exceedingly jealous lest the most sacred of all words shall be profanely hurled about as the commonest of all things. Who is CHRIST? and of His adorable majesty and person what do we know? What meaning is there in the sacred term, "the blood of Christ?" How has it become *precious* unto us? Is it possible that any of us can declare before the face of the Almighty God that, though we were at one time "far off" from the Lord, yet now in CHRIST we are made nigh by the precious blood of the Lamb? With consciences purged from dead works, with hearts purified by faith, with souls free in the freedom of the Spirit of adoption, can we sing,—

"So near, so very near to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the Person of His Son,
I am as near as He.
So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son,
Such is His love to me."

If experimentally we can thus chaunt out our inmost joys we must be blest indeed. So many preachers and professors have we known who have not "*endured unto the end*," that we at best "rejoice with trembling."

From Rabbinism to Christianity, &c. (Houghton & Co.) This narrative is not Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's in another form. It is altogether different. It is anonymous; rather striking in its details. When we can insert our "Night's Railway Thoughts" the evening previous to Mr. Levinsohn's recognition, we wish to notice this piece of autobiography more carefully.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SOME OF OUR OLDER CHURCHES RE-VISITED.

No. I.—ZOAR.—THE NEW MINISTER.

The late Mr. Chapman is reported to have made a great answer to one of his fellow deacons at Unicorn-yard Chapel. This particular deacon (at least, so it would appear) was so spiritually (*sic*) minded that, though himself a human being, he could not stoop to matters of human detail. He saw, so history tells, the gentle spirit of good Mr. Chapman overcast; the good man was weeping, and in reply to something said by Mr. Chapman, the massive, undisturbed deacon replied, "Oh! those are natural feelings." Then came forth from Mr. Chapman a great answer, an answer worthy of a Shakespeare or a Milton, "*Thank God for natural feelings.*"

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

As long as man tabernacles on earth, and so long as man is human and not inhuman, he will be the subject of natural feelings. The writer rather rejoices in natural feelings, and these led him to some of those older places of worship, where, some half a century ago, "men apt to teach" dispensed the words of life to the gladdening of many, many hearts.

"That house shall always be preserved,
And never shall decay;
Where the Almighty God is served,
And revered alway."

Our cathedrals and our ancient parish churches are matters of interest to the Non-conformist as well as the Churchman. If by circumstances of time, or aught else, an old church is to be removed, it is immediately photographed, and articles are written of the great men who preached there, and of the great men who worshipped there. Have we, as a body, no churches which should be photographed, churches where crowds were wont to hang with joy on the Word of life? Where is Unicorn-yard? Where is Holy Trinity in the Borough? Where is Crosby-row? Where? Have they gone, and no records been placed in the archives? The EARTHEN VESSEL has, from its commencement, been a Christian record; in fact, it was the first magazine amongst the Particular Baptists which kept posted all the events of the party; and though there have been attempts to follow the example, the EARTHEN VESSEL alone has been the magazine for information, and therefore we feel that something might, and something ought to be said of "old Zoar," as it has been termed; and we now give a short paper of a visit paid on Sunday morning, April 3rd.

Great Alie-street is by no means in a classical neighbourhood, though the street is remarkably quiet. The chapel, a commodious one, is only a few paces from Mansel-street. This Mansel-street is occupied almost entirely by Jews, who, for the most part, are of the poorer class. But we have not to do

with Israel in Egypt, but Baptists in Great Alie-street; and we may say of Zoar chapel, little or no alteration has been made since our fathers worshipped here. The pulpit, as now occupied by the newly-elected minister, Mr. Ashdown, is the same as when James Charles Philpot, M.A., quietly spoke of those things which make for our eternal peace; the same as used by William Gadsby, John Warburton, John Kershaw, and the other good men who have passed away, but whose theme was to swell out, in no mistaken terms, "*Non nobis Domine,*" &c.

So far as we can learn, no alteration has in any way taken place in the building. It is the same Zoar as of old. So much for the place. It has been a question repeatedly asked, "How came the Church to elect a minister after having supplies for forty years?" This is a question we cannot answer, therefore we pass on to notice

MR. ASHDOWN, THE NEW MINISTER,

who, we presume, is over sixty years of age. The writer never had the pleasure of hearing the "choice spirits" who ministered here half a century ago, but from what he has gathered he would think that Mr. Ashdown is, in more senses than one, a true representative of them. There is a quaintness and strong provincialism, which was so noticeable a feature in the preachers of other days. Mr. Ashdown has very little action in the pulpit: now and then he brings his hand down rather heavily on the open Bible, and then, in a manner peculiar to himself, twirls the edges of the sacred Book.

On the morning in question, Mr. Ashdown read Matt. viii., on which he made slight comments. In his prayer, which lasted fifteen minutes, our senators were not forgotten. "Don't let us, as a nation, go into an unholy war," was one of the passages in the petition.

The sermon, which did not close till ten minutes to one, was preached from Ruth i. 16: "And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave Thee, or to return from following after Thee: for whither Thou goest, I will go: and where Thou lodgest, I will lodge; Thy people shall be my people, and Thy God my God." A graphic description was given of Naomi and her two daughters-in-law, interspersed with imaginary conversation between Naomi, Ruth, and Orpah. The preacher then spoke to his subject in three divisions:—1. Naomi's God; 2. Naomi's people; and 3. The spirit of Naomi's faith. Under the first head, Mr. Ashdown could find no adequate language in which to speak of Naomi's God: but coming down to notice her people, he was particularly happy. They were a simple people, they were a sorrowful people, and they were said by some to be a people who ought not to live: but they were a people loved by God, and they were a quickened and a regenerate people. Mr. Ashdown concluded an excellent discourse by alluding in

an experimental manner to the appropriating faith of Ruth.

We feel a particular pleasure in chronicling the settlement of Mr. Ashdown at Zoar, and pray for him a long and successful ministry in Whitechapel.

"I AM GLORIFIED IN THEM."

So spake the Son of God unto His Father before entering the Gethsemane of sorrow, of bloody sweat, yet of holy resignation. These words, "I am glorified in them," are words expressive of the Christian character of saved believers. They came in to help me last evening, Sunday, March 27th, 1881, when, after six weeks' home confinement, the Lord permitted me to preach thrice. Brother Thomas Austin read and offered prayer, both morning and evening. I was mercifully helped. We had the savour of grace, good attendance, harmony in the choir, and gratitude in the soul. I really felt deeply inside (although I could not express it) the essence of those words,—

"Here my best friends, my kindred dwell;
Here God my Saviour reigns."

Whatever time the Lord may further spare me here, my prayer is that His Name may be glorified in the ingathering of redeemed souls unto Himself; and that, more than ever, I may be devoted unto the Lord God, with a growing meetness for some purer service in the more immediate presence of His glory, and of the happy nations who there do "crown Him Lord of all." Amen.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

South Hackney, March 28, 1881.

BETHNAL-GREEN MEETING.—I have often heard of what may be called a mastiff dog barking at a little shepherd because his flock was small, and because he did not try to get the goats into his fold, and turn them into sheep. Now a high-bred mastiff would never behave ungentlemanly to a kind little shepherd; only over-grown whelps are so dogmatical. However, I wish to make one remark: I have been reading Numbers i., ii., etc., and I see there what the learned call a typical and hieroglyphical picture of the character and order of the Church, the visible professing Church of Christ in Gospel times. First, there was the tabernacle of the congregation, which stood as a type of our Lord Jesus Christ. Of this, nothing is said about the tribes being angry one with another. No, but simply, they (1) Each had his standard; (2) Each tribe pitched by their own standard; (3) And so they went forward. So we are doing now. We have our own standard; our standard is a staff with colours. Our staff is the Person of Christ, the Son of God, the Head of the covenant, the Righteousness and Salvation of His Church, through whom we are to be more than conquerors. More; not only redeemed, sanctified, and called, but we are (1) to rest from our labours; (2) to be raised up in a glorious likeness; (3) called to a royal marriage; (4) inherit a royal city.

HOW CAN WE KEEP OUR YOUNG PEOPLE FROM STRAYING INTO OTHER FOLDS?

Was the ancient Boaz a type of our most compassionate High Priest, the Son of God? If so, does not Jesus speak to His disciples, when He brings them into His own Gospel field, as Boaz spake unto Ruth? He said, "Hearest thou not, my daughter, Go not to glean in another field; neither go from hence; but abide here, fast by my maidens." Very lately, my mind was much set upon those words of our Lord, "If ye abide in Me; and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." I wish those words, or the teaching therein contained, could be powerfully poured into the souls of our parsons and people by the Holy Ghost, for in them is the essence of all holy living, of safe walking, of enduring years of what is termed "The final perseverance of the saints."

Some twenty years since, a Christian lady brought two of her young friends to hear me preach. They both became members of the Church. After a time they were removed away into the country. One of them was a zealous, gifted, and ardent follower of the Lord. But she was carried away into other circles, moved among other denominations. Unexpectedly, the other day, I received the following note from her. It so solemnly expresses the abidance of truth in her soul, it so proves the emptiness of the charity of the Arminian people, and it so rebukes us for not more practically seeking to hold our young people fast in the fields of our blessed Boaz, that I trust its insertion will be of some benefit in the Churches:—

MY ONCE AND EVER BELOVED PASTOR,—I am truly glad to see by this month's VESSEL that your precious life is spared a little longer to the Church of Christ on earth. Dear James was reading last month's account of your blessed, cheering anniversary services aloud to me, and we rejoiced in your joy. I had just remarked that perhaps the excitement would be rather too much for you, when James again broke out reading the painful news of your illness. "Dear old man, dear old man," James said, as reverently as of a beloved father, "perhaps his troubles will soon all be over." I felt a strong desire to write to you then, but I thought as you were ill it would only be troublesome, and almost impertinent, as I have long ago cut myself off from your Churches; yet the longer I live, the more do I feel the true union that exists between all the living branches of the true Vine. I can truly say that the good seed sown by your ministry in my soul yields fruit even now; and in times of great conflict I have had to fall back upon the deep, mysterious truths that had been revealed to me while under your heaven-inspired preaching. Yet I cannot see that I was not led of the Spirit in leaving you; though I believe had I remained among you I should not have had near so much trouble. Your preaching supplied me with a great surplus of spiritual life, and urged me on to work; but there did

not seem to be room for my energies among your Churches, as I was poor—if I had been rich, I could have found plenty of work anywhere. The more liberal Churches looked more inviting, but they were disappointing. I have found to my sorrow that the word "liberal" is a word used in politics and religion to decoy numbers; and to use them for the aggrandisement of men who are not any more liberal in motive than more conservative people; for all that, I am a "neutral liberal;" and so, my beloved father in the Gospel, are you. The great longing of my soul to work for the Lord has been disappointed; my doctrines did not fit where my practice would have been acceptable. All that I have passed through has laid me lower at the feet of my reigning King, Jesus, than the most sacred preaching could have done. In the wilderness the Holy Ghost has preached to me better than men could have done. Still, I long to labour, and live, and die for Christ.

BAPTIZING AT NEWARK-STREET, LEICESTER.

On March 22, William Bradley, who has been frequently here preaching the Gospel, baptized a believer to whom his ministry had been made useful.

The service was an interesting one; it commenced by singing,—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?"

Matt. iii. was read; after prayer, and singing another hymn. William took for his text Gal. i. 30, "Nevertheless, what saith the Scripture?" He shewed that the Word of God, and the command of God, were the only rule and standard for faith and practice (Isa. viii. 20; Psal. cxix. 105, 106; Rev. xxii. 18, 19). Second, that the Lord Jesus Christ is King in Zion; first, in His own right as Divine, in conjunction with the Father and Holy Spirit; and, second, as Man and Mediator, and that by the will and command of the Father, or Deity (Psal. ii. 6, cx. 1, 2, also xciii. 1, 2; Heb. i. 8, 9); and it is His high prerogative to issue His own laws and commands to His creatures, and they are binding upon them. He gave both laws and ordinances to Israel of old, and raised up His servants, Moses, Aaron, and others, to carry them out and enforce obedience; and as long as that dispensation lasted, we see by their history, when they were obedient, their blessings abounded; when they forsook them they were chastened (Isa. i. 19, 20; Psal. lxxxi. 13—16).

But to abrogate the Jewish and to establish the Gospel dispensation, He comes Himself, takes our nature, and becomes our great Exemplar; and having sent His forerunner, John, He comes, and almost His first act is to go to Jordan to be baptized of John (Matt. iii. 13). When He utters these memorable words, "For thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness;" put that by the side of 1 Pet. ii. 21, and also His last parting command (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; Mark xvi. 15, 16); then, if the Lord bless with faith, how much

better to be on the obedient side. No doubt but the disciples were all baptized, and it is clear they baptized others, and that in the presence of their great Lord and Master, who gave them authority so to do (John iii. 22, iv. 1, 2).

After the Saviour's resurrection and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, we find the apostles both preached the Gospel and baptized believers (Acts ii. 41, viii. 12). Let us inquire, he said, who are persons to be baptized? Certainly not infants or ungodly persons, who neither have repentance or faith; the former are nowhere mentioned in reference to baptism; the latter are strictly forbidden (Matt. iii. 7, 8; Acts viii. 37). The supposition of pseudo Baptists, that the households contained infants were Scripturally negatived. Who could say Lydia was a married woman? also, what saith the Scripture of the jailor's household? (Acts xvi. 34.) also Stephanas (1 Cor. xvi. 15, 16); neither did the Scriptures say anything about creatures becoming sponsors, as odd fathers or odd mothers, all of which must be a chimera. Neither do they teach that by baptism in any form the person is regenerated by the administration of the ordinance, and grafted into the Church.

Lastly, let us look at the mode of its administration. What does it shadow forth or teach? Neither sprinkling infants or pouring water upon adults teach anything; therefore, must be senseless and meaningless ceremonies, but by immersion we have in lively figure the overwhelming sufferings of Jesus (Luke xii. 50), also His death (Rom. vi. 4), His resurrection (Acts ii. 24), His ascension (Acts i. 9—11).

The audience was a large one, and the preacher recommended those who had not been Scripturally baptized to take a sheet of writing paper, and on one side write down all the portions from the New Testament, referring to the baptism of believers by immersion, and on the other side (if they could find any) those portions referring to the sprinkling of infants, or pouring upon adults; and let him know the result when next he came to them. Then, at the pool, gave out the hymn 428, Gadsby, baptized his son in the faith, gave the Doxology—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"—and thus this interesting and profitable service was brought to a close.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

HAMPSHIRE.—"A peep at the Isle of Wight." Splendid scenery! Salubrious air! Queen's carriages frequently running hither and thither! But the Gospel is very thin. Dr. Trestrail is the most ancient minister in the island, and he is so exceedingly fond of the ministry, that he will persevere in preaching, although his friends would willingly allow him to rest more than he does. No! his practical text is "a patient continuance in well-doing," and his people exercise the spirit of endurance. But ere very long, and all us old men must bid farewell to pulpit, platform, people and all below the skies. Oh! to go home, will it not be joyful!

THE TRYING LIFE AND JOYFUL DEATH OF MRS. S. A. SPRATT.

BY HER MINISTER, J. B. WISE, OF MARGATE.

DEAR BROTHER,—I send you an account of the death of a dear sister in Christ Jesus, Mrs. S. A. Spratt, the sister of the late Mr. Winterbottom, of Regent-street, London. Our dear sister was left at an early and tender age to the care of her grandmother, who was a good, truth-loving, God-fearing woman, under whose care our sister was led to hear the truth. But, like many more, she had a desire for the world. So with her it was the world to-day and Christ to-morrow. One day she was led to hear that man of God, the late George Abrahams; when the Lord, through him, sent the arrow of conviction into her soul, and after a long and painful conflict with sin, self, and Satan, the Lord was pleased to set her soul at liberty with these words: "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven." In this liberty she lived and rejoiced for some time. At length she married to a man, one that had much to do with the world, and now came her trial; business failed, they left their native country for Australia: like Naomi, she lost her all, her husband, her property, yea, all that she had. She went out full, and came back empty. At her return she found her dear minister gone to his eternal rest. She was tempted often to destroy herself. She also found her only brother in the flesh had lost his reason; but some little provision had been made for her by him. Her only sister died, and she was alone indeed. The more weighty matters about her soul began. She was led to come to Margate, where, for a long time, like Noah's dove, she could find no rest for her soul. In great darkness of soul she cried, "O God, save, or I perish." At length she was led to hear the minister of Mount Ephraim, at Forester's hall. The Lord graciously appeared for her, and to her. Again she rejoiced in God her Saviour. She was opposed to baptism, having been long under the ministry of Mr. Abrahams. But the Lord wrought with her and for her. She was baptized, as the accompanying letter will show. About October of last year she was taken very ill. I visited her often and found her very dark in mind, groaning in spirit. Much conversation passed between us concerning her state. Sometimes a ray of light appeared. So she continued up to the middle of December, when the Lord gloriously revealed Himself to her. So great was her joy that she continued all night in praise and thanksgiving. Her niece said to her in the morning, "Aunt, you have been dreaming all night." She replied, "No, I have not, my dear; it was a reality. I have seen the Lord in His beauty and glory. Oh, precious Jesus, Thou art all I want." I called to see her the next day, and her face shone with joy. "Oh, my dear sir," she said, "I have been with Jesus, precious Jesus; He is all I want." I said, "My sister, He is faithful that has promised. He hath seen you again." "Yes," she said, "my heart

has rejoiced, and my joy no man can take from me." She was in this frame of mind for some time, and her bodily strength seemed to return. On Monday, January 2, she took tea with a few friends in the same house in which she lived, and appeared quite cheerful, till about nine o'clock, when she was taken very ill, went to her bed, from which she never rose. I called on Tuesday, and found her very low in body and mind. I sent for the doctor and tried to comfort her from God's Word, engaged in prayer, and left. Her only cry was, "Oh, when will it be light?" On Friday I again visited her. She asked me for a little soda-water to moisten her throat; then for her smelling-salts, for which she thanked me, and said that was all she needed for the body. "Now read me a portion of the Word of God." I read John xiv.; she said, "Oh, what precious promises, they will never fail, He will come again, and I shall have a mansion above." I engaged in prayer. I trust I felt a sweet nearness to the Lord on her behalf. With a smile, she said, "Thank you; at evening time it shall be light." I left her for two hours, thinking she might rest a little, but she never spoke to me again. When I went to her again I said, "My sister, at evening time it shall be light." She pressed my hand in token of her knowledge of the same. I left her about nine o'clock with a promise to see her in the morning, if spared. But about a quarter to eleven she called her niece to her, and with her remaining strength, which was wonderful to behold, she said, "Maria, I am now going home to be with my precious, precious Jesus: He who hath loved me, and gave Himself for me. Oh, do seek Him, for He is worth all the world. I hope to meet you in glory. Precious Jesus, I come." Her long tried soul took its flight to that rest which remaineth for the people of God, on Friday, January 7. Her end was peace. We committed her mortal remains to the earth on Tuesday, January 11. The following is a copy of a letter found after her death.

Yours in Christ,
J. B. WISE.

"Baptized by Mr. Wise, the pastor of Mount Ephraim chapel, by whose ministry my soul has been sweetly fed; although very weak in body, my Lord sustained me with the power of His might. The portion of the Word of God that was given by the Spirit to my dear pastor, and conveyed to my soul, and melted me, was Romans vi. 22. I write this that when my earthly tabernacle is no more, I hope to be with Him who has died for such a worthless worm as Sarah Ann Spratt. My earnest prayer is that He, the great I AM, may keep me, guide and direct me in all things, subdue all my sins by His almighty power, and give me great grace to fight manfully under His Banner—the Lord Jesus Christ.—August 5, 1878."

FOR PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

We do not exactly know the meaning of our "S. W." correspondent, who says, "Ipswich is losing its men of truth; but I

have hope Zoar will stand by the staff." We expect it is in Ipswich as in other parts now, something from heaven is wanting. Churches are sorely tried with ministers, and ministers are tried in themselves. Poor fellows! Many of them are soon exalted, and soon debased. "The single eye," the pure motive to be nothing in themselves; "less than the least of all saints." Ah! it is easy to talk that, but to walk that, to live that, to manifest that, is only demonstrated by omnipotent reigning grace. We know that years ago there was plenty of the living in Jerusalem to fill Bethesda, and Zoar too; and if the love of Christ filled the hearts of ministers, constraining them to "persuade men" not to pelt them; to "beseech men" not to be hard with them; if we had more of that spirit out of which came Paul's words, "So being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the Gospel of God only (which must be the main stamina of the ministry, the Gospel of God; not hurling stones at other people, but, keeping to the subject, 'imparting unto you the Gospel of God;'" and not this only) but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us," ministers and people would be happy. Many of us, if we would instrumentally build up (not break up) the Churches, we must be filled with the power of the Holy Ghost in our own souls, and from thence pour out the vital spirit of life and love, seeking intensely, as Paul said, "not yours, but you." Then also, as John Penny told his people, "each member of a Church ought to feel, 'this Church is my home, my sphere of labour, the object of my special love and prayer. In its prosperity I shall have a part; for its coldness or inefficiency I must bear my share of responsibility before God.' No Church can prosper if its members are half-hearted respecting its interests. There is no surer way to destroy all power of a Church for good than for its members to be found absenting themselves habitually from its services, instead of being present to sustain them by sympathy, and prayer, and personal influence, as well as waiting 'to hear what God shall say to their souls.' The habit of wandering after novelties shows already declension, instead of advancement, and tends to yet greater decline." Wanderers and tale-bearers do great injury. Of Thomas-a-Kempis, Charles Herbert says: The one feature about a-Kempis was "he tried to place them" (not on Church ordinances, not on creeds, not on this or that man's experience, but he aimed to set the people's affection) "on the higher level of PERSONAL AFFECTION TO CHRIST HIMSELF." In that particular, if we could so live in the knowledge and in the fellowship, in the love and admiration of the beloved Person of Christ, as to lift Him to the hearts of the people, surely by the Spirit souls should be drawn to Christ—not to parties nor to persons only, but drawn unto a saving unity of the all-glorious Christ of God. Oh! for grace thus to live and labour, daily and devoutly prays,—C. W. B.

DALSTON.—FOREST-ROAD. Our brother, Mr. J. H. Dearsly, whose praise, as a Christian minister, is in all the Churches, determined to resign his pastorate at Forest-road, after seventeen years' faithful and honourable service. It is not every Christian minister who has the keenness of perception to discover when his work is done in any one locality; and if he has that peculiar qualification, he has not always at the same time sufficient courage to act upon his convictions. In this respect, however, Mr. Dearsly has shown great fidelity, as well as sound common sense, in leaving his people in the most praiseworthy manner. On Sunday evening, March 27, Mr. Dearsly preached his farewell sermon. On the following Tuesday valedictory services were held. Mr. John Hazelton preached an encouraging sermon, based upon Gen. xxxii. 9: "And I will deal well with thee." The preacher treated of the promise of God couched in the text on the ground of eternal relationship, on the basis of eternal redemption, and on the doctrine of regeneration as the great separating line of demarcation between life and death. Several times Mr. Hazelton made honourable and loving mention of his friend and brother in Christ, Mr. Dearsly, whom he had personally known many years, and in whose future career he believed the sweet language of the text would be fully verified. Mr. J. Hazelton presided at the evening meeting. Mr. Holden prayed. The chairman gave a suitable address; he referred to the opening services of this chapel many years ago, when himself, Mr. Milner, and Mr. Bloomfield preached. Mr. Hazelton noted that he had not much acquaintance personally with events like that for which they had that evening gathered, as he had been in London as a minister thirty years, and had held his pastoral office in one Church mainly during that lengthened period. Mr. H. Cousens expressed his deep sympathy with his beloved brother, Mr. Dearsly. Mr. Broadbridge, an officer of the Church, after a few words of sympathy, presented Mr. Dearsly with a purse containing £11 13s., which Mr. Dearsly received with signs of full appreciation of the spirit and meaning in which it was given. Mr. Dearsly said he did not leave them because they desired it, or that he had changed his religious views, or that he contemplated the pastorate of a larger Church. He considered the kindness of the friends through the long period he had served them, and that though his ministrations were not so successful as he could wish, he was pleased to say the Church was in peace, and the chapel free from debt. Speeches were delivered by brethren Anderson, Dawson, Griffiths, Langford, Masterson, Meeres, Osmond and W. Webb. The chapel was crowded. The services will not soon be forgotten. Our brother Dearsly needs no commendation of ours, he is too widely known and respected for that. Our prayers and best wishes shall, however, not be wanting in his behalf, while love and union lasts. —W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL,

COMMERCIAL-ROAD, E.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR. — Heartily desired by our friends, and glad to convey sympathy to you in your affliction, and thanks for the excellent brotherly notices of our late dear pastor, I trust you will allow me to express the joy that I feel at the mention of my father, Mr. Wanstall, in the testimony to Mr. Franks, in the April number of the *VESSEL*; and in the choice letter to the memory of the elect lady, Mrs. Burns, August, 1880, by telling of loving favour in the mercy of God.

Your ministry, dear sir, being suitable for the extensive circle of your hearers and readers, with the experience and understanding of their disputations, doubts and fears, faith, hope, and joy, you will bear with me in saying (and it will illustrate the attraction in your ministry to me) that my dear father, with a knowledge of that which is natural, and not being ignorant of Satan's devices in spiritual wickedness, dwelt on the providential dispensations of God to all men, especially to the household of faith, encouraging to seek that to which those things are added, the spiritual blessings; in which his heart was enlarged to speak of the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of God, which passeth knowledge, Mr. Franks being a hearer for many years, assisting in the services, until called to "the ministry of reconciliation, with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

"The God of all grace" sustaining him, Mr. Franks took part in the funeral service of Mr. Wanstall, with his loving friend, Mr. Adams, who continued the preaching in Zion with spiritual blessedness, in the joy of the Lord, "in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." Over whose mortal remains also, with our dear friend, Mr. Meeres, Mr. Franks testified, "Salvation belongeth unto the Lord," and now he has passed away, and Mr. Meeres and Mr. Vaughan have declared over his remains, in the goodness of God, "Thy blessing is upon Thy people."

Some of our dying saints, in an ecstasy of expectation, are anxious to get away from the hardness of this life, and be "ever with the Lord;" and others, in the same rapture, are like those mentioned before, in the lot with yourself, sir; having passed through the temptations, of which we of the congregation know but little, or there would be more tenderness to the ministry in the bitterness of the trial, "the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved." But God is pleased for a while to give a pleasant surrounding, and though the soul cleaveth to relatives, and loving, Christian, faithful men and godly women, the severance must come; from the transports of delight in kindly affection to the praise of the Lord, blessing His holy Name: for the work of the Lord is sure, and there is a willingness, and it is written, "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." Oh, my dear sir, coming up out of much tribulation, may we pass away in the exceeding joy of

the love of Christ, like these three of the number whom no man can number, "that have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

During the illness of Mr. Franks, and since, we have proved the importance of the Sunday-school, in prayer and praise, in addition to the excellency of the preaching; insomuch that the superintendent and teachers have been a treasure to us, in carrying out, in an agreeable and proper manner, the services in the worship of God, whose blessing they have, and the children with them.

To show the value in the ministry of the Word of God, "to edification, and exhortation, and comfort." Impressed to hear you, the first time, your text was, "I have much people in this city," and the desire was nourished of an interest in the truth. "At this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace." Well, sir, that is a good while ago, and since then we have heard you with joy; and when perplexed, we have been delivered while you stated our circumstance exactly, of which you had not heard, and we were unknown to you; showing no strange thing had happened in the salvation of God. And you have proved the power of the Word in the heavenly vision, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city."

The Lord grant your desire as it pleases Him, that you may again proclaim from the feet of Jesus in humility "the Gospel of the grace of God." The Lord bless you "in the simplicity that is in Christ, that the abundant grace might, through the thanksgiving of many, redound to the glory of God."

Yours, esteemed sir,

In love for your work's sake, W.

GUILDFORD. — Special services were held at the old Baptist chapel on Sunday and Monday, in celebration of the 8th anniversary of the Sunday-school. On Sunday morning and evening the pastor, Mr. E. Mitchell, preached; the services were well attended. In the afternoon, prizes were distributed to the scholars by the pastor. At the close of the proceedings, four handsome volumes were presented to Mr. Wm. Riddle, a teacher, a gift on behalf of teachers and officers, as a wedding present. On Monday afternoon, Mr. J. S. Anderson gave an excellent discourse from 1 John ii. 1 to a good congregation. Tea was provided, at which 220 persons were present. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, and nearly every seat was occupied. The chair was taken by Mr. T. Leake; Mr. Rankine having opened the meeting in prayer, the chairman reminded those present that the celebration of an anniversary caused a looking back, and it was well they could look back and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Since Sabbath-schools were first founded, they had undergone a great change, and are now doing a superior and higher work than that done

in the past. He contended that education of a moral character was of no use in itself to overcome the infidelity of our day, as the boldest attacks on Scriptural truths were made by men of learning. Mr. P. Pickett, superintendent (though very weak, having scarcely recovered from an attack of bronchitis), gave the annual report, and said the work had been steadily progressing during the year. By the help of kind friends, the scholars had been enabled to take part in the united centenary celebrations. They had now a new schoolroom, a comfortable, commodious space which was filling. The scholars had considerably increased, the numbers now being 160. The finances were equally satisfactory, leaving a balance in hand. Mr. Rankine, in a lively address, took for his subject Dr. Kitto's remarks on the proverb, "Wisdom is better than riches." Mr. J. S. Anderson said he considered the report the most satisfactory he had ever heard. Referring to the remarks of the chairman as to the origin of species, he said there was no foundation for pride as to our ancestors, for if people would only trace their pedigree back far enough, they would find they were the descendants of a gardener. Special prizes were then distributed by the chairman. Mr. J. Bonny took for his subject the question constantly asked by travellers in Norway, "Is God in this house?" He drew some very apt inferences, and made some very pithy remarks on this question. Mr. E. Mitchell said that St. Paul's motto might appropriately be theirs, to "Thank God, and take courage." He was thankful to say the School Building debt now only amounted to about £80. Prayer by the pastor terminated a successful and pleasant evening. Collections for School Fund amounted to £12 4s. 0½d.

WHITESTONE, HEREFORD.—The following note cheers us delightfully; learning therefrom we have, we trust, once more been instrumental in finding for that dear old Church at Whitestone a pastor according to the faith and fellowship of the saints therein assembled. Praise the Lord. "Dear brother C. W. Banks,—I return many thanks for all past favours bestowed on Whitestone. I feel the Lord directed you to the right man for Whitestone. The Church is unanimous in inviting him to the pastorate. We are also thankful on behalf of the testimonials we have received, and Mr. Gardiner expresses himself quite satisfied with the place. I feel thankful to our heavenly Father for all blessings. We have been crying unto the Lord to send us a pastor to feed His sheep, and now we receive him as sent of the Lord, and you, dear brother, as the channel through which he was to come. Bless the Lord, O my soul. We were, to all appearance, come to a fix, how to act we knew not. The Lord opened the way for us, for which we desire to praise Him. It is my prayer that the Lord may long spare you to labour for Him, and give you health and strength to do so.—Yours in Gospel bonds, JAMES LEWIS."

PROSPERITY AT BATH.

EBENEZER BAPTIZING SERVICES AT
WIDCOMBE BAPTIST CHAPEL.

"Go, teach the nations, and baptize,
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries;
His glad apostles took the Word,
And round the nations preached their Lord."

Lord's-day, April 3, was looked forward to by the brethren at "Ebenezer." Special cries went up to the "God of all grace," that He would come up with the pastor, and bless him; that the candidates coming forward be blessed in thus publicly "putting on Christ." Mr. J. R. Huntley preached in the morning from "Ye have not chosen Me; but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

The pastor afterwards baptized in the name of the Trinity five believers, who had felt the need of the great Physician. It is no trivial matter to confess Christ before an ungodly world. Our prayer is that those who have just avowed their allegiance to Jesus may be kept by power Divine. So shall they be a blessing to the Church, and wherever they move.

In the evening of the day the pastor, Mr. John Huntley, preached from "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save, neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear." He then gave the converts the right hand of fellowship and welcome. Afterwards the Lord's death was commemorated, and thus another happy day was spent in the courts of our God.

How graciously does the stream of mercy flow to this corner of the vineyard at Widcombe. No sooner is the baptistry closed, but we see others coming forward, declaring what God has done for their souls. Not only does the pastor rejoice, but the Church rejoices likewise. And is there not reason when we see the "lawful captive delivered" and "the prey taken from the mighty." May our victorious Captain still subdue many rebel hearts in this densely populated neighbourhood, to the praise and glory of His matchless grace. Ride on, Thou blessed Conqueror, till all the number is complete, for whom Thou didst agonise upon the accursed tree.

"Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me."

W. P.

Bath, April 9, 1881.

DEATH.—THE VENERABLE CHARLES BOX, for many years the minister of Enon, Woolwich, has recently departed this life for his home in the better country. We remember many years since preaching for him in his beloved "Enon." For some time he had quietly retired from stated ministerial work, and waited patiently until his call to go up higher came. On April 1 his mortal part was laid in the family grave at Woolwich cemetery, when Mr. J. L. Meeres offered suitable words to all present.

LITTLE ALIE-STREET CHAPEL.—

Sixty-fourth anniversary of the Sick Visiting Society, in connection with the above place of worship, was held on April 7. We were favoured with a goodly number of friends to tea, and a still larger number in the evening. The public meeting was opened by singing the well-known hymn, "Kiudred in Christ, for His dear sake." Mr. Dearsly implored the Divine presence and blessing. Our pastor, Mr. Masterson, then made a few preliminary remarks, at the conclusion of which he called upon the secretary to read the report, which showed that during the past year eighty-eight persons had been visited, and the sum of £35 15s. had been expended among them, that the Lord had indicated His blessing and approbation spiritually upon the society's labours, and that it had been gradually increasing in usefulness for the past four years. Mr. J. S. Briscoe then moved the adoption of the report, in a speech, the burden of which was that *pity* was not what was required so much as *SYMPATHY*, and we could not sympathise with others, unless we were or had been in the same position or circumstance. Mr. Griffith seconded the motion in a speech, containing reminiscences of Miss Steele, whose deprivation of health gave rise to her composing that beautiful hymn, commencing with the words, "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies;" and also the remark of Wm. Jay, of Bath, that there were three kinds of poor: (a) the Lord's poor; (b) the world's poor; (c) the devil's poor. The motion that the report be adopted having been unanimously carried, Mr. Meeres then spoke from the words, "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people." In the course of his remarks he stated, that in his young days the Lord for ten years overturned all his projects, and during that period he was reduced to great straits, not knowing where the next day's meal was to come from; but looking back to that period, he could now say, that he almost wished he could go back to that time, if he could realise the same sweet support and felt Presence of God, and be able to throw himself up on the naked promises. Mr. Langford said, that three of the world's maxims had crossed his mind as he sat there—viz., (a) God helps those who help themselves; (b) Get all and keep all; (c) Every man for himself, and God for us all. These are not the maxims of Christianity, said Mr. Langford; infidelity and worldliness never had produced self-denial and love for others, and such societies as this were the outcome of that love which sought another's welfare beside its own. Mr. Dearsly gave us some of his own experiences of sick visitation, thirty years ago, when he had seen some of the Lord's poor, who were rich in faith, but poor indeed in this world's goods. The hymn, "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies," having been sung, the divine benediction was pronounced; and thus was brought to conclusion a meeting marked with success, much spiritual enjoyment and profit, and above all, it was felt that the Lord had been in our midst

indeed, and of a truth.—J. T. BOOTLE, Hon. Secretary.

CRUEL MASTERS IN THE CHURCH.

In order to get close communion turned to "open," some strange scenes occur. Here is a true statement by a venerable, faithful, and useful pastor. We must certainly help in such distressing cases. Our correspondent says:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Having an inclination to tell of Him, whose love is immense, unsearchable, I take my pen to write this epistle unto you. I wish of you to receive our thanks for the *VESSEL* and the *Cheering Words*. We hope you are prospering in your extensive work. I remind you of what I stated awhile back, touching the table of the Lord. A party wished to have the safeguard removed, and to open the way to that glorious ordinance which only belongs to the obedient elect ones. They have, by craftiness, succeeded, giving me pain of heart; but after years of hard toil, adding twenty-one to the Church by baptism, and entirely freeing the Church of all local debts, an enemy has stirred up a wicked spirit. There were demands on the place, which had to be met. The trustees were called. Instead of raising the money, they said, "Expenses must be curtailed." I was the only expensive thing, with my 20s. per week. This was chiefly collected by three true friends whom I baptized. The next day I heard they intended to get me out. I gave them my resignation, to save the trustees from starving me out by paying me only 10s.; they were to have the other 10s. I gave my last sermon. After going miles soliciting help in all kinds of weather to free them from debt, I am now in my over four score years thus treated. I pray that the Lord will guide, and help, and supply. I am cast down, but not destroyed. I still look to the hills higher than I. The Lord bless you for ever, is the prayer we offer up for you every day.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—The Lord is blessing the labours of John Bolton at Boston. He is an able, faithful, fervent servant of the Lord. His heart is cheered from time to time by seeing one and another constrained to come forward to declare what God hath done for their souls. Edward Carr's ministry, at Sleaford, seems to be acceptable to the "poor in spirit." Four such have been received by the Church at Providence, and hope to be baptized by their minister shortly. Three others, hitherto members elsewhere, have been led to join this much-suffering and persecuted Church. Increasing Churches and increasing congregations are not generally the rule, and increasing affection between minister and people still less; but all these signs of true prosperity are being realised by these two Lincolnshire pastors, and this in spite of the virulent opposition they both (in different ways) have to contend against.—ONE WHO KNOWS BOTH.

MANCHESTER.—On April 13, a meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, Higher Temple-street, to set forth the goodness of God in continuing the pastor, S. A. Smith, and the Church for the last twenty-five years. Mr. Smith gave an historical account of his call by grace when about eighteen years of age, by the words, "Ye must be born again," etc.; of his teaching in Sunday-school of Rochdale-road, and his baptism in Mr. Gadby's chapel in 1840; of his trial sermons before the Church; of his ten years' pastorate at Warrington, and supplying the Churches; of the cause of his separation from the "Standard" party; of the reason of his leaving Warrington, and coming to us; describing the circumstances, when meeting in a small room in James-street, Charlotte-street, and then in Cloth Hall, Salford, near Victoria-bridge; then removing to the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor-street; inconvenience about getting a baptistry to immerse the candidates; Rochdale-road Church's refusal to lend theirs. Building the present chapel, now out of debt; progress of Sabbath-school; progress of the Church; proportions during each five years of the twenty-five; those now surviving about three from its commencement; deacons Morgan and Davies first coming and remaining steadfast, the former eighteen, the latter about twenty years; and deacon James Greenhough a many years, but who is now advanced in life, and laid aside on a sick bed, not likely ever to come again to the chapel; his preaching in all upwards of 4,000 sermons from his commencement; his labour in the Sabbath-school; the false prophets, who had prophesied his downfall, and how the Lord had caused His goodness to pass before him in the way, etc. The choir sang hymns and an anthem, one of Mr. Smith's sons playing the harmonium. Deacon Morgan gave his reason for joining the Church at first, and his subsequent career. Deacon Davies also did the same. Mr. Smith desired J. Hudson, who was baptized at the same time as himself, and was one of the few when he first came, to say a few words, which he did, shewing how he was a teacher in the same school with him, and were both immersed the same Sabbath-day in Rochdale-road chapel; his subsequent career, and coming among them; acknowledging with gratitude the goodness and mercies of the Lord, and hoping that during the next twenty-five years the young and rising members may lengthen their cords, and strengthen their stakes. The meeting concluded with singing a hymn and benediction. Yours truly, J. HUDSON.

PULHAM-ST.-MARY.—In this landscape-like village we have enjoyed not only what our old deacon called "a sound Gospel ministry," but, in the preaching of pastor Benjamin Taylor, we have had for forty years a ministry with a *living spring*; hence, the sermons have been often rich in variety, full of holy thought welling up fresh out of the soul, which for a long life-time hath walked with God in communion, held in much fellowship with Christ in all His

amazingly mysterious powers, and anointed with "fresh oil" by the Divine Interpreter, unfolding of the "deep things" of a Trine JEHOVAH. No fulsome talk! No, Benjamin of Pulham has been a man honoured of his God, and instrumentally a blessing to hundreds of Christ's redeemed flock. All our family, and hosts besides us, have been witnesses of this during the long series of Winters and Summers now left behind. Alas! C. W. Banks, let me tell you, that on Sunday morning, March 6, 1881, we were assembled in a large congregation, hoping to hear the Master's voice through His grand old servant. "Our pastor, Benjamin Taylor, is very ill in bed! He cannot rise to-day! He cannot preach!" There was a stunning blow for us, who had walked miles. We wept in silent sorrow! Prayer-meeting was held in the morning, quite a hallowed season. The deacon read us a sermon in the afternoon. "Whose sermon was that?" "Why, it was C. H. Spurgeon's!" "O! How did you like it, James?" "It came to me beautiful and true. I thought of what I read in the March *Sword and Trowel*, where Mr. Spurgeon charges his students to PREACH CHRIST in a *Christly manner*!" Ah, that is where Master Taylor always won my heart. Why, any one could see our pastor had Christ in his sermon, Christ in his hand, Christ in his heart, and sometimes you could see Christ looking out through his eyes, when he was preaching. I think our Ben, and C. H. S. are much alike. Do not put my name; but our afflicted brother B. Taylor needs help.

OLD SURREY TABERNACLE.

About twenty-three or twenty-four years ago, Mr. Wells, one Sunday morning, was uneasily pacing backwards and forwards, to and fro, in the minister's little vestry of the old Surrey Tabernacle, in the Borough-road. At the small table against the window sat one of his respected deacons, looking out the hymns for the service then just about to commence. A little son of this deacon was perched on a chair against the wall, watching with some degree of surprise and wonder the troubled expression of Mr. Wells's countenance as he strode up and down the confined space in front of the little lad. A few words passed between deacon and minister respecting the ministry, when Mr. Wells suddenly stopped, laid his hand on the little boy's head, and slowly and solemnly (addressing him by name) said, "My boy, I hope I shall live to baptize you, and see you a minister of the everlasting Gospel." Mr. W.'s hopes were not realised in respect to his seeing it; but they have been realised in respect to the boy; who (we may add) has not only been for some years a settled minister of the Gospel, but (impossible as it once seemed) has several times occupied Mr. Wells's pulpit in the new Surrey Tabernacle. We merely give this reminiscence as an interesting fact. Anyone is at liberty to cavil at it as much as any one likes.

AN OLD SURREY TABERNACLEITE.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—The Lord gave us "Queen weather" at Ebenezer, April 7, our fifty-seventh anniversary. It was much to our disappointment that you, dear C. W. Banks, was not sufficiently recovered from long illness to pay us a visit. We are glad to learn he is willing (when well enough) to give us "cheering words," and to encourage us by his presence, as doubtless, by the Lord's sanctifying influence on his mind during deep affliction, he will be able to testify with fuller force and meaning of His faithfulness and mercy. We had a very excellent sermon from our intelligent brother, Mr. John Box, founded on Jer. iii. 19. After the sermon a large number of friends adjourned to the spacious school-room connected with the chapel, where tea was served. The pastor presiding at the evening meeting called Mr. J. Lee, of Bow, to offer prayer, which he did in a fervent and humble manner. The pastor, Mr. Winters, made a brief address, stating the progress of the cause, especially since its removal to its present position, in 1868, when a new chapel was built, and in 1879 the chapel was enlarged and school-room added, to the cost of upwards of £1,400, which sum has been reduced to about £280, which enables us to take heart and say, "the Lord of hosts is with us." Brother Casey, one of the deacons, gave a warm and cheering speech, which was followed by earnest and faithful addresses by brethren Alfrey, Bowles, Cornwall, W. Webb, and Stringer. Brother J. Baldwin was with us and rendered us help. The services were profitable and pleasant.—W. W.

BRIGHTON RAILWAY.

December 13.—"A Londoner now settled in Brighton! who could have thought of meeting you here?" "Well, I had a small commission here, and am now returning to the elephantine city of labour and of loving-kindness." "How does your soul, body, family, and business fare in this sea-side of fashion, nobility, and wealth?" "All are well. No soul need starve here. We have some of the best men in the kingdom come here with their different phases of the Gospel, and I give them all a hearing. Yesterday we had that bold expounder of (his own and of other people's) experience, called

JOHN WARBURTON.

He has been a much favoured man. Providence has singularly and successfully smiled upon him, and in freedom he fulfils his office to the satisfaction of many. 'Galeed,' sir, one minute's run from the Brighton terminus, is said to be nearly the only 'safe place of hearing' in Brighton; but I do not sign that assertion, although 'Galeed' people can have, and will have, the best 'Standard' men in all the country, and all Brighton 'truthful' people run more or less to 'Galeed.' Then there is 'Ebenezer'; where that learned and truly logical divine, Israel Atkinson, has been pastor for many years. He is inviting one Mr. Gray to be the curate of Ebenezer, and some of the folk there are quite willing to let their beloved Israel have some rest. Oh,

they are a worthy people at Ebenezer. The other Sunday, they had two such sermons from Charles Masterson, as almost set the place on fire with admiration and joy; but such excitements are not very frequent with Mr. Atkinson's congregation. He is so deeply profound that neither earthquakes nor thunder have much effect. Nevertheless, Master Masterson so powerfully aroused the good Ebenezerites that Sunday that they will not soon forget. I heard the old parson's daughter declare the same with emphasis. "Who is to be Mr. Atkinson's curate, co-pastor, or successor?" I think they call him Samuel Gray. Mr. Atkinson has preached sometimes; it is hoped he will be all right by-and-bye. Some say, 'Never.' Let me tell you we have a Providence Baptist chapel at Cliftonville, and one Thomas House has been preaching there. He preached on 'The Complex Person of Christ.' It was a discourse which convinced some long-headed and large-hearted Christians. This Thomas House has 'the Spirit of Christ' in his soul, the love of Christ in his heart, the sacred knowledge of Christ in his sanctified mind, and the formation of nature and the diverse operations of grace mark him for a man of some use to our Churches in time to come. I have some reviews of the cultivated poet Balforn, of the quiet Harbour, of the famous Lawson, of Master Drake, of Thomas Boxhall, and others I will send you on. Mind you, after all, the Son of God, the Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ, is the true centre around which all good ministers should unitedly rally, of whom chiefly they should speak; but IT IS NOT SO."

THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

A true son of the late William Skelton says:—"A sad thing for Zion when old veterans are gone, when standard-bearers are taken away, for labourers are few, and workmen that need not be ashamed are very scarce: although I think they often seem to tread pretty much upon one another's heels, instead of seeking in the regions around, as in primitive times. The Churches are too selfish, demanding their utmost service, instead of considering the interest of others in dark corners of the earth, who never get occasional helps by the pastor's services. If the people of God, at Manchester, at Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Walsall, or in London, would say to their ministers: We wish not to monopolise all your labours in the Gospel. Look at Staffordshire, the Potteries, with their teeming populations. Go ye over there a few times a-year at our expense; and in the Summer-time stand up in the open air. Cry aloud! Spare not! See if there be any poor, lost, hungry, thirsty, famishing souls there. If so, feed them, comfort them, lead and gather them into a fold. Would not this be a God-glorifying work, and more in accord with primitive example than the close system of the present day? Yours truly, W. H. SKELTON.

[This has been our desire for over fifty years.—ED.]

BURGH - LE - MARSH. — MY DEAR PASTOR.— I hope by this time you are much better. Our sister, Mrs. Fletcher, of Burgh, died on Monday evening, March 14th. I visited her on the previous Thursday afternoon; read to her Psa. xlii., and prayed with her. She spoke then of your illness very feelingly. I was glad I saw her then (as she had asked me on the previous Sunday), for I should not have had another opportunity, as on the Friday I came to London on account of father's illness. I returned on Saturday to Burgh, then back on Monday to London, and was summoned back to bury Mrs. F. on Friday at Monksthorpe. She had turned 78, and bronchitis was the cause of death. On Sunday evening, the 20th, her death was improved by myself at Burgh, the text being, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." On Sunday morning, March 27th, about three o'clock, my father's spirit ascended to heaven. His remains were interred at Ilford Cemetery on Friday, April 1st. Mr. Beazley having known him for 35 years, officiated in the chapel, and Messrs. Turner and Whitteridge, who had been acquainted with him for years, at the grave. The two former visited him twice during his illness, and were the means of comfort to him. On Wednesday, the 6th, Mr. Beazley preached the funeral sermon at Gillespie-road, Finsbury-park, from the verse, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Mr. Turner read and prayed.—W. BEDDOW.

HAYES TABERNACLE. — Twelfth anniversary of the opening of above place of worship was held Tuesday, April 12. Brother J. S. Anderson preached in afternoon a thoughtful experimental sermon, which was felt to be truly a word in season. Tea and public meeting followed, at which our good brother J. R. Wakelin, of London, presided, whose remarks were spiritual, kind, and encouraging. Brother Bardens, the esteemed pastor, gave a pleasing account of their condition as a Church, expressing hope for the future, after which brethren Griffith, Master-son, Preston Davies, Warren, Humphreyson, and Anderson, delivered sober and instructive addresses. Our hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wild, and others did their best, as usual, to make all happy and comfortable.

COLCHESTER. — The Easter services were held here in St. John's Green chapel on Monday. The sermon by Mr. Kern was a sound testimony to the grace and power of Christ and His Gospel. After a good tea, provided and served up by the ladies, there was a most cheering meeting held in the evening, when speeches were made by Messrs. Kern, E. P. Brown, G. G. Whorlow, and W. Brown (the pastor). It was a good and profitable time to many. The debt on the chapel is being constantly made less. Harmony and cheerfulness seems to dwell constantly with the folk at St. John's Green, and the Mster calls one and another to the open profession by baptism, from time to time, of His Name.

CITY-ROAD. — EAST-ROAD. In that most central and people-thronging district, the City-road end of East-road, Hoxton, there standeth, in a quiet nook, the Baptist chapel, called "JIREH." The present pastor, Mr. William Lodge, a powerful man in appearance and voice, strong in faith, and experienced in the conflict between the two inner parts of the living Christian, exceedingly outspoken, and so plain, that the common people hear him gladly. This good man (and no one, we believe, ever questioned William Lodge's honesty) reached the age of three-score years and ten on Wednesday, April 6, 1881, whereupon the friends of Jireh manifested their appreciation of his pastoral labours, and their esteem for his Christian character, by inviting him to a splendid meeting for tea and scriptural fellowship. It was a truly happy season, and a handsome birth-day present was handed to, and acknowledged by, our friend William Lodge. We think the presenter was that cheerful, happy deacon, Mr. J. Swan Linsell, who stands by the pastor with fidelity and kindness.—Jireh Anniversary is fixed for Tuesday, May 24, 1881; C. W. Banks to preach in the afternoon, and to speak in the evening, with other brethren. Friends, please come early on that Tuesday afternoon, and cheer us once more in Jireh.

THE BLACK COUNTRY. — BUSY BIRMINGHAM AND THROUGH THE MIDLANDS.—"Widow, whose son travels, makes diligent search after the same ministry his father loved." At Wolverhampton, found Temple-street. Mr. Wright is a calm, godly man, out of whose heart floweth little streams of sorrow mingled with hope and some savoury openings of the great mystery. At Bilston, Mr. Satterford preached a strong sermon on the Gospel way of salvation; and at Birmingham, in the Baptist Mission-hall, on the Sumner-hill, heard the Word of Truth declared; but John could not get the preaching into his heart to make it holy, nor the sermon into his memory to tell me how the good man did his work. Thomas Drew, he says, "abides by the stuff." Dr. Taylor, two hundred years ago, said one part of the true Christian's cross is, that "he must walk by FAITH." We want *sense* to be satisfied; but as nothing gives more glory to God than faith, so nothing takes so much from man as faith. True faith believeth in God, trusteth in God, resteth in God, honoureth God, and will see the soul safe at home with God for ever. Oh, can ye have faith in God? Then ye will see all His promises true.

WORDS OF SACRED CONSOLATION.

DEAR MR. BANKS.—We trust in the hour of affliction, the Lord will fulfil His gracious promise in your experience. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." They may threaten to overflow, to overwhelm, and swallow thee up; but they shall not, for thou art a king's son by adoption, and regeneration: therefore, under the safeguard of Heaven. The Red Sea

of affliction, through the sanctifying blessing of Jehovah, may be a happy messenger to help thee on towards the promised rest. But, after all, afflictions are but light, compared with the eternal weight of glory. Again, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." The three Hebrew children were no turn-coats; there they were in the midst of the flames, and the Son of God with them, to cheer, support, deliver, and to confound and astonish their enemies; and the same almighty Friend, who manifestly delivered them, will providentially, spiritually and eternally deliver us from the fiery flames of Mount Sinai, from the fiery darts of the devil, from the fiery persecutions of our enemies, and from all the burning lusts and pride of this fallen nature, into the glorious liberties of the redeemed family of God. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be."

With kind regards and Christian love,

Very truly yours, J. PARNELL.

"OH, HOW I LONG TO BE THERE."

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I was sorry to see that your busy little body was out of gear; it is not to be wondered at when we consider what a wonderful lot of work, and of consequent wear and tear, that fearfully and wonderfully made machine of your lively soul has been doing for the last forty years. The greatest wonder is that it has borne the high pressure so long. Well, you know, my brother, that friction will ultimately destroy the best constructed piece of machinery in the world. I have, in my travels, seen engines leave the metals, and rush on to destruction; but the other day I was looking at some old superannuated engines in a large shed, and how grave, and solemn, and quiet they looked. What a mercy to keep the metals up to the end of the journey! How many have fled off from the lines of the way cast up by sovereign grace, since we first met in Bermondsey, thirty-five years ago, when I handed to you for publication the manuscript of my first book, "The Lost Found!"

And now, thank God, spite of all our conflicts, repulses, trials, persecutions, temptations, afflictions, we are still "on the line," on the solid metals of electing love and redeeming blood. Cheer, brother, cheer—another station or two, and we shall run into the terminus, and get home at last, and have a grand hallelujah meeting there. Oh, how I long to be there. My duties called me to the grave yesterday; I often feel great pleasure there, because I am reminded of how narrow is the border line that divides the heavenly land from ours.

I had a little sweet nibbling in Ps. xxiii. last Sabbath, and I endeavoured to show the people how the Lord shepherded David in life and in death; how, when he went astray, the Lord restored him; and how the pardon of sin lights up the valley of death with the hope and dawning of glory.

Yes, O yes, we are looking away from the strife of tongues, and the conflicts of life;

and we are longing for the Paradise in which there shall be neither serpents in the tree of knowledge, nor sin in the flesh, nor sickness in the body, nor darkness in the mind, nor death in the soul, nor devil in the congregation of the sons of God.

"Oh, blest abode,
I shall be near and like my God."

I hope you will soon be better; we don't want to lose you yet; but we must bow to our Father's will, He knows best. God bless and comfort, and heal, and save you from all your enemies, prays yours very affectionately,
S. COZENS.

Sutton, Ely, Cambs, March 3.

HADLEIGH. — BAPTIST CHAPEL. — Sunday, April 17th, 1881, the anniversary services of Sabbath-school were held. Three sermons were preached, and a children's address delivered, by Mr. B. J. Northfield, of Ipswich. The morning discourse was founded on "Behold the Man." The children were suitably addressed in the afternoon upon the subject of "Cain and Abel," after which words were spoken from Gal. vi. 9; and the evening's discourse was based upon John vi. 54. The chapel was full, morning and afternoon. Special hymns were sung by the children, and in such a manner that reflected credit upon themselves and those who trained them. This school is steadily increasing, and our united prayers are that the blessing of God may abundantly rest upon the teachers and scholars.

ZION CHAPEL. — NEW CROSS-ROAD. The usual quarterly service for the children belonging to the Sunday-school was held in the chapel on Sunday afternoon, April 10, when an interesting address on the "Three Hebrew Children" was given by the pastor, Mr. J. S. Anderson. At the close of the service two presentations were made; one, on behalf of the Young Men's Bible class, to Mr. T. G. C. Armstrong, who has conducted the class for several years past, and consisting of the "Treasury of David," by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in five volumes, and the "French Revolution," by the late Thomas Carlyle, in two volumes. The other presentation was a very handsome copy of the Scriptures, presented to Mr. W. H. Clifford by the boys belonging to his class.

Deaths.

Died at her residence, Bottisham Lodge, Cambridgeshire, Mary, the mother of C. Corawell, of Brixton Tabernacle, on March 30th, in the 88th year of her age. Her end was glory.

Departed this life, March 27th, 1881, John Beddow, aged 76 years.

"He sleeps in Jesus, and is blest,
How kind his slumbers are;
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every care."

On April 22, 1881, at the residence of Mrs. D. Bishop (his eldest daughter), Isaac Lingley, who was for upwards of 50 years a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, late of Malden, formerly of Meopham, in Kent. The Master has called His servant home at the good old age of 80 years.

"Jesus is Calling us Away!"

"Arise! let us go hence!"

MR. ISRAEL ATKINSON, OF BRIGHTON—MR. JAMES CHILD, OF HACKNEY
—THE GREAT STATESMAN, SIR CHARLES REED—DR. PUNSHON—
EDWARD MIALL, &C.

"I am alive for evermore. Amen. And have the keys of hell and of death."

"No *service* in itself is small,
None *great*, though earth he fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
That's great that seeks God's will.

Then, hold my hand, most gracious LORD;
Guide all my goings still;
And let this be my life's one aim,
To do or bear THY WILL!"

OUR own near approach to death, the heavy blows "the last enemy" hath been so fatally levelling at many of Europe's leading spirits, these loud voices have much lessened our hold upon the things of time. We have looked, we have listened, we have read, we have learned something. Above all, in the silence of the night we cried, "Lord, speak Thyself!" And the voice within distinctly said, "ARISE! LET US GO HENCE!" Some of the most prominent spirits, in different departments, have gone hence. More are going. We shall soon follow. But, how glorious the Saviour's command!

First, there is a move onward. We must leave ordinances, friends and foes also, as well—and foes are as useful as friends. We must be up and moving.

Secondly, not alone. Here is UNITY. Jesus will not go without His disciples. "Let us." Without them He will nowhere go, except into the tragic scene of Gethsemane, and the agonies of Calvary. Into those deeply dreadful parts of His sacrificial work they cannot enter.

"Alone He bares Himself,
The curse and wounds t' endure."

But there is progress—

"Let us go hence!"

JESUS has been saying this to ISRAEL ATKINSON for some month's past, but, at length, He caught up his spirit, and his lifeless frame now lays still and silent in the coffin. One of his devoted friends sends us a card, on which is written the following:—

In loving remembrance of
ISRAEL ATKINSON,
For 28 years pastor of Ebenezer chapel, Brighton,
WHO FELL ASLEEP, MAY 4, 1881.

In his 64th year.

Thus has passed away another of the witnesses whose ministerial career has been chequered, and mingled with diversified scenes of privilege and of pain.

A most sincere friend of ours, and one of Mr. Atkinson's members, says (in a letter dated May 6, 1881):—"Last evening, I went to No. 38, Rose-hill-terrace, to see, for the last time, all that remains of our late beloved pastor, of the Church at Ebenezer, Brighton. While looking at the clay tabernacle I thought of many of his sayings; and although singular in some respects, yet he was a man of truth; and he has been beloved for the truth's sake. He has gone to his rest, his work on earth was done on Good Friday; he then gave the work into the hands of Mr. S. Gray, who, we trust, the Lord has seen fit to send to be the future pastor. We do not know, as yet, what lays in the future. Mr. Atkinson went to his home that night, never, I believe, to come out again. It was almost, we may say, 'he ceased at once to work and live.' All his imperfections are left on this side of the grave, and he has gone home to be with Christ for ever. By his own request, Mr. Edward Mitchell is to officiate at the funeral. We believe the Lord hath done all things well. The Church is the Lord's. He will take care of His own. No fear of that; if the Lord is pleased to send Mr. Gray to feed the flock, He will give him food to feed them with. I do not fear that we shall starve at Ebenezer. God has cared for His own there many years, and will to the end."

MR. ISRAEL ATKINSON'S ILLNESS AND FINAL ADDRESS.

Mr. Atkinson, some two year's since, suffered from an attack of pleurisy, though previous to that time he had hardly known illness. From that period, however, his health gradually declined. About the middle of the year 1880, he was absolutely forced to retire from the Sunday pulpit, though he exerted himself to meet his congregation on the week evenings. On Good Friday last, a tea and public meeting was held to celebrate the twenty-seventh anniversary of Mr. Atkinson's pastorate. He then referred to his failing health, and the probability of that being the last celebration of his pastorate at Ebenezer; and at the conclusion of his address, spoke of his being blessed by his God with a calm and peaceful state of mind in view of his approaching dissolution, and triumphed in the fact that the sacred principles which had been his support through life, would be the stay and comfort of his soul in his last moments. The deacons of the Church present followed with addresses, which were supplemented with speeches from Mr. W. L. Payne, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Gray, the gentleman who at present supplies the pulpit at Ebenezer. The general tone of the speeches was similar to that of Mr. Atkinson, realising the solemn fact of his nearness to the end of the pastoral office which he had held for so many years, and which had been so signally blest by God in the conversion of many souls to Christ, and the comfort of many an aged saint in their declining years. With their sorrow, however, there was also found room for great thankfulness to God, that they were not sorrowing as those without hope, but recognising the fact that when the blow came, their loss as a Church and people would be their beloved pastor's eternal gain. Mr. Atkinson had ministered for twenty-eight years at Ebenezer chapel, following the late Mr. Joseph Sedgwick, who had been pastor for twenty-nine years. Few Churches are so signally favoured as Ebenezer, in having, during a period of close upon sixty years, but one change of pastor. The deceased leaves a son and two daughters.

FUNERAL OF MR. ISRAEL ATKINSON.

On Monday, May 9, 1881, the remains of the late pastor of Ebenezer chapel, Brighton, were removed from his residence to the extra-mural cemetery, there to be laid in the silent grave. No more will his dignified form be seen, no more will his persuasive voice be heard in Ebenezer chapel, Brighton. On the coffin was the following inscription:—"Israel Atkinson fell asleep May 4, 1881, in his sixty-fourth year." Messrs. Mitchell and Gray conducted the service. For the present, we only notice that Mr. Israel Atkinson was born at Kingston, Cambs. In 1842, when twenty-five years of age, he became pastor of the Church at Raunds; at Carmel, Woolwich, he supplied for some time. About 1853, he commenced his ministry in Brighton, and for over twenty-seven years he laboured with a loving and united people. We expected his once strong constitution would have sustained him in his work for many years yet, but we, as a Church, can only say, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the Name of the Lord."

Some surprise was felt on not seeing any of the London or Brighton ministers taking part in the funeral services. But, in life, Mr. Atkinson was much for seclusion and quiet retirement, and it was his wish that E. Mitchell, of Guildford, should speak at his grave. His wishes were closely attended to.

A correspondent says:—"Dear Mr. Banks, yesterday, May 9, 1881, was a solemn day with the Ebenezer friends; a number of people went to the grave of our departed pastor. Mr. Gray seems to feel it deeply; he little thought on Good Friday it would be the last time he would see the departed at Ebenezer; but, as a Church, the Lord has in mercy been kind to us. We have one, who, we do believe (as far as our little sight can judge), has been sent by God. We hope the truth will still be maintained at Ebenezer chapel, Richmond-street, Brighton. Our pastor often expressed a wish to that effect: 'Oh, if I could see a man of truth to take my pulpit, I could leave it happily.' The Lord has in mercy granted him that favour, while he himself is called to fill up his place in the building above. I am thankful the Lord has been kind to spare you to the Church. The Lord bless you, and still make you a blessing. After the funeral we went to our chapel in the evening; it had a mournful appearance; the pulpit draped in black. The greater part of the friends (even the school children) appeared in mourning. While we mourn, he rejoices with joy unspeakable."

THE LATE MR. JAMES CHILD.

Hackney has been renowned for patriarchal godly men; but we know of no one whose life was more devoted to the service of God, to the honour of the great Redeemer, to the acknowledgement of the Eternal Spirit, to the truth as it is in Jesus, or, to the comforting of the Lord's poor, than was JAMES CHILD, Esq., of "Child's Corner," in the Mare-street, Hackney, who passed away from this world on Saturday evening, May 7, 1881, in the eighty-second year of his age. The late Mr. Child was one of the earliest friends of his long-loved pastor, Mr. Thomas Hughes, who, more than sixty years since, became the minister of the Wells-street Independent Church, in South Hackney, which Church had its origin in what is termed "a split" from the old Ram chapel, in Homerton. When a young man, Mr. Thomas Hughes was

instrumental in raising up a flourishing cause in Well-street, and Mr. Child was called to the office of a deacon in the earliest stages of the Church, which office Mr. James Child filled with honour, with almost unparalleled patience, devotion, and with much long-suffering, for the period of over sixty years. Mr. Child had seen the erection of that spacious building called Trinity chapel, in the Devonshire-road, Hackney, whither the Well-street Church congregation, pastor Hughes, and his deacons removed more than forty years since. Mr. Child had seen that Trinity chapel crowded with its ten or twelve hundred souls, all intensely listening to the almost more than human eloquence of their highly-gifted minister. Mr. Child had seen Mr. Hughes in mental affliction for so many years that the once crowded sanctuary became much deserted. For years James Child, as a praying servant of the Church, steadfastly abode in his office, and if a "patient continuance in well-doing" (through the in-wrought grace of God) leadeth "to glory, and honour, to immortality, and eternal life," then, assuredly, the regenerated and powerfully-sanctified soul of JAMES CHILD now appears in the city of the living God, in the new Jerusalem, with the spirits of the just men made perfect, with the innumerable company of angels, in the general assembly and Church of the first-born, and before God, the Judge of all.

After a long Winter-time in Devonshire-road Trinity chapel, the lately deceased deacon rejoiced to see (through the blessing of God resting upon Mr. John Vaughan's ministry), a delightful Spring-time of prosperity; and although most of the original fathers have been translated to a happier shore, still, the children have arisen in the stead of the fathers, and the Church increases, the Gospel flourishes, and Christ's kingdom is extended.

THE FUNERAL OF JAMES CHILD.

Amid no undue excitement, yet not wanting in manifestation of great respect, the funeral of Mr. James Child took place on Saturday, May 14, when the remains were taken into Trinity chapel, Hackney, and from thence to Abney-park cemetery. The *corlège* left the residence of the deceased at 2.15, and arrived at the chapel at 2.30 precisely. The coffin, borne on the shoulders of eight men, was placed on tressels immediately in front of the pulpit. A few minutes after all were seated and quiet, Mr. Vaughan rose from his seat in the pulpit and broke the profound silence with the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and numerous other passages of Scripture suited to the occasion, at the conclusion of which Mr. Vaughan gave a short address from the words, "Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years, and was gathered to his people" (Gen. xxv. 8). In the course of his (Mr. Vaughan's) remarks, he referred to the great loss as a Church, the loss to the relations, and the personal loss which the speaker had sustained, not materially, or in kind, but the loss of one who (ever since he had been favoured with his acquaintance) was a brother in Christ, ever ready with advice or counsel concerning the Church, whether in spiritual or temporal matters, as the case might be. Mr. Vaughan spoke of his departed brother with ineffable delight, as a subject of free, sovereign, and distinguishing grace. He lived here in the love and light of the Gospel, and in the esteem of his brethren, but now he lives in the home above, experiencing the truth and value of that

word, "Because I live, ye shall live also." He died "in a good old age," literally and spiritually. The speaker also briefly referred to the second coming of our Lord; the date could not be fixed, but it might be in the time of some who were then present, and took advantage of the occasion, by way of application, warning those who were not ready of the awful consequences. Dr. Watts's hymn, commencing, "Absent from the flesh," was sung, and prayers being offered, concluded the service in the chapel.

The procession (consisting of a hearse, seven mourning coaches, and nearly twenty private carriages) was then reformed, and moved slowly along from the chapel to Abney-park, thus giving time for those who attended the first part of the service, to witness the close. When the funeral arrived at the cemetery there was already a large concourse of people. The coffin was then placed in the brick grave, on the top of the coffin containing the remains of his former pastor, Mr. Hughes. When all were quiet, Mr. Vaughan said, "It hath pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of our brother, here departed; we therefore commit his body to the grave; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. In sure and certain hope," &c., and other similar sentences from the Word of God were read with much feeling, and not without a suppressed emotion, which impressed some with the thought that he whose lot it was to attend to the funeral rites was virtually the chief mourner. Without any undue eulogy, Mr. Vaughan spoke to those assembled of some few of the characteristics of the deceased, his devotion to the cause, his care for the poor, his love to the Saviour, his admiration of the plain and simple enunciations of the Gospel, his devoted and zealous attachment to those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, his constancy in worship, all of which were the outcome of the free gift and grace of God.

Looking into the grave, Mr. Vaughan bade adieu to his brother, who had exchanged earth for heaven, in language not cold, icy, or formal, but in strains full of Christian affection for one, who, though of little esteem in himself, yet highly esteemed by all who knew him as a follower of Christ. The peroration was seconded by a native eloquence and earnestness which gave much weight to the sentences uttered, as he appealed to those within the reach of his voice, who were not yet made manifest as children of the living God. The hymn, commencing, "Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims," was sung, and the benediction closed the service in consigning to the custody of the cold clay clods the mortal remains of James Child, who departed this life in his eighty-second year.

The elderly ladies, inhabitants of the almshouses known as "The Pilgrim Lodge," were furnished with conveyances to follow their almoner to the grave.

The funeral obsequies were entrusted to the care of Mr. Barrett, a member of the Church, and carried decorously out. The outside coffin was of fine polished oak, with substantial brass furniture.

If any, even the smallest semblance of the **HAPPY GATHERING OF THE SAINTS AT HOME** could be witnessed on the earth, some enthusiastic saints might have thought they saw it at the Mansion House, in the city of London, on Saturday, May 7, 1881, when the ancient missionary, the veteran African traveller, Dr. Robert Moffatt, who was invited to

receive tokens of affectionate esteem from men of all shades of thought. Not that we would imply there are any contradictory thoughts in heaven, there is, there must be, perfection. On this earthly platform, there may, now and then, be a gathering of the different representatives of Christianity, who, toward some object, all may unite in doing honour. One writer says: "Apparently the Primate was a little surprised, though no doubt much gratified, to find himself in the company of such men, representing such different schools of thought, as the Earl of Shaftesbury, Canon Farrar, E. Jenkins, President of the Wesleyan Conference, A. Allon, President of the Congregational Union, and yet no quarrelling going on." "I do not know," the Archbishop said, "anything more instructive than the fact we can gather thus peaceably together." Even that must have been a naturally pleasing sight. To a spiritual mind it might have suggested a thought of the state of the glorified.

We had intended to have referred to the different

DEATH-BED SCENES

of Earl Beaconsfield, Sir Charles Reed, Morley Punshon, Thomas Carlyle, and others, but we have to leave, if the eternal God permit, for services in Herefordshire, in South Wales, and other parts, and we must close these few sentences on the solemn strokes death has been making in the high places, and in the different phases of society. ALMIGHTY GOD, grant unto us an abundant entrance into Thy kingdom in Thy time, prayeth

C. W. BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF

ISAAC LINGLEY,

Who was for over fifty years a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE, APRIL 22, 1881.

AGED 80 YEARS.

His work is done, his soul has fled,
And, though he's numbered with the
His ransomed spirit soars above, [dead,
To sing that dear Redeemer's love,

Whose praise on earth he lov'd to sound,
And preach His Word to all around;
With Christ, his everlasting Light,
His hope and faith are lost in sight.

PERHAPS the above, which is a transcript of the mourning card sent to numerous ministers and friends of the deceased, contains the germ of all that can be said of him who is the subject of this paper; yet it appears to be only right that some notice should be taken of the death of one of the Lord's servants, who has, for more than half a century, worn the Gospel armour, and wielded the sword of the Spirit.

Since the time when Isaac Lingley first stood up in the Name of the Lord, what changes have taken place in what is usually called the religious world! Some who were contemporary with him, when he was in the prime of life, and to all appearance—then—were as deeply grounded in the Yea and Amen truth of the blessed God as was he himself,

have since given evidence that if they had hold of the truth, the truth had not hold of them; others have long since gone home to glory; and a few (and but a few) remain to this day lovers of the "Grand Old Gospel" that Isaac Lingley knew the value of for himself, and took delight in proclaiming to others. The writer has several times heard him say that his happiest times (yea, his only really happy times) were when he was in the pulpit.

He was born of parents who had not the means of giving him much education, and as the facilities for acquiring knowledge eighty years ago were far different from what they are now, it may easily be imagined that when he commenced speaking in the Name of his Divine Master, he soon discovered the necessity of cultivating, to some degree, the art of speaking; and his being compelled to work at his daily avocation for the support of himself, and his wife and family, from early in the morning until late at night, left him very little time for study of any kind. But Isaac Lingley was not the man to be disheartened by this. He procured (though by what means does not now appear) a copy of Lindley Murray's English Grammar, and as it was rather too bulky for his purpose, he divided it into two equal portions, and re-bound each part as a separate book, with leaves of blank paper interspersed, for the purpose of making notes of his own upon any points that he considered too deep to be disposed of at once. These books he constantly carried about with him, so that when he was at his work, which was of a sedentary character, he could have his books beside him, and study grammar while he pursued his daily vocation. The writer had these books in his hands a few days ago. Many who have known him as a minister since that time, can bear testimony to the good use he must then have made of the scanty opportunities for self-improvement.

After he had for some little time preached and worked, and worked and preached, it became evident to all who heard him that he was being taught by One who far superseded any human teacher. He evinced such a clear insight into the truth of the Gospel, the way of salvation, and the general tenour and harmony of the Word of God, together with an aptitude for conveying his thoughts to others, that it became manifest that the Lord had a work for him to do.

The first sermon he preached, we find from his own memoranda, was under a tree at Risby Green, in Suffolk, on July 25, 1824, he being then twenty-three years old. The first time he stood in a pulpit, which was at a Mr. Ellington's, at Mildenhall Hall, on May 22, 1825, his mother was in a great state of nervous excitement for fear he should break down; but his Master took care he should not do that. His dear mother, who was well known to Mr. Philip Dickerson, being a member of his Church in Little Alie-street for many years, had cause for thankfulness that, though she had not been able to place him in circumstances that would bring him before the public, yet her dear Lord "Himself knew what He would do."

Ever since he was first installed as pastor of a Church, which was at Kirton, in Lincolnshire, on September 29, 1825, he has, by the grace of God, been kept from swerving one hair's-breadth from the truth as it was then revealed to him, and as he was then favoured to proclaim it. He was not one to remove the ancient landmarks; he was not one who aimed at quantity, irrespective of quality. He always insisted upon

God's beginning with the sinner before the sinner began with God; and towards the latter years of his life was often heard by the writer and others to lament the loss of that spirit of decision in many Churches; for the fundamental truths of the Gospel, which existed to a greater degree when he was young. But he always felt assured, and he did not hesitate to express that assurance, that his Lord worked all things after the counsel of His own will; and such passages as the following were among the many that he would give utterance to as being of great comfort to him:—"My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure;" "The Lord knoweth them that are His;" "I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish;" "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

In looking through his books and papers, we find a large number of hymns on various subjects, chiefly adapted for singing in public worship; a variety of contemplations on passages of Scripture; thoughts on various truths of the Gospel; and several pieces of a familiar kind, written to friends upon particular occasions; all breathing a spirit of decision for God's blessed truth, and a desire for the extension of His kingdom.

As regards his general habits, he was known by all who were acquainted with him to be very precise and correct in whatever he said or did; and he might well be said to be a spiritual logician. In all his preaching, while he contended most earnestly for what is termed high doctrine, there was nothing to offend any man's reason; and his discourses necessarily contained many great mysteries, but never an absurdity. It will readily be seen that, holding the doctrines he did, he could never expect to rise high in the estimation of the religious world; nor did he desire it. He used to say, "My Master is responsible for the result of the message I deliver, not I." Amongst his many books those he most highly prized were, "Gill's Body of Divinity," "Sermons by Tobias Crisp" (preached 250 years ago), "Carson's Knowledge of Jesus," "Carson on Baptism," "Ralph Erskine's Gospel Sonnets," and several of John Stevens' works, which books are now in the possession of the writer, by the late owner's special wish.

After preaching his farewell sermon at Maidstone, which was the last he preached as pastor of a Church, he retired into private life, having fought a good fight. It may not be out of place here to give a memorandum which he appears to have made on July 24, 1874:—"This day completes the fiftieth year of my ministry, during which I have preached 9,690 sermons, in 113 pulpits, in 122 towns or villages, in 19 counties. The distance travelled in going to and from the several places amounts to 23,958 miles. Have baptized 177 persons, married 115 couples, buried 289 persons. Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day.—J. L."

His dear wife was taken from him when he was 78 years old, and we have thought he has never seemed the same man since. About eight or nine months prior to his decease he became very feeble; and for about five months previous to his death was confined to his bed entirely. But his mind was stayed upon his God; he felt that underneath were the everlasting arms; and those truths that he loved to proclaim all his life were his comfort and stay in death.

He is buried in Meopham Chapel-yard, in the same grave with his

dear wife and his son Isaac. Mr. W. K. Squirrell (the present pastor at Meopham) conducted the funeral services, both in the chapel and at the grave, in a manner that must have been very impressive to the strangers who were present, while it was highly gratifying and comforting to the relatives and friends. After a short prayer, Mr. S. read part of Job vii. Mr. A. Dalton then offered prayer, in which he most feelingly referred to his long and intimate friendship with the departed; after which Mr. S. gave a very solemn and, at the same time, encouraging address to the children and grandchildren of the deceased, and to the many friends who were present, from the words of Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

We then repaired to the grave, where Mr. S. made a few more very suitable remarks from the words of the Apostle Paul, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" referring to the body as the house of the soul, an earthly house that must soon be dissolved, a tabernacle that must soon be taken down; there was only to loosen a pin or two, and down it must come. He concluded with an earnest and well-timed appeal to all present to answer the important question whether, when the tabernacle was taken down with them, they could say, as our dear departed brother could, "We have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The minister and deacons, with the mourners and several other friends, repaired to the house from whence the remains of the departed had been taken, and after partaking of tea, spent the evening in reading and prayer, and conversation bearing upon the solemn event. On the following morning Mr. Squirrell preached the funeral sermon, to a large and attentive congregation, from *Psa. xxxvii. 18*: "The Lord knoweth the days of the upright, and their inheritance shall be for ever." It was a solemn time. At the close of the sermon the preacher read the following paper, which, as it mentions several circumstances not referred to in the foregoing remarks, we give nearly verbatim:—

"Isaac Lingley, born at Bury-St.-Edmunds, December 4, 1800. He received very little education; at an early age was put to the shoe-making trade. At about the age of 16 (as near as we can gather) he had a real concern about his soul; attended the Independents for a time; took a considerable interest in the Sunday-school. Not feeling that he got what he wanted for his soul's security amongst them, he joined the Baptists in that town. It soon became evident that he had a gift for preaching. His first sermon was under a tree in 1824. His first pulpit was in Mildenhall in 1825. His first pastorate was at Kirton, in Lincolnshire. He was afterwards at Boston, Chatteris, Stowmarket, Colnbrook, Meopham, and Maidstone, at which last-named place he remained until he gave up the pastoral office. He preached his last sermon, as pastor of a Church, on March 26, 1876, having served his Master 52 years. He retired into private life, and, with his dear wife, took up his abode with his youngest son in London, who is with us this morning; and is, in answer to the many prayers of his beloved father, a lover of the same glorious truths that he loved to proclaim. His last few years were spent in calm retirement, resting with a humble yet firm reliance upon the finished work of his redeeming Lord. He lived

the life and died the death of the righteous. Death was no terror to him ; the Truth he loved in life, he proved the value of in death. To his son he said one day, about a fortnight before he died, 'If Paul be in heaven, I shall be there ;' at another time, 'I think I have said all I have to say, I am waiting to go home.' At another time, 'Oh! what am I waiting for? I thought I was going to die.' He was told the Lord would soon take him to Himself. He said, 'Ah! it is a long time,' meaning he was anxious to depart. He breathed his last so quietly and easily that all that could be said of death, in his case, was that he simply ceased to breathe. No other apparent change."

He died at the residence of his eldest daughter, Mrs. D. Bishop (who is an honourable member with us, and whose husband is one of our respected deacons), with whom he has been living for some time past. Here we close our feeble attempt to honour the memory of a faithful and useful servant of God, and in conclusion can only add,—

"It means respect, however poor :

An angel's song could mean no more."

J. C. L.

19. Landcroft-road, Dulwich, S.E.

ANOTHER TRUE FRIEND CALLED HOME.

MEMORIALS OF MERCY AND TRIUMPHS OF GRACE OVER DEATH AND THE GRAVE; OR, THE DYING EXPERIENCE OF A NOW GLORIFIED ONE—THE LATE MRS. HARRIETT MARY GRAY, OF WOKINGHAM.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—With sorrow of heart I write a brief outline of the departure of my dear wife from this vale of tears to the mansions above. She passed through much suffering, the disease being tumour in the inside; three operations brought her very low in body. She was born of Christian parents at Dover, Kent, and trained up in the fear of the Lord. I often heard her say, when a little child in Sabbath-school at Pent-side impressions were made by her teacher, which were deep and abiding. The family removed to Wokingham in 1845; and I became acquainted with her from the first. In the year 1849 we were united together in marriage. She was the mother of ten children—five girls and five boys; which have, through mercy, been spared to us. I may say, without fear of contradiction, she was a most loving and devoted wife and mother; also in the sphere in which she moved she was truly kind. We had only been married three years when we had to have advice for her side; she was scarcely free from pain one day from that time down to her last day here.

At the age of ten years she realised her state as a sinner; about two years after, the Lord appeared to her as her Saviour, in whom she trusted her soul's salvation. She was the means, in the Lord's hands, of leading me out of darkness into light; I was as blind as a bat when I first became acquainted with her. When in London for three months, we went to Gower-street, to hear Mr. Triggs. Never shall I forget his speaking three times from those words, "Blessed are the people" (Psa. lxxxix. 15). When he described the character, he said, "They were a praying people." Those words reached me. When we returned to Wokingham, I could get no food for my soul; it was all creature-power and free-will.

What to do I could not tell. At last we went to Reading, through advertisement in *EARTHEN VESSEL*, which my dear one had taken from its first appearance. We found out the chapel in London-street, and enjoyed the Word preached. My wife joined the Church in September, 1855; I was led to follow in the next December. We had a little Church here in Wokingham, the Word was preached in our own house, as we could not get to Reading always, it being seven miles from us; still, we used to be often there.

Dear Mr. Banks, will you quote from this letter of the dear departed, which she wrote to a friend in March, 1878? She says: "Dear friend, you wish to know how I was led to hear that dear man of God, Mr. Woolatton. Well, my dear, it was by my own father, before I knew anything of those truths that are now so very dear to my heart. How I often cry, and wish I had liberty to tell you and others what I enjoy in the night watches! No one, but God and myself, knows. My own dear father heard of Mr. W., and a Mr. Hershel, in Dover, a Jew. Young as I was, I did enjoy going with my father. Why was I singled out to go with him? The poet says,—

‘The fictitious powers of chance or fortune I defy.’

There was a higher power at work. I had a dear sister, who died near my own age; her death I felt very much. I wished I was like her. After that, I heard John Austin on ‘Feed My lambs.’ He was feeding me then, not much over twelve years of age. Often have I wished to tell him, but he never cared to hear. My father was removed to London; we heard Mr. Stringer at Snow’s-fields, till we were told we must have a sitting; and this father was not able to do, having been out of work for twelve months. Then father found out Arthur Triggs at Waterloo-road. Many sweet seasons I had there from the dear old man. Then father was removed to Wokingham. Here was nothing. It was a dry and thirsty land, where no water was. When father was removed home, his cry was, ‘LIVE IN CHRIST.’ We were directed to Reading; my dear husband and I joined the Church there, at ‘Providence.’ Dear friend, I have tried to give you an outline of my state. I hope to meet you one day. Farewell.”

Dear Mr. Banks, I must come down to her last illness. In May, 1878, by the advice of two doctors in Reading, she went into the hospital for an operation to be performed. The Lord heard and answered earnest prayers on her behalf; and she was raised up again, and left the hospital in August. That precious promise was given her the second morning: “Underneath are the everlasting arms.” She felt the kind Hand that caused her pain could, in His own good time, remove it. When she told me, it melted my heart to overflowing. Oh, how I wanted a special promise from the Lord to comfort my poor heart, while she was from me! and I had, “In quietness and in confidence shall be thy trust.” We had many sweet seasons together at the throne of grace. Oh, how I envied her in the enjoyment of sweet nearness of access at the mercy-seat! Those seasons cannot be forgotten. My dear departed was ill all last Summer. We went to Dover for change, which did her good; we all fondly hoped she would still be spared to us. She was able to get to Reading up to the second Lord’s-day in October, the last she enjoyed with the people of God. She got weaker till the middle of November, then kept quite to her bed; her sufferings were intense. Another operation was performed

on December 8, and she was sustained by grace divine; not one murmur escaped her lips. Oh, how she entreated me to ask the Lord to come and fetch her home! On December 29 we thought she was going home; she took her leave, of the twins especially, and committed them to my care. She improved a little for a few days, then a change for the worse. Speaking to her about the affliction she was passing through, she calmly and cheerfully said,—

“Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.”

Oh, how I long to go home! Not that I want to get out of the suffering the Lord sees fit to call me to bear. I know He will give me strength and grace, because He has done so many times before; but, precious Jesus, do come and fetch Thy weary pilgrim home! I do so want to see Thee, and be like Him! It will not be long; I get weaker every day.” When I went into Reading, the last Saturday evening in January, she sent word to the friends, “I shall never see them again here.” I said, “My dear, the Lord can raise you up again!” “Oh, yes! I know He can; and I should like, if it were His will, for the sake of the dear girls; but I feel it will not be long I shall be with you. I do so want to go home to be with Jesus, whom I so dearly love; and it will not be long before we meet again in that heaven of rest, where there will be no pain or sorrow.” I had a precious time on Sunday. My dear wife lay musing for some time; I asked, “What are you thinking about?” “I have been trying to think of that verse that was so sweet to me some time back.” I quoted several. “No; it is about the crown.” I repeated this:—

“But, oh, 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?”

“That is it! how precious! and I could not call it to my mind.” We had some sweet conversation about the heavenly kingdom. I scarcely left her, day or night. On Wednesday night she was repeating portions of the Word to herself, little thinking I was listening to her. “I know whom I have believed.” Then raising her hands, repeated,—

“Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.”

I said,—

“All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.”

Oh, what a change that will be!” She said, “I didn’t think you were awake; and I am so happy, I long to go home, Jesus is so very precious! Do ask Him to come and fetch me! I hope I am not impatient!” I said, “What shall I do without you? It will be lonely.” “Alone! you will not be alone; I feel sure you will be supported through it.”

Thus the dear one lay, quite ready and longing to go up higher. The enemy was permitted to thrust at her once; it was a sharp thrust. She said, “Oh, what shall I do? He won’t leave me at last in trouble to sink, will He?” I said, “My dear,—

“He that has helped you hitherto,
Will help you all your journey through.”

and land you safe in the realms of bliss; I believe He will." I told her it was the enemy trying to molest her peace of mind; "If he comes again to you, tell him Jesus died for you, and where He is, there you shall also be, in His own good time." The last Saturday night she was here she was very ill. "Oh, my dear, how can I bear it! What shall I do? Help me, dear Lord, to bear all with patience." I said,—

"My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best."

"I know it is, but I am so very weak." She was much easier on Sunday; the doctor thought she was doing well. We had a good day together. She was very comfortable; in the evening she told me she thought to have gone home to-day: "it would have been so nice." I said, "Do you really think so? You seem a little better to-day." "You may think so, but you don't know how I feel." I read, and tried to pray with her, which she much enjoyed. Monday—much worse; it was painful to see her. Thus the dear one lay till Friday morning; a marked change was felt. I was led to read, and tried to commend her to our heavenly Father. She much enjoyed both reading and prayer, and said, "It isn't how a person *dies*, but how they have *lived*, that you must judge of the reality of true religion." I said, "My dear, you have been, like Mary, continually at the feet of the Saviour." "Not so much as I should like to have been; it will not be long before I shall see Him in heaven above." I little thought this would be the last conversation we should have together. She had a little sleep, and lay till five o'clock; then the change came. She could not speak to me; she lay peaceful, and passed away without even a sigh. We did not know the time to a few minutes; we think it was five minutes to six. The doctor came about ten minutes before she fell asleep; he said, "I can do nothing for her—*she's dead*;" and the pang that rent my poor heart, language fails me to tell.

Thus, dear friend, the Lord has come and taken to Himself our dearly beloved, from a life of suffering to an eternal rest of joy for ever and ever. I pray the remaining days allotted to me in this vale of tears may be, in every sense of the word, like the dear departed; and that my end may be like hers, so calm and peaceful; but not the suffering, dear Lord, because I am such a poor, timid, nervous creature, and such a coward at suffering. Oh, forgive your unworthy brother in the path of tribulation!

T. W. GRAY.

Wokingham, April 8, 1881.

[Many times have we conversed with this true Christian woman. We believe she is now with Him who had her heart for many years.—
ED.]

I SHOULD not like to be compelled to say precisely wherein the saint is to be distinguished by outward signs, for really the counterfeits now-a-days are so much like the genuine, that it shall need the wisdom of the infallible God Himself to discern between the one and the other. We can have false faith, false repentance, false hope, and false good works. We have all sorts of shammings—paint, varnish, tinsel—and we may so grain that a skilful eye shall scarcely know whether it is the genuine wood or the artists' skill.—C. H. S.

GOD'S WARNING VOICE TO ENGLAND.

With a Note on the Perils of our Present Position.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON READING THE BOOK OF JOEL.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, PULHAM-ST.-MARY,
NORFOLK.

"The day of the Lord cometh."

WE have in the book of Joel God's warning voice to England. Let the reader listen to what I may have to say, and in his retired moments read and study this prophetic witness for the Lord, with earnest prayer for His blessing. In this book we are spoken to as drunkards, which name holds good of our country, both literally and spiritually. Almost every town and village contains drunkards, and what I shall call Satan's bundles (Matt. xiii. 30) are found scattered in the streets, some of which are kicked and knocked about, and are put into lock-ups and prison-houses. Hastily passing by all these, let us look at the drunkards of Christendom. It is certain nearly all professors are in a sound sleep, with dark and dismal clouds hanging over their heads. I have just received a book catalogue from London, which I find is stuffed with lots of Roman Catholic works, coming to me from a Protestant bookseller, besides other works of the rankest Arminianism. Vatican theology is running a swift race throughout our land, and we are opening our arms wide to welcome the despotic foe, whose burning desire is to bring us into bondage, slavery, and ruin. That image of the beast called freewill, is more cried up than ever among our Protestant Churches, being more and more encouraged by the triple beast, out of whose mouth are the frogs (Rev. xvi. 13), and also the flood of water (Eph. iv. 14; Rev. xii. 15), called doctrines of devils (1 Tim. iv. 1), to carry away the souls of the heedless and unthinking, and all who are destitute of vital godliness and the Spirit's witness within. The great star called wormwood (Rev. viii. 10), which is nothing more nor less than the bitter and poisonous doctrines of freewill Arminianism, is spreading its baneful influence over our whole country, making the waters and fountains thereof as bitter as itself (2 Tim. iv. 3, 4).

Oh, Protestant England! "Awake, awake; loose thyself from the bonds of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion" (Isa. lii. 1—3). Rely on it, except the nominal Protestants repent and do the first works, ruin is certain. Ever since 1829, when we sold ourselves into the hands of slavery and idolatry, our highly-favoured country has been going down. God says in His book, "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep." But why this powerful warning voice? I answer, because a nation is come up upon our land, designing to supplant us, and having the teeth of a great lion. He is now watching a fit opportunity to make all real Protestants his prey. Consider how God has visited us, and is still visiting us, because of our hardheartedness, carelessness, coldness, worldliness, and idolatry. Mark what this book of Joel says of us, for it tells us the true state of things among ourselves. It says our fields are wasted; yes, look where you will, the whole face of the country is changed, its beauty and warmth are taken away; nature is spoiled, and art set up in its place; poisons are more than ever infused into our grain and root, and men are labouring to change the whole course of nature. The husbandmen of our country are called upon to be ashamed, because the wheat and the barley are wasted,

and scarcely anyone looking at the sins of the nation as being the cause of the general failure. If we come to garden productions, according to this book, we find our vines indeed to languish, our fruit trees are blighted, and there is a great withering because of pride, blasphemy, idleness, drunkenness, and licentiousness, and there is no prospect of things being in a better state. If this is really true what I have said of our country, what is to be done? How should the Lord's people act? How are the heads, the elders, and the influential ones in our professing Protestant Churches to act? This book tells of the only remedy—"Let them sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders, and all the inhabitants of the land into the house of the Lord." And is there a necessity for this? There is. But why? Because our Lord, the Judge, is at the door. He is quietly coming to try the people of our land, to prove openly who are on the Lord's side, and who are on the side of Popish idolatry. Then shall the judgment sit, the books shall be opened, and we shall discern between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not. An awful, a tremendous day is coming, and the populace are crying, "Peace and safety." Be assured that destruction is at hand, because pulpits and pews are sleeping under the influence of Popish opium, while the Lion of the tribe of Judah is making preparations to come as a thief in the night to visit for past and present sins. Oh, that they were wise, that they understood these things! Oh, that they would consider their latter end before it is too late, before the dragon of the bottomless pit fly upon them and devour them! Foolish and nominal Protestants, be warned this once! The man of sin is working more visibly and powerfully than ever in pulpits, public and private assemblies, political and religious societies, in families of great and small, and in newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, and tracts, and every hole and corner where he can put in his dragon's head, to root out the truth, to set Christ at nought (Luke xxiii. 11, 12), and to contradict and call the inspired writings in question. Doctrines and ordinances are submitted to the severest criticisms, Christ and anti-Christ are entering into terrible wars, nations are shaking, crowns of national glory are falling to the ground, great men of the world are dropping from their posts, and great men are called from the Church militant to the Church triumphant, and yet the signs of the times are noticed but by few. Wars, earthquakes, and terrible accidents have greatly prevailed of late, fulfilling Scripture; and there are at present but few to be found with weeping eyes and palpitating hearts because of the beginning of sorrows and the judgments that are falling upon our land. "Lord, when Thy hand is lifted up they will not see; but they shall see" (Isa. xvi. 11). But what does the Lord now say to His few faithful servants who remain? Let them hear His voice:—"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in My holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." I say to the reader, study Joel, compare it with the present state of things, and may God give His blessing. Amen.

[Illness prevented our calling attention to the recent monthly issues of the *Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission*, published by R. Steele, 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. Mr. Steele has also sent forth a circular letter, which we heartily wish could be extensively circulated. That circular shows plainly the fearful under-current of Satanic working, which is gradually delivering this country over to Rome. Never since Joseph Irons was called away have we had any

bold and able "watchman on the walls" to tell us "What of the night." We have tens of thousands of Arminian enterprises, but what spiritual good is being permanently accomplished is not to be decided by us. Many are asking, "What will the Salvation Army come to?" If it continues until the Papal power makes its determined attack upon our Protestant throne and constitution, we hope it may prove to be God's "defensive army" to drive back the powers of darkness, and, at last, instrumentally to save God's much-favoured, richly-endowed old England in the extremity of her danger. The cold, hard-headed doctrinalist may smile at this expression of our weakness; but Ireland, Russia, atheism in England, with her increasing patronage of Popery, are dark omens. *Predestination* is with God, evangelical and practical working are with His people, who are designated His witnesses and His workers while on the earth. The anointing oil seems almost stayed, while opiate ministers and laudanum drinkers abound. Like the prophet we must cry, "Oh, that THOU wouldst rend the heavens and come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence!"—C. W. B.]

PREACH THE WORD.—No. II.

By W. WINTERS.

AS I before observed, the God-sent preacher cannot *offer* Christ to the sinner; he can preach Him, and what follows of good is of the Lord the Holy Spirit. Christ gives eternal life (John x. 28). Salvation is the free gift of God (or, as Jonah says, "it is of the Lord"), as is also the qualifications to enjoy it and to preach it. Those who are out of the grand secret of salvation are said to be not of His sheep, and they hear not His voice; they cannot tell the voice of the shepherd from the voice of the hireling. The true preacher cannot exhort dead sinners to come to Christ, and to exercise spiritual gifts which they don't possess then, nor do they feel the need of them in order to perform spiritual acts. The Holy Ghost anoints the preacher, and clothes his preaching of Christ with power to the convincing and converting of souls. The new birth is a mystery of mysteries, and is effected by the power of the Spirit, the blood of the Son and the eternal love of the Father. The preacher cannot woo and coax sinners into the belief of the Gospel; nor can he throw out universal invitations, and beg of sinners to come at once to the Saviour and accept salvation, simply because universal invitations in this sense, like universal redemption, have no place in Bible truth, and because the unrenewed creature has neither the will nor the power to come until born again of the Spirit. However, this kind of "dogmatic theology," as some are pleased to term it, may be increasingly distasteful to the carnal mind, it will wear the best, and prove the most secure in the end. A more assiduous class of Christian workers cannot be found on God's earth than the Strict Baptists. They work from right principles, from a knowledge and love of the spirit of the Gospel; and mature judgment and ripe experience tempers their zeal. They moreover work *from* spiritual life within, and not for it. In fact, they do (the most part of them, at least) practically all that can be done by finite beings—*i.e.*, preach Christ and His finished work to *all* persons, good and bad indiscriminately, and leave the Holy Ghost to appropriate the means and effect the salvation of all whom He pleases.

But that is not enough for some who are liberal with that which, in truth, don't belong to them. The hyper-Calvinists consider man to

be a reasonable and rational creature endowed with an immortal soul (or spirit), reasoning faculties, and natural gifts, which places him in a higher position than the brute creation. Man, in a highly moral sense, though by nature totally depraved and lost, is a responsible being. He is responsible, as he is endowed with natural light, knowledge, and gifts to understand right from wrong, and to appropriate his sense of right to the best of literal and moral purposes. But he is *not* responsible for his salvation. Christ has taken that upon Himself to perform and to perfect (Isa. liii. 10; John xvii. 9, 10; Phil. i. 6), and will not dishonour His Name, and tarnish His pure character by suffering one of the least (if there is any difference in the *size* of immortal spirits, which is very questionable), for whom He died, to sink into eternal despair. There is hope for the very worst of sinners, those who are lost to all hope of salvation in themselves, or in anyone else but in Christ, whose blood can cleanse the foulest of the foul; this is the right sort of news for the low and depressed babes of the kingdom of Christ, who are looking out of obscurity and inwardly pining for a satisfactory revelation of the wondrous love of Christ.

Man is a dependent creature, whether good or bad; he exists by Divine permission, and is also provided for by the same Hand that spreads blessings temporally on the just and the unjust. And as the Creator and Supporter of man is greater than all He has created, He has a just right to demand homage and gratitude from all His rational creatures. Therefore all men, in this broad sense, may be appealed to with propriety to show returns of praise to their Creator, as the Psalmist avers, "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee" (cxlv. 10). In preaching Christ to all the world, the Hyper-Calvinists do not believe that all the world will be saved—that is, the *world* in the full meaning of the word, as there is no Scriptural evidence to prove such a thing. Christ says, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come unto Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vii. 37). Again, He says, "No man can come unto Me except it were given unto Him of My Father" (John vi. 65). To preach Christ, then, is to *proclaim* the Gospel (not to *offer it*) to all the world, or to every creature, which Gospel is the word of life, the great *logos* of God, so suitable to poor lost sinners who are made to feel their real need of it. The Gospel is *glad tidings* to the sensibly-lost ones, who are quickened into spiritual life by it, and are made to hunger and thirst for it as the only sustenance of their inner life. This Gospel, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, regenerates the soul and supports it till Jesus is seen by it face to face, without a veil between. The Gospel is the reflex of God, the efficacy and perfection of His Divine will manifest in Christ, who is the only hope of the sinner's salvation. The Gospel is the *revelation* of the love of God in Christ, and all men may have the Bible, or the letter of God, but all men have not a revelation of God in the soul.

This Gospel is couched in the decretive and permissive will of God, which here can only be known in part, through Christ Jesus by the Holy Ghost. There are also doctrines and precepts which, by the Spirit, become interwoven in the life of the true believer, and constitute part of his experience; thus the Christian believer practically experiences the doctrines of Christ and His apostles, and consequently he works out

his salvation with fear and trembling, because God works *in him* to will and to do of His good pleasure (Phil. ii. 12, 13). To preach this blessed Gospel is comparatively easy work when the anointing oil flows, and the love of Christ warms the preacher's heart.

(Churchyard. Waltham Abbey.

THE MYSTERIOUS EXERCISES OF THE SAVED SOUL, AS INDICATED
IN THE LETTERS TO

THE SEVEN CHURCHES IN ASIA.

THERE has been, there still is, much writing and talking designed to unfold the warfare between the natural and spiritual powers which are antagonistic to the heaven-born Christian on earth; but for the most part, such penmanship and preaching is common-place, it is stereotype, it is the result of association, and not the result of what may be called the continued secret temptation and grace-wrought triumph, known only in the experiences of "the third part," who are either now passing "through the fire" or they have attained unto that spirit of ADOPTION and firmly-fixed ASSURANCE which the LORD Himself so positively declares (Zech. xiii. 9), shall be the issue of all these fiery processes which are designed to separate, to sift, to sanctify, and to establish souls in

"THE PERFECT LAW OF LIBERTY."

The grace of ASSURANCE, and the spirit of ADOPTION, are inevitably identified with "the fiery trial." Strongly-expressive is the Lord on this: "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and try them as gold is tried." There is the affliction; the necessary school. What will be the blessed fruit flowing therefrom? It will be—1. Intensely earnest seeking the Lord in prayer: "They shall call on My Name." 2. Their acceptance: "I will hear them;" their cry shall not be stifled, their pleading shall not fall to the ground, their prayer shall not return into their own bosom to sink them into deeper despondency. No! I will bow down My ear, I will open My door, "I will receive their petitions, I will hear them." Oh, wrestling Jacob. What soul-relief when the Lord saith, "Pour out thy sorrows into My bosom." Then, there is rest. More than this. 3. ASSURANCE is bestowed: "I will say, IT IS MY PEOPLE." My love shall draw them, My power shall deliver them, My grace shall be sufficient for them, My promise shall be sealed home upon them. I will be a Father unto them; and (4.) the spirit of ADOPTION shall dwell in them. They shall say, "The LORD IS MY GOD."

Thus all the millions washed in blood,
Shall shine in their divine attire;
And shout 'HOSANNAH' to their God,
Who brought them safe through every fire."

A Christian gentleman, one of those whose delight is in the law of his God, residing in the Cape Colony, sends me his studies and experience as expressed in the seven letters John was commanded to write to the Churches. I have carefully read the communication, and, believing it will be a help to the much-exercised in Zion, purpose to give it next month if possible.

C. W. BANKS.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED. — *The Atonement.* By James Fyfe.—“*Sir, We Would See Jesus.*” Sermon by James Battersby. More experimental than many sermons.—*The Word of Reconciliation.* Sermon at Rehoboth, Pimlico, by James Hand. A free-grace discourse.—*The Peaceful End of the Perfect Man.* A Sermon by P. Reynolds, Providence, Islington, on the death of Edmund Millgrove. It appears from this sacred discourse that Edmund Millgrove found (as we once so powerfully realised) the blessedness of the three last verses in Psalm xci. Thirty years ago, when preaching the Grittleton anniversary sermons, we were in deep distress, arising out of severe domestic affliction; when, at night, in Philip Smith's bedroom, the Lord applied these words so lovingly, and fixed them in so mercifully, that as we have journeyed on, through fires and flames of tribulation, we silently in the secret chambers of our soul do sing,—“Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known My Name. He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him, with long life will I satisfy him, AND SHEW HIM MY SALVATION.” Oh, glorious words! Not only so; but every line (the last one only excepted) has been verified; and when from this world (where miseries and mercies are mixed) we are called, then, O GOD, our FATHER, oh, then “SHEW us” (in the magnificent glories of Thy SON) the fulness of thy “SALVATION.” Amen—a thousand times we shout, Amen. This sermon may be had of the pastor, P. Reynolds, 40, Albion-grove, Barnsbury. Post-free for three half-penny stamps.—“Conversion of a Franciscan Monk” is given in the *Monthly Record*, published at 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.—*The A B C Church and Chapel Directory for 1881.* R. Banks, 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. Instead of having to inquire for this place, or for that parson, always keep this. We call it Banks's *A B C Church and Chapel Directory* (2½d. per post).

“We wait for a second Pentecost; not only of converting, but of illuminating Power, that we may discern more clearly THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD.” Thus spake good Henry Dowson in his address on taking his seat as president of the Baptist Union. Which mild, scholarly,

and Christian speech is published by Yates and Alexander, under the title of “Our Union in Connection with the First Principles of Divine Truth.” We wish that Mr. Dowson's year of presidency in the Union may be one of happiness in his Lord's service. He is a most excellent successor to the venerable Mr. Trestrail, who has just retired into the delightful retreats and luxuriant scenery of the Isle of Wight. To sit down there, under the banner of the blessed Saviour's love, must be (to a man so ripe) as near to heaven as anything on earth can be.

“Calvinism,” by George Duncan, in May number of the *Sword and Trowel*, is a paper of real value. Thousands who profess to be Calvinists, know but little of Calvin or of his theology. Of all the titles which the sects take to themselves, after the Baptists, we like “BIBLE CHRISTIANS” best. We know nothing of the people so-called; but every saved soul, taught by the Holy Ghost, must be a Bible Christian in heart, in understanding, in conversation, and in conduct. So, at least, we believe.—G. Holden Pike, in Ratcliffe-highway, interviewing the sailors, is another paper in *Sword and Trowel*. Discovering sights, sins, and sorrows, truly heart-rending. “Notwithstanding all,” says the electric-penman, Pike, “good old Rowland Hill rightly interpreted the Gospel, when he declared that not even Wapping sinners were too great for Divine grace to rescue.” No! No! We hate sin as we hate poisonous pitch, as we detest black mud; we hate sin when it plumes itself in cursed pomp and pharisaical pride; but we rejoice that even in Ratcliffe-highway it has often been proved that Christ's jewels shine in the brilliance of sovereign mercy. We earnestly desire to help the Stockwell orphanage, where fatherless boys and girls are well sheltered and cared for.

Reformers: Their Times and Teachings. By the editor of *The Protestant Echo*. (Brighton: T. Tourle, Trafalgar-street; and London Religious Book Society, 28, Paternoster-row). The frontispiece to this handsome volume speaks loudly of the pains and Popish plagues which often killed or dreadfully wounded our fathers, the Reformers, who laid down their lives, poor dears, to obtain for us the freedom we now enjoy. Here is John Wycliffe in his bed, like a worn-out man in the swellings of Jordan. “In 1379,”

says our author, "Wycliffe fell dangerously ill. Great was the joy of the Friars. Four of them hastened to his bedside, with the hope of extorting a confession from him. 'You have death on your lips,' say the big black Monks, wishing he might recant and then depart. Like serpents, they softly say, 'Be touched by your faults, and retract, in our presence, all that you have said to our injury.'" We think Wycliffe's soul silently went to his God in prayer; then he asked his kind man-servant to lift him up in his bed, and, fixing his piercing eyes upon them, he, with a loud voice, said, "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the Friars." Wycliffe did live. He fed his flock at Lutterworth until, exhausted in the natural powers, the Lord took him home, kissing his precious soul into peace and glory. Oh! ye gentlemen preachers, you who ride and roll at your ease and pleasure in these palmy, pious, and plentiful days, what do ye do? what do ye suffer? what memorials will you leave behind of your consecration of yourselves, or sacrifice of your gains for the benefit of the Lord's poor flock? For half-a-century, in our solitude, we have silently read Ezek. xxxiv. :—God's "Woe to the (so-called) shepherds who feed themselves, who eat the fat, are clothed in wool, but never bind up that which is broken." Oh, how hath God put down the mighty, then, from their seats! Others more mighty still spring up; but if their standing is not in the power of the once GREAT SUFFERER, they will fall some day; but the heart-broken and bruised shall be healed and helped by the Great Physician Himself. The editor of *Protestant Echo* need not travel so far back to find material for his work. England is full of Monks and Friars; the Churches are deluded by plausible pulpit-praters, who only cause the sheep to sigh over the poor, lean stuff, called "preaching the Gospel!" We have the silent grief of the Churches poured into our ears until we wonder what will become of the gardens, once so fruitful and so fair.

Be of Good Cheer. The Saviour's comforting exhortation enlarged upon. By C. H. Spurgeon. (London: Passmore and Alabaster). The sun shone brightly on this beautiful little volume, when we took it off the study table to notice it, and, being Monday morning, rather low in feeling, the lines on the splendid cover looked so smilingly on us that we fell in love with little "BE OF GOOD CHEER" in a moment; and when we read Mr. Spurgeon's singular description

of his coming to Christ, we could not refrain from a joyful burst of gladness. This small shilling volume, printed and bound in such a superior style, is well suited for a gift-book on any occasion. What "good cheer" is, where it must come from, to whom and when it is a blessing, all these and other particulars are wisely, carefully, and Scripturally defined. It comprehends all, or most of the hidden exercises of the soul, before and after "good cheer" is spoken.

Old Mr. Life and His Lodgers. *Old Adam Life and His Immensely Numerous Family* is worthy of a careful investigation. It illustrates and opens that sentence with much clearness, "The life that I now live in the FLESH." To persons bound up in iron prejudices, filled with conceit, and starched in natural pride, this work would be of no use. But, to minds enlightened, enlarged, and capable of distinguishing between the flesh and the spirit, it will be helpful. Poor Whittemore said,

"Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see!
Oh, blessed Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me LIKE to THEE."

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.—*Israel's Hope and Destiny* (2d.), published at 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street; where also may be had the *Banner of Israel*, a talented penny weekly, and a new sixpenny book, bearing this title, "*Fifty Reasons Why the Anglo-Saxons are Israelites of the Lost Tribes*," &c. Now, although we have not brain enough to enter into these mysteries, still we can see there is much Biblical exposition in these works, which no impartial mind will cast away. The *Hand and Heart* has grand likenesses of the Earl of Shaftesbury and his country seat, with biography. The *Gospel Magazine*, for May, gives account of some awakenings in Spain in favour of the Gospel.

Stephen Grellett Before the Pope in Rome.—A volume entitled *Stephen Grellett*, has been issued by Hodder and Stoughton. We made a purchase of the book, because Stephen Grellett was a man consecrated to the service of God. All the steps of his life, all the journeys he made, all the evangelical efforts he put forth, proved him to be a man of Paul's kind, called, constrained by that Divine impulse which moves effectually in a man's whole soul to work out God's purpose toward him. In such a man's work and way, in such a man's struggles, sufferings, and successes, a confirmation is found of that notable proclamation, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A BEAUTIFUL LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

(Fearing and doubting believer! the following faithful testimony of a quiet Christian is enough, with the Divine blessing, to encourage thee to trust in the Lord, whose promise will not fail.—Ed.)

The village of Sutton, Ely, has just suffered a great loss by the death of Mr. John Hinson, one of the oldest and most respected of its inhabitants, who departed this life in full assurance of the life everlasting, April 19, 1881, in his seventy-eighth year. His remains were interred in the cemetery of the Baptist chapel by the pastor, Mr. S. Cozens. The funeral was largely attended, and the shops were partially closed during the interment. Mr. Cozens, in his address in the chapel, said:—

"Soon after our dear friend was taken ill, I was thinking of him in my bedroom. And with some tears of sympathy I asked the Lord to bless him; and these words came forcibly to my mind, 'This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.' And I could not but hope, that if this sickness terminated in the death of the body, that he would be taken to glorify God with the justified spirits in heaven. We can sometimes smell the fragrance of a violet when the rank growths and tangled thorns conceal its modest beauty from our view. The violet is there, we can't see it, but we realise the fragrance of its presence. So it is with some of God's hidden ones. There is a moral fragrance about them, albeit the absence of the visible forms of godliness. There are some so peculiarly constituted that they do not like you to suppose that they are good. And that very modesty is the fragrance of their goodness. Such were the thoughts that possessed me after one of my visits to our late friend. There is a regrettable reticency about some men of more than common thoughtfulness. But probably that very silence is the imposition of their thoughtfulness. When I questioned him as to the state of his mind, he said, 'I hope a little sometimes—yes, a little sometimes.' It is written, 'The righteous hath hope in his death.' There was a gloomy cloud of anxiety upon his visage. I prayed with him, that God would light up the dark valley with His Presence, and before I rose up from my knees his son uttered a spontaneous prayer, every word of which was baptized in a tear, and it was to me as if heaven had said Amen. The next time I visited him, he had been afflicted in his mind. I questioned him about his prospects beyond the grave. He sometimes had his fears, and sometimes he hoped it would be all right. I quoted Psalm xl. to him, and laid emphasis on the words, 'He hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God.' He said, 'I have cause to praise Him for what I have seen, and heard, and felt. It is not talking about these things, it is the power.' No, my friend, it is not talk-

ing about these things, not making a great profession, but it is the power, the godly feeling, the godly trust, the godly desire, the godly hope, the godly principle of a true morality. The power of this principle becomes the agent of every penitent feeling, and of every work of reformation. When the law and the spirit of life came into Saul of Tarsus he was a new man at once. And see the moral feeling that suddenly penetrated the dying thief, and filled his reproving lips with a vehemence that must have astounded his fellow thief, and with a prayer that saved him in death from destruction.

"THE END."

"'At eventide it shall be light.' Not at morningtide, when we are sure to have light. But at eventide, when we are expecting darkness, when we are looking for nothing but darkness, it shall be light. Holy Simeon waited long for the light, and when the deep shadows of life's evening were closing in upon him, the light came and filled him with joy, and song, and glory, and with an ecstasy of intense longing to depart hence to the better land. The countenance of our friend on Monday last was lit up, as we might imagine Simeon's was, when he said, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel.' On entering the room I saw a marvellous change in the appearance of our then dying friend. The gloomy shadow of death had passed away from his brows. He shook my hand, and held it fast with a firm grip, and waved his left hand upward with a triumphant wave, and his countenance was beautiful to look upon. He seemed ineffably happy. And after saying something about passing through the river, he commenced singing in broken accents, and feeble cadence, 'Jesus, lover of my soul' (Denham 721). Though the daughters of music were brought low, the voice of the turtle was there. After a short pause, for the effort to keep the time exhausted him, he commenced singing again. I remarked to the friends standing near, 'What a great change has come over his mind.' He heard my remark, and with a clear emphatic voice said, 'Yes, a great change.' I continued, 'It is like light from darkness.' He at once spoke up, 'It is really so—I did not expect it.' No, he had not expected that such bright scenes could arise on this nether side of Jordan. When I went home, I sent my wife to see him, for it was a beautiful sight to see a soul so happy in death. While she was with him, he sang:—

"'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

It is something for a man to be able to pray in death. But to sing in death, is to realise the promised victory over death. 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.'

"I called again in the evening. As I entered the room I saw his wife dozing in a chair by his side, with the eyes of her dying husband fixed upon her, and his hand firmly locked in hers. At the sound of my footstep he looked round, and then pointed his finger upward and said, 'Rest, rest.' I quoted, 'There the weary are at rest; you are going to that rest. At once he made answer, 'Yes, I believe that,' and something else he said which I could not catch. He seemed to feel hurt that we could not understand him, for he appeared to have so much to say. But we were sure that he was truly happy, and that made us feel happy; indeed, the room was like holy ground—like Luz, when God was there, for we could see the soul climbing the ladder to God. And on the same day that Lord Beaconsfield died, our friend fell asleep in Jesus. 'He sleeps in Jesus, and is blest.'"

ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE.

Mr. Cozens said:—"We have recently lost some great men. A great statesman, a great moralist, and a great preacher. The Christian world has suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Punshon. The moral world, in our educational institutions, is bereaved of one of its best men in Sir Charles Reed, and the political world mourns the exit, and to-day utters the requiem of Lord Beaconsfield. But great as those men were, neither of them could have died a sublimer death than that of our departed friend. After all that can be said of earthly greatness, the crown of life in death surpasses everything. Men may have their honours, noblemen their coronets, princes their diadems, kings their crowns; but death will strip them of their honours, and uncrown them of their dignities. To lose a crown in death, and to die uncrowned with grace, is to die miserably. But to live a quiet life, in comparative obscurity, without honours and unknown to fame, and to die under the radiant smile of Heaven, crowned with immortality and eternal life, is grand beyond description. It is worth something to see the light of heaven dashing a man's brow as he fords the swellings of Jordan. Twenty years ago there was a wide difference between the earthly station of Prince Albert and our departed friend. But there is no difference between them now. The last hymn our friend sang on earth was the last hymn the Prince sung on this side of Jordan. And now they sing together, on the other side, the 'Song of Moses and the Lamb.'"

"REFLECTION.

"Whether a person dies young or old is not, in one sense, of much consequence. For life here is only, at most, a question of a few years; and those are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, as evanescent as a vapour, as transient as a passing shadow, as brief as a tale that is told, and almost as unreal as a dream when one awaketh. Such are some of the significant figures of life in that Book which looks upon all time things from an eternal standpoint. The question is not so much *when* we shall die, but *how*. If in the Lord, the sooner the better; for to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord; to be

unclothed of dull mortality, will be to pledge the soul for heaven; to die here, will be to live amid the harmonies of golden harps and angels' songs. Oh! for the wings of the higher life. Oh! that we could leave this chrysalis state. Do we not live too much like earth-grubbing worms, as though we should be content to be grubbing for ever? Thank God, it is not always thus with us. For, as in the chrysalis, wings are forming for a higher life; so the wings of faith and love are expanding in us, and stretching up for those heavenly powers that shall carry us above. Let me beseech you to remember that there is an unfledged soul in us that must fly away somewhither at death. That is the great question—Whither? whither?"

Mr. Cozens concluded his remarks at the grave by saying it was a solemn pleasure to bury a body bought with blood, that would be watched over in the grave, and come forth again in the resurrection of the just to be with Christ for ever and ever.

On the following Sabbath evening Mr. Cozens preached a funeral sermon, to a large congregation, from the words chosen by the deceased, Joh xix. 25—27.

BOW. — MOUNT ZION. Twelfth anniversary of foundation of this cause was held on Tuesday, April 26. Mr. W. Carpenter gave a remarkable sermon. In the evening a large audience listened for upwards of two hours and a half while the all-glorious Person of Christ was set forth in a manner which delighted the souls of many. Let persons say what unkind things they please about public meetings of this kind, they are grand opportunities for extolling Christ, and Christ is honoured in them, and immortal souls cheered and blest; and those who do not believe in such meetings should remember the apostle's injunction (Heb. x. 25), and attend them, and if in the possession of a spark of divine life their prejudice and rigid opinionativeness would perish at one sitting. On the occasion in question, the pastor, Mr. W. Webb, presided; and after some few appropriate remarks referable to the twelfth anniversary, three of the worthy deacons, Mr. Henry Lee, Mr. James Lee, and Mr. Lovelock, confirmed the pastor's statements relating to the Lord's mercy and goodness to the Church since its foundation. C.W. Banks was solid and mellow on Christ, the Surety; W. Carpenter, with much energy, treated of Christ the Substitute; C. Cornwell, like a Christian lawyer, dwelt on the subject of Christ the Advocate; F. C. Holden spoke refreshingly on the triumphs of Christ the Prince; T. Stringer enlarged with power of meaning on Christ the end of the law; and the subject which brought this very happy and profitable meeting to a close was Christ, Al! and in all, by—W. WINTERS.

[We often feel pained that such expositions as are delivered at these meetings cannot be fully reported. Generally speaking, they are pithy, pleasing, and profitable, not tedious, like many long, wire-drawn sermons. How can we secure the issue and publication of these excellent sermonettes?—ED.]

HELP FROM AUSTRALIA FOR OUR POOR BRETHREN.

A QUESTION FOR WISE MEN TO ANSWER.

A WORD TO

"LEAVEN" EXPOUNDERS, &c.

BY DANIEL ALLEN,

Minister of Castlereagh-street Baptist Chapel, Sydney.

{The following note will be found useful by all who can discern between men and things that differ. In personal self-examination, and in watching and weighing others, it will be of some advantage to consider the wise distinction made by Paul, where he says—"The life that I now live in the flesh, is by the faith of the Son of God," &c. Between the life whereby we live, and "*the flesh*" wherein (at present) we live, there is a distinction and a difference extremely deep; in some cases painfully perplexing.—C. W. B.]

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—Love, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, from the Lord Jesus, and to your godly readers.

Inclosed is another draft for £10 from the same brother, and for the same purpose as the one sent last August, acknowledged by your private letter to me, for which I thank you, and also in your issue for December by mine to you. I feel sure many a dear servant of God, who has served Him faithfully according to the ability and opportunity He has given them, are left out in the cold of keen necessity by societies whose laws are more limited than the liberty wherewith Christ has made His people free. I do not in any wise wish to reflect upon them, I rather commend their prudence, but I still think it necessary to help those who are not helped by such means, rather than to send help to that centre where help abounds. Whatever may be the ideas of the half mental imbeciles in your parts, I believe the intelligent portion of these societies, whose godliness carries their hearts above the bigotry of the ignorant, will be glad of this administration in a direction unreachd by their societies, from the prudent nature of their rules.

My dear brother will permit me to say this out of the love I bear to many of the Lord's dear family in the "Standard" department, to which I have contributed, and to which I hope I shall soon do so again. We must not take any notice of those peculiar specimens of ignorance and bigotry, which we meet with sometimes, and whom you fire away at, at times. These persons are no more a fair sample of the "Standard" people than Judas was of the apostles. I have known, here in these colonies, men and women who hang on to the "Standard," who if known to its editor, or proprietor, they would no more admit their names into its pages than they would allow the devil into their pulpits. Let these poor half-witted unloving persons go, and love and esteem the far greater number in this department of the Lord's militant Church, who are doing their best to serve their Lord.

You well know yourself, dear brother, that sometimes you get strange unlovely fools aboard your VESSEL. None of us would like to be sampled by them. It was some time before I saw the difference between God's Israel and the mixed multitude of Egyptians who will still go with them. My brother, keep your editorial lines well drawn and defined between these two companies of people.

I am instructed by the dear, kind-hearted brother, who sends you these tokens of love to the aged and necessitous servants of God in your parts, to say to you, that he is glad thus to help you in this ministration of the kind gifts of God's providence. He solicits your prayers for him, and the prayers of the Lord's family, who are helped in their pilgrimage by these expressions of his love to them.

I do hope that those who can will be led to aid their dear kindred in Christ, who are in need, and will do so for His sake. Let us not love in word only, but in word and deed. But for the very heavy sums which have been needed here, we would send you more to help your needy brethren, in grateful return for the £1,000 your people paid off the debt of our chapel before I came to Sydney, of which the Church here will never be unmindful.

Now, dear brother, what about Luke xvi. 9? Will any of your scribes open it? Will they tell us what the Master means? I hope the brethren who wrote about *leaven* will not take offence at my remarks. If they do, I will apologize to them, and beg their pardon. But still it seems such a ridiculous and foolish thing to make leaven mean evil, only evil, and that continual, in the Word of God. This is so perversely opposed to all the Lord's teachings in all the connected parables, which do unmistakably teach the spread of the Lord's kingdom upon earth; and also so violently opposed to the general tenor of God's Word, where it is said, believers will be living at His coming, &c., that when I read that this leaven was the spread of universal wickedness in the world, I could not help saying, "It is too foolish to answer, and I will not read another line of a writer so ridiculous." I thought you very silly, dear brother, for putting it in, but of course, I beg all your pardons. Nevertheless, I look at the subject in the same light. "The Lord is a sun," and "The sun burns up the seed on stony ground." The Church is fair as the moon, the moon is under her feet; the seven stars are in Jesus' hand; there are wandering stars, there is rain upon the mown grass, and there is rain over and gone; there is the wind of confusion, and there is the wind upon the garden; there are the good and evil clouds, there is the sweet and bitter water; there is the good and bad land, and there are the good and evil floods. Almost everything used by the Holy Ghost for similitudes is used both to set forth evil and good, according to the framework in which it stands. After this manner leaven is taken to set forth the spread of evil sometimes, and the

spread of good at other times, as one of your writers has wisely shown.

What facility of thought the men of the last century had in this double use of similitudes, such as Newton, by the seaside, when he said :—

THE EVIL SENSE.

In every object here I see,
Something, my heart, which points to thee,
Hard as the rocks, that bind the strand,
Unfruitful, like the barren sand ;
Deep and deceitful, like the ocean.
And, like the tide, in constant motion.

THE GOOD SENSE.

In every object here I see
Something, my Lord, which points to Thee :
Firm as the rock Thy promise stands,
Thy mercies numerous as the sands :
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

These are after the manner of the similitudes of God.

The Lord bless you, your writers, and your readers. And with fervent love to you, I remain your very affectionate brother,

DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor.*

Sydney, February 22, 1881.

HOLLOWAY.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS.**—Brother Thorn asks me, in behalf of the Church in Wedmore-street, to thank you for your interesting and instructive lecture. I, with others who heard it, felt that the occasion was a solemn one, not soon to be forgotten. Your public appearance so soon after your illness, your account of the exercises of your mind, and the important facts you related respecting the end of the principal characters referred to, made a good, and, I hope, a lasting impression on our minds. The lecture, I think, should be repeated in our Churches: it sets forth God's long-suffering, the sovereignty of His grace and salvation, His mysterious dealings with His people and careless transgressors, the ignorance and bigotry of the Romish priest. Our Church and cause is growing. Mr. White kindly lent us his chapel on April 27, when Mr. Boulton baptized. It was an exceedingly interesting service; one brother came from the country to be baptized with his daughter, which is his second daughter the Lord has constrained to confess Him before an ungodly world. Mr. Boulton gave an appropriate address; friends were encouraged. On May 1st, we had the pleasure of receiving three sisters into Church fellowship. The services of the day were marked by the refreshing influences of the Spirit of the Lord. May showers of blessings descend upon His Churches prays—P. JONES.

COTTENHAM.—Your old namesake, our long-enduring vicar, Mr. Banks, is gone from this world at a great age. You know some of us esteemed him. We are not a desolate wilderness at Cottenham. In our Rook's-lane (which ought to be called "Dove's-valley") we have some of the best men in England preaching to us the Gospel in its illustrious variety; and some say, "While we can have such gifted supplies we haste not to settle."

BANBURY "EBENEZER."

Our Sabbath-school anniversary was held Easter Sunday and Monday: C. W. Banks conducted the services. After his severe affliction he was gladly welcomed, and the more so as he was enabled, with his wonted fervour and energy, to speak the truth in love. This he did on the Sabbath morning, from the words, "Peace be unto you." The preacher said this gracious benediction presented: 1. The risen Redeemer with His disciples; 2. The model Church, the representative family; 3. The victory implied. Some would ask who this risen Redeemer is? We answer, His Name is Jesus, the Name we love, and hope through eternity to admire. His Name is "the Son of man," "the Son of God," a complex Person. His Name is "the Lord our Righteousness," &c. He is proclaimed in the Gospel as drawing all unto Him, as the Almighty God, all men, angels, and devils are subject unto Him. He was typified by Joseph as the great Provider for His family. We see Him on the cross, procuring this peace for those who compose His family, made up of a variety of characters. Andrew, being called, carries the news to Peter, a forward man; here is loving John, unbelieving Thomas; Mary and Salome, gentle creatures; and, by-and-bye, Saul the persecutor, all children of the family, and all enjoy ultimately this peace. Victory through, by, and from the Prince of Peace; grace, mercy, and peace is the apostolic benediction. Where there is no grace there is no saving mercy, and where there is no mercy there can be no gracious peace. Are you an Andrew, a timid disciple? Do you, by faith, look to Jesus? Peace be unto you! Are you hard to believe? Jesus will show Himself, and peace will be your's. My young friends, let me tell you Jesus is the only source of peace; aged disciple, looking unto Jesus, eternal peace you'll soon enjoy.

THE AFTERNOON SERVICE

for parents and children was opened by the superintendent with singing and prayer, after which the senior teacher led several of the scholars through a series of recitations, remarking that the teaching in this school was entirely of a Biblical nature, rendered more imperative from the advancing, but general secular instruction given in the week-day schools. The pieces were linked one into another, so as to show the value of the Bible, the character and objects of its teaching. The first piece was recited by a little boy, "The Infidel Reclaimed;" the second by a very little girl, "Ye must be born again;" followed by others, and finishing with a dialogue, in which four scholars took part, illustrative of the Providence of God, founded on Matt. x. 29 to 37.

This part having been gone through, C. W. Banks gave the children a short, yet comprehensive and impressive address, in his own kind, fatherly and affectionate manner, in which he endeavoured to impress upon them the privilege they had in the instruction given them, the necessity of, and means to be used for retaining it, illustrating his meaning

by some interesting examples, and the blessing likely to attend the practice of it. Mr. Banks then, with an encouraging word to each child, distributed the prizes, each prize being proportioned to their punctuality, regularity, and application. The hymn,

"God bless our Sunday-school,"

and the benediction closed this satisfactory and interesting meeting.

IN THE EVENING

a good congregation again assembled, when Mr. Banks took for his text Psa. lxxiii 7, 8, which, he said, presented the mind of man in three aspects: 1. Reflective. 2. Examinative. 3. Prospective. The deeper a man's sorrow, the less he will talk about it. I think Psa. lxxxviii. is the lowest in experience I ever met with. Very few have experienced it. Heman, in his distress, cries unto the Lord; David, in reflecting upon what the Lord had been to him as his help, is encouraged again to flee to the same source for present succour. God had been David's helper in many trying and dangerous circumstances. You are all familiar with his history; how He helped him out of the hands of Goliath, selected him out of his family, and made him king; many times out of Saul's bands, and against his many enemies. Do you know anything of God as your helper? I never had an independency; but I feel I have a God to go to. What a mercy! All this leads to examination. God sometimes wrecks a man to teach him to serve Him. There are singular entries in the day-book of our soul's troubles. Experimentally, a sinner's heart must be broken before he can sing, "Sovereign love o'er sin abounding." The law condemns him. No justification from that; this kills his pride. Destitute as an orphan, he is led to seek, yea, to follow hard after God. Prayer is a powerful helper: the Gospel directs to Jesus, the Rock, where alone there is safety. But home is not reached yet. My soul follows hard; pursuing, not standing still; crying, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." If you are thus following after the Lord you will find Him. The prospect brightens. "Therefore (the soul grows in confidence), in the shadow, under the Divine protection of Thy wings" (all the attributes of Jehovah, His love, His power, His wisdom), guiding in grace here, causes the soul to rejoice; and, by-and-bye, you shall soar away and dwell with Him for ever. Amen. Lord, bless these efforts.

ON THE MONDAY FOLLOWING

a goodly number partook of a bountiful tea, after which C. W. Banks gave an address on "Water Worshippers; their Sections and Ministers." Alderman J. Osborn occupied the chair, and after a few observations, introduced the lecturer as his "patriarchal friend."

The question would be asked, "Who and what are water worshippers?" Mr. B. said the object of his address should be to attempt to make the question plain. Some are justly so called; others are slandered by this groundless charge. The lecture was not to impute improper motives to those who choose water only as a beverage. God help them

in their good work. But, without being invidious, he would select himself as a type of "water worshippers." When a youth, at Cranbrook, in Kent, he was terribly disconcerted at witnessing a funeral there of a person interred without the usual burial service; and, on anxiously inquiring the reason, was told it was because the person had not been baptized: therefore was not entitled to be buried as a Christian. This made little C. W. B. so miserable (finding he had not been baptized) that no rest could be got until he was sprinkled, and thus made a child of God, a doctrine too widely taught and received in our day. All such, with youthful Banks, may be justly classed among "water worshippers." Notice was also taken of other sects, imitators of this practice. Anyone in any way depending on water for salvation is an idolator. The Baptists are divided into seven sections. There are the Union, the General, the Spurgeonite, the Pre-existent, the Standard, the New Testament, and the Seventh-day Baptists. We profess, in this little Church, to belong to New Testament Baptists, founded on the four cardinal words in our Lord's commission, "*Preach the Gospel.*" "*He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved.*"

C. W. B. made interesting allusions to ministers identified with those several sections, and summed up by showing that baptism by immersion is figuratively connected with many solemn New Testament events, such as the bloody sweat of our Redeemer, the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, Philip and his eunuch, &c. He cautioned us against looking for salvation in the form. An interest in the suffering Saviour was pointed to in the ordinance, as alone securing salvation, while the sealing testimony of the Holy Spirit secures the conscientious enjoyment of that salvation.

A BANBURY STRICT BAPTIST.

ESSEX. — MOUNT BURES BAPTIST CHAPEL. DEAR MR. EDITOR. — The Lord has added to our number those that believe, as Solomon says, "Doth not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice?" Who is wise but those that are born again by the Holy Spirit? Then they are led to cry for mercy, as our dear brethren have for years, to be led in the good and the right way, and the Lord brought Understanding to put forth her voice ("Follow thou Me"). Then six brethren obeyed Him, came forth on Easter Sunday, and were baptized by Brother E. Debnam. We can say that the Lord is doing great things for us, whereof we are glad. The Lord hath blessed our Brother Rayner with seals and souls since he has been with us. Then there are more where wisdom is crying; and we hope that understanding will soon put forth her voice, that they may come forth and say, —

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
We'll follow where He goes."

The Lord bless you, Mr. Editor, and spare you for years to come. — ROBERT BONE.

WHITECHAPEL. — LITTLE ALIE-STREET. The tenth anniversary of Mr. Masterson's pastorate was held Sunday, May 8, and Tuesday, May 10. Mr. Philip Dickerson (who sustained the office of pastor with unsullied reputation for forty-five years, prior to Mr. Masterson's accession to the pastorate) preached on Sunday morning, and it was said by those who heard him, that though he had reached the age of eighty-seven, he spoke with clearness and decision, "like a young cedar, fresh and green." Mr. J. Box, of Soho, preached in the evening. On the 10th, Mr. J. S. Anderson delivered a discourse, and a public meeting was convened, under auspicious circumstances. A quiet, genial air permeated the assembly. Mr. P. Dickerson, who is now a deacon of the Church, presided, and after a few cheerful and kindly remarks, such only as Mr. Dickerson could make, called upon his pastor to speak. Mr. Masterson rose, and after modestly eulogising, cheerfully congratulating, and gratefully acknowledging the kindness, counsel, and fatherly advice of the chairman to himself (the speaker), as pastor to the Church and congregation, and of his humility in accepting the office of deacon, went on to speak of their position as a Church, which, he said, was in a state of peace and tranquility, and spoke of omens of success. None need wonder at this, seeing nature has endowed Mr. Masterson with a noble osfrontis, pleasing manners, and an excellent mind, and these grand qualifications, being sanctified by the grace of God, and consecrated to His service, give a pleasing force to his savoury and unique utterances, which must have a telling effect upon his audience; one fancied, as the golden sentences issued from his lips, he was saying in his heart, "Because of the house of the Lord thy God, I will seek thy good." The chairman thanked his pastor for his kind remarks, and called upon Mr. Anderson to address the meeting, when he (Mr. Anderson) spoke from the words, "He hath ascended up on high." Brother James Clark followed, taking as the key-note for his remarks, "Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious." In dealing with his subject, he struck a chord in the hearts of his hearers that vibrated through the whole assembly. Mr. Masterson then asked the choir to sing the anthem, "Praise the Lord," which, with organ accompaniment, was admirably rendered. Mr. Sears, of Foot's Cray, then addressed the meeting from "Talk ye of all His wondrous works;" the speaker referring briefly to the works of God in creation, providence, and grace. Another anthem by the choir—viz., "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness." Mr. Flack following with an address upon the word "ten." The choir then gave their third anthem, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour," &c. Mr. Reynolds, the last speaker, spoke to the people, advising them to support their pastor by their sympathy, confidence, and prayers. Mr. E. Langford sweetly led the meeting in prayer, bringing to a close what must prove to be a most heart-cheering

gathering to both pastor and Church. May Mr. Masterson live to see another decade at Little Alie-street as encouraging as the present. While the people were leaving, the choir sang "In Jewry is God known."—A COMPEER OF THE LONDON SPARROW.

FARNBOROUGH, KENT. MY DEAR C. W. BANKS,—Permit me to tender with a grateful heart my sincere thanks unto you for the loving affection expressed towards me and my friends on the 19th inst. at Farnborough. We rejoice in the goodness and mercy of our heavenly Father manifested towards you, in raising you from a painful ordeal of suffering to strength and activity in His own work. This to me is holy ground, where I can stand before the Lord, and say, "O Lord, I am Thy servant." We are pleased to say the services on Easter Tuesday were pleasant and profitable; the evening meeting was conducted by C. F. Alisson, Esq., of Town-court.

"Lord, raise my soul above the ground," was humbly sung; Mr. Torlton read Psalm; Brother Wallace led us to the mercy-seat; Mr. A. Tessier spoke well upon the faith which Jehovah-Jireh tests in His own sovereign way, that it may prove beneficial to the saint, and produce glory to His own Name. Mr. J. Cattell guided our thoughts to the realising centre of the whole Church of God, "Jehovah-nissi," the Lord our Banner. Mr. J. Jones crushed to atoms the so-called righteousness of men or angels; and with a dignity enriched with solemnity, proved "Jehovah-Tsidkenu" to be "the Lord our Righteousness." Mr. John Field gave a speech, full of thought, upon the benefit the minister in the pulpit, and the Church at large realises, when "Jehovah-shinah," "the Lord is there." We felt right glad while listening to our brethren; the Lord is still with His servant, through whom He is pleased to speak. The congregations were good; collections for the minister excellent. The benediction pronounced, allowed us to go in peace. Your brother in Jesus,—ISAAC BALLARD.

DACRE PARK, LEE. — Recognition services of Mr. W. K. Dexter, as pastor of the Church at Dacre Park, was Monday, April 25, 1881. After tea public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Cattell, of Bessels Green, who spoke kindly of Mr. Dexter in connection with the circumstances which eventually led him to accept the pastorate of the Church at Dacre Park. Mr. Cole (one of the deacons), expressed the gratitude of the Church that the Lord had been pleased to send a pastor in answer to the many prayers which had been offered. Mr. David Ashly gave encouraging words to the people. Mr. Dexter related the Lord's dealings with him, and read his confession of faith, in all points satisfactory. Messrs. Anderson, Masterson, Langford, Dalton, and Levinsohn delivered suitable addresses. The opening prayer was by Mr. David Ashly; the concluding one by Mr. Wyard.

HOMELY HINTS AT REHOBOTH, PIMLICO.

Easter Monday afternoon, Pastor James Hand delivered a lecture on the "Origin and History of the Canaanites." After tea, at public meeting, Brother Beazley asked the Lord's blessing; the chairman read and commented on Isa. xl. Brother Kingston spoke from John xvii. 24. He said:—This is a part of that wondrous prayer of the Lord. What must His prayer have been! What the sensation of the hearts of His apostles when they beheld the Saviour look up to heaven! With what sublimity did He offer these wondrous words on behalf of His Church! Can we grasp that wondrous love of His, which prompted Him to leave the realms above, and come to this earth? What for? To mix with men who would love Him, and to die for those who sought Him? No, but to die for rebels. You know full well you have no good in self; but, after all, we are great Arminians; we really are, friends, because we are trying constantly to bring something to God, and it is only as the Spirit of God is in the ascendancy that this rank weed is kept down.

Brother William White felt great pleasure in being present. He gave an interesting account of how the Lord had made him instrumental in the conversion of a young woman from Arminianism. He also said:—I have read of a poor woman who was attached to the Wesleys at Manchester. They tried to comfort her as well as they could, but it was of no avail. One day the class-leader said to her, "Sarah, I will take you to hear one of the queerest fellows you ever heard." And what was the end of it? She heard William Gadsby; it was a day of rejoicing for her. "Ah!" she cried, "you will never have me at your class-meetings again. No!"

Mr. Hand said:—Beloved friends, I cannot refrain from making a few remarks at the conclusion of this sweet address. There is not one here present who knows anything of the value of an immortal soul, but will be heartily glad to hear of the Lord making use of him in the instance of that dear young lass. Christ says, "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" I heartily rejoiced to hear it. You see the teaching of the Spirit of God in her conversion.

Mr. Cole, of Plumstead, said:—I am not a parson, and you will not expect me to say what a parson would say. I feel a union with the saints, wherever I meet them; but what a lot of little things will occur to separate. Two men will want to give out the hymns, when it only takes one; or two women will want to make tea, when only one is required. Well, all these foolish little things will break the peace; but it ought not to be so. If we could only be what our position is to be in the Church, it would be all right. Now I am, down at Plumstead Tabernacle, an odd man. I do the best I can. I am supposed to be ready at anything. The odd man is supposed to know how to do everything. I have known some with a

little gift (and, truly, it is a little), and they think they have a right to be parsons. They won't be the odd man; they want to be at the top of the tree. If the Lord had meant me to be a parson, He would have made a place for me. There is a blessedness in feeling that you are doing what the Lord bids you. I have had to do some humbling things. If the Lord had not set me about it I should never have done it.

Brother Lewis next addressed those present, and the pastor concluded with prayer.

S. W. B.

COGGESHALL BAPTIST CHURCH, AND SOME OF THEIR OLD FRIENDS.

When the Baptist chapel stood on the bank of the little river, when THOMAS ROWLAND and his gracious spouse threw their mansion open to welcome the servants of the Lord who went there to preach the Gospel, in those days happiness and unity were enjoyed, and some good work was done. When Mr. Collis was ordained, when the new chapel was opened by myself and Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, when anniversary services were cheerfully commemorated, then the Baptists had lively hopes of being the servants of God to build up a Church for His glory, and for the ingathering and establishing of many of the redeemed family. I never can forget that more than two hundred years ago Dr. John Owen was a mighty man of God in the Gospel at Coggeshall. Fordham, an Essex village, was his first incumbency, which he soon lost by the death of his patron; then the people of Coggeshall (which history says was "an important market town in the county of Essex") sent John Owen a pressing invitation to become their minister, which the Earl of Warwick confirmed, and which invitation Owen accepted. Before John Owen went to Coggeshall they had been favoured with a succession of godly and faithful ministers, so that Owen found himself surrounded by a congregation of about two thousand earnest believers in the Son of God, and of devout seekers after the fellowship of the Gospel of the all-glorious Trinity. If any question what Gospel Owen preached, an answer is found in the production of a book which it took Owen seven years to compose, and which he entitled, "The Death of Death in the Death of Christ." This work was strongly recommended by some Presbyterian ministers, who said "it would pull down the rotten house of Arminianism upon the heads of those Philistines who would uphold it."

It would be a beautiful prospect if it could be said of our ministers, as it is authoritatively written of Owen, that he did not merely touch his subject, but he travelled through it with the elephant's grave and solid step.

But we must leave Owen for the present; he is mentioned to show that

"COGGESHALL IN OLDEN TIMES WAS
WITH GOD'S TRUTH MUCH HONOURED."
And, but for one serious event, we believe

the Baptists would be a flourishing body even now.

We have some notes of Coggeshall's once happy days; especially of some of her devoted citizens, which we are bound by oft-repeated promises to insert: and here is a brief record of

THE LATE MR. THOMAS ROWLAND, who was one of the best friends the Baptist cause in Coggeshall ever had. His much-beloved daughter, Mrs. Caroline Burtwell, writes as follows:—

"DEAR MR. BANKS,—According to promise, I send a note of the early life and death of my late dear father. He was born at Great Coggeshall, of pious parents; but grew up to manhood a stranger to God and godliness. It pleased the Lord to convince him of sin, and to start the cry to know what he must do to be saved. He went to Church sometimes: but no comfort for him there. He then attended the Baptists; there the Lord set his soul at happy liberty, he became a member of the Particular Baptists at Coggeshall. When quite an infant he had a paralytic fit, which took the use of his right arm, and he had a lame arm ever after. I mention this circumstance because many times have I heard him say, 'The Lord took the use of one faculty, but, blessed be His Name, He has given me many for that one.' Declining health told much upon him. Amidst all the disappointments and crosses that he had to pass through, the Lord enabled him to leave all with Him. The last words he uttered, four hours before he died, were to a friend; when asked how it was with him, his answer was, 'ALL IS WELL.' We believe he is amongst the ransomed throng in glory. My dear father was a most kind and affectionate parent. We know our loss to be his eternal gain.

"Dear Mr. Banks, will you kindly notice my dear mother's death, as it was not noticed in the VESSEL at the time. You knew them both so well, and that they both belonged to one Church for so many years. I trust they have joined the one Church above, where there is no more parting, but everlasting joy, 'Crowning Him Lord of all.' That was a great favourite hymn of my dear father. My precious mother's end was peace.

"As I knew my dear parents so loved the cause of God, always glad to lend a helping hand, I should be; very pleased to see a memoir of them inserted in your valuable VESSEL. I am well in health; but a poor miserable sinner indeed. I am the eldest of the family.

"Believe me, yours sincerely,
"CAROLINE BURTWELL."

THE FUNERAL.

Thoughts on the Death of Mr. Thomas Rowland, of Coggeshall.

Monday, April 5, 1878.—To-morrow, if God will, I go to funeral of my long-known friend, Thomas Rowland. In the night Paul's words run through me—"But thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory." These words are connected with many stern realities. Three things occur to me—

1. The fall reduced man to a state of mortality and corruption.

2. Philosophers now talk of culture, of cultivating the fallen nature, so as to raise it up to angelic meekness and purity; on the other hand, many are now urging "the higher Christian life," to live more holy, more above the world, the flesh, and the devil; but

3. The Word of God declares, all history and experience confirm the fact, that to recover man from the fall he must have redemption by blood, regeneration by grace, resurrection by power. Redemption for all the election of grace by Jesus Christ, God's Son, is complete and secure. To give them a new spiritual creation in their souls, the Holy Ghost regenerates, forming the new man within. But the body remains mortal, corruptible, sinful, and must return to the dust from whence it was taken, and when in the glorious resurrection of all the redeemed they shall have their new robes of immortality and of incorruption, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

[Of the funeral itself, of the late visit I paid to the grave, &c., will come next.—C. W. B.]

THE GOSPEL BARN AT CARLTON RODE, NORFOLK.

The scattered and afflicted people, who are separated from their home, still continue to worship in the spacious barn so kindly lent to them. Last Good-Friday, special services were holden. Mr. J. Miller, of Salhouse, preached in morning a powerful sermon; he shewed the Gospel was of no use to a whole sinner; he must be emptied of self ere he could receive CHRIST. In afternoon Mr. F. Moore, of Necton, preached to a very large concourse of people. At five o'clock a host of people took of tea; at half-past six o'clock Mr. Moore again preached to a crowd on the cross of Christ. At the close of services we said, "This, the house of God, is the Gate of heaven."

Mr. Hupton, who has ministered to these dear people in holy things for twelve months, proclaimed the joyful sound on Easter Sunday. Every available seat was occupied. It is wonderful how the congregation increases. To God be all the glory. The services were attended by the Divine Presence.

That the seed sown may multiply abundantly, is the prayer of His unworthy servant
S. B. HUPTON.

MENDLESHAM GREEN.—Our Baptist Church is again without a pastor. We have had Mr. Haddon, of Stowmarket, Mr. Backhouse, and others preaching the Gospel. Again our eyes are unto the Lord. Talk of mission work, sir! if our great and gracious Lord will send us a strong ox to tread out the corn, a prevailing Jacob in prayer, a preacher in power, and a patient worker to gather up the people, then Mendlesham Green chapel shall again become the centre of spiritual usefulness. Plead for us.

THE MINISTER'S CRY! A NOBLE
EFFORT! A HOPEFUL CONQUEST
BY GRACE DIVINE.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—My heart failth me for fear, and for looking upon those things coming upon us; but, pray God, we may have passed through the worst of it, although I fear it is not so. Oh, how I do sigh and groan, and cry out for the blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Oh, that He would put His hand again to the work! I am zealous for my Lord; some have forsaken His ways. Oh, that my gracious God would guide me, lead me, and keep me right. I am willing to spend and be spent if I can but feel it is the will of my blessed Father; but it is hard work to do so, without manifestation of good being done. I should have fainted but for a remarkable and wonderful work going on in the experience of an afflicted person (spinal affection). God, the Holy Spirit, is doing a great work in her. It was rumoured she was going from her mind. She was High Church. The Lord, no doubt, led me to dare to ask to see her. Much against their will, I got permission by telling them I knew several who were much like her, and it proved to be the work of the Lord the Spirit. I felt the Lord might make me a means of comfort to her. Soon as I beheld her I loved her for Christ's sake, and in less than five minutes I told her I knew she was a chosen vessel of mercy; although despair was in her looks, I felt the Spirit of the Lord was upon me, and I could not (and did not want) to hold my peace. She told me I did not understand her case. I replied, "I will tell you your feelings and your thoughts." She replied by a look. I began, You used to read, pray, &c. (for she was very High, strict Church); now you cannot read, you dare not pray, you feel you shall be d—d! She cried, "Oh, how do you know?" I shall never forget her looks. I trembled and rejoiced. I saw her last evening (the seventh time), there is a little light. Oh, how glad I am, for I had in my visits used such strong language; I felt the case called for it. Fears have arose in my mind for a moment lest I had spoken too strongly; but now I breathe freely, and can and do say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Her clergyman cannot make it out (he visits as well as I), poor fellow? Oh, how I pity him; he is a good natured fellow; that is all I can say. When I was ill he called nearly every day to inquire how I was. I have written out about five sheets folio law; I should like to see it in print; hope I may get permission to do so when she is brought into liberty. It is, I think, the most wonderful case I ever met with. I know it will make your heart rejoice. I find, by the VESSEL, you are still going forward; as I was reading and walking along I almost fancied I was with you, and in my soul felt, O Lord, still prosper and bless

Yours in Jesus, our covenant Head,
ISAIAH SMITH.

Great Yeldham, Essex.

SHEFFIELD AND MASBOROUGH.

—MY DEAR SIR,—I received your very kind note respecting the cause at Masborough. I am very sorry I cannot inform you of so favourable a state of things as I could wish. Four years ago, I believe, the Church was thoroughly united, but since then a root of bitterness sprung up, such as Paul speaks of in Heb. xii. 15. At this time I delivered eight sermons on the parable of the prodigal son, and which, I believe, was well received. The congregation increased; I believe that a thorough union existed. An old friend, who came down from Staffordshire, heard some of them, was well pleased; he said he wished he could stay to hear them all; he was unable to do so. He said, he would make the Church a present of an organ; he very kindly did so: sent his son down from Staffordshire, to put it up. Some persons appeared to be very jealous; they said I was preventing others from preaching. I said, I never did in my life prevent any from preaching, and I should not begin now. So I withdrew for eighteen months. Then I was sent for; I went again, and preached two sermons from "I asked, therefore, for what intent you have sent for me?" I have continued to supply once a month ever since. It is remarkable, some will preach, whether people will hear them or not. Four years ago I had the pleasure to baptize by immersion six believers in the Lord Jesus. Since then there has been little or no union, and I am inclined to think, if men would open their eyes without putting on their spectacles, they would see the noneffect of their ministry. We had Sankey and Moody in Sheffield about five years ago; they were going to convert men by thousands, but I have never heard of one in Sheffield that was converted by them. I don't believe their doctrine to be of God, and that being the case, they cannot be of any real good to a poor sinner. Some of our supplies hold their doctrine, but call themselves free-grace preachers. One thing is very clear, the Church of Christ will not derive much benefit from a mixed and unsound ministry.—JOSEPH WINFIELD.

BETHNAL-GREEN.—Thirteenth anniversary of Mr. Griffiths' pastorate at Hope Chapel was celebrated on May 3, 1881. The sermon by Mr. John Hazelton; cheerful ten gathering; the excellent deacon presided at public meeting, when report informed us of the peaceful unity and happy concord existing between pastor, deacons and people. "Hope" is more lively, loving and harmonious than ever, so our reporter understood. F. C. Holden sent a prayer to the throne; the mystery of "God manifest in the flesh" was opened by James Clark with much power. The other sentences of that amazing 1 Tim. iii. 16 were expounded by E. Langford, J. L. Meeres, and John Box. W. Webb sought a closing blessing on the whole. It was stated that ten believers had been added to the Church at "Hope" during the year.

"Crown Him Lord of all"

was nobly given as the feeling of all in parting.

LEWISHAM.—Special services were held in College-park chapel on Sunday, April, 24, when Mr. John Mead preached morning and evening. The services were well attended. On Tuesday, April 26, Mr. John Hazelton preached in the afternoon to a goodly number, taking for his text John xvii. 24. About seventy sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, and nearly every seat was occupied. The chair was taken by Mr. J. Hazelton; Mr. Wm. Hazelton opened the meeting in prayer. The chairman, in his opening speech, spoke of the advantages and privileges of the ministry. Brother Shepherd expressed his pleasure at meeting with the brethren and sisters of the neighbourhood, praying that the Lord may manifest His Presence and blessing on the Church and people; spoke of the history of the Christian Church, and the security of that Church, "I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands." Brother Mead spoke of David's choice, the house and foundation of Zion, the perfection of the building; how that the stones were fitted; sinners, yet saints; no foundation but in Him; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. Brother Meeres spoke of the love of God, the blood of Christ, the weight of our sins, and our bankrupt condition, pointing to Calvary; for sufficiency in cleansing the sins of His people, "In that day a fountain shall be open; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool." Brother Northover briefly related the history of the Church. It is now nearly ten years since they worshipped for the first time at the Belmont rooms; they had been in Church-fellowship over eight years, and this was their seventh anniversary. The chapel had been paid for during that time, and now they had painted and cleaned their chapel, towards which the friends were asked to contribute. Brother Squirrell spoke from the word Prayer, as an acrostic, speaking chiefly of the power, benefit, and efficiency of prayer. Brother Anderson apologised for being late, declined at the late hour making a speech; came, he said, to show a friendly feeling to a neighbouring cause. Brother Hazelton made a few remarks, the hour being late. The chairman concluded the meeting by prayer. A vote of thanks was passed to the chairman, and thus terminated a successful and pleasant evening. The collection amounted to about £21.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—**DEAR AND AFFLICTED FRIEND,**—You, with many others, write to inquire if I still live and work on? I wish, if it were possible, to

"Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown HIM LORD OF ALL."

I can only give a line or two. Last week I worked all the week with an East-wind cough threatening to undo me; but on Saturday evening, it being the first anniversary of our Saturday night prayer meeting, I was requested to preside. I did so. Our hall was filled with a praying people, and "Because I live, ye shall live also," was my theme. Sunday, May 8, 1881 (yesterday), was second anniversary of our Sunday-school; that

meant three public services for me on that day. Morning came, text came, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children." One thought was, increase of power. The Church has had her fathers, pastors over nice little families, but she shall have her *princes*, prevailing princes, who shall head and lead on the Lord's armies, conquering and to conquer. In the afternoon (chapel full), our children sang beautifully; Mr. J. S. Grant addressed them successfully. I distributed the prizes. Brethren W. Holt, and Thomas Austiu pleaded for showers of blessings. Mr. Telian read encouraging report; J. W. Banks delivered a good Psalm; Samuel Banks was leader of a large choir; John Dunham gathered up a noble collection for the school, and to my soul the whole service demanded the utmost gratitude to God. Surely the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. For evening service I had nine lines: 1. Three conditions of gracious souls (Luke i. 50): "Them that fear HIM," "them of low degree," "those that hunger." 2. Three demonstrations of the Divine power: "He hath scattered the proud," "He hath put down THE MIGHTY from their seats," "the rich He hath sent empty away." 3. Three of the blessings of saving grace: "His MERCY is on them that fear Him," "He hath EXALTED them of low degree," "He hath filled the hungry with good things." Hope says, the Lord helped me to feel with deep solemnity, and to speak with some unctious freedom on each of those nine lines. We held then a special meeting for prayer, and at the close of the five services I came home, only concerned to "praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Ah, if anyone doth know that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness," and "that all her paths are paths of peace," it is surely your poor little C. W. BANKS.—Banbury-road, South Hackney, May 9, 1881.

IVINGHOE.—In our chapel the grand old Gospel which the ancients Clark and Collyer sounded out so many years, is still proclaimed. Mr. W. Webb visited us on Easter Tuesday, and brought us good news. We are still united in the faith, and believe the seed sown by so many of the best of men during the last one hundred years in this town of Ivinghoe still bears fruit.

A sorry winter we have seen;
But now the trees are clothed with green,
We hope the turtle's voice to hear,
C onfirming faith, o'ercoming fear.

Let a very old friend of VESSEL ask, Why do you not publish monthly the preachers at Eaton Bray, Ivinghoe, Buckland-common, and other places? Some of us look much for these notes. [We would insert them if sent in time.]

ENFIELD.—**PUTNEY-ROAD.** We had a social gathering of friends: after tea, a happy service was realised, Mr. R. Alfrey presiding. Prayer offered by Mr. Wild, and Gospel speeches delivered by Brethren W. Winters and E. Casey.

FROM THE EAST.—Yes! the promise is true, and Paul's assertion is still confirmed, "Out of weakness made strong," which sentence reads as a paradox; yet, when "Weakness" says, "Retire, rest, leave off all public work," then Grace says, "Rather die in the harness than cease to speak of Him who only speaks to you." Hence comes from "a lame one, who takes the prey," this: "You travelled 300 miles, and held twelve services. I can make nothing out of all this, only one thing: 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.'" Nothing can be more true, and while atheists grow bold, while Jesuits creep about in disguise, while theological contentions grow hot, while even such exalted divines as Drs. Allon and Parker are publishing their serious misunderstandings, while Ireland is fierce, and her best sons are flying by thousands to the United States, while the British Parliament is becoming weaker and weaker every session, while the broad acres of our lovely little England are laying waste, the landlords crying in vain, "Who will hire our farms?" while wars abroad and woes at home distress the people, we know the promise of the Lord is as faithfully fulfilled as ever: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Hence, while the elder sons are angry, the poor prodigal is brought home by MERCY, is cleansed, clothed, and comforted, and wonders to hear the Father's servants, the angels, all beginning to be so merry.

BRAINTREE, ESSEX.—Wednesday, May 11, at Salem chapel, Mr. C. W. Banks delivered a lecture on "The Triumphs of Grace." The lecture, which occupied nearly an hour and a half in delivery, was listened to by a goodly company with marked attention. It is well calculated to arouse Protestants to a sense of their privileges, and with God's blessing prove a solemn warning to the rampant and prevailing spirit of Ritualism now abroad everywhere. Mr. W. H. Rose presided, and with the earnest prayer and reading of God's Word, introduced the lecturer. That this young servant of Christ may be highly honoured of God in leading the flock, and instrumentally used for the conversion of precious souls, is our earnest desire. Mr. Brown, of Coggeshall, and friends, favoured us with their presence and help. Thanks to the generosity of the lecturer, the collection made on behalf of the "Vestry Fund" will prove a substantial help to the cause. Singing "Grace 'tis a charming sound," and the benediction brought a long-to-be-remembered meeting to a close.

KING'S CROSS.—BETHEL CHAPEL, LAVINA-GROVE. May 10, special services were held. J. Clark, of Peckham, preached excellent sermons. Mr. Kingston gave opening address, calling Mr. Rayment to pray. Addresses from brethren Evans Elsey, Flavel, sen., and White, were deeply interesting.

RISHANGLES.—Our anniversary on Good Friday threatened me with blight. I am very fond of hearing Benjamin Taylor, who, as we heard, was to preach. We walked there hoping. "That is not Benjamin," says "My own." "Who is it?" inquires "Disappointment." "Never saw him before." Such a looking about. "He's no Suffolk man." When deacon was near we asked, "What parson is that?" "It is the Hoxne minister—Mr. Denmee—from Folkestone." "Oh, why did not brother Taylor come?" "He is ill." "Alas! dear man, I feared so." Well, when a man has worked and walked, has studied incessantly, and preached his soul nearly out of him, what can ye expect? Thomas Hughes would say, "Every time the sword is drawn out of the scabbard it wears the scabbard." If a man is perpetually drawing out his soul to the hungry, the brain, the body will say, in time. We can stand it no longer.

KING'S CROSS.—EBENEZER CHAPEL. Our esteemed brother White and friends held a special service on Good Friday. Mr. Carpenter preached. After an excellent tea, the meeting was presided over by W. Heathfield, Esq. Brother Kingston implored the Divine blessing. The chairman, on Psalms cxlv., made appropriate comments. Brother Flavel, on "The saint's meetness for the heavenly inheritance." Messrs. Hand, Burbridge, Boulton, and Elsey, all spoke in the Spirit of Christ. A few remarks from Mr. Kingston and Pastor White closed a meeting very cheering to brother White and friends. Many happy faces, speakers full of animation, singing holy and hearty, made us exclaim, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake."—H. P.

MENDLESHAM.—Our dear friend and brother in the Lord, W. Tooke, resigned pastorate here in January, preached farewell sermon Lord's-day, April 3, 1881, to a large congregation. We were sorry to part with him; it was indeed a great grief to many who loved him, not only as a man, but for what the Lord has done for their souls through him as an instrument; nevertheless, may we be enabled to say, Not our will, but Thine, O Lord, be done. Our dear brother left us on the best of terms. The Lord bless and prosper him and his smiling wife, is the desire and sincere prayer of yours in the bonds of the everlasting covenant,—H. HART.

CLAPHAM.—The twenty-third anniversary of Mr. Henry Hall's pastorate at Ebenezer chapel, Wirttemberg-street, was held on Tuesday, April 26. Mr. Shepherd preached with much acceptance in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Mote, and addressed by brethren Battson, Bennett, Hand, Styles, Ortnier, Silvester, and Welch. It was in all respects a good, profitable day, and our friends rallied round us.

BLACKWATER.—Our dear brother, W. H. Kitson, of Blackwater, who for some years has been deacon at Zoar chapel, Cricket-hill, Yately, departed this life on Sunday, January 2, 1881, and was interred in the burial-ground of the General Baptist chapel, York-town, Surrey, our pastor, J. Stevens, officiating. Our departed brother was baptized by Mr. Perrett, at Yately, on May 5, 1861. As a Church, we miss him as leader of the singing, and as a deacon we shall feel his loss. As a husband the widow and children deeply mourn, but he is better off. May the God of heaven be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the children. Daisy Minnie, the much loved infant of William Henry and Susan Kitson, died January 10, 1881. The widow has composed some verses; they will be words of comfort and consolation to some of the Lord's dear and tried people. May they, like her, be enabled to cast their burdens upon the Lord, for He careth for them.—H. S. NEWMAN. [These another time.—Ed.]

RYARSH, KENT.—Wednesday, May 18, was anniversary services; the presence of the Lord was realised. Two sermons by C. Masterson. Ministerial brethren from Sutton-at-hone, Meopham, Boro' Green, and their friends were present, and helped in the services. Truly we felt what a solid, soul-satisfying reality there is in the religion of Christ. After six years of devoted labour brother Wood has felt it right to resign the pastorate. May the Lord direct and abundantly bless him and the Church at Ryarsh, where there are some good gracious souls, rejoicing in the salvation which is all of grace.

ISLINGTON.—The anniversary of Providence chapel Sunday-school was held on Sunday and Tuesday last. On Sunday, Mr. Reynolds, the pastor, preached three sermons. On Tuesday, a tea and public meeting was held; Mr. Reynolds occupied the chair. An interesting and encouraging report was read, the adoption of which was moved by Mr. Flack, and seconded by Mr. Mitchell, of Guildford. Mr. Brown, Notting-hill, Mr. Sears, Foot's-cray, and Messrs. Lawson and Trotman also spoke.

WILL IT ALWAYS BE SO?

Shocking! Letters come from two Baptist preaching boys in one town. Each one writeth bitter things against the other, and both declare we are censured by each, although each one writeth to us as "dear brother." Ah! we have known much of this for many years. Let these naughty boys read 1 John v. 20. Oh, you poor boys, confess your sins unto the Lord.

READING.—At Providence, in Oxford-road, Mr. Thomas and the people appear to continue in the faith, and cheering rays of light are as the harbingers of better days than ever.

SORROWING SAINT, "LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."—JOHN, XIV. 1.

[The following lines were suggested by a sermon preached at Chatsworth-road Baptist chapel, Sunday morning, March 6, by Mr. E. Langford.]

COME, troubled, agitated saint,
Tell Jesus all thy grief,
His heart is full of sympathy,
His hand will bring relief.
He knows the cause of all thy woe,
That cause He will remove.
Believe His Word, receive His grace,
His lovingkindness prove.

Say, is thy heart with trouble filled,
By reason of the way?
Has Providence become so dark,
Without one cheering ray?
To Jesus turn thine eyes of faith,
Behold His smiles of love.
Believe His Word, receive His grace,
His lovingkindness prove.

Or, is it so friends have become
So distant, cold, and few?
All human sympathy dried up,
Or almost hid from view?
Jesus, thy best, unchanging Friend,
Regards thee from above.
Believe His Word, receive His grace,
His lovingkindness prove.

Or, does the tempter often try
To all thy soul with doubt?
To lead thee near unto despair,
And take away all hope?
"Believe in God, believe in Me,"
Is Jesu's gracious word.
Then look to Him with steadfast eye,
Trust Him, thy loving Lord.

Or, art thou near the border-land,
So near the river's brink,
Thy feet almost in Jordan's streams?
Does heart within thee sink?
To Jesus turn, and grasp His hand;
Nor from His promise move.
He'll guide thee through, and land thee safe
In His best home above.

Clapton.

ROBERT MORGAN.

Marriage.

On May 21, 1881, at St. Stephen's church, Canonbury-road, George William Moynihan, precentor at Gillispie-road, Baptist chapel, to Lydia, second daughter of Mr. Jabez Whitteridge, minister of the Baptist chapel, Gillispie-road, Highbury.

Deaths.

In loving remembrance of Marian, the beloved wife of Mr. Thomas Ballard, of Old Kent-road, who calmly entered into rest, April 25, 1881. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

On May 18, Eliza, wife of Charles Wood, of Camberwell, for many years a worshipper at the Surrey Tabernacle, who, after eight months of intense suffering, borne without a murmur, passed away. Her end was peace.

In affectionate remembrance of Miss Mary Ann Cozens, died April 17, 1881, in her ninety-fourth year. Interred at Kaling cemetery. "Whom have I in heaven but Thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."

“Go, and Tell My Father!”

“A little talk with Jesus, how it smoothes the rugged road !
How it seems to help me onward, when I faint beneath my load ;
When my heart doth heave with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim,
There's nought can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.”

EVERY day unfolds some secret purpose, which softly but certainly declares, “Jesus is calling us away.” To you, therefore, my gentle and fond brother, SAMUEL J. BANKS, the long-established English missionary to the Irish Baptists, I address these few lines; and I send them through the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL, that others may read if they please, and judge for themselves of the hope that is in me, and of the prospect before me. Yesterday (Sunday, May 29, 1881), I preached twice at home; but my voice was weak through another cold which has almost laid me prostrate again. On returning home and sitting down, somewhat sorrowful, without reading or seeking for any communication from the Lord, these words were spoken in my soul, with a sacred feeling neither memory nor any power in nature can create: “The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.” Of the reflections of my soul on these words I will not write you here; but as in a previous note I promised our brother Robert a word or two more of the scenes through which I have passed lately, I will briefly give you and Robert, and all who will read, the said promised testimony. And I feel compelled so to do because of the merciful support, and because of the unfoldings of Divine truth with which I was then favoured.

Almost as soon as I was fully prostrate in my bed, on February 17, 1881, this sentence was spoken in my soul,—

“LOVE COVERS ALL THE GROUND.”

Those words quite surprised me; but being accompanied with a silent visionary explanation, they were of much comfort to me, and I do not feel justified in allowing them to be buried in silence.

Where could such words come from? They are not in the Book. I never recollect either seeing, hearing, or reading them anywhere. They were to me quite original:—“Love covers all the ground.” What could those words mean? I was not left to interpret the sentence. It appeared gently to open itself in my mind. It explained itself somewhat in the following order: “Fear not! Love called you at first; Love hath preserved you thus far; Love will complete the whole in taking you safely home.”

While I was intently thinking over this in my bed, I saw, beyond the veil, “LOVE,” with her golden key in her hand. She was unlocking the door of the new and everlasting covenant, and taking “CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH,” in one perfect body, into that covenant union. In the eternal gift of the FATHER, the Church, as one body, was given to the

SON, and in view of that oneness and unity of the Church in Christ, she was called, and (in *Psa. xlv. 13*), is still called,—

“THE KING’S DAUGHTER.”

She is declared to be “*all glorious within*.” I ask, what is intended by that expression, “*within*?” The answer implied to me was, “As she was *within Christ*.” As she was one with the Son of God; as she was the body of which He was given to be the Head over all things to her; even as He was “all-glorious,” so is the Bride which God His Father had given unto Him. A voice said, “God would not give a wretched, ruined mass of fallen miserables unto His Son.” Albeit, her *fall*—and if she had not originally a *high standing*, she could not have experienced a *fall*—that fall was foreknown; her recovery, by the humiliation of the Son of God, was fore-appointed; therefore both the Church’s original and ultimate beauty are expressed in that one verse:—as the Father saw her in the Son she was

“*All-glorious WITHIN*.”

Ultimately, as the Son shall present her to His Father,—“*Her clothing shall be of WROUGHT GOLD*.” Relationship characters are given to all the vessels of mercy. What can be stronger than that in *Heb. ii. 10*: “For it became HIM (the mighty God, the Jehovah) for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many SONS unto glory; to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering.”

That word, “*became*,” is used by Paul three times in the early part of His epistle to the Hebrews (the recent revisers of the New Testament have not altered one of them), and they are instructing if read together. “It became the Father to make the Son perfect through suffering,” the Son (*Heb. v. 9*) “being made perfect, became the Author of eternal salvation unto all that obey Him.” Then in *Heb. vii. 28*, Paul, speaking of quickened, sanctified believers, says: “For such an High Priest *became us*” (exactly suited to us) “who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and is

“MADE HIGHER THAN THE HEAVENS,”

where He is carrying on His mediatorial work, in the erection of a kingdom, such a kingdom of immensity, of dignity, of brilliancy, of majesty, of spiritual and celestial sociality, as we cannot fetch any proper conception of here, although John, in his Revelation, is minute in defining some of the parts of this holy city. In this blissful contemplation, I caught some precious interpretations of the meaning of the words,—

“LOVE COVERS ALL THE GROUND.”

Indescribably holy, and pure, and solemn were these words unto my soul. Surely I shall never cease to think of the consoling pillow which the Lord thereby made for my weary head to rest upon; while verses of hymns, the very richest in our sacred poems, rolled over my spirit, and I felt as one far removed from earthly trammels and worldly connections. No anxious care for pulpit or press haunted me. I was, as *Psa. xxxi*. speaketh, “hidden in the secret place of God’s presence,” kept secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues, and could sing, “Blessed be the Lord, He hath shewed me His marvellous kindness in a strong city.” With all the tenderest solicitude of a loving heart, my wife and daughters

nursed me until my beloved partner was ready to break down. My sons, John, Robert, Charles, and Samuel watched over me with the softest of genuine affection. Our brethren David Stanton, J. J. Fowler, John Mumford, Jonathan Elsey, John Vaughan, Thomas Stringer and others came and pleaded for me at the throne of grace. Oh! what a separate and sanctifying season I enjoyed!

But my faith was to be tried. Hence, after this quietude and peace, as the affliction became more virulent, and the nights became more and more terrible, as the frame became increasingly shattered and shaken, a dark scene was as strongly presented to my mind as was the bright one just faintly described. And this gloomy part of my sick-bed experience is as visibly stamped on my mind as is the former; yea, had I literally passed through it, surely it could scarcely be more deeply printed in my memory.

From whatever source you may think it came, however strongly you may think I was beside myself, the following is the real case as it passed before my mind. When Elihu, in Job xxxiii., speaketh of visions, dreams, and openings of the sick man's eyes to seal instruction upon him, he says, "Lo! all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with

"THE LIGHT OF THE LIVING."

And in the secret deeps of my soul, I trust such has been the end of God's dealings with me. From the commencement of this season of solitude there was a distinctness in every step. On Friday morning, February 11, 1881, I started from my home in South Hackney to go to the office in the City. As I walked up the Penshurst-road, which leads off from a large, open common, a powerful stream of the East wind came and *sawed* into the back of my neck with such piercing and cutting force, that I cried out, "*Oh, what is this?*" I never knew such an attack before in all my life. I staggered on against the effect of it for a few days, then inflammation, violent coughing, and prostration rendered me helpless.

After the first few days of soul-blessedness IN THE LORD ONLY, there came the melancholy trial of my faith to which I have referred. I write these few lines, I trust, in the fear of the Lord, fully conscious that His eye is over me, and that His mercies toward me have been new every morning. Otherwise, chased as I have ever been by the heavy artillery of the different regiments of Light Dragoons, *where!* ah! WHERE must I have been?

THE TRIAL AND DELIVERANCE.

Laying quietly in my bed on one of the days of my affliction—and when I really began to conclude I had nearly done with everyone and with everything on the earth—there gradually opened up a scene before me, which was as spontaneous and as original as was the first scene of

LOVE, WITH HER GOLDEN KEY,

which so calmly, and so clearly, I saw opening the doors of the everlasting covenant, and taking therein the unmentionable, the indescribable, the adorable Person of the Son of God, and all God's elect with Him. And, although I am quite aware that the unbroken, the high-minded, will cast their contemptuous sneers on this, yet the scene my soul beheld

was quite in accordance with that lovely Scripture which has been with my spirit for a number of years, and which thousands of God's happy saints have more fully enjoyed than I yet have done. I refer to that ineffably rich text in Psalm xxv. 15, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant." Of this blessed promise, in different seasons, and in various degrees, I have had some realisation. But now for the other side, which was not a dream, but in wakeful consciousness, a vision of the mind, which, with the deliverance, consisted of seven parts.

The first thing my mind was led to look at was a large country scene: a most extensive two-fold view of a bleak, barren, deserted, uncultivated kind of desert. On one side was a woodland wilderness, heaps of trees, in thickets, all huddled together. On the right-hand side was a wild, mountainous view, mountains gradually rising up as far as my eyes could reach. But oh! so destitute of every sign of life. Not a bird was flying, not a blade of grass was growing, no hedge or field, no cattle or sheep grazing. No! I cannot find any other than Scripture words to express the sight—it was

"A WASTE-HOWLING WILDERNESS !

And I as clearly see it now as then. Between the wild, woody thicket on the left hand, and the black, naked, gloomy desert on the right hand, there was a road ran up on to a summit, over which there was, as it indicated, a yawning gulf. Such a scene of utter desolation I never recollect to have witnessed in any of the numerous journeys I have travelled now for nearly fifty long years. And, with a grateful humility, I can declare that in every part of this kingdom Divine grace has so preserved me, that, had not my bones once been broken almost to atoms, I might be tempted to be as high-minded as most of the elder sons have ever been.

Secondly. While I lay gazing upon the awful scenes of the wilderness and the desert before me, I saw—

A VERY OLD MAN

travelling slowly up the hilly road which ran between the wood on the left, and the deadly waste on the right. The sight of that old man has never been out of my mind entirely since I first saw him. He was dressed in a dirty, long, loose, white frock, which came down to his heels. His shoes were all mud. His old cap was nearly worn up. He stooped much, leaning on a staff, or rough stick in his right hand. With his eyes on the earth, he was trying slowly to climb the hill between the two parts of the wide, wide, far-spreading country. Someone—I cannot tell whether it was myself or another—but some voice asked,—

"MAN ! WHITHER GOEST THOU ?"

His answer, as it came unto me, was awful. I have never heard or read anything like it. He said,—

"I go away to yonder dell,
To hide myself in some lone cell,
Till Vengeance strike me down to hell,
Without one ray of hope."

Thirdly. In some way, I cannot clearly define this part, but something said to me, "That man is yourself!" Yes! and it was so applied to me,

that I rolled myself up in a melancholy attempt at resignation, fearing I was going into the solitudes of the lost. I have no power to describe this exercise of my mind, this mysterious change in my position and prospects. Before, only a day or two before, I was singing,—

“Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o’er Thy beauties rove,
While countless ages I’ll adore
The glories of Thy love.”

But now the heavens were dark, the earth was barren, and some power was carrying me into scenes of horror.

Forty years ago, and more, Heman’s eighty-eighth Psalm was almost my only companion. In that Psalm I read my real condition; that ancient and beautiful singer in the temple, as Dr. Thomas Goodwin describes Heman, was by some means, and for some purpose (known, it may be, only to the Lord Himself, this blessed ancient saint) was reduced to such a fit of distress, that he said,—

“My soul is full of troubles:
My life draweth nigh unto the grave.
I am counted with them that go down into the pit:
I am as a man that hath no strength:
Free among the dead,
Like the slain that lie in the grave,
Whom Thou rememberest no more:
And they are cut off from Thy hand.
Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit,
In the darkness, in the deeps.”

Who, in all the Churches of the saints, can understand such language? After fourteen years groping in the dark, from seven till twenty-one, suddenly, powerfully, most precious, Jesus called me Himself, and for some years to hear of HIM, to write of HIM, to preach Him; all this was joyful to me; then to be hurled down into dead hardness, to feel certain you are lost, is a terrific transition, which no commentators have ever opened to me yet.

So, in the case of my illness, to be laid under the banner of Divine love for days, then suddenly to be alarmed by a change so awful, baffles all attempts to make plain.

Many flippant talkers seem to be so familiar with the Prince of Darkness that they unhesitatingly tell you all he says to them. I cannot do that. So timid is my soul, that immediately a dark cloud hides JESUS’s face from her she travels back all the years of her existence, gathers up all the sins of youth and of manhood, and charges them upon me as the tremendous cause of her destruction. Paul says of Satan, “We are not ignorant of his devices.”

I am ignorant of them! By many and many devices have I been caught and hurled into trouble. The man who laid the snare, thinking to make a market of me, when he failed in his design, kicked me overboard, and ran howling all over the country, and setting all the country howling too; hence, torn to atoms my soul has been! My afflictions have furnished the generations Solomon speaks of with many a dainty meal of “evil conversation.”

In the fourth part of the scene I am now describing as best I can, and while contemplating the state of a lost soul,—

THE GREAT DAY OF JUDGMENT

came up before me, when all must appear, when the secrets of all hearts will be opened, and the final sentence passed upon us all. In this maze of mystery, "Love covers all the ground" was lost sight of completely. Death and despair would almost shut me up in endless torment. The inflammation and bronchitis cough threatened to kill me. "Oh!" I said, "this is a killing disease indeed!" I was screaming for breath, screeching and straining for some relief, but, under it all, there was a loving faith in JESUS; and when they were all quiet in sleep around me, I felt to double myself up, and literally, as it were, I took hold of our blessed LORD, and I implored Him to come and lay His hand upon the violent storm now beating upon me, and to give me some relief, for I could not lay nor rest in any way.

Fifthly. Marvellously did—

"OUR WONDROUS ADVOCATE WITH GOD"

speak "PEACE." There was a calm; and for some hours I fell into a profound sleep, and knew nothing. But Faith had fetched a little virtue out of the Tree of Life, and with that little the cry went up,—

"O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn;
To THEE I call, to Thee I cry,
Oh, leave me, leave me not to die.

Sin did, indeed, hurl down my soul;
Now, Justice, shall thy thunders roll?
Vengeance may smite, and with one blow
Lay the poor wretched sinner low.

Yet, JESUS! JESUS! to Thee I cling,
I curl beneath Thy sheltering wing,
I clasp His feet, and holding there,
Even me, O bliss, His wrath may spare.

Ah! inwrought prayer, the prayer of dire necessity; such prayer went up out of my soul that dreadful night:—it reached the God-Man's ear and heart. He laid His hand upon me, and a most beautiful sleep I had.

Sixthly. When I awoke in the morning I found myself alone. My nurses had gone to provide some refreshment. As I lay fully awake, and gratefully admiring the consoling rest I had been favoured with, while in quiet contemplation I lay, it was to me, most distinctly and certainly, as though the Lord stood by my bedside, and without any previous intimation, He said to me, "I HAVE BLOTTED OUT, as a thick cloud, *thy* transgressions, and as a cloud *thy* sins." Oh! what can I say? How can I express my feeling? I cannot do it. I rose up in my bed, I reached hold of the Bible, and actually opened on the very page where the twenty-second verse of Isaiah's forty-fourth chapter immediately met my eye: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee." I burst out, "This is Thy healing and saving Word! I shall not yet be taken away." Gradually I began to recover, and after six weeks in our home hospital, I went forth to preach again. Not at home only, but in Banbury, Farnborough, Holloway, Hereford, Forest of Dean, and in other parts, I have been favoured to say a little in the Lord's Name.

The spirit of Joseph caught my soul, when he told his brethren to go and tell his father—

“JOSEPH IS YET ALIVE.”

So, with a patient and prayerful spirit, I wish to be near the Master's feet, listening to the words of His mouth, and only doing His command.

Beloved Samuel, our sister Kitty, and her ministering husband, Mr. John Kingsford, have just written me from Brisbane, in Queensland. Of their work and welfare you shall hear, if God spares your brother,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, London,

June 1, 1881.

SORROW IN THE NIGHT, JOY IN THE MORNING.

By F. G. BURGESS, ASKETT.

AMONGST the many portions of God's Word which have been blessed to the writer, Psa. cix. 31 stands prominently forth. It was on this wise: he was lying in bed very ill, and his thoughts turned upon the probability of his being called away into an unseen world, when he thought to himself, Should I die, where shall I go to?

“My soul, how stands the case with thee,
For heaven are thy credentials clear?”

So he thus mused within himself, “I will endeavour to ascertain from God's Word, if my religion, or profession, is one that will correspond with the Bible definition of what God produces in the souls of the saved.” Many things passed in review before his mind, by which he tried himself, such as they that are “pure in heart,” “of clean hands,” “meek,” &c.. But as each description of the “living in Jerusalem” passed before him, he could only say, Alas! I greatly fear that after all my profession, preaching, praying, &c., I have deceived myself and others too; hope itself seemed fading away, when these words dropped into the mind with all that reviving, strengthening, comforting, and delivering power which those alone know who have experienced it: “For He shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul.” Blessed words, “the poor;” surely, I thought, I am poor; for if to be destitute of righteousness, of ability to procure righteousness, or to be without comfort—if this is poverty, then I am the character here described. But further, this “poor” one is also said to be condemned; there are “those who condemn his soul;” it is not the rack, the gibbet, the flame for the body, but “condemn his soul.” We thought, Yes, there are “those” (more than one), for (1) sin itself condemns the child of God, it is his daily plague, it cries out against him—“The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me.” (2) Satan also condemns; does he not when we are in prayer stand at our right hand to condemn us before God? and does he not accuse us even to our dearest friend? He does. Then (3) the law condemns; it can do nothing else to those who have broken its precepts; blessed are all they who are delivered from its condemning sentences. Again, (4) the world condemns the believer, misjudging his actions, wresting his words, and only too glad to have an opportunity of pointing the finger of scorn at them,

forgetting the precept recorded in John viii. 7, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." (5) The believer condemns, and often writes bitter things against himself. Thus he is "poor," and stands "condemned." But, lo! "He shall stand at his right hand;" here then is friendship indeed. O believer, Jesus will not desert His "poor" ones even in the hour of condemnation, He stands there to show His sympathy, and to identify Himself with the prisoner; "He stands" to plead for him, for "He will open His mouth in the cause of all such who are oppressed"; He stands there as an advocate and intercessor, He stands there as a surety, and by virtue of His own blood He also stands there as a deliverer—"to deliver him." This deliverance is divine, the prisoner is so delivered that for him there is no condemnation. How different the case of the ungodly! they also have one who stands at their right hand (see ver. 6 of this Psalm). Happy they who, like the writer, can feel that they have a Friend in the hour of soul trouble. My readers will not perhaps wonder when I say that upon my next occupying the pulpit my text was, "For He shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul."

IF THIS BE TRUE, WHAT WILL BE THE CONDITION OF THOUSANDS?

"DISTRESS OF NATIONS;" "MEN'S HEARTS FAILING THEM FOR FEAR OF WHAT IS COMING."

THESE are prophetic sentences from our Lord Himself. We must not heedlessly cast them from us. Wars, famines, failures of seasons, lawlessness, and rebellions, and long, cold, blighting winds, with diseases, have alarmed many. The following announcement comes from the same quarter, nearly, as have come the weather forecasts, and which have, here and there, proved to be correct. Read this! It is from the columns of a first-class London daily paper.

Professor Grimmer, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, says:—"The earth, having got herself mixed up with the perihelia of five huge planets—Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—is about to undergo trials of a very unusual and painful character, and that the tale of her sufferings will not be completed until the close of the year 1885. Among her inflictions will be winters of unprecedented duration and ferocity, tremendous hurricanes and innumerable earthquakes, which by their comprehensive destructiveness will abundantly prove that the great forces of nature delight in warring upon the handiwork of man. Torrential rains will flood vast tracts of country, and sweep away whole towns and villages, drowning the inhabitants by thousands. Volcanic throes will cause rivers and lakes to overflow their banks, and kill millions of their finny denizens, which, cast up on *terra firma*, will decay and give out grievous effluvia. The waters of springs will become undrinkable. As a consequence of these noxious phenomena the Black Death will re-appear in North-eastern Asia, and traversing Russia with appalling swiftness, will swoop down upon Central and Western Europe, slaying its hundreds of thousands daily. Should Professor Grimmer's gloomy prophecies be fulfilled, the inhabitants of this distracted globe will be in a sad and awful plight." We read, and hope to realise the faith and safety of Zech. ix. 14—17.

MYSTERIOUS EXERCISES OF CHRISTIANS AS INDICATED IN THE LETTERS TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

“Truth in the inward parts.”

THE golden pipes might be handsome to look upon; but if through them no golden oil flowed from the “TWO ANOINTED ONES,” of what use, or what benefit would those golden pipes be to Zion when the dark night sets in? Oh, ye beautiful, ye elegantly-cultivated preachers, how handsome, how naturally sublime, how attractive ye appear. But have ye oil in your vessels? On page 182, of our June number, we noticed the following from Mr. Carr, of Cape Colony, which we now present unto our spiritual readers. The names of the Churches are as follows:—

ASIA—*Muddy, boggy.*

EPHESUS—*Desirable.*

SMYRNA—*Myrrh.*

PERGAMOS—*Height, elevation.*

THYATIRA—*A sweet savour of labour,
or sacrifice of contrition.*

SARDIS—*Song of joy (Isa. xxx. 29, 30).*

PHILADELPHIA—*Love of a brother.*

LAODICEA—*A just people.*

“Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things that are written therein” (Rev. i. 3).

The first thing I would notice is the place where John was when the revelation was made. “PATMOS”—*mortal*; and he was in the Spirit on the Lord’s-day; and as the Spirit’s work is to reveal Christ, a more appropriate place could not have been found than Patmos for making the revelation; for when we feel and know we are mortal and liable, nay, prone at every step to err in judgment, then we are in a ripe state to receive correction and instruction. You will next remark that the first, the great, the impressive lesson taught is Christ the Alpha and Omega. And although we by word of mouth acknowledge this, the letters of John to the Churches prove that we in heart do not follow it. Truly, we are mortal; truly, “the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.” It is not as if John was writing to the mass of people in Asia (muddy, boggy). No; it was they (the Churches) were in that state. Judgment begins at the house of God.

I think as we read each Church’s letter we shall trace it out as pointing to successive stages in our individual experience. And even after we have attained to that most delightful stage, an unshutable door, we again sink into a lukewarm state, and need rebuke and chastening to bring us back.

The first letter John writes is to the Church of Ephesus (desirable). Ask, then, yourself—for it was an individual thing—what was the first thing you felt to be desirable after you had been brought to Patmos to feel you were but mortal? Was it not that you might realise Christ in you the hope of glory? I can picture you with myself, who have travelled far on Zion’s road, seen many changes since setting out, looking back with amazement at your earnestness at that time, and feeling ashamed to think of the extent to which it at times has abated. Psalm lxxvii. is a clear description of the feelings of a child of God at that early stage of his experience. But remark, at this very time you look back to with such a longing eye, causing you often to say, Where is the

blessedness I knew when first I saw the Lord? (though it was a struggling time, and you had painful lessons to learn), yet at this time there was a serious charge against you, and the very charge explains the needs for the painful part of your experience. What was it? Wandering thou hast left thy first love, cast off, as Timothy expresses it, our first faith, learnt to be idle, &c. This is the apostle's description; and astonishing it is how quickly we thus sink—one minute in the third heaven, and the next grovelling. And I would further remark that though we may seem to have past this tempting devil, and by the blessed grace of God overcome, yet it is not well to feel secure, but on our guard, for we often need line upon line, and precept upon precept; so the devil may be permitted to again visit us with this same temptation, and that when we fancy ourselves most secure; and this will apply to every after temptation. He then closes his letter to this Church by shewing them they have hatred to one doctrine that God also hates. And I think his object in naming this was because he knew they would at a future stage take up with it. What doctrine? The doctrine of the Nicolaitanes. Nicolas means the people I overcame. The very fact of its being pointed out to you as hated by you is proof you have had it set before you; and so it was when at the first glimpse of Christ you felt a desire to rush off and preach, as though your telling to sinners round what a dear Saviour you had found would have the effect of converting them. No; you have learnt from experience that even now, since life has been imparted, grace only can keep it alive. We rather now shudder at the idea of us speaking, feeling what poor helpless creatures we are. And if at any time a word does pass our lips, it is not hearsay, but what we have received from above.

We now pass on to the second Church or stage in our experience, that of Smyrna. Not a law charge against them (equally remarkable, the Smyrna raisins are noted for being stoneless). What a blessed state of things here described; what an encouragement after the rebuke under our Ephesus experience. But what is this trouble we have to pass through, imprisonment, and to some death—death to hope, which, if they overcome, if their faith fail not, the second death shall not hurt? I think it is the temptation to believe you have committed an unpardonable sin in leaving your first love, and that God is angry beyond reconciliation. This temptation is generally set before us early in our experience, Satan trusting to turn us back; but the effect is counter altogether, and good for us that it does come thus early, for ever after we exclaim, If God could pardon that sin no sin is too great for Him to pardon. Mark! as sure as God speaks to you with a "Fear not" all hell's hounds are at your heels to drive you to fear, and will back their assertions with Scripture, such as "Pray not for this people, neither lift up a cry or prayer for them." Nor will the reading of the Bible help us to get out of the entanglement till the Holy Spirit come and rightly divide the Word of Truth to us. We, poor creatures that we are, when we read, jumble old and new covenant together, and so get distracted; but how quickly all is explained when the sweet Spirit shines upon the Word!

The next Church is that of Pergamos (height, elevation). There is so much said about Church in the present day that I feel more and more the necessity of looking upon it as an individual state. Our

bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost, and the heart is the seat of life; and when we are told not to neglect the assembling of ourselves together, and that where *two* or *three* are gathered together in Jesus' Name He is in the midst to bless, is it not the assembling of our natural law, and spiritual parts; and when thus assembled it is real heart work, the very seat of life and Christ is there, and in the discussion grace does come off conqueror, a proof of Christ's presence. How true it is—as this Pergamos experience sets forth—that we never continue in one stage; “in the midst of life we are in death;” no sooner get to an elevated position than down we come by the run, get into a formal state, worshipping and serving the creature more than the Creator, and actually imbibe the very doctrine we before hated, and had been cautioned of God's hatred to it. Our own experience might tell us, as Ezekiel does, that the Spirit is in the wheels, and that when the Spirit moves the wheels move, and not before. But we in our *strivings* to improve self, and *efforts* to teach, speak as though we would move Spirit, wheels and all. How little, how very little preaching is from actual personal experience, and the sword is the weapon used; but what is it slashed at? Man's sin against man. The easily besetting sin of our nature, our “thorn in the flesh;” but unbelief, our sin against God, is left in the background. No sword would be needed for this warfare, but a plough-shear and a pruning-hook. But take a glance at the glorious consequence of overcoming. First, to eat of the hidden manna; then to receive the white stone, the perfect law of God, with the new name inscribed upon it, Christ—and truly no man knows it but he who receives it—the perfect law of liberty.

We now come to the Church of Thyatira (a sweet savour of labour, or sacrifice of contrition). I surmise you know somewhat of this, after when thinking you were walking in a direct line God has pointed out some great turn you have taken (how much of Bunyan's “Pilgrim's Progress” experience crops up before my mind as I pen down my thoughts); but, alas! we are no sooner out of one error than we are into another; and the error of the Thyatira Church is so common that the apostle may well caution against neglecting to give heed to doctrine. The error of the Nicolitan Church and that of Thyatira are seemingly one, but there is a difference. The error of one was *overcoming the people*. Nebuchadnezzar tried this. The other is Jezebel's worship of Baal. Now Baal means *he that rules and subdues*. Wherein lies the difference of these two doctrines? So seemingly alike are they, that but for the mark in the history of the two Churches, it would be liable to escape notice. It is that of fornication and adultery; fornication exists before eating of the hidden manna and receiving the white stone, before marriage; the latter after. Does not this thought take constant possession of our minds after grace has been imparted, that we are able to rule and subdue nature? We lay out plans and make resolutions, but all fail. We are constantly hearing the doctrine set forth; and though our own experience tells us it is a lie, it sounds so feasible, and is so flattering to poor human nature, that we fear, till another heavy fall come upon us, to give our veto against it. Now look first at the judgment. “I am He that searcheth the hearts and veins, and I will give unto every one of you who hold this doctrine according to *YOUR works*.” Then comes the other side. “He that overcomes and keepeth

My works unto the end I will give power over the nations," &c. And "I will give him the morning star."

The next letter is to the Church of Sardis. An experience must be felt to be understood. Sardis means song of joy (Isa. xxx. 29, 30). What, say you, as you read the letter, can it be possible for a person to sing and be joyful when he is so reduced but that little remains of the spirit of life, and that little ready to die? Yes, alas! having learnt the lesson that we cannot overcome or rule nature, we settle down into a passive state—the state described by that sweet hymn-writer Toplady, who says:—

"More the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head."

If you have tasted of this unhappy state, I hope you have also recovered from it, and tasted of its opposite; that while you could not alter nature you have watched its workings, and at the same time watched the hand of the Lord making its wretched doings work for your good and His glory. How many severe falls have I had, and each one followed not by chastisement but the most loving of embraces; neither fall nor kiss known to any but my God and I; therefore, though unable to subdue nature our favoured course is to watch its workings, which will make us groan; but as we often sing,—

"He hears the groans of His elect,
And hates to put away."

But what is the consequence of non-watchfulness? A gradual decline till death to hope sets in, a blot comes between you and your name in the Book of Life—the Bible—and you are unable to read a clear title to a promise it contains, when it says, "I will not blot his name who overcomes out of the Book of Life." I cannot for a moment read it as intimating that a person's name can be in it to-day and erased to-morrow. I believe most implicitly in the words of the hymn:—

"Once in Him in Him for ever,
Thus the eternal covenant stands."

I also believe in God's Word, from which it is quoted: "He that hath begun the good work will carry it out to the day of Jesus Christ." But that it is a lesson-learning stage of experience to humble us my own experience bears witness.

Next the Philadelphian Church. Philadelphia (the love of a brother). Bless the Lord, the recovery from this last experience leaves us that item of strength—strength to love, strength to hold on to His blood, strength to confess His Name as the Alpha and Omega.

Now the last is the Laodicean Church. This experience is truly more wretched than that of coldness, that has so often drawn forth a deep sigh from our hearts; it is that of lukewarmness, feeling as though you had done all you could and learnt all you could. But this overcome, you feel you have learnt a mere nothing, and you join Addison in his sweet and truthful song of—

"Oh, eternity's too short to utter all Thy praise"

for past blessings of *understanding*, and you look forward to a constant opening up to your view of new glories.

But I must surmise one question arising to your mind, and that is, What concerning those who do not overcome? This arose to my mind

(although I have been satisfied upon the point for years) as likely to occur to you, as I lay down on my bed, with Dr. Hawker's Portions in my hand, intending to read my evening one. What did it prove to be? It quite startled me, so direct was the answer to the very question I was musing on. It was this: "Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land." Happy the man who can swim. We know it is fear prevents a man from swimming; so swimming is indicative of faith in lively exercise. I stand amazed when I think how often this very Scripture has been given me in the most direct way, so that no doubt could exist as to the giver. What do the boards and broken pieces of the ship indicate but those items the children of God have let fall before the unthinking from time to time, and now made use of by God for their teaching and comfort? Good seed is never lost, and it was the same Grace put these items in their way as it was gave you power to swim. "Grace all the work shall crown." How great debtors to Grace we one and all are!

"THE WORD OF THE LORD SHALL STAND FOR EVER."

ON every hand, in every age, the grass has withered, the flower has faded, but the Word of our God doth stand for ever. A very flowing orator has spoken on

"THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT."

He has reviewed the insidious attacks made by abstract schoolmen on the God-made foundations of our faith. He has expressed the fears of many lest in *revising* there should be a *removing* of some of the landmarks, but the eloquent orator comes forth with a triumphant cheer, and closes with a warm invite to more faithful adherence to the fulfilment of that commission which has been struggling for centuries to fill the earth with the glory of the Lord.

Let us read the orator's poetical elucidation. Confessing the tremulous anxieties which preceded the coming forth of the newly revised edition of the words of our Lord, he says:—

"We have awaited the result with mingled throbs of hope and apprehension; hope that obscurities may be cleared away; apprehension lest concessions should be made to the demand of modern innovation, by which a mutilated version only should remain to us, and should bear the semblance of a disfiguring codicil rather than the will and testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But, both from the Revised Version itself, and the scholarly criticisms coincident upon it, we find the bulk of our Bible unimpaired. The tendency of modern comment for some years has been to thin it down into a pamphlet of more or less doubtful authenticity, to deflower it of the glow of many time-hallowed promises, and emasculate the fragrance of a gracious garden of precept. Raids have been made on its green pastures, and offal has been flung into its still waters; and we had dreaded lest we should find the marauder tolerated, and the trespass condoned. Staff after staff had been snatched away, and couch after couch made hard, till, like the lame man, we had none to put us into the pool, and, like our Lord Himself,

we had not where to lay our heads. And we had feared to find the rod still broken, and the bed still dismantled. But there is the staff restored, in all the toughness of its strength, to the tottering pilgrim; and there are the pillows where the heart and head have rested, soft and inviolate as the bosom of the Saviour still. By cunning and concealed approach, by rude and violent assaults, have our outposts been attacked, until the enemy, like the rabble red-handed and blaspheming, was gathered round the very cross itself to flout and condemn it. Miracle after miracle had been challenged; the alabaster box had been broken without any ointment to pour fragrance from the shattered offering; the house at Bethany had been proclaimed 'to let,' and the grave of Lazarus had been flattened from the landscape. But we take up our revised New Testament, and we find the SACRED WAYMARKS STILL. The Saviour writes the mystic tracery upon the ground, as the prone blushes crimson at His feet, and the gang of Pharisees slink off and drop the stone with which they would have avenged the Christ-shriven shame. Still do the daisies upon Olivet star round the footsteps of the Visitor to the house where Martha served and Mary wondered. Still floats from the page the perfume of the penitence with which the sinner bathed the feet which bled for sin. Stills rings the voice across the open grave whence the enshrouded sleeper wakes to greet the Resurrection and the Life. And still there stands unbroken, unprofaned, red with the rich redemption, the altar upon which He is lifted up who shall draw all men unto Him.

"And this reverential preservation of the record has not been the result of diffidence or superstition, but the outcome of a scholarly and a calm inquiry. It has been the tacit but unanimous verdict of the honest erudition of the time that these challenged chronicles are the word of the Lord, and that they must stand for ever. It is the tendency of the criticism which this revision has evoked rather to restore that of which the ark had been despoiled, than further to denude it. And we may await in confidence the issue of all coming attacks, assured that the rams of the invader will be broken, but the citadel of truth must stand.

"Then, with the full Christ restored to our Testament, let Him be restored in His fulness to our testimony. Let us preach Christ crucified. And above all, let Him be restored to our practice and our life."

Amen! we shout aloud; a thousand times Amen! Let Christ in all His fulness "be restored to our testimony. Let us

"PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED!"

And with all, let CHRIST be restored to our practice and our life." Amen. Let every man who dares to preach attend to this word of exhortation, saith Editor, E. V.

A WORD FOR THE MOURNERS.

MEDITATIONS ON MATTHEW V.

(Continued from page 147.)

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."—Verse 4.

THIS world is rightly termed "the vale of tears," for the Holy Ghost spake truly by that ancient patriarch Job when he said, "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job v. 7). This, then, is true of all classes and conditions of men generally. And

although there may be many secondary, yet is there only one primary cause for this the wide world over. And oh! if we could see with God's eyes, how plain, how awfully plain would the primary cause appear to us to be *sin*; for this is the ground which underlies every root of bitterness, and the poison which vitiates every moral quality in man, more or less, producing, and fostering when produced, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," in which is contained (as in an infernal trinity) every conceivable form of iniquity, which are ever reproducing their kind in the conduct of the depraved. Thus hurrying them on at a terrible rate in their hostility to God, during which rebellious course they seek enjoyment only to be disappointed, and for success only to suffer ultimate defeat, till at length (where grace prevent not) their bodies fill our graveyards and their souls populate the bottomless pit.

In their lifetime they were vexed by disappointments, grieved by losses, enraged by conflicting circumstances, and at last reduced to despair by ultimate hopelessness, and are now shrieking with unutterable remorse, crying—"the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." But they were never real mourners on account of sin, for they never really believed themselves to be sinners as in the sight of the heart-searching God, therefore they never knew the sweet blessing of Gospel comfort.

Oh, reader! hast thou never yet become a *real* mourner on account of sin—thine own sin? For this is the character for whom this blessing is promised.

It may be, however, that this is the very question which has long occupied thy mind, whether thou art a *real* mourner or *not*. If so, then let me ask thee a few questions which may, by the Holy Spirit's application, help thee to a satisfactory answer to this all-important inquiry.

First. What think you of sin? Do you believe it to be the violation of, and the outrage against the laws of that God whose law is like Himself—*i.e.*, holy, just, and good? (see Rom. vii. 12; Psa. cxlv. 9).

Secondly. What think you of yourself? do you find that sin within is warring against the law of your mind, and making you cry, "Oh, wretched man that I am"? For you certainly are a sinner, guilty of breaking, not one or two, but virtually the whole of God's holy and perfect law, and therefore, if under the law you are under the curse (see Epistle of James ii. 10, 11; also Gal. iii. 10). Do you therefore see and *feel* that you are "guilty of all"? Has sin then, by and under the light of Sinai's awful justice slain you and made you cry out in the bitterness of your soul, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Thirdly. What think ye of Christ? Do you answer, Oh I know He can cleanse and cure me of sin's foul malady, but I fear I am not one whose penitence is *genuine*? But what effect has your mourning, which you fear is not genuine repentance, had upon you? Has it led you to *Him*, and does it produce an *aching void* which you feel none but Jesus can fill? do you try to look to Him, pray to Him, believe in Him, and trust your guilty soul to His cleansing power, so that you may be able to *love* Him and *praise* and rejoice in Him? If thou canst answer, "Yes" to these questions, then certainly thou art a real mourner, such as the Lord Jesus Christ speaks these words for. Listen, then, to His words, and pray His Holy Spirit to open thine ears, that thou mayest hear *for thyself*; for sure I am it is in vain that thou read my exhortations, or even His own words

unless He send them home to thy heart by His Holy Spirit. But if thou canst *not* hear as yet, pray, beg of Him to *open* thine ears as He did David's (see Psa. xl. 6), and if thou canst not pray in words pray in *groans*, and if thou canst not pray in groans pray in sighs, and if thou canst not even sigh after a good manner, but *wish thou could*, then go on praying in desire, for

"Prayer *is* the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed."

Thou art on the right track, as sure as His ears are open to thy cry, so sure shalt thine be open to His answer. For listen! He now says to thee, "Blessed are (not shall be) they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." So, then, it is a blessed condition to be in, to be a mourner after this fashion, for remember, if He has emptied thy cup of false comfort, it is that He may fill it with real comfort.

Oh, my beloved friend, hold up the cup of thy poor empty mourning heart, and keep on begging of Him to fill it with the wine of consolation, saying,—

"Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse the mourner's plea?"

Plead with Him on the ground of His having been Himself "the Man of sorrows," plead with Him on the ground of His having paid the penalty of sinners, such as thou art; plead with Him on the ground of having kept the law in all its perfections, on the ground of His "finished" work, His atoning death, His triumphant resurrection, His glorious ascension, His endless life of intercession; all of which are on behalf of poor sinners who feel their sins. I will here refer thee to a few portions of Holy Scripture written expressly for godly mourners:—Job ii. 12, 13; Isa. lix. 10—12, lxi. 2, 3; Jer. xxxi. 13. When thou hast read these, then read Psa. xxx. 11, and whatever may be the direct cause of thy mourning, whether it be over thine own sin or the sins of others, the language of the last-named text shall ultimately be the language of thy heart.

Art thou, dear soul, a mourner over sin?
And does thy treacherous heart contain
within

Tumultuous thoughts; now lifting up
But to cast down again thy hope?

Art thou afraid thy sin is past all cure?
And dost thou fear Jehovah's righteous

ire.
Which He reserves for foes, shall come on
thee

To consummate thy woe and misery?
And dost thou repine, poor soul, because
thy sin

Committed is, against the love of
Heaven?

Is this the *greatest* part of all thy grief—
Of sinners I am certainly the chief?

Moreover, dost thou mourn because thy
villainy

Hath slain thy Lord upon Mount Calvary?
And does the sight of His marr'd coun-

tenance
Produce in thee a godly penitence?

Then hear Him now, while seated on His
throne,

Pronounce a blessing for just such an one
As thou, whose sighs and groans ere long

Shall be by Him transformed to song.
"Blessed"—says Jesus Christ—"are they
that mourn."

For they shall all be comforted; thus torn
And anguish-riven hearts shall be bound

up
And healed by His own hand, that they
may know

His heart toward them still is full of love,
Thus all His mourning ones shall surely

prove.

Thus, courteous reader, I have tried,

I hope by help divine,
With prose and versing line,

To show thee Christ has died
For mourning souls like thine.

Affectionately yours,

JAMES GARDNER..

Whitestone Chapel, Hereford.

(To be continued.)

ARCHAISMS OF THE BIBLE.

NOTICES BY W. WINTERS, WALTHAM ABBEY.

IT is generally well understood that a Revised Version of the New Testament is now in circulation. Ten years have elapsed since the revision of the Old and New Testament was commenced; and according to authentic report, it will take two years longer before the Old Testament is finally completed. It seems a great pity that the public should have to wait two years, and perhaps longer, before the whole of the Old Testament is issued. Is there, may I ask, any legitimate reason why the books of the Old Testament *already revised*, should not be published at once? Doubtless many thousands of persons will have passed into eternity before the end of two years, who possibly might have reaped some benefit from the labours of the faithful revisers had they have been made public. In all probability the Revised New Testament will be received by many honest Christians with considerable suspicion, and read with no small prejudice. I positively possess feelings myself that are antagonistic to anything like a radical change being made in the sacred writings, whether verbal or otherwise; these feelings, however, arise partially from a spirit of inbred conservatism to whatever is antique and good, and from a devoted attachment to the grand old phraseology of the inspired records, and not from a dislike to any genuine mode of improvement and progress which Christian scholars may adopt in the better rendering of divine revelation.

The Christian Church of this country has only one version of the Holy Bible in common use. The Prayer-book version of the Psalms, of course, is not taken into consideration here, as it is at best but a very poor translation, a portion of it being neither Scripture nor truth! In the days of our Lord Jesus there were four distinct versions in use, and He Himself quoted betimes from the version of the Seventy. When Jerome translated the Bible into the Latin Vulgate—from which the Romish version is made, and not from the original Hebrew—there were several different versions of the Scriptures in use. In Germany and France the people are still accustomed to three or four different Bibles, as were the English people till nearly a century after the translation of the Authorised Version. During the last three quarters of a century, more translations of the Bible have been made and circulated than was produced during the whole 1800 years before. It must be understood that there are no autograph copies of the sacred Scriptures now existing; they have long perished; and when the Greek Testament was first printed in this country there were but sixteen MSS. from which to form the text, and now we have the benefit, in the Revised Version, of upwards of sixteen hundred MSS., some of which date back to the fourth century, A.D. Those friends who object in *toto* to a new revision of the Bible must remember that the dear and precious Authorised Version of King James's day, now in use, contains scores of archaisms, or obsolete words, which are either quite unintelligible or understood to mean far different to what they did when the translation was made, two hundred and seventy years ago. The English translations of the fourteenth century could hardly be read in King James's time without a glossary. Since his day orthographical changes have been less rapid. In the Authorised Version will be found words differently spelt to what is found in modern

reading; for instance, the word "astonied" is used for *astonished*, "fats" for *vats*, "hale" for *haul*, "hoised" for *hoisted*. "Or ever the earth was" (Prov. viii. 23) for *ere*; "bewray" for *betray*, "delicates" for *delicacies*, "magnifical" for *magnificent*, "cloke" for *cloak*, "sith" for *since*, "leese" for *lose*, "hosen" for *hose*, "chapters" for *capitals*. I have not given the chapters and verses where the above words are to be found, the reader will soon discover them by consulting Cruden's Concordance, together with an admirable work on "Biblical Revision; its Necessity and Purpose," by Members of the American Revision Committee. I would here beg to affirm that my intention is not to follow in the wake of many of the current publications in showing up the alterations and emendations made by the present company of revisers, but simply refer the reader to those existing archaic words in the Bible which are not understood by ordinary readers, and which loudly call for a Revised Version of the Scriptures. Since the early issue of our present A. V., in 1611, many changes in the spelling of words have been made. The translators then gave us "chaws" for *jaws*, "fixe" for *flux*, "then" for *than*, "mo" and "moe" for *more*, "grinne" for *gin*. Many other similar changes have from time to time taken place. In our precious Authorised Version there are words which convey a different meaning to what they did three hundred years ago. The word "leasing" is understood to mean *lying*; "taches" mean *catches*; "days-man" (Job ix. 33) should be *umpire*; so "chapmen" should be *market men*; "bestead" (Isa. viii. 21) is better understood as *served*; "nephews" (given in Judges xii. 14; Job xviii. 19; Isa. xiv. 22; 1 Tim. v. 4) evidently mean *grandsons*; "bravery" (Isa. iii. 18) means *splendour*. To be "swallowed up quick" (Psa. cxxiv. 3) means to be swallowed up *alive*, not *hastily*; to "fray" means to *frighten*; "pommels" (2 Chron. vi. 12) mean *globes* placed on the top of columns; the word in most instances is used in connection with saddles. "Go to" (James v. 1) means *come*, bows and arrows are called (1 Sam. xx. 40) *artillery*. "Conversation" does not refer to *speech*, in Scripture, but to *manner or course of life*. "All to" (Judges ix. 53) means *thoroughly, completely*. The word "peep" is not to *look*, but is rendered *chatter* (Isa. xxxviii. 14). "Comfort" means to *strengthen* rather than to *soothe*, "modest" (1 Tim. ii. 9) means *moderate*, "abjects" (Psa. xxxv. 15) is now understood as *the dregs of the people*. "Aha!" (Psa. xxxv. 2, and elsewhere) is now recognised as an exclamation of one catching another in evil: the Psalmist meant it as an equivalent to our *hurrah!* "Clouted" (Josh. ix. 5) means *patched*; "bolloed" (Exod. ix. 31) means *swollen* for seed, or podded; "bruit" (Jer. x. 22; Nah. iii. 19) signifies *report*; "neese" and "neeing" (2 Kings iv. 35; Job xli. 18) means *sneeze* and *sneezing*; "ouches" (Exod. xxviii. 11) is usually understood as *sockets*; "painful" (Psalm lxxiii. 16) does not mean distressing, but *hard, difficult*. Many of the Puritan preachers are styled as "painful," meaning *laborious* and *painstaking* preachers. "Unction" may be spiritually considered *anointing*, but it is principally understood as meaning *earnestness*. A large number of similar words exist in Scripture which have undergone a change in spelling and meaning since 1611, and which might be cited with a view to show the necessity of a new version of the Old Testament, and also to establish the confidence of Bible readers in what has already issued from the hands of the New Testament Revision Company of Waltham Abbey.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

His life was, after all, a splendid failure."—Who is that? Where was? where is the man of whom, with justice and truth, that might be said? Sirs! there have been—yea, there are—heaps upon heaps of men whose brains were strong enough, whose physical forms were bold and beautiful enough to have made them shine like princes; but, for the lack of Joseph's spirit, for the want of Daniel's mighty moral integrity, or from the absence of Paul's self-conquering grace, these might-have-been giants lay along the lanes of Zion, when, as we say, they should have been on the walls, like Nehemiah, who gloriously and faithfully exclaimed, "The God of heaven, HE will prosper us; therefore we, His servants, will arise and build." Young men climbing up on the walls have great cause to pray without ceasing, watching thereunto. It is Paxton Hood who writes this inscription on Samson: "After all, his life was a splendid failure."

We see not the "splendour," the failure is true; Take heed, young aspirant, it applies not to you.

Paxton Hood! Did he write his own epitaph in that verdict on Samson? Nay, as a book-worm, as a penman, he has made his mark; but not even in Manchester has his ministry been permanently prosperous; hence it is said he will gather up his mantle, cross the Atlantic, and make a tour through the United States. When he crosses the Jordan, may Jesus be with him. Amen.

Poor Robert Fisher.—A pamphlet containing a sermon by Charles Graham, in the United States, on the occasion of the death of Robert Fisher, of whose birth and beginning an account is furnished in this discourse, which has been published by W. B. Smith & Co., 27, Bond-street, New York. Over this funeral sermon the secular press caused a painful sensation. The Church, or some bold spirit in the Church of which Robert Fisher was pastor, did not behave very angelically toward poor Robert, and he so laid it to heart that one day his wife found him fallen on the floor, where he soon ceased to live. Charles Graham spoke of Robert Fisher in the highest terms, and gave the following as regards his origin: "Robert Fisher was born in England, in the county of Gloucester, at a market town called Winchcombe, about six miles North-east of Cheltenham. It is a very ancient town, and under the Saxons, before William the Conqueror, it was a county of itself.

We find in the eighth century there was a famous abbey; but little now remains. Here, on the 5th of November, 1818, he first drew the breath of life. The Lord revealed Himself to him when very young, and so gently and quietly that he could put no date when a new heart was given to him. That troubled him a good deal years ago. In fact, this quietness, with unassuming manners, remained with him through life. . . . I am unable to say when he was brought to cast in his lot with the poor despised Baptists. It would appear it was early in life when his ministerial labours began. His first pastorate was at a place named Woodside, where he remained several years; he afterwards had a call to Camberwell Baptist chapel, London, where he remained until 1849, when he came to the United States. I don't think Brother Fisher was what is called a high Calvinist, although he was well established in all the essential doctrines of grace, and preached the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. The last time I was with him on the second Lord's-day of December, just ten days before his death, I asked him which branch of the Baptist denomination he belonged to in England. He said he belonged to the largest branch. They are generally known there as the moderate Calvinists or General Baptists, which is about the same as the regular Baptists here. The other branch of the Baptists in England are called Particular Baptists, and to a man are High Calvinists, and are quite a respectable body of Christians, and have had for many generations many eminent and talented men among them, such as Drs. Gill, Foreman, James Wells, Gadsby, Philpot, Wharburton, C. W. Banks, &c. Some few are here in this country, largely scattered, and known, I believe, as Predestinarian, or Old School Baptists." Poor Robert Fisher's death-blow came from a collision between himself and a forward member; but he is gone, as it is the lot of many preachers to go, down to the grave with a broken heart. Ministers often expect too much from their fellows in the world. Only blessed is that man whose hope is alone in the Lord. In this funeral sermon for Robert Fisher Mr. Graham gave a vivid contrast between the death of the wicked and the righteous. We give it in *Cheering Words*.

The Grammar more than the Gold.—"The New Testament Revision." (Cambridge University Press). Curious critics

have been spending much time and ink in their reviews of this new edition of the New Testament. We have seen enough of it to feel grieved; but at present we must be quiet. We rejoice in the perfect safety of Heaven's revealed will. The eternal Spirit assures us "The truth is in Jesus." Preachers and writers, translators and revisers may fail in their attempts to render "TRUTH" clear, perfect, and edifying; but the great promise which the Saviour gave us concerning the work of the essential Interpreter, Advocate, and Comforter, never has, never will fail. Jesus said, "HE shall take of Mine, and show it unto you." There is our confidence. We shall stick to the Authorised Version the little while we are here.

The Portrait of the Editor of EARTHEN VESSEL, which is bound up in the volume for 1880, is considered a good one. It is the last one recently taken. As many ask for the likeness, we announce that volumes may still be had of Mr. R. Banks, Racquet-court.

W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., Preacher and Orator. (London: F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane, E.C.) This is a pretty little volume, containing a biographical sketch and several lectures of the late W. Morley Punshon, one of the most celebrated leaders of these times in the Wesleyan connexion. Mr. Punshon's career from a child up to manhood, and onward to the closing scene of his life, was one of extraordinary success; even death itself was no trouble to him. As it is related in this and in other books, the passing away of the soul of William Morley Punshon was as glorious as his life had been victorious. First of all, there was a transparent and truthful honesty. He was not heard singing (as some of us poor toilers may have done at times):—

"Weary of earth, myself and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free!
And to Thy glory let me in,
For there I long to be."

No! When Morley Punshon's friend asked him if he had any fear of death, he evidently had no deep conviction of its near approach; for he burst out, "Oh! the rapture of living, the rapture of living!" and then emphatically, honestly, distinctly added, "*I do not like to feel that my work is done.*" Life—this life—had been to him one powerfully rolling sea of popularity, and of ministerial prosperity. From the age of twenty, when he commenced preaching at Marden, in Kent, up to within a few weeks of reaching his fifty-seventh year, the sun of applause and of ministerial

glory had never ceased to shine upon his person and on his path. "The rapture of living" was exactly the atmosphere in which he had glided through the scenes of the world. Domestic sorrows had occasionally broken in upon him; but they were speedily healed, and *excelsior* was his onward and upward note. Therefore, William Morley Punshon did not wish to die. But something convinced him the end was near; and he faced the "last enemy" nobly. "Doctor?" said he, "AM I GOING?" "Yes," replied the physician. Then suddenly, as we may say, he packed all up, and exclaimed, "*Thank God! JESUS is to me a bright reality.*" To his weeping wife he said, "*Love Jesus, and meet me in His presence.*" Free from every sigh or sorrow, he was "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." For, though born a Wesleyan, nursed in the lap of Wesleyanism, trained in the Wesleyan schools, and unusually honoured in the Wesleyan ministry, much of his preaching was Calvinistic; and it was free from the unscriptural demands which are thrown out now from almost all the pulpits in Christendom. Of William Morley Punshon's soul-travail, of any of the bitter trials of his faith, or sore temptations at any time afflicting him, not one word has yet appeared. We shall anxiously watch for any fuller record of his *spiritual* life. We can only add, we have heard him preach a sermon on "Justification by Faith," and to us, it was as sound as Scripture could express it. As we have walked so near of late to the edge of Time's shore; as we have been called to read, to revise, and to record so many of the *BEATH-BED-SCENES OF THE SAINTS*, we have read Augustus Toplady's "*Longing for Glory*" with peculiar feelings. He says,—

"I long to behold Him, arrayed
With glory and grandeur above;
The King in His beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love."

Then with what sweet humility he continues (and in which expressions our soul goes forth with him), saying,—

"I trust, through His grace to be there,
Where Jesus has fix'd His abode;
Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God?"

To that holy mountain where the pride, the persecutions, and all the painful spirits which now afflict, divide, and distress the Christian family, will never once be found, or heard of. The majestic kingdom the precious CHRIST OF GOD is now preparing for His bride, is often visible, in measure, to the eye of our faith. Then down comes our harp, and again we solo our song,—

"How happy the people that dwell
At rest in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness nor sorrow they prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
A part in Thy righteousness give;
Sow shalt Thou, when death set me free,
My soul to that city receive!"

While we into the valley descend,
May Jesus be our constant Friend. Amen,
Amen.

Mr. Longley's edition of Punshon's life and lectures is well produced. Dr. Punshon's will has been proved. He leaves his widow and two sons £14,000. That is not bad for a Wesleyan parson.

The Journey of the Christian Pilgrim.

Such is one of the leading divisions of Mr. Battersby's sermon on the words, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass." No. 7. New series. To be had of C. W. Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street. Mr. Battersby shews the Christian pilgrim will require all the Christian armour. "He must have the girdle of truth, which is CHRIST, about his loins. He must have his heart well protected with the breastplate of righteousness, which is CHRIST! He must have his feet well shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, the substance of which is CHRIST! He must have the shield of faith, or the Lord, the Shield which true faith lays hold of, and with which the fiery darts of Satan are quenched. The head is to be protected with the helmet of salvation, which is CHRIST! And no person can travel by this way without his sword, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. The Christian need be skilful in sword exercise. By which I mean he need be thoroughly acquainted with the Word of God, and know how to use it skilfully when he is attacked by the enemy. This seems to be spoken of a warrior rather than of a traveller. Now, as a traveller, the Christian must have good shoes. Some professors are determined to make their own shoes, and these shoes we call the shoes of Mr. Legality. 'The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are.' What conceit! What arrogance! Who had appointed him the King's shoemaker? Who, indeed? Zion's pilgrims must have Gospel shoes. They must be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace. You will remember how the prodigal was treated when he returned to his father. The best robe was put upon him to clothe him withal. A ring was put upon his hand as a token of union and friendship. And shoes upon his feet to fit him for the journey. Here you have acceptance in Christ, union to Christ, and walking with Christ."

Why the Tribe of Dan is not Mentioned in Revelation.—In that excellent discourse, by C. H. Spurgeon, *The Judgment Seat of God*, he says:—"I read the other day, in an interesting pamphlet upon the Apocalypse, a note which furnishes me with an illustration: the writer endeavours to explain why the tribe of Dan is not mentioned in the Book of Revelation as having its chosen twelve thousand. All the other tribes are there, but Dan is missed, and Manasseh is put in his place. The author says it is because Dan signifies 'judgment,' or 'one that judges.' He says: 'These 'judges of evil thoughts' have been sad troublemakers in Israel in all ages; not fearing to judge their brother and set at nought their brother, they have judged everything and everybody but themselves. All who have not pronounced their Shibboleth, nor seen eye to eye with them, have been adjudged as heretics, not to be tolerated, but tabooed to the extent of their ability. In vain for them has it been written, 'Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of the hearts.' Like their great ancestor of this tribe, they deal in foxes and firebrands, and too often set on fire their neighbour's standing corn, an act we have never been able to commend even in Samson. This predilection for foxes and firebrands has unhappily developed in the seed of Dan to this day. And so in the place of Dan, *The Judge*, we get Manasseh, *One who forgets*, one who, though cast off by his brethren, forgets and forgives their injuries, and we account it a *good exchange*; and in the New Jerusalem home, where failure will be no more, Dan, 'a serpent in the way,' or 'a lion's whelp,' would be as much out of *work* as out of *place*." From much we have seen and known during the last half-century, we conclude this sermon by C. H. Spurgeon, on the sin of man sitting in judgment on his fellow-man, and on the certainty and solemnity of all appearing before the judgment-seat of God, is a discourse that all censorious, all hyper-critical, all self-assumed justiciaries ought to read with much heart-searching.

Where Shall we Find the Ten Lost Tribes?—Many of the intellectual giants have answered this question, but not sufficient proof has been adduced. Dr. Poole's "Fifty Reasons why the Anglo-Saxons are Israelites" is a sixpenny book of large research, and of weighty argument. It is worth a clear reading. Published by R. Banks, for seven stamps, post free.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF MR. ASHDOWN AT ZOAR.

(By our Special Reporter).

MR. TAYLOR'S ADDRESS TO THE CHURCH.

MR. HULL'S CHARGE TO THE PASTOR.

MR. ASHDOWN'S REASONS FOR ACCEPTING THE PASTORATE.

IN the EARTHEN VESSEL for May, we gave a sketch of Mr. Ashdown. We did so for many reasons; and, amongst others, a real feeling of joy that the Church worshipping in Zoar chapel, Great Alie-street, saw its way clear, after a very lengthened period of enduring the supply system, to choose a settled minister. Of course, we have nothing whatever to do with those Churches who—at least, so it appears to us—have deliberately cut out for themselves the adoption of this "supply principle;" but we are certain it cannot be for the edification of the Church, nor is it calculated to be permanently useful. On the other hand, we could enumerate almost endless cases of Churches being simply blotted out of existence through practising this habit. Zoar for years held a somewhat peculiar position. The lovers of truth looked at this spot with different feelings to those with which they viewed other places of worship. Years ago the "great guns" of what is known as the *Standard* party (words not coined by us, and words involving some blemishes in our feasts of charity which we totally ignore), came up periodically and occupied Zoar pulpit. These were William Gadsby, James Charles Philpott, M.A. (Oxon), John Warburton, John Kershaw, and others. And while these good and great men tabernacled with us, there appears to us that a good cause was shown why there should be a London pulpit where these revered brethren could preach the Word of truth. But circumstances have changed. Of each of these good men—

"The weary wheels of life at last stood still,"

and, so far as our short-sighted vision is concerned, there does not appear to have been men raised up to fill the places of these fathers in Israel. God, in His infinite goodness, is carrying on His great work; but the instruments are other than these veterans of the last half-century. The men of a bygone age would not do now. This is what we hear, and we confess there is much truth in it. It is perfectly useless to close our eyes to the fact that the great educational scheme of the past few years will tell immensely on our Churches, and, "speaking after the manner of men," unless our ministers keep up with the times, we cannot hope to hold our own. We merely state facts as they pass before our notice; and we should be sadly wanting if we did not point these things out. We are by no means Zoarites; in fact, while the EARTHEN VESSEL is the representative organ of the Strict and Particular Baptists, we are under the direction of

no board, or any set of committees. We trust we have known the truth; and he is "The freeman whom the truth makes free." And we never could, and we are certain we never shall bow to the nod of any human authority on Divine matters. But because this is so, we can the more readily rejoice in Zoar's prosperity. We have little hesitation in saying that she may hope for prosperity. The great principles enunciated by the Zoar preachers have been held dear by us for very many years; and though we may object to some things, we can let minor matters be forgotten, and with St. Paul rejoice in the preaching of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

To show the interest taken in the recognition of Mr. Ashdown, the *City Press* (the organ of the great metropolis), gave a short but interesting account of the proceedings which took place on Monday evening, May 30, when the ancient sanctuary was well filled, and amongst the congregation we noticed representatives from nearly all the Churches of the same order in London.

The proceedings opened at six o'clock precisely with singing. Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, then read and offered prayer.

TO THE CHURCH.

Another hymn was sung, at the conclusion of which Mr. Taylor addressed the Church. He selected his text from Isaiah, "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities." After a careful review of the prophet Isaiah, who had a clearer view of the Gospel times than any prophet who preceded or followed him, the preacher referred to baptism and the communion of the Lord's Supper as two of the solemnities of Zion. It was in the year 1826 he was led to see that the rite of 'believers' baptism was Scriptural; and while he gave the fullest liberty to all persons, he claimed that same liberty himself, and must hold his own. There were very many other solemnities in this city, but, of course, he could not enter upon those in one discourse. They were called upon that evening to take part in what was known as a recognition of the minister-elect, and he was to point out the relationship, and what it involved. Mr. Ashdown was a man of their choice, and would, later on, tell them how it was that he had accepted the pastorate. Mr. Taylor having spoken of the pastor's work, went on to say that a minister's time was most valuable; and however anxious some of the people might be to have the minister's company for an hour or so, they must ever remember that they could not engross that time which was of such value to him. They must be kind to the minister, and if their souls had been specially blessed, let him know it. But they were not to flatter him; such would be hateful to any well-balanced mind. Above all, they were not to look for perfection in him. Then they were to beware of whisperings. They should hear no accusations except in the presence of two or three witnesses. Then they must

remember those who had the rule over them. It was true that all God's people were brethren, but all were not ministers, and they (the Church) were exhorted to submit themselves to those in authority as those who watched for souls. Those who refused to submit themselves were not wanted in the Church. Mr. Taylor concluded his remarks by expressing his good wishes both for the Church and their pastor.

Another hymn was sung, and Mr. Hull, of Hastings, delivered the charge

TO THE PASTOR,

from the words of Paul to Timothy: "Study to show thyself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Mr. Hull, at the outset, claimed the consideration of the congregation, stating as a reason that till he entered the chapel that evening he was not aware that he would be called upon to address his dear friend, Mr. Ashdown. He would say that he loved Zion, and was always pleased to hear of her prosperity, and Zoar was certainly a part of Zion. He loved Mr. Ashdown, and that love had increased from the time he had first made his acquaintance. He hoped that if coming to London increased Mr. Ashdown's popularity, his influence would not decrease. The great matter for the minister was to have his eye single to the glory of God. Unfortunately the pulpit had not been faithful to her great and sacred trust. Had the pulpit been characterised by the same faithfulness as in bygone days, they would never have heard of the Bradlaugh dispute, and no constituency in England would have returned such a person. He was afraid that the religion of the day had too much of nearness to what was bad, or else it was perfectly unaccountable how Nonconformists could have taken the part they had in this matter. What he maintained was this, that had the pulpit been faithful to her sacred trust, Bradlaugh would not have found a seat in the House of Commons. [We fully and heartily concur with the remarks of Mr. Hull on this subject. We feel that Nonconformists have committed a sin, for which we will not be answerable, for political party objects. We scorn the idea that any man can take oath or affirmation, while he denies the God by whom he swears. Political dissent, to us, is the worst of all of the devil's machinations.—ED. E. V.] Mr. Hull concluded his discourse with some kindly and excellent words to the newly-elected minister.

MR. ASHDOWN'S REASONS FOR ACCEPTING THE PASTORATE.

Another hymn was sung, after which Mr. B. Ashdown delivered, in a sober manner, a thoroughly earnest and edifying discourse from Cor. ii. 1, 2, 3: "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, in fear, and in much trembling." Mr. Ashdown said the first question which naturally arose was, how he came there.

In the month of January he received a communication from the Zoar Church, which greatly surprised him, and which caused him to cry to God night and day. He never dreamed of leaving the Church at Burgess-hill, a Church which had been mainly raised through his instrumentality. His mind upon the matter was at once to give a negative to the question proposed to him. He received another letter from the committee, and his answer to it was to wait for three or four months, which was done; and during this time he cried to God night and day over the subject. How could he leave Burgess-hill? How could he leave his friends there? He felt he was God's servant, and only wished to do what the Lord would have him do, and go where the Lord would have him go. Three weeks before he consented to accept the invitation to become the pastor of Zoar, he met some of the principal friends at Burgess-hill on the platform of the railway-station, and they said they felt it was God's will for him to go to London, and that if the Zoar Church would consent to him visiting the Burgess-hill Church once a month, they would give him up. He communicated this to the committee of Zoar chapel, who at once consented to that arrangement. He had never hinted such a matter to his friends at Burgess-hill; but now all seemed plain, and he believed the Lord's hand was in the matter. Mr. Ashdown entered at some length into "the fear" and "much trembling" in which he entered upon his new duties, and referred to the liberality of his new Church. The honest manner in which Mr. Ashdown delivered his address evidently evoked a strong feeling in his favour from all who had the pleasure of listening to his excellent discourse.

The evening's proceedings, which lasted considerably over three hours, were brought to a close with an address to the congregation by Mr. Wakeley, and singing, and the Benediction.

WOOLWICH.—A tea and public meeting in aid of the fund for the improvement of Enon Sunday-school was held on Tuesday, May 24th, Messrs. John Box, W. K. Dexter, and W. K. Squirrell were amongst the speakers, I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., in the chair. The superintendent, Mr. W. H. Abrahams, explained the position of the school, which numbered 200 scholars and 21 teachers. About £16 had been spent in making needful alterations in the school-room, and of this sum the scholars had collected £7 10s. The chairman, whose remarks were listened to with much interest, having opened the meeting, Mr. Box spoke of the importance of Sunday-school work, which he said assimilated itself to the teaching of Christ when He said "Learn of Me." The result of that work would never be fully known until the great judgment day. Mr. Dexter and Mr. Squirrell also spoke; the latter gentleman, notwithstanding his being the last speaker, fully sustaining the interest and having the entire sympathy of the tolerably large audience.

HOW I WAS LED INTO THE MINISTRY.

[Mr. A. B. Hall delivered the following address at his recognition as pastor of Zion Baptist Church, Chatteris, May 11, 1881.]

It is always a pleasure to trace out the goodness in the ways and callings out of darkness into the light and liberty of the children of God. To the praise of His grace, I will give you just a few outlines of the dealings of God with me; for I have nothing to be ashamed of what the Lord has done for me, and very much to be thankful for. I am the son of godly parents; and of my father I can say he feared God above many. As early as I can remember I had deep and serious impressions about the things of God, sin, and eternity. When about eight years of age these impressions were deepened by a sermon I heard the late Mr. J. Wyard preach, from the words, "Can these dry bones live?" Time passed on; I endeavoured by various means to shake off the feelings, the conversion of souls; but I believe God was at work with me, and I could not get away from the anxiety of wanting to be at peace with God. When about the age of twelve, my parents removed from the Eastern part of London to the Eastern suburbs. I became associated with the Hope Sabbath-school at Bethnal-green; and from that time I spent many hallowed hours and soul-humbling communions with the Lord in that place of worship. Here the Lord fastened the Word home, under the teachings of Mr. Edgerton in the class, and the ministry of Mr. Osgood. I felt the arrow of distress, &c. I became greatly alarmed about my standing before God; many a time did I pray to the Lord to make me a Christian, and pardon my sins. I tried all I could to be better, to be holy, to keep from sin, in thought, word, and deed. "The more I strived against sins, power," &c. On Sunday evenings, when it was my turn to mind house, I spent the time in my poor way in pouring out my soul to the Lord, and in many of the streets of London have I lifted up my heart to the Lord for Him to shine within. On a Lord's-day in the early part of 1867, I received a little light from the preached Word, and on the following Monday morning, when passing through the City, thinking of the previous day's services, such light, such joy, such happiness did I feel in my soul, my burden was gone, I could not help singing aloud,—

"O, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God."

I felt that God had indeed forgiven me my sins, and I can say I have never lost that impression. If the Lord had meant to have slain me, He never would have shown me these things. I continued in that frame of mind for some days; then a great darkness came upon me, hellish thoughts came within; no one knew but the Lord what I then passed through; and then my song was,—

"'Tis a point I long to know."

I continued like this for about six months; then Mr. Griffith came and preached at our chapel. The first Sunday's sermon lifted me

up, and especially the evening's, "That I may cause those that love Me to inherit substance." And then the Thursday evening's sermon was especially applicable to me: "The Lord preserveth the simple; I was brought low, and He helped me." I went into deep waters again, for I was bold enough to put the Lord to the test. I prayed the next time the moving of the waters took place I might be one to follow the Lord in baptism. I continued praying like this; I saw no prospect to my prayer being answered, but the Lord's ways are not our's, so He put it in the heart of a good Christian brother, the superintendent of the school, Mr. Crux. He spoke to me, and introduced me to the minister. There was opposition against me, I was so young; but, after I had been before the Church, they received me, and I was baptized February 3, 1869, with nine others (the youngest, myself, between 14 and 15; the eldest about 23), by Mr. Griffiths. Since then I have had a good many upliftings and downcastings, as I have described in my preaching, but,—

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I've come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home."

When in my youthful days I was concerned about soul-matters, I felt if ever I became a child of God, I should like to be a minister of the Gospel; the great idea of life to me was to stand and declare the way of salvation. When the Lord gradually brought me out of darkness, my soul was inflamed to tell out the unspeakable riches of Christ. I very soon was called upon to address the children. At the age of 15 I delivered my first address, in much fear and forebodings of mind, from the words, "Confessing they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." I thus became known to the various Sunday-schools, so I was in constant demand to deliver addresses to the children. My soul was animated and stimulated to do all I could for the extension of the kingdom of Christ. By my diary I find when 16 years of age I addressed a company of about 200 persons in the Bonner-road, Victoria-park, from the words, "Without Christ." I became a member of the Christian community. I was called to speak the Word of Life in the London workhouses, lodging-houses, open air, &c. In this kind of work and enterprise I saw life in all its shades and forms; but I also occasionally saw the power of divine grace. Such Christian work and enterprise enabled me to endure hardness as a soldier of Jesus Christ. While engaged in this way of spreading abroad the fame of Jesus, I prayed frequently and earnestly to the Lord to make me useful amongst my own people; to labour amongst those with whom I had the same sympathy and ideas. I was anxious, if the Lord's will, to labour amongst the Churches of truth. In a remarkable manner the Lord was pleased to answer my prayer. On a Saturday evening in March, 1874, Mr. Kempston came to me about 8 or 9 o'clock, and said, "I want you, Brother Hall, to go and preach for me at Richmond." My reply was, I had never preached in a pulpit, and therefore was not capable of standing

before the people. He replied, "You must go, for I am going to Woolwich, so good-night." Well, I went, and found a good company gathered. The Lord gave me a text in the morning: "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound;" and again in the evening the Lord gave me a message, "This Man receiveth sinners," &c. The Lord gave me liberty of speech; and many times after that I supplied that pulpit; and from that day doors have been opened to me to stand and declare the riches of the grace of God in all parts of England, and even the borders of Wales. The Lord sent me to Bilston, Staffordshire, to labour amongst the people of the Black country; I esteem my people there very highly, and it was against their desire that I left them; but I believe that I saw the hand of the Lord in my removal, to make me more useful in another part of His vineyard.

SURREY TABERNACLE.

Most of our readers are, doubtless, aware that this noble place of worship has been closed for cleansing, repairing, and decorating. The last Sunday in May it was reopened for worship. The general appearance of the interior of the building is considerably lighter than formerly, several tints having been introduced in the colouring of the walls, ceiling, pillars, and other parts. The ventilation of the chapel has also undergone careful attention, and has been very considerably improved. A very pleasing effect is also given to the ironwork forming the gallery front, by the introduction of a soft pink colouring, with the raised centre-work picked out and relieved with gold; the supporting columns upon which the galleries rest being made to correspond with the front. This, with the tints at the rear of the pulpit, introduced in the raised work, adds much to the cheerfulness and lightness of the building. The whole of the vestries, with the various committee rooms at the side and back of the chapel, have all been thoroughly painted, coloured, and, where necessary, repaired, so that the entire building has been thoroughly restored, and put into excellent working order.

We happen to know that the deacons have spent much time and anxiety in seeing the work thoroughly, carefully, and properly executed; and the friends generally have not been backward in recognising these efforts on the part of the brethren in office to render the "Tabernacle" a place wherein the worship of God may be conducted with comfort.

We are glad to learn that on the first Tuesday in July a public meeting will be held in the Tabernacle, in connection with the re-opening; and we hope that on that occasion the friends will gather in large numbers, to hear and see for themselves what has been done. We have no authority for saying so, but we believe the friends at the Tabernacle have been so liberal in supplying the funds for these repairs, that the question of money will not be put prominently before the friends.

CHATTERIS.—ZION. Special services were held May 11, to publicly recognise Mr. A. B. Hall as our pastor. He has been labouring amongst us now for about a year and a half, with evident tokens of the Lord's blessing. He has had the pleasure of baptizing 16 in the name of the Lord, and others are waiting. A large company gathered at the afternoon service, which was presided over by Mr. E. Forman, of March, who called upon Mr. S. Cozens, of Sutton, to give out an hymn; then Mr. S. L. Marsh, of Ramsey, led us in prayer; and after the chairman had read a portion of the Word of God, he called upon Mr. A. B. Hall to relate to the people the Lord's dealings with his soul, and to the work of the ministry. This he did simply and plainly, to the evident satisfaction of all present. Mr. J. Griffith, of Hope chapel, Bethnal-green, London, then preached an able and eloquent sermon from the words: "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." We were refreshed and strengthened to hear the grand old Gospel opened up, and we rejoice that the trumpet gave the certain sound. Mr. Griffith's sermon was received with great profit. About 280 friends partook of tea; and great credit was due to the ladies who had the management of this department. In the evening our commodious chapel was well filled; the chair was taken by I. C. Smith, Esq., who made a few very suitable remarks in connection with the cause of God at Zion. Excellent and interesting addresses were then delivered by Messrs. Marsh and Cozens on the Gospel, its commission; Mr. Forman, its proclamation, extent, and latitude; Mr. Griffith, the effect produced; Mr. Marsh, its obligations and privileges. The attention was well maintained to the end of the meeting. Years have passed away since the late John Stevens and John Forman visited us; but we are thankful that others are called out, qualified by the Holy Spirit, to declare to the people the unsearchable riches of Christ. We trust our young pastor will have the sympathy of ministers of truth, and also of his Church and people. May we be a blessing to him, and he to us. God has highly favoured him above many; and we trust he will be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.—A LOVER OF ZION.

KENTISH - TOWN.—CAMDEN HIGH SCHOOLS. Ninth anniversary of our Sunday-school on May 4 and May 8. On Wednesday, a free tea was provided for the scholars. Public meeting (Mr. J. Dawson, pastor, presiding) was opened by singing,—

"Look back! 'tis time I marked the road.
Another year my feet have trod;
What numerous blessings all my days,
Deserve my love, demand my praise."

Mr. G. Webb prayed for us; the secretary, Mr. Harrow, read the annual report, recounting the Lord's mercies in every way. The treasurer and superintendent, Mr. Burrows, gave his statement as to finance, which shewed a small balance in hand. Addresses

by ministerial brethren:—H. Brown on Patience, showing that though it may seemingly be a rare virtue, yet no fruit is obtained, and nothing is accomplished without it, and though at times during the exercise weariness and trial may be experienced, yet in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Mr. Dearly on Perseverance by hopeful, plodding perseverance, as a means, great things are wrought out. Mr. W. H. Evans shewed Prayer is the effect of the Holy Spirit's influence; no blessing can be expected in the Lord's service without seeking His counsel and direction; by acknowledging Him in all our ways, we find He is directing our paths. Pastor Dawson thought the ministers for their addresses. We sang,—

"There's a beautiful land on high."

Our pastor sought the Lord's blessing. On Sunday, sermons were preached by Mr. Dawson and Mr. John Box, of Soho. We thank the friends for their presence and their liberal contributions.

COLCHESTER.—ST. JOHN'S GREEN. The Sunday-school anniversary was celebrated on Lord's-day, May 29th. W. Winters preached two sermons. In the afternoon a special children's service was held, when the scholars sang several hymns, after which the preacher delivered an address and catechised the children on some historical portions of the Bible. It is pleasing to find our brother Walter Brown, the pastor, surrounded by a goodly number of sound Christians, many of whom give preference to the strong meat and refined wine of the kingdom rather than the milk of the Gospel (spiritual milk—revised version, 1 Pet. ii. 2) which, of course, contains *cream*, a component part of that which is nourishing and healthful, and which is indispensable to the young as well as serviceable to the more advanced in the Christian life. Our day at Colchester was a very pleasurable one, although fraught with hard work, which has always been our lot to realise. On Monday, having visited the celebrated shoe factory in the neighbourhood, well known as Knopp and Sons, we took our leave of Mr. Brown, and friends, and steamed on to Ipswich, and had a very enjoyable service at Zoar, David-street, in the evening.—W. WINTERS.

BUCKHURST HILL.—Special services were held in Queen's-road chapel, under the pastoral care of Mr. Henry Cousins. The chapel was beautifully adorned with flowers. The preacher on the occasion was Mr. Chas. Masterson, who founded a good sound Gospel sermon on Rom. vi. 22, which he ably divided, considering (1) The believer's freedom from sin; (2) his consecration to God; (3) the present privileges enjoyed; and (4) the final blessedness awaiting him—everlasting life. In the evening, Mr. Cousins presided; Mr. T. Austin offered prayer, and brethren Heath, Dearly, Cooler, H. Brown, Masterson, Winters, and others delivered short addresses.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL MEETING, BRADFIELD-ST.-GEORGE, SUFFOLK.

Notes by W. Winters, Waltham Abbey.

The great annual gathering of the Suffolk and Norfolk Strict Baptist Association is looked forward to with considerable pleasure by numerous friends, both in London and in the country; and the committee or officers of the Association have always shown a vast amount of good sense in selecting the two first days in June for tent-meetings, when Queen's weather is naturally expected. But it does not appear quite clear, that the Association studies its own interest fully, or that of the general public, in making choice of such an outlandish place as Bradfield-St.-George, or rather Rougham, as the central spot for an annual meeting; as though its pleasure was to give people as much trouble, and put them to as much expense as possible to find it. Such a sacrifice of its own interest cannot reasonably be counterbalanced by the honour it may do for the time being the cause of truth situated near it, and in which the committee meet to transact its current business.

Bradfield-St.-George is certainly a most beautiful locality in the bloom of Summer, but in the chill of Winter, "O what must it be to be there!" Its situation, according to "Lewis' Topographical History," is in the hundred of Thedwestry (which sounds not unlike Welsh), about five miles South-east of Bury-St.-Edmunds, and contiguous to Rougham and Thurston. The surrounding country is woody, picturesque, and charmingly poetical, bedecked with varied glowing tints, and tempered with lowly sylvan shades; yea, all nature seemed on the occasion in every aspect supreme, adding its modicum of praise to the blessed and wondrous God we adore, of whom Milton sang, as also the Psalmist before him,—

"Woods and groves are all Thy dressing
Hill and dale doth boast Thy blessing."

On the country waysides were here and there posters directing weary pedestrians to the long-looked-for goal of Gospel feasting. Arriving by 'bus we gladly recognised many familiar faces full of hope and expectation; friends from Tunstall, Beccles, Aldeburgh, Stoke Ash, Stowmarket, Blakenham, Chelmondiston, Hadleigh, Crowfield, Glemsford, Laxfield, Ipswich, and numerous other places.

FIRST DAY'S MEETING.

The congregation which assembled to hear the letters read was lamentably thin, and, no doubt, tended much to stunt the energies of the brethren in office. The letters from the associated Churches, with but few exceptions, were fraught with tidings not the most cheerful. However, on the whole the worthy secretary, Mr. S. K. Bland, of Ipswich, expressed words of encouragement respecting the progress made during the past year, as being better than that of the year previous. It would be well if the associated Churches

could meet in a body for a day of united prayer and humiliation before God, that He would revive His work in their midst, and add largely to their numbers, as also to the rest of the Churches of truth outside the pale of the Association.

The ministers noticeable at the meeting were Messrs. W. Gill, Tunstall; Debenham, Horsham; E. Haddock, Somersham; R. E. Sears, Foot's Cray; A. B. Hall, Chatteris; A. Baker, Glemsford; C. Bloome, Fressingfield; D. Dickerson, Stowmarket; W. H. Smith, Beccles; J. Flory, Cheltenham; Lamb, Willingham; Suggate, Halesworth; J. Brand, Bungay; Cordell, Chelmondiston; Poole, Norwich; Kemp, London; W. E. Palmer, Norwich; J. Andrews, Waldringfield; B. Northfield, Hadleigh; Knell, Walsham-le-Willows; C. Hill, Stoke Ash; W. Houghton, Ipswich; Leggett, Ipswich; S. K. Bland, Ipswich; W. J. Denme, Hoxne; F. C. Holden, London; Tooke, Mendlesham; E. Marsh, Laxfield; J. Bonney, London; T. Field, Charsfield; W. Dixon, Bradfield-St.-George; J. Wheeler, London; W. Winters, Waltham Abbey; Boutell, B. Taylor, Pulham-St.-Mary; W. Rumsey, Cransford; J. Wilkins, Wattisham; and many others. Mr. Bloome, of Fressingfield, moderator of the meeting, delivered an address, in which he referred to the late Mr. John Cooper, of Wattisham, who, for many years, had been connected with the Association, indeed, he believed, from its very commencement, as the senior secretary. To them, as an associated body, Mr. Cooper had been a pillar and an ornament. The Master, whom he had loved, whom he had preached, and whom he had so faithfully served, had called him home to rest. He (the moderator) need not say, for it was extensively known, that Mr. Cooper was a holy man of God, a man of deep piety, a wise teacher, and a laborious, truth-loving servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, besides, a very kind, hearty, genial brother. The death of Mr. Cooper, in short, had made a vacancy which no ordinary man could fill. The moderator, after further allusion to the late Mr. Cooper's excellent qualities, went on to say that it was the custom among the Jews of old, on very great festival occasions, to leave their homes and assemble together at Jerusalem. Their main object in doing so was to appear before the Lord and unite in solemn worship. Well, that was just what they themselves had now been privileged once more to do. Their chief and particular aim in their meeting together was to unite in the solemn worship of their covenant God, and to unite in earnest prayer and devotional exercise, and to help one another in their good work; and as the Jews anticipated the meeting together with joy, so did they, his hearers. Although they fully recognised the union of all Christians in Christ, and recognised that they were all of the same household, and that they were predestinated to be conformed with Him, and to dwell together with Him in heaven, yet they themselves felt bound to differ from many of their friends in faith and practice—bound to do so by their loyalty to their Saviour as their

King, and Lawgiver, and Judge. They pleaded in support of their views the authority of Christ according to His revealed will. They held their sentiments dear, because they were fully persuaded that they were divulged in the Sacred Book. They had nailed their colours to the mast, assured that their cause was right, and they would abide by their ship. It could not be said that their principles were fashionable or popular, but whatever they were, they would stick to them, and they had there met together to encourage one another to maintain these distinctive principles and to strengthen one another's hands.

The moderator then called upon Mr. S. K. Bland, the secretary, to read the articles of faith. When this had been done, abstracts of the letters from the various Churches were read, of which we give extracts.

Mr. J. Wilkins, Wattisham, commenced the reading:—

Wattisham—The year had been one of undisturbed peace, but many changes. Death had been very active, and among those borne away from their midst was their former pastor, Mr. John Cooper; who, after suffering great weakness of body and some darkness of mind, found rest with his Master. The congregations during the year had been good, with a visible increase of young people, and the attendance had also been good at village stations. The pastor's Bible-class and the Sunday-school continued about the same. Altogether it had been a year of steady progress. Present membership 117, received 5, died 2; number in Sunday-school 204, village stations 6.

Beccles—After months of waiting Mr. W. H. Smith had accepted the pastorate in November last. Congregations had greatly increased, and the various prayer-meetings were well attended. A Bible-class for young women had been commenced by the pastor, which would be productive of great good. The Sabbath-school was prosperous, but the accommodation inadequate. Baptized during the year 7, received 7, dismissed to another Church 1, died 1, present number of members 156; Sunday-school 170, teachers 14 (all Church members), village stations 2.

Halesworth—The past year had been one of unbroken peace. The pastor spoke in four or five villages during the summer months, and two during the winter. The school had not increased during the year, but the teachers took much interest in it. Baptized 3, received 1, present membership 62; school 51, village stations 5 (occasionally).

Rattlesden—Number of members 94, received by letter 1, by baptism 3, died 2; scholars 106, teachers 13, village stations 4.

Friston—Condition same as last year. Number of members 45; children in school 74.

Grundisburgh—A very cheerful tale could not be sent. Their pastor, Mr. Dexter, after a prosperous and happy ministry of three years, had left to take charge of another Church, and they were "as sheep having no shepherd." The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society had been well attended during the winter. The distribution of tracts was perseveringly engaged in. Present membership 152; scholars in Sunday-school 200, village stations 2.

Mr. W. H. Smith, Beccles, then took up the reading:—

Norton—Not much to be reported of a pleasing character. Sunday-school was working well, but short of teachers. Members 39, school 35.

Lafield—There had been much cause for thankfulness. They were without a minister, but well supplied by brethren, whose labours

had been much appreciated. Mr. E. Marsh, after three months' preaching, had accepted a call to the pastorate. Prayer-meetings were well attended; school prosperous. Received 2, dismissed 3, died 3, present membership 197, school 178.

Waldringfield—There was nothing very cheerful to report. The attendance was not so good as could be wished for. Death had decreased their numbers, and others had departed, the number left altogether being 12. The Sunday-school was not so prosperous as formerly. Number of members 74; school 76.

Somersham—Peace and harmony had characterized the year. Week evening prayer-meetings had been better attended. The pastor's ministrations were much appreciated, and a deep and hearty interest was taken in the Sunday-school. Baptized 1, received 1, dismissed 2, present membership 52; children in school 50, one village station.

Cransford—The Church was in a very low condition. The pastor continued to preach faithfully, but very little could be raised for his support. Village stations were well attended. Sunday-school had increased, and gave great encouragement. Baptized 1, number of members 45; children in school 32, village stations 6.

Occold—Baptized 1, present membership 44; children in the Sunday-school, 36.

Puham-St. Mary—Sickness and death had been among them. The pastor, though unwell, pursued his work. Weekly and quarterly prayer-meetings had been "seasons of sweet refreshings." Baptized 4, died 3, present membership 71; school 45, village stations 3.

Mr. Suggate, Halesworth, continued the reading:—

Stoke Ash—The Church was in a prosperous condition. The Sunday-school was producing great good. Congregations were good on Sundays and at village stations. Baptized 12, received by letter 2, died 5; membership 200; school 105, village stations 8.

Sutton—A very cheering report could not be presented this year. Owing to some dissatisfaction the pastor had resigned, but Mr. J. Cook was now preaching to them, and had taken a call for three months. Died 3 (two being elder deacons), membership 48, children in school 40.

Rishangles—The past year had been one of change and trial. There had not been the desired "ingathering of souls," and the congregations were not so large as in the past, but the pastor continued to preach faithfully. The Sabbath-school had been going on pretty well. Baptized 3, dismissed 1, died 2, present membership 115, children in school 73.

Bunqun—The infirmities of age were creeping upon their pastor, who had completed the twentieth year of his ministry, but they were thankful for the long-continued peace they had enjoyed under him. The congregations on Sunday were a little on the increase, but the week-day services were not so well attended as could be desired. The Sabbath-school was well conducted. Received by letter 4, baptized 1, dismissed 1, died 5, number of members 71; Sunday-school 41.

Charsfield—There had not been much progress during the year to report. Congregations on Sunday were about the same as last year; and prayer-meetings thinly attended, generally by about the same persons. As a Church they were in harmony, with the exception of a few who were seldom in their midst, and who took no interest in the Church of which they formed a part. The Sabbath-school was about the same, with a willing and united band of teachers. Several village stations had been visited by their pastor, and some of them were very encouraging. Dismissed 2, died 4, number of members 59, school 60, village stations 4.

Walsham-le-Willows—Mr. Knell having supplied the Church twelve months, had been invited to the pastorate and had accepted it, and his labours appeared to have good results. There was one village station, which was well attended. The Sunday-school was encouraging. Received 4, dismissed 1, died 2, present membership 60; school 60.

Hadleigh—The prospects of this Church were much more encouraging. After preaching for six months, Mr. B. J. Northfield had been invited to the pastorate and had accepted the call. The ordination services would be held on June 15th. Since Mr. Northfield had come among them their congregation had been more than doubled, and the prayer-meetings had also been very encouraging. Baptized 6, received 7, died 2, present membership 67, children in school 45.

Tunstall—The congregations had considerably increased. Six villages had been regularly preached in, and the services well attended. The station at Eyke demanded special notice, being the result of their pastor's open-air services. A carpenter's shop had been secured there of Lord Rendlesham, and fitted up at a cost of £30, and was opened for worship on October 26th. The quarterly prayer-meetings had been well sustained. Five candidates awaited baptism. The mutual improvement class had been continued during the winter months with unflagging interest; it had been efficiently carried on, and the number of members had increased. Baptized 3, dismissed 2, died 5, present membership 113, school children 107, village stations 6.

Mr. W. Gill, Tunstall, here took up the reading:—

Fressingfield—Six persons had been separated for continued non-attendance, some of whom were but nominal members, having long since left the locality. Peace and unity, however, had been preserved in the Church. Four had been baptized, and several others were anticipated. The pastor preached at five village stations on week evenings. The Sabbath school, notwithstanding adverse influences, was kept up well, and was on the increase. Received 2, died 1, present membership 73, scholars 96.

Hozne—They had been without a pastor for nearly six years, and took this opportunity of thanking the ministers and brethren in connection with the Association for supplying their pulpit when in need. They had given Mr. W. J. Denmea a twelve months' call with a view to the pastorate, and he had accepted it. The Sabbath-school went on well, and several young friends had come forward as teachers. Baptized 1, received 1, number of members 45, children in school 100.

Aldringham—They were in want of a pastor. The teaching of the young was carefully maintained. The cost of the branch Church at Aldeburgh had been cleared off. Received 1, members 55, school 71, village stations 2.

Bradfield—Since the last meeting Mr. John Cooper had been called to his rest; but his valued counsel, sympathy and love would long be remembered by the Association. The ministry of Mr. W. Dickson was much enjoyed, and had been profitable. The congregations for the most part had been good. The Sunday-school was not so prosperous as could be wished, and it was desired that a more general interest should be taken in the work. Baptized 3, received 6, number of members 69, school 40.

Norwich (Oxford Hill)—The Mutual Improvement Society still worked successfully. Present membership 117, baptized 6, received 9, died 3, scholars 30.

Stowmarket—Prayer meetings and village stations better attended of late. Died 1, village stations 4, children in school 25, present membership 62.

A committee of "seven wise men" then

met to choose two preachers for the first day, and the lot fell upon Mr. John Bonney, of London, and Mr. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey.

A large number of friends resorted to the dining saloon, and there enjoyed a substantial meal.

Mr. Dickerson opened the afternoon service with a hymn; Mr. A. B. Hall read a portion of the Word of God, and offered prayer; Mr. R. E. Sears gave out another hymn, and Mr. J. Bonney preached a sound Gospel sermon, based upon *Psa. xxviii. 9*. Mr. Bonney treated mainly of people saved, the nature of the salvation, what they were saved from and saved to; Mr. Dickerson gave out the concluding hymn, and Mr. Arthur Baker prayed.

In the evening Mr. Dickerson opened with a hymn, and Mr. F. C. Holden read *Isaiah xl.* and offered prayer, and W. Winters preached from *John xi. 25*; a hymn and the benediction closed the first day's services. Friends from a distance sought lodgings for the night, and were excellently accommodated by hospitable friends in the neighbourhood. We may here say that during the afternoon service the ministers and messengers from the Churches assembled in Bradfield chapel for business. A resolution was unanimously passed expressing the high esteem and affectionate regard felt for the memory of the late Mr. John Cooper, of Wattisham (who died in February last), the senior secretary of the Association, who had been connected therewith for fifty years, and had by his talents, counsel, and sympathy, been of essential service to the Churches. A circular letter on the subject of "Sanctification," read by Mr. Charles Hill, of Stoke Ash, was unanimously adopted and ordered to be printed. Grants amounting to about £70 were then made to eleven of the weaker churches. The subject of home and foreign missions was also discussed, and various other business attended to.

SECOND DAY'S MEETING.

A prayer-meeting was held in the tent at six o'clock on Thursday morning, and one by the ministers at half-past nine. Messrs. Dickerson, Debenham, Denmee, Marsh, Northfield, Knell, and others engaged in the service. At half-past ten Mr. Bloome, of Fressingfield, commenced the public service with a hymn; Mr. Marsh read *Hebrews ii.* and offered prayer, and Mr. Joseph Wilkins preached a thorough sound and thoughtful sermon based upon *Heb. iii. 1*, in which the superiority of Christ's Person and ministry was stated, as also the peculiar designation of the brethren (holy), their high and distinctive privilege, and the apostles' call to consider these matters; Mr. Wilkins finished his discourse with some intelligent and savoury remarks on "The Apostle and High Priest of our Profession, Christ Jesus." Mr. W. H. Smith, of Beccles, concluded with a hymn and prayer. In the afternoon, Mr. E. Haddock, of Somersham, commenced the service with the well-known hymn,—

"Grace! 'tis a charming sound."

This hymn is to be found in No. 470, "Denham's Selection." * We wish we could persuade the Churches to adopt this excellent selection of hymns, together with Dr. Watts's shilling edition of "Psalms and Hymns" complete, and some good Bristol and Union tunes, which, if efficiently sung, would tend to make the service of song in many of our chapels a source of unspeakable delight, and which is certainly to be preferred to the monotonous elongation of inharmonious sounds which often seem to blunt the aspirations of the better man, and in some cases fail to be intelligible either to the soul or to the ear, but thanks be to God, He can interpret the deeper language of the heart better than mortals: this, however, should afford no cloak for indifference in the service of God, for if ministers take the trouble to seek goodly words for the people, certainly the people should be even more concerned to seek goodly hymns and tunes, as preachers speak only to man, but the congregation speak in song to God Himself. Our Churches ought to give this part of the service more consideration without doing injury to the other part. "Shall we offer offerings unto the Lord our God of that which cost us nothing?" (*2 Sam. xxiv. 24*). We deem this slight digression demands no apology, as it is tendered in love to the praise of God. The Association service of song was, on the whole, better rendered this year than on past occasions. After the hymn just sung Mr. W. H. Smith read *Eph. iv.*, and Mr. R. E. Sears offered prayer. Mr. W. E. Palmer, of Norwich, preached a Gospel sermon, founded on *Mark i. 1*: "The Gospel of Jesus Christ." Mr. Palmer spoke with great feeling and pathos, and was listened to throughout by many with close attention.

The secretary, Mr. S. K. Bland, of Ipswich, made an earnest appeal to the liberality of the people on behalf of the poorer Churches, and stated that the reports were of a more cheering character since a larger number had been received into membership. More village preaching stations had been occupied, and only two of the Churches were now without a settled minister.

Hearty votes of thanks were passed to Mr. A. Edgar, of Rougham, for the loan of his large meadow, barn, and stables; to Mr. John Clover, of Rattlesden, for the tent under which the assembly had been well supplied with "two days' meals;" to Messrs. Haken and Jaggard, of Bury, for loan of materials, for conveyance of tent, &c.; and to the inhabitants of the district for the kind hospitality and hearty help they had rendered.

It was announced that an Autumnal Conference of the Association would take place at Laxfield, and that the next annual meetings would be held at Charsfield. Mr. Dixon, pastor of the Bradfield Church, then addressed a few words of congratulation and thanks, and concluded with prayer; after which the usual parting hymn was sung.

* Now published in a variety of bindings very cheap.—Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

with the zest and heartiness which characterise this earnest sect in all their doings. The circular letter on "Sanctification," by Mr. Charles Hill, of Stoke Ash, will shortly be published, and Mr. Joseph Wilkins, of Wattisham, has engaged to write the circular letter for next year, on "What is a Baptist?" The preachers chosen for the next annual meeting were Mr. Charles Hill and Mr. Charles Suggate; in case of failure Mr. John Brand, of Bungay, will supply; Mr. W. H. Smith, of Beccles, moderator.

Mr. W. Dixon, pastor of the chapel, Bradford-St.-George, gave out the usual closing hymn,—

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

and pronounced the benediction. Another of these delightful annual services terminated in peace, and the friends separated in the hope of meeting again on earth, and at last in the realms of the blest.

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

The Lord Jesus grant it may be so. Amen.
Churchyard, Waltham Abbey,
June 10, 1881.

COBHAM, SURREY. — The annual gathering took place on Whit-Monday. On the day preceding, Mr. Sharp, of Brighton, preached. On Monday morning, Mr. H. Hall, of Clapham, was the minister, but his harp was on the willows hung; still it was "a season of lifting up" to some of the weary pilgrims. There was quite a strong muster at the mid-day meal that followed, and some of the Londoners who had driven some twenty miles to the feast, appeared to enjoy the wholesome food, thus so willingly spread before them. In the afternoon a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Joseph Beach (son of John Beach, deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle), at which we had quite a display of talent, and some good Gospel addresses; but to give even a sketch, would want pages of the VESSEL. The speakers were Messrs. Hall, Sharp, Carr, Wood, Turner, Lewes, and another brother, whose name I did not catch. Mr. Carr spoke well about "Zion," but Master Turner's address on "Mercy's Building" was original, and proved him a master in Israel. The little chapel was comfortably filled, and was the best gathering we had yet seen. This is a freehold chapel for the Strict Baptists, and about £40 would free it to that body for ever. Who will give it? The people are very poor, but very faithful.

ASKETT.—Thursday, May 26, was another of those pleasant anniversary days, with crowded congregations, for which Askett chapel is so famous, being the forty-fifth from the commencement of the cause. Mr. John Box gave us able expositions of Divine truth. A large gathering to the tea, which was (as usual) given. Hosts of smiling friends, and good collections, set us all rejoicing. Notwithstanding the agricultural distress, the cause has not suffered from lack of means, and pastor and people are holding on comfortably together.—F. G. B.

BIRMINGHAM STRICT BAPTISTS.

—We had a public tea meeting on Whit-Monday. Our esteemed brother, C. W. Banks, was announced to be present, but, to the great disappointment of all the friends (especially those from a distance, who had not the opportunity of seeing and hearing him the day previous), we learnt he had to fulfil an engagement elsewhere. Notwithstanding, we felt the presence of the Holy Spirit in our midst. We had not only a temporal repast, but our souls had a feast of love from the provisions of the Gospel; it was a hallowed time. Mr. Forrest, of Albury, in the chair, discoursed upon the leadings of the Spirit in His own soul's experience, also upon submission to the will of God, observing the place for a child of God in this respect was with Jesus in Gethsemane. "When bowed down in sorrow," he exclaimed, "Not my will, but Thine, be done." Mr. Smith, of Stowbridge, spoke of the love of our Lord and Saviour. Mr. Thomas Drew encouraged us in a neat address. An aged brother warmed our hearts by a comforting address; although he has lost his natural eyesight, yet the light of the Gospel shines through his face, his voice declaring that his spiritual sight remains bright within his soul. A brother from Gosty-hill concluded with prayer; thus closed a refreshing season. If the causes of truth and the Gospel ministers (within a radius of ten miles of Birmingham) were united and banded together, to consider the mutual advantage of the Churches, methinks, in the hands of God, a revival, an increase and prosperity, would result. For these blessings prayeth—A BROTHER IN THE FAITH.

MAIDSTONE—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.

—The friends of this good old cause of truth held their anniversary on May 25th. The ruddy and "well favoured" pastor, Mr. George Webb, gave us a hearty welcome at the station and accompanied us to deacon Wagon's house, where a sumptuous feast was spread. Mr. John Hazleton was the preacher for the afternoon; lesson read, Heb. vii. The text chosen was John xvii. 11 (first clause). The thoughtful preacher treated briefly of the value of prayer, and the manifestations of Jehovah of old to the people above the mercy-seat. In addition to the throne of grace the preacher spoke of the throne of glory, and of heaven as a *place* so often intimated in Scripture as being somewhere above. Mr. Hazleton stated many particulars relating to the personal presence of Christ on earth as not now being either *necessary*, *expedient*, or *possible*, and of the work of the Holy Ghost in taking of the things of Jesus and revealing them unto us; and wound up his excellent discourse with some sweet thoughts on the condition of the ransomed Church still divided by the stream of death and of the sameness of Jesus—the same yesterday, today, and for ever, which ensures—

"Safety on earth, and after death
The plenitude of heaven."

In the evening the meeting was opened with prayer by Mr. George Holland, of Boro'

Green. The pastor, Mr. George Webb, presiding, gave some encouraging remarks respecting the providence of God in leading him to Maidstone, and how the Lord had gradually blest his testimony to the people. The congregation had increased and the baptistry had been opened twice during the past few months. Our brother Webb is supported by excellent deacons, which are a treasure to the Church. Mr. W. Winters addressed the meeting, after which Mr. Meeres spoke remarkably well and most consoling on Psalm xxiii. 1, making special mention of the divinity of Christ, "The Lord," and of His official capacity, the (Good) "Shepherd." Mr. Adam Dalton, of Sutton at Hone, gave goodly words from Psalm xvi. 9, showing what gladness of heart was, and what produced it. We were glad to meet with brother Dalton for the first time. Mr. Virgo, of Wivelsfield, a solid Gospel preacher, expressed some thoughts on the door opened in heaven, which were practical and encouraging. Mr. W. Webb, of Bow, spoke with considerable power and meaning on Psalm xvii. 15, the satisfaction of the soul when it shall awake with the likeness of Christ. Mr. Wood, of Ryarsh, dwelt very sweetly on "the precious blood of Christ," and Mr. Squirrell dilated with much feeling on the closing remarks of Job (xlii. 2), which with the beautiful hymn,—

"All hail the power of Jesus's name,"

terminated the very happy and profitable meeting. To the Lord be all the praise. Amen.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

CITY-ROAD.—A meeting was held in Jireh, East-road, City-road, on Tuesday, June 14, in aid of the Suffolk and Norfolk Home Missions. W. Kennard, Esq., presided, and made some suitable remarks. Mr. Styles having moved a vote of thanks for the use of the chapel for the advocating of the claims of the Association, Mr. Charles Hill, in seconding the same, took the opportunity of saying that the income of the Society had considerably lessened during the past few years, something like £60 during the past year, with about £50 additional outlay, showing over £100 deficiency. To make up for this, he asked the friends present to do what they could. Mr. Lodge followed with a few humorous sentences. Mr. Sears, of Foot's Cray, spoke in support of the Society, and strongly advocated home mission work. Mr. J. L. Meeres took up the strain, and said every member of our Church should pursue home mission work. The chairman announced the collection amounted to no less a sum than £12 12s. This amount, collected from a congregation of less than a hundred, furnishes evident proof that those present contributed with no stinted hands their best towards supporting "The Suffolk and Norfolk Home Mission Association." Mr. Linsell, on behalf of "Jireh," gave the Association a hearty welcome, and proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was supported by Mr. Cooper. Mr. Charles Hill, the representative of the Association, preached in the afternoon.

BATH.—ANNIVERSARY SERVICES. WIDCOMBE BAPTIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

—The 32nd anniversary of our school was celebrated May 29 and following Monday, at nine o'clock. A very enjoyable hour was spent in pleading with our God, that He would bless the school, the teachers, the pastor, and the many strangers expected to come. We can testify that our cries were not in vain. The pastor, Mr. John Huntley, preached in the morning and in the evening. R. O. Heywood, Esq., gave the address to the scholars and parents in the afternoon. Attendance good; without exaggeration 800 people were seated in the gallery and in the body, forms having to be provided in the aisles. The hymns rendered by the young people were done in capital style, and the unanimous opinion was that Widcombe Baptist Sunday-school is not a whit behind any of our Nonconformist Churches in the city of Bath. On the following day a number of friends took tea. A public meeting was presided over by the pastor. He was supported by Mr. J. R. Huntley, superintendent; Mr. Curtis, secretary; and brethren Wallace, Sharp, Dillon, and Vincent. After singing "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," &c.,

Mr. J. R. Huntley offered prayer, and Mr. Curtis read the report. This proved to be a pleasing statement. During the past year about £20 was collected for the Centenary fete. Five scholars and three teachers had come out and confessed faith in Jesus by baptism and joining the Church. This is encouraging. There are at present about 140 scholars and 17 teachers. An extensive library is appreciated by the scholars. The pastor spoke lovingly, and the brethren gave some practical hints on Sunday-school work. A vote of thanks to the speakers for attending, and to Mr. Curtis for his untiring efforts to make the anniversary a success was given. The collections amounted to ten guineas. By the mercy of our God another year is past, and with grateful hearts for what He has done amongst us, we will go on in the future "making mention of His righteousness, yea, of His only."

"Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace."

Bath, June 8th, 1881. W. PRICE.

CINDERFORD BAPTIST CHAPEL, FOREST OF DEAN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Thursday, May 19, 1881, C. W. Banks delivered interesting lecture. The previous announcement of a lecture by our brother C. W. B., the well-known friend to the poor Churches, drew an excellent congregation to this little Strict Baptist chapel, on which there is an outstanding debt of over £300, the lowering of which was one object of our kind brother's visit; and we were right glad to see so many flock in.

After singing and prayer, and a few words of introduction by the chairman (Mr. J. Gardner, pastor of the Baptist Church, Whitestone), Mr. Banks rose (or rather

sprang) to his feet as though he were as young as ever, evidently feeling that his task was a delightful one, having to treat on the theme which of all else is calculated to inspire energy. He commenced by alluding to the financial statement read by the chairman, saying, "Why, my brother, you have given me a douche of cold water to begin with that has nearly taken my breath away. Only think of it, friends, nearly £400 (including interest on borrowed money) to look up. Well, I wish you may get it; but I don't know if you will get it to-night."

But our warm-hearted old friend soon recovered from his cold douche; in fact, he seemed all the more vigorous for it, and actively applied himself to his task; and during the whole of his lecture, which covered an hour and a-half, he was enabled to hold the attention of the audience by his highly-illustrative and easy style, carrying us off in imagination to the rustic "village of West Norton," with its crowded "Methodist meeting-house," and zealous soul-winning preacher, Mr. John Brown; then to the parish church and vicarage, where lived the old rector, who was clergyman, magistrate, and farmer, all rolled into one, living with his wife and three daughters in comfortable style, as the well-to-do gentlemen who never allow soul matters to trouble them generally do. But this drowsy state of things was revolutionised by the new Oxonian curate's Ritualism. The triumphs of grace were delightfully exemplified in the ultimate conversion to God of the old rector, whose preaching soon after filled his once nearly empty church; also the conversion of two of his daughters by the godly conversation of a neighbouring clergyman.

[Our correspondent has not stated that brother John Thomas, being much recovered from his crushing in the coal-pit, is strongly impressed with the conviction that the Lord will use him to remove the debt off Cinderford Strict Baptist chapel, by travelling, preaching, and collecting. We are much in sympathy with John Thomas; but how to set him on his journey we wait to be instructed.—C. W. B.]

KEDINGTON, SUFFOLK.—The annual services were held at the Baptist chapel recently. Mr. Crown preached two sermons. About 150 friends partook of a good tea, provided by the ladies. The chapel was nicely filled with attentive hearers. Our brother Crown is a very acceptable preacher of the Gospel, a faithful servant of the Lord, and a lover of free and sovereign grace. His sermons are deep, experimental, and full of sound doctrine. The Lord has owned and blessed the word spoken; souls have been converted, baptized, and added to the Church. The Church at Kedington has passed through much affliction, and been almost forsaken; but this much-loved spot, under the ministerial labours of our brother Crown, is gathering the people from all around to hear the Gospel. He has souls for his hire, and seals to his ministry. The constraining power of God's love has brought others to confess

their faith in the dear Redeemer. The pool will be open for baptizing again early in June, and another addition to the Church. Cottage-meetings in the surrounding villages are well attended; other cottages being open for prayer meetings and preaching. Surely the set time to favour Zion is come.—W. H.

HERTFORD.—Ebenezer Baptist chapel has recently undergone a beautiful internal renovation; the old high pews, like all ancient things, have been humbled; comfortable seats have been substituted; and in every way this house of prayer, praise, and Gospel-preaching has been rendered substantial and agreeable. Our pastor, Mr. Robert Bowles, has faithfully ministered to us now twenty-one years; and we trust the Lord will spare him to us many years yet; and most gravely and honestly do we pray the Holy Ghost to use him in the calling-in, and in the experimental salvation of many precious souls. On Whit-Monday, at our special services, we were favoured with the company of brethren King, of the Surrey Tabernacle, London; Tucker, of Hitchin; Sampford, of Ware; Thomas Austin, of Hackney, and other friends. H. Myerson preached in afternoon; C. W. Banks in the evening. We sung, "A day's march nearer home;" and our debt for the renovation was lessened, although not cleared. Hertford has had some new covenant salt in it for a long period; and still "the truth as it is in Jesus," is proclaimed here. So believeth—"A WANDERING JEW."

BOROUGH GREEN, KENT.—The 64th anniversary of this cause was celebrated on Whit Monday. In the morning Mr. George Webb, of Maidstone, read the lesson and offered prayer, and W. Winters preached morning and evening. The afternoon sermon was preached by Mr. William Webb. The day ended in a very solemn manner from the fact that a gentleman (not a Eutychus) fell from the gallery with a fearful crash into the body of the chapel, and was rendered insensible. We hope the serious occurrence will not prove fatal, but that the Lord will sanctify the stroke, and prevent the like ever taking place again. Apart from this sad event the services of the day were pleasant and profitable. The attendance, notwithstanding the stormy weather, was excellent throughout, and the collections were better than on the previous occasions. It is to be hoped that the pastor, Mr. George Holland, will be encouraged and helped to look forward to a bright future at Borough Green.

Warringe.

At the Baptist chapel, Hertford, June 14, by the bride's father, Edgar Coleman, late of Shetford, to Rhoda Bawles, the youngest daughter of Mr. B. Bowles, pastor of "Ebenezer," Hertford."

Deaths.

Speldhurst-road.—Our friends, Mr. Geo. Holt and Mr. Wiltshire, were both bereaved of their partners in life in one day; and both leaving to their sorrowing husbands many motherless babes.

"But I Must Die in this Land."

"Hide it up! hide it up!
Draw the decent curtain."

HAD been speaking, in the morn of July 10, 1881, on the original manner, spirit, and places of preaching from those expressive words of Jesus, as given to us by Luke (iv. 43). When the people wished Him to stay with them, He said unto them, "*I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also, for therefore am I sent.*" And upon the work of open-air preaching, I wish presently to write a few lines. Its history is more marvellous than many of our people are prepared to believe. When the morning service was over, and I had set me down in study quietly, pensively, and somewhat prayerfully, the pathetic words of Moses came into my soul, when to the children of Israel he said, "But I must die in this land; but ye shall go over and possess that good land."

Poor Moses! What a disappointment! Three things in the context, and the three lines in the text itself, came up before me with some degree of spiritual light and power, and they are briefly submitted here to the careful consideration of all who may feel any interest in them.

The name of the book, *Dew-ler-on-o-me*, arrested my attention. It is "*the second giving of the law.*" Why was the law given the second time by Moses? The first time it was given absolutely, and alone, as we may say; and so it comes the first time unto the conscience of the awakened sinner, by the power of the SPIRIT. As Paul declares, "I was alive without the law once," and really I cannot recollect the time when I was alive without the law; for at about seven years of age my mother called me to bow at her knees; and she so emphatically read into my poor little soul that simple verse:—

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

that, to a certain extent, I was never alive afterwards, until the Lord Jesus called me unto Himself, when I was twenty-one years of age. From seven up to twenty I was under the care of my own mother's parents, in the Churchyard of Cranbrook, and there, amidst the graves of the dead, I was a most miserable little sinner, actually realising no pleasure in anything but in the art and mystery of printing; of that business I was exceedingly fond, and never cared how much of it I had to do. Dragged into sin's despairing horrors, under darkness and bondage most galling, I waded through a long fourteen years. Hope and happiness fled from me, while sin and sorrow degraded me, almost to destruction, deep as the abyss of woe.

Young Saul of Tarsus was quite alive in his Jewish Pharisaism; but he says, "When the commandment came (home to his conscience) sin revived and he died." Most distinctly and emphatically does the HOLY GHOST write that man down as blessed who hath been convicted, chastened, corrected, and scourged by the law.

That venerable, that profoundly wise man in the Gospel, the late JAMES OSBORN, when he came from Baltimore to England, once preached from those words in Psalm xciv. 12: "Blessed is the man whom THOU chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of Thy law; that Thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged for the wicked."

Who can tell how dreadfully sore to the living soul are the scourgings for sins which we have been dragged and drawn into by a thousand beguiling snares, even as the ancient saints were; and which led them to pour forth the bitterest cries that ever a soul could give vent unto? I must not tarry here, else if one might lay open these tremendously black, blighting, bitter, but self-procuring (and, after all, most merciful) chastenings; if those hidden mysteries of the soul's travail into and out of the slough of despond, could be drawn forth fully, what light would be let in upon many of those agonising Scriptures which men, in these days, never touch, nor attempt to expound. Not for one moment, sirs, would I write, think, or speak evil of any man; but when the pride of the flesh, the wickedness of the covetous and the crafty, under the thin veil of a profession of godliness is seen, it makes me fear that a multitude of these Sunday-school and College-trained gentlemen never could from their inmost souls exclaim, "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died."

That man that never learned of the FATHER the passing under the killing, the correcting, the sin-condemning rod; that man who never knew the coming of the commandment, surely such an unchastened one

NEVER CAME TO CHRIST ARIGHT.

Our Lord JESUS CHRIST, and His great apostle Paul, maketh the "straight gate" very plain. In John vi. Jesus says, "No man can come unto Me, except the FATHER, which hath sent ME, draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day." It is written in the prophets, "And they shall be all taught of God! Every man, therefore, that hath heard and learned of the Father cometh unto Me." Paul writeth strongly to the Hebrews; he sheweth (Heb. xii. 6) that Divine love is the first cause of all the motions and movements of grace—

OF SAVING GRACE!

But LOVE's *first* dealings may not look like LOVE to us. Divine love is not like mere natural love, which may prove fickle and false. Divine love comes to quicken, to convince, to call, to cure. Hence Paul tells us plainly that the LORD the eternal God, comes with rebukes, with severe chastening. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." The chosen children of the Almighty God were all "as sheep going astray," but the Lord sendeth the rod to return them unto

"THE SHEPHERD AND BISHOP OF SOULS."

Sovereign grace enables them to endure this Divine chastening, which proves God is dealing with them as sons. Those sinners who grow up either in the mere schools and forms and fashions of morality, and of a so-called respectability; or, even such as grow up into a comely-looking confession of Christ, but repudiate the "*old school*" doctrines, the primitive faith; such as call experience by the name of "*cant*,"

"*fanaticism*," and so on; these, Paul saith, are "bastards," not sons of God at all.

It is better to have a hell of suffering for sin here, and a fiery persecution for Christ's sake here, than to pass on in the gay delusions of life here, waking up in the darkness and despair of the second death hereafter.

Moses gave the law a second time, and then it was with the prospect of a better country. With the promises of a great deliverance, Moses knoweth he is about to leave them; and, like a loving and faithful father, he comes to his children with final and faithful words. The second feature of interest in the context is MOSES himself. We call him "*the prince of the prophets*;" there is his dignity. He was *the* father of the prophets, which expresseth his meekness, his government, his tender care of the people, and his fervent intercession for them with the Lord his God. Some have said Moses was *the fountain* of the prophets, as all the others did, to some extent, draw from his teaching and ministry. I cannot go with them. God is the only Fountain of truth. Moses was a remarkable man, and he is distinguished from the other prophets by a special privilege. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake unto the fathers by the prophets," to *them*, to the later prophets, God did speak by visions, by dreams, by metaphors; and the large variety of metaphors which God was pleased to use in opening His mind unto the prophets, form a field for meditation, a garden for beautiful reflection, and a prospective programme of the increasing glories of the Saviour's kingdom, which, under the godly development of the Holy Ghost, would furnish gentle streams of heavenly and of spiritual edification, well adapted to feed the souls, to strengthen the faith, to build up the intellect, and to comfort the sometimes drooping spirits of the saints of the living God. If any of our ministers were constrained to take Heb. i. 1 for a text, and if the precious DOVE of the new covenant, if the HOLY GHOST, the Comforter, was pleased to unfold the "sundry times and the divers manners" in which God spake "unto the fathers by the prophets," showing how all those ancient teachings pointed to, and were, or shall be, fulfilled in the Person of the Son of God, what a series of sermons a man like William Carpenter, and some others, who really have springs of intellectual and of spiritual power in them, might produce! Instead of dealing so much with the thin etherealism of surface talk, or in the room of so much drum-beating, if the professed "ambassadors for Christ" could enter into "the King's palaces," and from thence come forth with the garments in which Christ was clothed in the Old Testament prophecies and promises; and if, in the ministerial exhibition of these garments, the people could enjoy the "smell of the myrrh, of the aloes, and of the casia," what Christ-adoring, Christ-enjoying seasons the regenerated children of God would have! It must have been something like that when the ancient open-air preacher (whose history I have) did really hold sixteen thousand people spell-bound to his flowing forth for full three hours at one hearing. Yes, indeed, that stalwart old covenanter did believe—at least, I do believe, and I believe he did believe too—that that

"SONG OF LOVES,"

which is in Ps. xlv., was and is a prophecy of the future majesty and glory of the ETERNAL KING, the ancient MESSIAH, the glorious CHRIST

OF GOD. The Old Testament Church saw that Christ was clothed in the metaphorical garments of the Divine prophecies, and she longed, and cried, and prayed to see Him going forth in these garments—that is, in the fulfilling of all these (to us) mysterious metaphorical prophecies, and that in the ingathering of His elect Bride, in the unity, zeal, growth, worship, devotion, and faithful affections of His people—

JESUS HIMSELF MIGHT BE “MADE GLAD.”

Ah! ye pulpit men; instead of mumbling over a dry, old, hard biscuit; instead of grumbling over some crooked bone of contention; instead of acting merely the part of a sawyer, pulling up and down your old saw, cutting everybody in sunder but yourselves, go ye, servants of our God, if His servants ye are, and prove it by going into the King's palaces, and bringing forth “all His garments,” and in the unfolding of them, the living branches of the living Vine will catch the fragrance, the smell of all the odours which from His presence ever flows; and so filled with pure joy will their happy hearts then be, that they will sing again, “Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord, we bless thee out of Zion. Amen.” But what was

THE PECULIAR PRIVILEGE OF MOSES?

There were many singular privileges with which Moses was honoured. His name is printed in the Bible several hundreds of times; and the last mention of him is not insignificant surely, where John heard them “sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.” But take this one remarkable expression of heavenly distinction conferred upon this great leader of the ancient Israel, a privilege which is referred to again and again by the Lord Himself, and on each occasion the favour riseth higher and higher; and when ye have considered these special favours, ye will not be very cruel towards me because I have shouted out, “Oh! how fond of Moses was his God!”

Pre-eminently was Moses a grand type of our Divine Mediator, in the following expressions of the Lord concerning him. In Exod. xxxiii., when the tabernacle was set up, we read the Lord came down and spake unto Moses “face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend.” How familiar! How we stand amazed! Then, in Num. xii., when Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses, the LORD came down in a pillar of cloud, and called Miriam and Aaron out, and the Lord said:—“Hear now My words: If there be a prophet among you, I the LORD will make Myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream,—

“MY SERVANT, MOSES, IS NOT SO!”

Mark the distinction! “With Moses,” said the Lord, “will I speak mouth to mouth,” even, apparently,

“*Not in dark speeches.*”

From Samuel to Malachi, you may read the prophets through, and you will find (to us) they are chiefly full of dark speeches; and when dark minds presume to explain them, they often make them darker still; but not so is the Lord's communion with Moses. “With him will I speak mouth to mouth; and

“THE SIMILITUDE OF THE LORD SHALL HE BEHOLD.”

Who can such stupendous stoops of majesty and mercy comprehend? “The *similitude* of the Lord shall he behold.”

On this promise I would fain dwell, but cannot now. I must come to the final memorial of this man of God, as you have it in Deut. xxxiv.: "Moses, the servant of the Lord died, and the Lord buried him." And the Lord constrained some one to write his epitaph; and here it is: "And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face."

Mrs. Cecil Francis Alexander, in her poem on "The Burial of Moses," concludes that is a literal and decisive fact. She says,—

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
And laid the dead man there."

Of this, of the land of Canaan, and of the three lines noticed at the commencement of this little paper, I hope to say more. C. W. B.

A PRAYER-MEETING IN THE OLD SURREY TABERNACLE.

SOME of the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL will remember the large vestry at the side of the old Surrey Tabernacle in the Borough-road. Many, many years ago, before numbers of those who will read these lines were born, a prayer-meeting used to be held there on the Sabbath afternoon. What hosts of people *then* attended the Tabernacle prayer-meetings! To that on the Monday evening, anxious, praying souls used to flock "like doves to their windows." Even at the more informal meetings here alluded to, on the Sabbath afternoons, from two to three hundred friends used to assemble for prayer and praise, presided over at that time by Albert Barnes. There had recently been one of those seasons of awakening which, in Mr. Wells's earlier ministry, were of so frequent occurrence, and many remarkable conversions had been witnessed. Many of the enlightened ones were from amongst the lower class of Londoners, and tolerably rough characters some of them were. One afternoon there seemed to be an uncommon outpouring of the Spirit. Fervent were the prayers of the saints, and sincere the cries and groans of poor sinners convinced of sin. Presently Mr. Barnes called upon one to engage in prayer, who had formerly been an ignorant, hardened, sinful wretch; but having been, by some means, brought under Mr. Wells's ministry, the Lord met with him, he was arrested by sovereign grace, and had recently joined the Church. The poor fellow's lips hitherto had been more accustomed to *cursing* than *praying*, but from his heart there came forth the following short but blessed petition: "*Lord, Thou knowest we're a company o' poor, wretched sinners, and I'M THE WORST O' THE LOT.*" The dear man spoke with such warmth and feeling, that when, having uttered this brief, expressive and hearty ejaculation, he sat down, there was scarcely a dry eye in the place. He doubtless had expressed the exact feelings of many there. What a prayer! What a prayer-meeting! I sign myself as before,—

AN OLD SURREY TABERNACLEITE.

THE HOLINESS OF THE DEITY.

"Be ye holy, for I am holy."—1 Peter i. 16.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—A few reflections upon the above words may not be out of place, especially as you evinced a desire to know what was really meant by them. I am not a prophet, neither the son of a prophet (Amos vii. 14); but still I hope, like Amos, I may be able to say, to our mutual edification, "The Lord took me." May He condescend to take us and lead us into the (1) "chambers of imagery" (Ezek. viii. 7—12), wherein false expositions of the Word may be unravelled, and (2) into the "all truth" (John xvi. 13), where Christ's people love to be, since they are taught by an efficient Teacher; are taught that godliness which is profitable for both worlds, and *that* "without money and without price." Divine truth is a field in which spiritual gleaners may find "handfuls of purpose" (Ruth ii. 16); and we have the Divine encouragement in prosecuting a labour so eminently blessed, for God says, "Search ye out of the Book of the Lord, and read, not one shall want her mate" (Isa. xxxiv. 16); and the Bereans of old (Acts xvii. 11) set us a good example, so that, the Word of God and the experience of Christians on our side, we shall not err if we go "to the law and the testimony" (Isa. viii. 20). The Word of God is completely harmonious to a spiritual mind; and where carping critics sneer and disbelieve, the soul taught of God admires the wisdom that is Divine, in asserting itself superior to finite reason by the very fact of an apparent contradiction.

I purpose, then, in the first instance, looking at the words (as interpreted by many who boast of a creature righteousness) in conjunction with the nature of holiness; and, in the second place, to examine them in a scriptural and reasonable light.

I.—If we consider the holiness of God we are bound to understand the essential meaning of the Word, as applied to a perfection of the Deity, perfect purity. The Divine perfections are part of Divinity, and can no more change than Divinity itself; to narrow the compass, God is composed of perfect attributes and graces, and to separate the one from the other is to dissolve the being of God. But this can never be, for while God is infinitely holy, He is essentially holy; His holiness is a necessity of His existence. In searching the Divine record you will discover how closely allied to holiness is justice, by which I gather that, in a general sense, holiness means uprightness and integrity. Still, to avoid what may appear to be a superficial view, I want to examine the nature of Divine holiness. The words themselves, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," are quoted by Peter from Lev. xi. 45; and the next passage in my Concordance is 1 Sam. ii. 2, "There is none holy as the Lord." This, then, clearly opens the ground of (a) exclusive holiness, and (b) comparative holiness. As I have already hinted, exclusive holiness cannot be touched, and comparative holiness supposes either an equality of condition, or qualifying circumstances in one of the persons concerned. God is above all law in respect of His holiness, and it is subservient to no contingency. The Almighty cannot be found out unto perfection, and a dissection will give us no more than an outline of Divine holiness.

1. It is glorious (Exod. xv. 11).

2. It is beautiful (Psa. xxix. 2).

3. It is regal (Psa. xlvii. 8).

4. It is mountainous (Psa. xlviii. 1), and, therefore, above earth, or finite capacity.

5. It is the most sacred part of Deity, for it is that by which He hath sworn (Psa. lxxxix. 35). It is as though the Lord had said, "My truth is inviolable and inassailable, but if that fails, My holiness must be attacked." So that He pledges His veracity by His holiness, and such a possibility as failure can never occur, for His throne is established in justice—holiness (Psa. lxxxix. 14); and David said, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever" (Psa. xlv. 6).

It is plainly evident that no creature can ever compare with the Creator in such a holiness as this. One of the most trenchant objections to such an assertion as this is: Cannot God give man the power to be holy, for "with God all things are possible?" But I submit that this objection is met by my supposition, as stated above, for there is not an equality of condition, nor are there qualifying circumstances. While man is an inhabitant of this terrestrial ball, he is subject to all that mortality entails, and while mortal, cannot compare with distinct immortality. To be "caught up to the third heaven" would be a qualifying circumstance, but this is negatived by "the thorn in the flesh" (2 Cor. xii. 2, 7). To be "in the Spirit" (Rev. i. 10) is a qualifying circumstance, but this was negatived by the "tribulation" (Rev. i. 9), to which the apostle was no stranger, but, as he says, "a companion." The clearest way, however, to meet this objection is to ask a question or two.

1. Is it necessary to the obtaining of the Divine favour to make man holy? No, for "ye are complete in Him" (Col. ii. 10), and "accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 6).

2. Is the glory of God promoted by a holiness such as intended by the objectors? No, for Christ was against it (John xvii. 15), the purpose of God is against it (Acts xiv. 22), the experience of God's people is against it (Gen. xv. 12; Psa. li. 3; Matt. xxvi. 69—75), both in Providential dispensations and hellish temptations, both of which work havoc with the spiritual nature in man.

As of old Cain and Abel were not united, so now can neither flesh and spirit be joined together; and all the efforts of mankind to ally the two fall short; for what saith one, "What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of *two* armies" (Sol. Song vi. 13).

3. Does it contribute to man's well being to be, as some say, perfectly pure? No; for while such a state is really unattainable, the fancied possession of it is a source and result of pride, a fosterer of hidden evils, which are all the more corrupt for being covered by such a fleshly notion, and a monument of dishonour to that God who is "perfect in knowledge, mighty in strength and wisdom" (Job xxxvi. 4, 5). Taken in the sense indicated by my assertion, how exactly do those two passages (Isa. xlv. 20, and 1 John i. 8) fit into each other? In one you read of a deceived heart turning a man aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand; and in the other you hear the Holy Spirit's voice within man, "The truth is not in us if we say we have no sin."

Seeing, then, that such a state as holiness in the flesh is neither

necessary to the obtaining of God's favour, that the glory of God is not promoted by it, and that man's welfare is not enhanced by it, how comes it that there are so many professors of religion who make a stand for creature holiness? Simply from a mistaken view respecting vital godliness, and from a desire to shine in the eyes of men. I do not say that these two reasons account for the profession of holiness in *one* man, for, doubtless, there are many under the first who are guiltless of the second; many humble souls, whose one cry to God is,—

“ Make me little and unknown,
Loved and prized by Thee alone.”

But you will *generally* find those persons who say they are holy, to boast of it to friend and foe alike; and this, I venture to assert, is contrary to the teaching of Christ and the spirit of the Gospel; and, although it is sometimes unwise to confound persons and principles together, I am bold enough to say that if a man's religion has such a depraved principle in it, both the man and his religion must fall together. Vital godliness is the work of the Holy Spirit in man. As its name implies, it is living; or, as my dictionary says, the synonym for “essential, necessary, very important.” And, spiritually considered, is it so? If it is living, it is so by reason of union to Christ, for He “is our life” (Col. iii. 4); and the man who possesses the greatest share of this living power is “greatest in the kingdom of God” (Matt. xviii. 4). And if humility was the lesson intended by the Saviour when He set a little child *in the midst of His disciples*, does it look like humility to desire such a holiness as would set man above his fellow? The humblest Christian is most like his Master; and, “Stand aside, I am holier than thou,” is no language for his lips.

A desire to shine in the eyes of others is the sure mark of a hypocrite; and I cannot imagine how a renewed soul can desire to shine in the transient light of a will-o'-the-wisp popularity, especially as Christ has set His face so decidedly against it; and if humility is the antithesis of pride, and God “giveth grace to the humble,” then Satan is the father of pride, as it is written, “He is a king over all the children of pride” (Job xl. 34). This desire for popularity is as contagious as the plague, and is often seen amongst young converts (as they are called), while the disease often strikes root where the blessed Word of God does not (Mark iv. 5, 16), and, so to speak, effaces that spirituality which appears in the Word sown in the heart. How truly Pope wrote:—

“ In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
Men quit their spheres, and rush into the skies;
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.”

II.—I am to endeavour to show the meaning of the words as they stand in Scripture. I am not acquainted with Hebrew or Greek, and am not prepared, therefore, to enter upon a critical examination of the letter of the Word; but if you notice, in the Old Testament God says, “Ye shall be holy, for I am holy”—first, in connection with the different meats the children of Israel were to eat. They were a separate people all through the piece, and because of this very fact, even in the matter of their food. they were to be distinct from other nations. Go further, and you will find an elaboration of this particular. In Lev. xx. 7, the

holiness is plainly united to sanctification, or being set apart; and verse 26 most distinctly confirms this idea: "I the Lord am holy, and have severed you from other people, that ye should be Mine." Between the period at which these words were written and the apostle Peter's day, there is a tremendous gap. Men changed, customs altered, religions rose, flourished, and died out, but Jehovah remained the same. I do not wish to strain a point, but how do we, who regard God's Word as almighty and powerful, regard this particular portion: "Ye shall be holy"? Does God mean *everything* when He says, "YE SHALL BE MINE"? and *nothing* when He says, "Ye shall be holy"? Does the objector say that this holiness was obtained by an obedience to the ceremonies of the law, and, by an obedience to the Word of the same Lord, the same holiness can be had now? Look at the mighty gap I have mentioned from another point of view. Israel were bound by a covenant of works to God, and all was to be well if they obeyed the Word of the Lord; but they fell, and their sins separated them from their God. But did not Christ stand in the gap thus made with the everlasting covenant of which He was the Messenger (Mal. iii. 1), and the embodiment (Isa. lxiii. 9), fulfilling by His sufferings all that was demanded by justice for a broken law, and securing eternal safety by the righteousness of His glorious Person? And if *His* was a sufficient work, and God has said, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 17), shall mortal man dare to compare with his Maker? If he does, he can weave a spider's web (Isa. lix. 5, 6); and ere he can look upon it as a covering for his soul in the hour of distress it is turned to "filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6).

But, in the last place, let me look at the passage in Peter. The apostle's theme is Christ and His salvation; and as a man should always adorn the doctrines he professes to believe in by a practice of its precepts, so Peter enjoins upon the "elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father," &c. (ver. 1), to show by their conversation what is their call (ver. 15) and what is their hope (ver. 21). Now, I am informed that the word conversation means citizenship, in Phil. iii. 20; and a parallel passage is in Eph. ii. 19, where mention is made of God's people being "fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." This proves clearly whose they are, whose company they keep, and what language they speak; and, looking at it in this light, the apostle turns the Divine purpose from all eternity, and the imperative command under a covenant of works, to an exhortation under a covenant of grace. He speaks not to a carnally-minded people, but to the renewed nature of man; or, as Paul styles it, "*The new man*." It is by Christ they believe (ver. 21), and it is no stretch of the imagination to say that such persons are dependent upon the same heavenly source for their walk and conversation. Did not David say, "Let my sentence come forth from Thy presence?" (Psa. xvii. 2). And if it is a desire, and a Heaven-sent one, is it not to be wrought by the Spirit both *in* and *out*? The living soul is burdened with sin, and daily proves how true are the apostle's words, "When I would do good evil is present with me." The best Christian, if I may be allowed the expression, is liable to fall into sin; and it is no legality to say that every Christian should make it his concern to be like his Master, and to walk worthy of His high calling. Some, however, glory in a supposed

native holiness; they are more taken up with, and talk about their own holiness than with the glorious holiness of Jesus.

May Divine grace operate mightily in your heart and mine, working faith in such a degree that the life we live may be by faith on the Son of God. I feel I have but imperfectly treated this subject, but hope that what has been written may be a help.

Yours, in hope of eternal life,

P. McDONALD.

May 9, 1881.

THE END BETTER THAN THE BEGINNING.

[Mr. John Smith, of Clapham, sends following notes of the sorrows and ultimate salvation of his beloved wife.]

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE HEAVY AFFLICTION OF MY BELOVED WIFE,
CATHERINE SMITH, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE FEB. 17, 1881.

SHE had been a traveller many years in the ways of Zion; had experienced much darkness of mind; the enemy tempted her to believe she should prove to be a hypocrite. She was visited by Mr. Thomas Chivers. She said to him, "Oh, if I should hear Christ say, 'Depart from Me, for I never knew you,' what an awful sound it would be." Mr. Chivers said, "That is not for you: that is for the wicked." She said, "If He send me to hell I justly deserve it; and if I go to heaven it will be to His glory; all I can say is, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" Mr. Chivers tried to make her see her character was right, but he could not.

He had not left her many days before the Lord was pleased to manifest Himself to her as He does not unto the world; her prospects brightened for eternity; she was enabled to leave all her affairs and herself, a poor sinner, to do as He pleased with her; and from that time she laid passive in His hands—sometimes singing, sometimes crying to the Lord to take her home. She often said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Come and take a poor wandering pilgrim home." She often said to friends, "Oh, what a glorious thing if in the morning I shall be gone." She said to me, "I have been full of doubts and fears all my life; but the Lord has taken them all away." She sat in the easy chair; she prayed, and talked very earnestly, and said all she had to say was, "Christ first, Christ last, Christ everywhere. We talk of farewells, but what can we do in the swelling of Jordan? Oh, when will the chariot come and fetch me home? Oh, that I had wings, I would fly away and be at rest."

This was only two days before her death. Her death-bed was truly solemn; but joyous to see how the Lord sustained her mind through the severe conflict. Thus her happy spirit took its flight, at the age of 73 years. She was baptized by Mr. W. J. Gooding, at Tunstall, on October 7, 1838. I hope this will be made useful to some of the doubting ones.

J. SMITH.

[It is painful to know Mr. Gooding still lays this side of the Jordan. His case is distressing.—Ed.]

“NEVER QUARRELLED WITH ANYONE.”

Sketch of a Funeral Sermon preached on Lord's-day, May 15, for Mr. John Knights, of Dickleburgh, who departed this life, May 1, at the advanced age of 95.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR, PASTOR.

“Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.”—Psalm xxxvii. 39.

BUT who, and what kind of man is this? I will tell you in two or three particulars how such a man is to be known, and you will see where his perfection and uprightness is.

Firstly. *The man here spoken of is said to trust in the Lord, and do good.* Our brother was a man of this sort. His talk was all about “the dear Lord,” as he expressed it, and about trusting in Him; and the good he did was really felt by others, in speaking to them about their souls, in praying for them, and in blessing them, and wishing them well. As one of our friends says, “He had a blessing for every one that stepped over the threshold of the door.” As far as his small means went, his object was to “do good unto all men; but especially to those of the household of faith.” Whatever I may say about our dear brother relates entirely to the grace of God, which taught him to “deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.” Did he trust in God? It was by God’s grace. Did he do good? It was by God’s grace.

Secondly. *The man spoken of in my text is said to delight himself in the Lord.* All who knew our brother, can say this was true of him. For go to his house when you would, the Lord Jesus Christ was all his theme, the topic of his conversation, and he was seen and heard to delight himself in Him. And I would ask, Can you ever have a better proof than this of being a true born child of God?

Thirdly. *The man spoken of in my text committed his way to the Lord.* I always found that our brother knew two ways for himself—first, The way of Providence; and, second, The way of grace. He committed his temporal affairs into God’s hands, and also his spiritual affairs. The good and perfect man says, I will do nothing temporally without looking to Jesus, I will do nothing spiritually without looking to Jesus. Commit your way of prosperity unto Him; commit your way of adversity unto Him; commit your way of health or affliction unto Him; commit your way of bereavements, losses, and crosses unto Him.

Fourthly. *The perfect man here spoken of rests in the Lord, and waits patiently for Him.* The man that can rest in the Lord, leaving himself, body, soul, and circumstances in His hands, shall be blessed with confidence, peace, and quietness for ever. These, my beloved, are some of the features of a perfect and upright man. But now to the text more especially.

First, we shall say a little about the perfect and upright man. Secondly, take notice of his peaceable end.

First, we notice the perfect and upright man. Such a man cannot be found by nature; but such a man can be found by grace. That such a man cannot be found by nature, is clear from God’s own Word, for it says, “Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart are only evil continually” (Gen. vi. 5). Again, “They are all gone aside, they are

altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Psa. xiv. 3). Again, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" (Jer. xvii. 9). And again, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witnesses, blasphemies" (Matt. xv. 19). Now, what is a perfect man by grace? Here I must touch on a certain sublime truth so frequently overlooked by many, and that is, *the eternal headship of Christ*. It is this, and this only, which constitutes the perfection of every member of His mystical body. Mark the words of Paul, "Ye are complete in Him, which is the head of all principality and power" (Col. ii. 10). And, now mind what the apostle says of himself: "I know that in me—that is, in my flesh—dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not" (Rom. vii. 18). Adam is the headship of our old man, and I see nothing in him but sin. Christ is the headship of the new man, and here I see perfection and uprightness. Never talk about perfection in the flesh, for there is no such thing. If I were to say anything about the good deeds of my brother departed, out of Christ, and separate from Him, I should be out of my place, and out of the truth too. Do not expect a funeral sermon of our brother, as to a statement of any particular words and actions of his; for his whole life has preached a funeral sermon far beyond any sermon that I could preach. By God's grace, he has preached to us his own funeral sermon, and in my opinion, such funeral sermons are the best that can be preached. I hesitate not to say of him, "Behold an Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile," no deceit, no hypocrisy, or insincerity. He was, indeed, "an old disciple;" and though "being dead, he yet speaketh." For years before he died, his whole life appeared to consist of talking, walking, praying, and singing of Jesus, and thus he lived in the kingdom of God's grace. Ever since old age compelled him to stay at home from the house of God, his time was much taken up in praying for me, the Church, and congregation. The last time I saw him, when I preached in his house, I could see his life and soul was in the good things. Just as we were going to commence the service he broke out praying for God's blessing upon us all. There were two rooms full of people, and we felt the solemnities of heaven fall upon us. But had our brother no conflicts, no doubts and fears, no temptations? He occasionally complained of darkness of mind, hardness of heart, Satan's suggestions, and his own utter inability to think a good thought, or perform one action worthy of God's notice; but still, whatever his inward conflicts might be, his hold of a precious Christ could never be broken. Recollect, my beloved, the sun is sometimes beclouded, the moon does not always shine, and the stars do not always give their lights. But how was he a perfect and upright man, according to our text? I will explain this in a word or two. He was a justified man, through God's grace, and the blood-shedding of Jesus Christ our Lord. In this grace-justification, then, there is perfection and uprightness, and all such persons as God justifies, can never become unjustified. He was sanctified, by God's grace, through the eternal Spirit; and those who are thus sanctified can never become unsanctified. He was glorified by God's grace; and those who are thus glorified can never become unglorified (Rom. viii. 29, 30, v. 21; Heb. ix. 12).

Secondly, we have now to take notice of the peaceable end of the

perfect and upright man. Says my text, "The end of that man is peace." Yes, and I will tell you why. The beginning of the perfect and upright man is *of God*, and his beginning *is Christ*, who is the beginning of all things, the first-born of the brethren, and the peace of the whole Church of God. There was peace for the Church before time in the settlements of divine grace, in the eternal purpose and counsel of God; there is peace for the Church in time, as she stands in Christ, and upon the rock of unshaken durability; and there is peace for the Church throughout the countless ages of eternity. I know of no other peace, when compared with this, that is worth calling peace. I ought not to forget that our good brother lived in peace, as much as he could, with all men, which is no small proof that Christ, his peace, lived and reigned in him. I never knew him to quarrel with anyone. He was for peace at home, which for years I had the opportunity of proving to my satisfaction. He was for peace in the Church. I never knew him to make a brother or sister in any way unhappy, through harsh or unkind treatment, in all the years he was in fellowship with us, and he has stood a member with us thirty-six years, and dying at the great age of ninety-five years.

I will bring all to a close by saying, it hath pleased the Lord mercifully and lovingly to take the soul of our brother departed to Himself; while we have committed his mortal remains to the ground, and in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection at the last day. His end was peace, like that of good old Simeon, who, just before he died, took up Christ in his arms, and said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Do not let us weep as those who are without hope, but let us rejoice, fancying we hear our brother sing, while in the swellings of Jordan,—

"Jesus, the vision of Thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
Then, while ye hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet my minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul."

Our brother, through old age and infirmities, unavoidably occasioned much trouble and anxiety for those kind friends with whom he lived and died; but God graciously gave them patience to bear it; and He will, I am confident, bless them for all their past kindness. The Lord will deal with them as they dealt with him, and will reward them in the end. They are likely to forget the troubles they had with our friend, but they will never forget the example he was in the house, and the benefit of his excellent conversation and valuable prayers. That God may bless and prosper these kind friends is the earnest wish of us all. Amen.

THE LATE SAMUEL COLLINS, OF GRUNDISBURGH.—This venerable servant of God entered the eternal shores of Paradise on Sunday, July 17, in the eighty-first year of his earthly existence. Of his loving and laborious life we may have a review presently.

TROUBLESOME THOUGHTS.

IT is said of Belshazzar that his thoughts troubled him ; and as we read that, one is impressed with the fact that Belshazzar is not the only person who has been the subject of many troublesome thoughts. I presume the Lord's people have many distressing thoughts. How true it is that the Christian man requires the Holy Spirit to regulate his thoughts ! How true are the Saviour's words to His disciples : " Without Me ye can do nothing." The thoughts that so often trouble the Christian's heart are of various kinds.

1. There are mistrustful thoughts. The Christian may be led to question the dealings of the Almighty with him, when circumstances go contrary to him ; but when he is led to remember that " the Judge of the whole earth must do right," that questioning of the Almighty is repelled. Still, it has troubled his heart.

2. There are envious thoughts. Like Asaph, the Christian has seen men around him spreading themselves like the green bay tree, and having more than heart could wish, while he has lacked the necessities of life. He could not understand it. He may be left for a season foolishly to envy their present lot ; that envious thought has proved troublesome, filling his heart with sorrow.

3. There are revengeful thoughts. We know that it is not Christ-like to wish to have our revenge upon our greatest enemies, much less upon any Christian brother who may have slightly injured us. The golden rule is to love our enemies, and do good to those who hate us. But we daily find that the old nature is not entirely extinct. Well might Paul say, " O wretched man that I am ; when I would do good evil is present with me," and in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing. These wicked, revengeful thoughts will creep into the Christian's heart and trouble him.

4. Moreover, there are even blasphemous thoughts, which sometimes find their way into the godly man's heart, and they are exceedingly troublesome. Such has been the pressure of those thoughts upon the heart of some of the Lord's trembling ones, that they have sometimes feared lest they have sinned the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost.

Thanks be unto the Lord, we know the origin of those troublesome thoughts. Satan is the author of them, and therefore those of the Lord's people who are greatly troubled with them will realise a complete deliverance. When their earthly tabernacle is dissolved, they will enter into their house " not made with hands," which is eternal in the heavens. In that blessed region no troublesome thoughts shall be known. The Saviour's presence shall light up the place with eternal glory. That all who read this may share that glory with the adorable Redeemer, is the sincere prayer of

W. HOWLETT.

22, King-street, Tring, Herts.

[The ancients enlarged much on things to be done to avoid Satanic, carnal, and vexatious thoughts. Does a bad thought get fixed in thy heart ? Does it trouble, pain, and grieve thee ? Fly, if thou canst, to mercy's throne, to God's holy Word, to the cross of Calvary, and seek for the blessed SPIRIT OF LIFE and love to put forth His power in thy

soul; and in due time, like the Psalmist, thou shalt sing, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me THY COMFORTS DELIGHT MY SOUL." Bad thoughts, like thieves in the night, steal in at the windows and side doors, ere you are aware of them. Perplexing thoughts, like injurious weeds, spring up when least expected. If grace reigneth not, out of the heart, they spring on the soul like wild beasts.—ED.]

MR. JOHN HAZELTON'S ADDRESS ON THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE MR. RICHARD MINTON.

[We have been specially requested by the family to give the following remarks, made by Mr. Hazleton, at the funeral of the late Mr. Richard Minton. We knew this truly godly man for about thirty years. Our friendship commenced under peculiar circumstances, and led to singular results, which, it is possible, may some day more fully appear. Meanwhile, we realise a sacred gratitude in being permitted to record, and to hand down to future generations, such a faithful review of a good, a useful, a devoted, and a much beloved Christian, as the following paper furnisheth.—C. W. B.]

An Outline of the service held at Mount Zion chapel, Chadwell-street, Wednesday, February 23rd, 1881, over the remains of the late Mr. Richard Minton, treasurer of the Church, senior deacon, and for twenty-nine years the leader of the praises in that sanctuary, previous to being interred at Highgate cemetery. The solemnity commenced by Mr. Hazleton giving out the third hymn, in the second book of Dr. Watts. Afterwards he read Psal. xc., and 1 Cor. xv. 20. Mr. Hazleton did not select a text.

HE began by saying, "We meet under very interesting and important circumstances. Our feelings partake of sorrow and satisfaction. Our brother was indeed a dear and beloved brother. Life is short, and death is absolutely certain. We know that God appointed the time of our dear brother's departure, while we are satisfied as to his eternal happiness; we cannot possibly refrain from shedding tears, when we remember we shall never see his loving, and genial, and kindly face again, nor ever have the benefit of his fatherly advice and counsel, or have the privilege of hearing his prayers, we cannot help having feelings of sorrow in our heart, and moisture in our eyes. He was a professor of religion, and a possessor of the grace of God. It is a great mercy to be kept by the grace of God year after year for so many years. His memory is fragrant in the Church of God; he was most useful there. We have on this account feelings of pleasure and satisfaction, at the same time we most deeply mourn the loss we have sustained.

"We will now offer a few observations on the character of our departed brother. First, he was a good man, a regenerated man; that all and eternally important change took place many years since; he was born of God, and for heaven. He was a son of the Most High; this formed his character. It was not a repulsive one; to my mind, there was much about him most amiable. He was firm, and stern, but I have reason to believe he had most scriptural reasons for being so. He had the grace of God in his heart. He was faithful. How many good things he has brought forth at our deacon's meetings, and at our prayer meetings, and in sick chambers! Always, as a rule, he said something good; the heart of our

departed friend was a good one. I mean it was a regenerated one. He was brought into loving connection with God's saints on earth early in life. In his youth he was called by grace; he became united to the Baptist Church, in Spencer-place, Goswell-road, where the late Mr. Peacock preached for many years. He spent many happy hours there. Activity and usefulness was his element. He afterwards worshipped at Redcross-street Particular Baptist chapel, under the ministry of Mr. Franklin; he led the singing there for years. I am sure that he loved the ministers, the truth, and the dear people of God. Afterwards he removed to Brick-lane Jireh chapel, under the late Mr. J. A. Jones. Nothing like a serious misunderstanding ever arose between myself and my late dear brother during the last thirty-years. His godliness was practical in his home; he was a godly man; he was one of the most excellent husbands that ever had a wife, kind, tender, loving. He was all that a husband ought to be to a wife. I am sure that he was a good father, a better father never lived. I have heard you say, 'He was a good brother.' We do not know the value of our blessings until we lose them. He was a good man in the world. He carried his spirituality into all his business transactions. Did you not always find him kind and courteous? I would not glorify him, God has glorified him; he has not left an offensive name in these matters. He was useful as a deacon, and the prosperity of a Christian Church depends very much on the character of its deacons. I thank God that I can speak so well and so confidently of him in that respect. He was our honoured and trusted treasurer. He was earnest in visiting the sick and the poor; he often left a little money before he left them. He was a redeemer of time; he was most regular and punctual at the week-day prayer meetings, and week-evening services. By the grace of God he was what he was."

Mr. Minton's widowed daughter says, "The following is a copy of letter sent to my dear mother from the Church:—'It is with no ordinary feelings that we have to record the departure of our beloved brother, Richard Minton, to the higher service of the general assembly and Church of the Firstborn. He was instrumentally a principal means in the Lord's hands of the establishment of this cause, as it was at his house that the friends who subsequently were formed into a Church, met for prayer and Divine direction, the growth of which has abundantly proved that the matter was from God. His earnest labours towards this end marked him out for a prominent position, and he was at once chosen as deacon and treasurer to the Church, and took the leadership in the praises of the sanctuary. This he was enabled honourably to fulfil until within about a year of his death, when he was compelled from increasing infirmity to resign the active part he had sustained so devotedly and so well. Everything in connection with the well-being of the cause had his heartiest sympathy; labour was not counted as toil, but rather a pleasure to show his love for Him who had done so much for his salvation, and consequently, being blessed with robust health, his place was scarcely ever vacant, excepting the occasional periods when rest is sought by Summer holidays. With a loving and generous nature, no applicant for counsel or pecuniary help found him unwilling to render the assistance sought, and none more warmly advocated the cause of his less favoured brethren and sisters. For some two years or more, it was seen by those who were intimately connected with him in the manage-

ment of the affairs of the Church, that his powers were fast giving way, and at last it was painfully evident that the end was drawing near. Bound by ties of the deepest and kindest feeling, his love to our dear pastor was ever apparent, and on no occasion was this severed. His attachment to the cause of God, and of truth, as believed by us, was unflinching. A lover of the prayer meeting, his business was laid aside on the return of the hour sacred to him, and his warm and earnest petitions showed that with him it was a spiritual reality. Our representative at the Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches from the commencement, proved his adherence to all efforts for the promotion of union, and a loss has been sustained by the Churches in common with our own. A testimonial was presented to him upon the resignation of his active duties by the Church and congregation, a notice of which appeared in the magazines of our denomination, and almost from that time his attendance on the means of grace ceased, but his heart never deserted his loved Mount Zion, and he often said, when reason could scarcely be said to reign, "I want to go to chapel." His end was mercifully calm, and without apparent pain he was called away to the adorable presence of Him whom he was wont to call his precious Jesus. His remains were brought to the chapel previous to interment, when our dear pastor conducted a solemn service, speaking of his worth and general character, which he designated as that of a "good man." And on the following Lord's-day evening spoke to a crowded congregation from the words, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." It was a solemn season, and felt to be so. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." May our beloved and aged sister, the widow, realise abundantly the promise, "I will be a Husband to the widow," and our sisters, the two daughters, the other portion, "A Father to the fatherless;" and if the will of our heavenly Father that the many prayers of their parents may be answered in the salvation of their children, who are yet strangers to the grace of eternal life.'—*Extracted from minutes of Church Book, February, 1881.*

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

A PRAYER.

WATCHING for the morning,
Waiting for the dawn;
Weary, restless body,
Rest and slumber gone!
Say, my wakeful spirit,
What is now Thy plea?
Come, O gracious Saviour,
Whisper "PEACE" to me.

Smile, my loving FATHER,
From Thy throne above:
Tell me that these longings
Are Thy cords of love.
Let that peaceful river
Gently flow to me,
Which was in Thy bosom
From eternity!

South Hackney, 1881.

Come, my precious SAVIOUR,
Seeker of the lost!
Tell my waiting spirit
What a price it cost.
Let me view Thee dying
On the painful tree!
Let me hear Thee whisper,
"This I bore for thee!"

Come, thou dove-like Spirit,
Nestle in my heart;
Shew the things of JESUS,
Easing all its smart.
Come, oh! blessed Trinity,
Thus abide with me;
Then my hours are joyous,
Though my slumbers flee.

J. J. FOWLER.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"THE TREMENDOUS DISEASE."—Such is the fearful character of that fatal enemy called "CONSUMPTION." During the last forty years—in which we have travelled the length and breadth of this little island—we have met with numerous cases, and have seen families left in destitution through the ravages of that mysterious malady, which so secretly, so deceptively enters and snatches away the once happy and blooming mother, or the apparently strong and healthy father. What domestic shipwrecks! What desolations in families have we witnessed! It has often filled us with astonishment to find that, generally speaking, the regular medical practitioners, when once they find (what is termed) "*Consumption has set in*," immediately pronounce the case hopeless; and we have known them boldly declare the patient could not live but a very short time. "Give the poor dying creature (these licensed healers will say) brandy and eggs, wine, and nourishment, for death will soon have finished its work." We write these few lines from personal knowledge, and have witnessed the terrible falseness of the convictions they expressed, and of the conclusions they advanced, "Give them a little soothing syrup, and send them to sleep as soon as you can." In our affliction and zeal we have, by the permission of the relatives, ran and fetched in another medical practitioner. He examines the afflicted one, and tells us the poor thing cannot live the week out, which speculation only proved the gentleman spoke at random, knowing they could do nothing at all. Oh, what agonies of soul have we been the subject of in witnessing the cruel abandonment of patients, whose maladies, with the Divine blessing, might have been alleviated by the use of such means as are now obtainable. We are neither physician, surgeon, nor vendor of any patent preparation; but all this kingdom over we have heard godly, truthful, honourable, grateful persons spontaneously express themselves as thankful to the Almighty that after many men and various means had been resorted to, without success, "Congreve's Balsamic Elixir" had been to them as God's efficacious remedy in restoring them to health and strength. Purely out of love to our fellow-creatures we most impartially advise every family to procure the new and enlarged edition of Mr. Geo. Thomas Congreve's work

On Consumption of the Lungs; or, Decline, and its Successful Treatment: Shewing that Formidable Disease to be Curable in all its Stages; With Observations on Coughs, Colds, Chronic Bronchitis, &c., &c. This new and handsome edition of Mr. Congreve's work is published by the Author, Coombe-lodge, Rye-lane, Peckham; and also by Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, London, so that any bookseller in the world can procure it to order. This is no new adventure. We, personally, knew Mr. Congreve's father, who was a blessing to many through the treatment prescribed in this work. We have known Mr. Geo. Thomas Congreve for thirty years. The previous editions of this work have sold to the extent of nearly 250,000 copies. We say no more; only to young married people we venture this counsel, "Read your Bibles, with constant prayer; to help cheerfulness of spirit, sing out of 'Denham's Selection;' and as you keep a dog to frighten away thieves, so be sure and keep (we do in our bedroom drawer) "Congreve's work on Consumption;" and if the father, or the mother, any of the children, or neighbours near have "only a little cold, a cough, a tightness on the chest," &c., as the people too often carelessly talk, do not neglect it, do not send for the doctor, but at once study the book of Mr. Congreve, and act upon the advice he gives you. You will have reason to thank the Lord, and be healthy and happy too.

"FEARING GOD AND WORKING RIGHTEOUSNESS." Such is the holy endorsement on the life of "*the late Lord Hatherley*," who fell asleep on Sunday, July 10, 1881, aged nearly four score. William Page Wood (the son of the once novel white hat man, Alderman Matthew Wood), raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Hatherley, was a man who loved and served His God; devoted himself to Sunday school tuition; lived with a wife he was affectionately united to for nearly fifty years, and was maintained in the fear of the Lord, and in the honourable service of his Sovereign for a long life-time, proving the Omnipotent power of grace in calling, in justifying, in employing, and in preserving blameless before his fellow men one of those mighty minds which shone conspicuously in every sphere of life through which he passed. So much was Lord Hatherley admired, that when the beautiful Princess Louise pledged her troth to the Marquis of Lorne beneath

a white heather, she plucked a sprig from the pretty bush and gave it to her esteemed friend the Lord Hatherley. "He was," said a deceased prelate, "the best man I ever knew." This was the feeling of all the sanctified spirits who ever enjoyed the fellowship of the deceased Baron. While the blasphemous atheists are wickedly striving to seduce the people, and to ruin the nation, how exceedingly precious it is to prove that even among those who are raised to high offices in the nation, at the present time also, "there is a remnant according to the election of grace."

The Life and Death of the Late Dr. John Cumming. John Cumming came up into the evangelical hemisphere at the same time the Lord mercifully called us by His grace. Dr. Cumming shone like a bright luminary for more than forty years as preacher, author, lecturer, and prophetic watchman. He has finished his course; we trust he has entered into that kingdom of which he wrote and spoke so much. From his life of earnest labour, from his sorrowful end, useful lessons may be drawn out, when time will permit, and a loving Providence will give the mind.

A THUNDERING ANNOUNCEMENT.—That faithful, intellectual, and powerful revolver, *The Monthly Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission* (Offices: 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street), gives the following painful paragraph:—"Some of our religious statesmen are so 'judicially blinded' as to advise, that as we have given up Protestantism and Christianity in favour of Popery and Judaism, we should now give up theism for atheism, and such statesmen are almost deified among us. But as our sin in giving up Protestantism and Christianity has found us out, and has borne such evil fruit, we are now loudly called upon as a nation to repent and return to 'the good old paths,' ere all allegiance to the GREAT LAWGIVER is renounced, and lawlessness is established by the law. There will then be no safety to him that goes out or comes in, and Christians will, in the bitterness of their soul, be constrained to cry, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' May we be enabled by His grace so to live and labour as not to be ashamed before Him at His coming." [R. Steele, the persevering editor of the *Monthly Record*, is the most potent penman against Popery and all falsehood that we have.—ED.]

ETHICS AND ATHEISTS.—Prof. Adler, Colonel Ingersoll, and others who would tell us we all may be so good *morally*, so cultivated up to a high standard of

ethical bearing as to need no Saviour, no sacrifice for sin, no Divine love to separate us, no Holy Spirit to sanctify us, these highly intellectual philosophers have met with "*Remonstrances*" from W. H. Frenwith, whose trenchant club, clothed in silken phraseology, may be had in New York, at Pratt's printing-house, 73, Fulton-street; and the sham and shiny professing preachers in the States, and in England too, are herein told plainly of their faults. The last piece of idolatry which the schools and the spirit of the age are leading the people to worship is **POLISHED AND POLITE INTELLECT.** School up the rising races as fast as ye please, but if GOD and godliness be not the main stamina of the teaching, where will the moral culture of the natural mind lead the people to? To despise the mysteries of the Gospel, and to worship at the shrine of reason. Mr. Trenwith's tract to correct George Müller, is worth a special notice another time.

OUR OLD FRIENDS.—We have not lately received *Hand and Heart, Day of Days, Home Words, and The Fireside*, all of which, for July, have reached us from the offices, 1, Paternoster-buildings, E.C. These publications never contain any spice of bigotry, or harsh party-papers. The editor—Rev. Charles Bullock, D.D.—is a thorough, truthful, practical, zealous, and kind-hearted Christian gentleman, a scholar, and a lover of all good men, of all earnest workers, and of all who love God's "grand old Gospel." We must be thankful that in "the establishment" there are learned and devoted Christians who have for many years contended for the true faith, seeking by all means to do good to our fallen fellow men. It is said London is becoming more and more a heathenish city. The enemy is coming in like a flood. Oh! should we not all unite in striving to lift up the standard against him? With all his other excellent qualities, Dr. Bullock is an ardent admirer and extensive student of NATURE, in all her diversified and God-given beauties; hence his illustrations are remarkably instructing and exciting. Husbands and wives may like the following from *Home Words*:—

"Oh! happy home! where two are one in heart:
In faith and hope are one!
Whom death can only for a little part,—
Not END the union here begun.
Who share together one salvation;
Who would be with THEE, LORD, always:
In gladness or in tribulation,
In happy or in evil days."

To aid in promoting such homes, our beloved Dr. Charles Bullock labours night and day. Who will not help him?

W. J. STYLES AND CANON LIDDON.—Two sermons come together. The first is Mr. Styles on the death of Dr. Cooper, the second is "*Christ's Power over His Own Life*," by Dr. Canon Liddon. Death is the theme of both these two children of the classics, these enunciators of "pure and elegant literature," as some would put it. Mr. Styles in his sermon reviews the life of Dr. Cooper, whose life, so stern, so straight, so discerning and decisive, came to a close in a state of unconsciousness; that line we read with sorrow. We will give our numerous readers a sketch of this good doctor's life if we can. The references to the late John Stevens's weeping exclamation, "My Church is a rope of sand," was a bitter cry just before his death. It was a painful prophecy; for although a little sweet music held some together for a time, yet the "rope of sand" became scattered, and that beautiful Meard's-court fell to ruins. The Boston chapel, too, is closed, and another church of that order in the provinces, which for years had a most popular and venerable pastor, is, in some sense, another rope of sand; the deacons and the poor pastor are not dwelling together in a strong, loving unity. Some men with pure and pristine exaltations, with winning forms, excellent gifts, and peculiar sentiments, often have a long and prosperous day; but the eventide is not so peaceful, as Mr. Styles's text doth indicate. Canon Liddon's sermon on the Saviour's resurrection, concludes with solemn inquiries concerning the appearance before God of the late Thomas Carlyle. The more man's brain is worshipped, the more danger there is of an eclipse. We have seen nearly all the old men depart. We behold a race of new men ascending. "Never was there such bright talent before." So speaketh the elated. All have their day, then from time they are called away. Let us seek for grace, savingly to know the Lord, and to serve Him with pure hearts, fervently hoping He will not cast us away.

"*The New and Better World*," says Tom Hughes, "is Rugby, Tennessee," which, in his book bearing that title, he describeth in such inviting terms that we know many of our English toilers on the land are emigrating as fast as possible. We think a few words on this new, healthy, rich and lovely land of Canaan, in the States, t'other side of the grand Atlantic, may be useful next month. If such a bold, noble Gospel fellow as Jonathan Elsey, and a few like him, were sent of the Lord out there to preach Christ's Gospel, they would find a field

of exalted excellence and splendour. Why should Tom Hughes set up his "*one church*," open to all, belonging to nobody, without giving the grand old Gospel a little ventilation? The thousands of poor, half-starved fathers and mothers, with their feeble, sickly babes, should think over this providential opening. Rowland Lapworth, and some of his Church, are leaving Worcestershire for Tennessee. We are, God willing, to be at his farewell meetings, of which we hope to give a true report.

"IN THE WRONG BOX."—The *Silent Messenger*, for June, edited by J. S. Anderson, of Zion chapel, New Cross-road, contains interesting notes of travellers getting into the wrong train, from whence is adduced the necessity of making sure you are right before you start on that journey which leads from "*the fall*" into "*THE FULNESS OF GLORY*," for it is a journey of eternal moment. There are many religious trains professing to take their passengers safe into the kingdom of heaven; but we would not venture into them for all the contents of the Bank of England. There is no ticket that will insure your salvation, your preservation, and your acceptance at the end of your journey, but that ticket which has on it, "Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel. FEAR NOT! for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, THOU ART MINE." Oh, ye travellers through this waste desert, if the great Keeper of the privy seal doth put into thy hand and heart this divinely-inspired assurance-ticket, then through flood and flame thou wilt triumphantly pass, and have at the end of this life's journey an abundant entrance administered unto thee into the everlasting kingdom. For thy soul's sake, be careful not to get into the WRONG BOX.

Stephen Grellett's Life is published, says William Guest, to confirm the faith of believers in the MISSION OF THE COMFORTER. "Beautiful design," we exclaim. It is the very thing that is required in this age, when "the mission of the Comforter" appears to be almost unknown, unnoticed, and unfelt. Are the angels holding back the winds?

"HOW HENRY MYERSON BECAME THE MINISTER OF SHALOM."—A small note, expressive of a singular Providence, is given in our *Cheering Words* for August. It is a fact that many friends declare that little half-penny *Cheering Words* is often found interesting to them.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THANKSGIVING SERVICES AT SURREY TABERNACLE, WANSEY- STREET, WALWORTH.

The present generation of pastors, preachers, and professors of truth, have very little sympathy with us in our long and deeply-rooted affection and severely-tested esteem for the late beloved minister of the Surrey Tabernacle, Mr. JAMES WELLS. We had, forty years since, three special times of hearing under his ministry. He then knew nothing of us. We had not the slightest acquaintance with him beyond seeing him and hearing him in the pulpit in the old Surrey Tabernacle in the Borough-road.

We had been called into the knowledge of the truth of Christ's Gospel full twelve years before we saw or heard Mr. Wells. The first time we heard him, on a certain Sunday morning, he completely frightened us; we fled from the place, never expecting to see either it or Mr. Wells any more. But, as in every sense things waxed worse and worse with us, we were led to hear him a second time, on a Sunday evening. We were put under the pulpit. We heard him say, "I had a text and a sermon for this evening, but in the vettry it was all taken from me. What it means I cannot tell." That night he entered ministerially, into every crevice and corner of our captive-bound soul. The Lord, by him, searched us, and one part, only one part of the good Samaritan's work was done that evening—that is, "he came down to us where we were." And that was in a miserable place indeed; but sacred love to the Lord, to His truth, and to His salvation was so stirred up, that the broken heart poured out floods of tears. We were alone. No one knew us, and we left the place. The next time we heard Mr. Wells was on a Sunday morning. His text was, "Who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved." That morning, that seat, that sermon, we have ever fresh in remembrance. It was one of those seasons no power of man can produce. God is our witness we left the old Surrey Tabernacle on that occasion with the conviction that our soul was held in life, in Christ; that our feet from the Rock of Ages were not removed; but, in every creature condition we sank in deep waters where no standing could be found.

As we turned out of the Borough-road that Sunday morning, after hearing the text referred to opened up, and after feeling its fulness applied to our soul, this Scripture was sounded inside of us with a force, and making an impression which has never been erased: "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain!" What that great mountain in our case was we do not express, but with all the solemnity becoming one so near the end of all time-things, so near the period when we must

stand before the Judge of quick and dead; with all the sacredness we can command, we affirm that "mountain" has been for forty years dissolving, and on the plains of "a sure and certain hope" of a salvation from all evil, we have witnessed and experienced the truth of that word. A severe soul-trouble caused Mr. Wells to come to us in our office some few years afterwards. A Christian, brotherly unity was formed between us, and from that hour until we stood by the side of his bed the evening before he departed, when he lovingly stroked our face and said, "Ah, brother Banks, we never had a disagreement of any kind." The name, the person, the ministry of the late Mr. James Wells has been for about forty long years, and still is, embalmed in our souls, and must remain there for ever. We sympathised with him in all his conflicts arising out of building the new Surrey Tabernacle, and to us the two marvellous discourses he delivered on the opening-day fully confirmed the fact that the Lord was with him; and thousands have blessed God for the value of his ministry to their souls.

On the Thanksgiving-day, July 5, 1881, we were invited by Mr. Albert Boulden to preach in the afternoon. The Lord gave us a text. We have thought of giving the chief part of that discourse, if we are spared. It was designed to show the work and witness of God in the souls of the saved, but the fear of being too long, made us greatly curtail it. A comfortable party enjoyed a bountiful tea, and at the public meeting Mr. James Hand offered a comprehensive and seasonable supplication.

As chairman of the meeting, Mr. Albert Boulden said,—

Christian friends and ministerial brethren, my brethren in office have made me their mouth-piece to you this evening. One object we have in view is to thank the Lord for His goodness to us as a Church and congregation. We consider this a kind of family gathering, more a "homely meeting," not concerning the outside so much as our own immediate circle. We have much cause to speak of the Lord's great goodness to us, and it is our desire to be found ever ready to render thanks for all the blessings we have received. Another object we have, is to render an account of our stewardship in reference to the funds entrusted to us for the purpose of cleansing and beautifying this building. The first Lord's-day in April we appealed to the people here to help us in this matter, and we shall ever remember with gratitude the ready response that was made. By the first Lord's-day in July the friends here had given us in money for this object the sum of £504 18s. 6d., and beyond this there are some amounts promised that have not been paid yet, but will be, which will bring the total up to the amount expended. We had two contracts, thinking we would not involve the Church

in debt, so the first was for work that was absolutely necessary to be done; this amounted to £385. But when we found the friends responded so freely, we then entered into a second contract, which amounted to £162, making a total cost of £547, and we consider that the cost is all paid; and I may say this has not been subscribed by a few individuals in large amounts; it has come from the people here freely and heartily, from 1s. up to £20; the last amount being the largest sum subscribed by any one person. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, we felt we had much cause for thanksgiving, and although some friends were desirous this meeting should be deferred for a more convenient season, we felt we ought to thus publicly acknowledge the great goodness and mercy to us as a Church and people.

Mr. Thomas Stringer and C. W. Banks spoke for a few moments. Then Mr. John Mead delivered a powerful and decidedly truthful discourse, quite of a new covenant character. We were surprised and delighted to find him so free, so fresh, and so expressly interesting in those most awful and sublime realities in which his late beloved pastor so joyfully revelled, and so wonderfully opened and proclaimed and contended for so many years. "Surely," we said, inside, secretly, "Mr. James Wells's ministry will not be quite dead while his son in the faith can publish the Gospel as Mr. John Mead has done this evening."

Mr. Thomas Carr and Mr. Rundel also came forth with experimental testimonies most confirmatory of the fact that there are still able witnesses of a free-grace Gospel in the Surrey Tabernacle. Mr. Mead said he felt it to be no small mercy to stand as he had done, connected with that Church for twenty-five years. He believed this Surrey Tabernacle to be the most noble Strict Baptist Church in the whole world. We must believe the same. When we thought of the immense number of strong men in the faith who once stood, like a forest of the cedars of Lebanon, around Mr. Wells, we sighed over their removal, but desired to praise God that even here, "instead of the fathers there are the children, whom God hath made princes in Israel. Praise thy God, O Zion." Mr. Crowhurst and Mr. Pells also assisted in the service, which blessed meeting closed with prayer, and singing, "Crown Him Lord of all."

The beautiful Surrey Tabernacle is now, indeed, a palace consecrated to the worship of the Lord of lords, and King of kings. That it may be the birthplace of hundreds of precious souls, that the glory of the Lord may fill the house, that crowds of truth-loving assemblies may fill every seat in this majestic edifice is the in-most and honest prayer of the old friend and servant in the Gospel,—

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney

A HAPPY FATHER AND HIS LARGE FAMILY.

What a noble sight I saw at Hayes on Wednesday, July 13, 1881! Two hundred and sixty boys and girls gathered together in the Hayes Tabernacle, where the pastor (R. C. Bardens), with his staff of cheerful workers, the Messrs. Wild, Gregory, and others, said and sung some good words. Then a band of little boys marched at the head of a long procession, playing some suitable airs, from the Tabernacle, through the main streets, into Mr. Wild's beautiful park. There we found booths erected, banners flying, precious Scriptures meeting your eye and heart at every turn. Well, I felt a solemn melting to think what cultivators of the human mind these blessed people are! Hundreds of precious souls are instructed, cheered, and helped to prepare for the battle of life. Mr. Bardens walked in the midst of his large and loving groups of children, scattering fruit and dispensing such smiles as only a large and loving face like his can reflect, and talking to them all the while. Hosts of friends, from London and around, came to bid them God-speed; and Mr. John Wild, Mr. Gregory, Mr. John Bardens, Happy Humphreyson, Richard Rayner, and other workers, were all as busy as could be, in giving a bountiful supply of cake, bread-and-butter, tea, and other refreshments provided, and poured forth by the queen of the immense assembly, Mrs. John Wild, her daughters (Annie and Libby), and a train of kindly assistants. The children behaved well, and much enjoyed the festival. Everything was done in a quiet, business style. Not a single accident occurred. The grand old park presented a scene of love, of liveliness, of sweet liberty, and of becoming Christian mirth. The soul may not safely dwell too long with the deep things of futurity. Refresh thy jaded limbs, then return again with vigour to the fight of faith, to the stirrings up of hope, and to the preaching and praying, as the Divine Comforter shall, in the solemn chamber of thy soul, prompt and help thee. What these hundreds of truth-taught children will be when we are gone away, no one can tell; but many of them will be all the wiser and the better men and women for the instruction they are now receiving in the Hayes Tabernacle. Good seed is sown, a blessed harvest will be reaped. I had made two ladders, up which I desired to invite the youngsters to climb. The one I called "THE LADDER OF CULTURE," the other, "THE LADDER OF PROMISE;" but there was neither room nor time to set them up, so I reserve them for a future occasion. We rejoice, inside of our little soul, to learn that R. C. Bardens is still happy, and industriously useful in every way at Hayes. To us he appears to say, "Here would I live and labour until my glorious Lord shall call me home."

"Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing His power to save."

ORDINATION OF MR. BENJAMIN JOHN NORTHFIELD, AT BAPTIST CHAPEL, HADLEIGH.

Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. B. J. Northfield, Ipswich, as pastor of the above place of worship, took place on Wednesday, June 15th. The weather was everything that could be desired, and friends from various parts were present, including upwards of fifty from Ipswich. The ministers present were, Messrs. C. W. Banks, London; S. K. Bland, Ipswich; W. Houghton, Ipswich; W. Kern, Ipswich; G. G. Whorlow, Ipswich; J. Wilkins, Wattisham; A. Knell, Walsham; Easter, Bildestone; Wright, Wolverhampton; D. Dickerson, Stowmarket; and E. Haddock, Somersham. The afternoon service commenced at 2 o'clock with Mr. Hitchcock giving out the hymn, "Kindred in Christ," &c., after which Mr. W. Houghton read Ephesians iv., and fervently offered prayer. Another hymn having been sung, Mr. C. W. Banks, in a good discourse, listened to with marked attention by a crowded congregation, stated the nature of a Gospel Church, taking his text from 1 Tim. iii. 15, "The Church of the Living God," noticing (1) its designation; (2) its description; (3) its discipline; (4) its destiny.

Mr. D. Dickerson then gave out the hymn, "How did my heart rejoice to hear," &c., after which Mr. Bland, proceeded to ask the usual questions. He first called upon the newly-chosen pastor to state his call by grace. Mr. Northfield has, at our request, written out his call by grace and to the ministry, as near as he could remember, as he delivered it on the above occasion and sent it to us, which is as follows:—

CALL BY GRACE.

I was born December 27th, 1859, in the town of Potton, Bedfordshire. I liked, as other children do, to run in the paths of sin and folly, but, being brought up very morally, was kept under greater restraint than many of my fellow-companions. From my earliest recollections I was the subject of serious convictions. When about five years old I lost my own dear mother by death, and a year or two after a brother and sister were also removed from us by death. These solemn events caused me seriously to consider the awfulness and certainty of death. When attending funerals, how often have my convictions been deepened, this verse of a hymn frequently occurring to my mind, and causing me to pour out my soul to God.

"Where should I be, if God should say
I shall not live another day,
And send to take away my breath;
What is eternity and death?"

I went on sinning and praying, making vows that if the Lord would but forgive me this and that sin, I would never commit another. My days often passed in misery, wretchedness, and woe, which I couched as far as possible from those around me. Upon my bed at night I was grieved on account of my sins during the past day, and when asleep I was terrified with awful dreams. I tried to

drown my sorrow, and overcome my feelings, but without avail. Sometimes I was a little easier, and could join with my school companions, but not often without serious thoughts afterwards. These convictions did not die away, but when about ten years old, Mr. King, of Great Gransden, Hunts, supplied the pulpit at Potton, and took his text from Hebrews vi. 19, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil;" and under this sermon they were greatly deepened. He spoke of the hope of the righteous—how I wished I could say their hope was mine; then he dwelt upon the hypocrite's hope, which was a lie in his right hand; and then he solemnly alluded to the wicked as having no hope beyond the grave. This, I thought, was my position. Filled with sorrow and agony of mind, the language of the poet was suitable to my case,—

"Where shall I go? ah! whither flee,
To escape the vengeance due to me!"

I told no one how I felt. My mother (for my father had married again, and we were blessed with a kind and gracious mother-in-law), when she sometimes noticed me so dull and unhappy, has asked me whether I was unwell, or what was the matter with me (one Sunday evening in particular I remember she did so), to which I replied, "Nothing particular." Now, how earnestly did I pray the Lord to forgive me. I felt that if He would but once show my sins forgiven I should not mind. Gadsby's hymn-book and the Bible were my chief companions, and hours have I spent in the perusal of these two books, the hymn-book especially. One hymn of Mr. Gadsby's gave me great comfort and encouragement, especially this verse,—

"The vilest sinner out of hell,
Who lives to feel his need,
Is welcome to the throne of grace,
The Saviour's blood to plead."

For about two years did I have to go on seeking, after hearing Mr. King, ere the Lord appeared to pardon my guilty soul. Thus, when about twelve years old, one day I was in such deep sorrow that I did not know what to do, or hardly how to pray. I went to some secret spot (the spot I remember, but forget the date) and cried for mercy; and on leaving the place there appeared in the sky, as it had been, a scroll, and on this scroll the words were—"Thy sins are all forgiven." I lost my burden, sorrow gave place to joy, and light took the place of darkness; everything seemed to me new; I felt a new being, and seemed as though I was in a new creation. In this happy condition I could say what I had been wanting to say,—

"Jesus hath borne my sins away,
I shall stand in God's great day,
While through His blood absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame."

But in this happy state I was not allowed to remain long, for Satan was permitted to tempt and harass me, and I did have keenly to feel the conflict within, between the old man of sin and the new man of grace. About this time also circumstances at home were

not altogether as desired; father's trade (which once was a good and flourishing one), now began to fail, and I had to leave school and go to work, obtaining employment for a few months at a butcher's, which was a little before and after Christmas, 1871. When I left this place it was a great trial to me, fearing I should not be able to obtain another situation in Potton, it being such a small town; but God, in His all-wise providence, opened up a way for me, and I succeeded in obtaining a place at a printer's. I recall to mind the many times that I have been alone in the printing office, when solemnly I have poured out my soul before God for fresh manifestations of His favour and lovingkindness, for how often did I find these two verses suitable to my state,—

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord;
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?
What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still;
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill."

Again and again He appeared and caused my soul to rejoice afresh. In the year 1875 I was removed in the providence of God from Potton to Ipswich, Suffolk, where I finished a course of seven years' apprenticeship at the printing trade. Not having left home before, and being young, I felt this removal very much. I attended Bethesda chapel, Ipswich; Mr. Poock about this time resigned, and they had supplies, and under their ministry my soul, at times, was greatly blessed. I remember one Sunday being very dark and downcast, when Mr. Billing, of Guildford, Surrey, preached; and in the evening he took for his text: "For the earth bringeth forth fruit of itself, first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear," which sermon was so blessed to my soul, that I again went on my way rejoicing. After a time Mr. Kern, of Guildford, became pastor, and his preaching was a source of great comfort and encouragement to me.

On December 2, 1877, in administering the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, Mr. Kern read Colossians iii., and the third verse was so sweetly impressed upon my mind, "Your life is hid with Christ in God," that its sweetness and sacredness remained with me for some months. Though I felt a union to the Lord's people, the thought of joining them was far from my mind. I looked upon them as being so far superior and better than myself in spiritual matters, that I felt unfit to join them. At the commencement of the year 1878, Mr. Kern came to our house, and conversation between himself and my parents issued in his asking me to write an account of the Lord's dealings with my soul; which I did: and being satisfied with that account, he wrote me an answer to the effect that he should be pleased for me to follow my Master in His appointed way if I could see my way clear to do so. How earnestly I sought the will of the Lord in this matter, lest I should take a wrong step and bring dishonour on His Church and people. I asked for His

direction, and He sweetly applied these words to my soul: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee." I sought Him again, and the same words came with such a Divine power, that I felt it was His will that I should do so, and sent an answer to that effect to Mr. Kern. I went before the Church, fearing that I should have nothing to say, but the Lord helped me, and in March, 1878, I was baptized, and this verse was very precious to me on that occasion,—

"Jesus says, Let each believer
Be baptized in My Name;
He Himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream."

Thus did I join His people, and have spent sweet and hallowed fellowship with many of them. The Lord has preserved me. I have long proved that "without Him I can do nothing," and my experience confirms the ascription, "Salvation is of the Lord," while I can also only exclaim, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

Mr. Bland then asked Mr. Northfield to state his

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

After the Lord appeared to me, sealing home pardon and peace to my soul, when about twelve years old, I became concerned for the salvation of others, especially for those near and dear to me, and though I did not make this known to them, they were constantly the burden of my prayers, and since then I have had the joy of seeing my prayers in some measure answered. The ministerial office is one that I never aspired after that I might be great or conspicuous. Though it was constantly my desire to see others brought to a knowledge of Jesus, yet I did not do anything besides pray for them. It used to be my habit, even at this early age, when alone, to talk of the love of the Saviour; and often while doing this on the solitary road have my affections been drawn out more intensely to the Friend of sinners. I used to sometimes think, if the Lord spared my life until I got older, that perhaps He would make me an instrument in His hand of doing good to His people. The thought of standing up in His Name, as a preacher of the Gospel was often upon my mind, but being led into such views of my nothingness and helplessness, I felt that the Lord could never intend such a worthless being as myself for such a high and responsible position, and being thus taught, have often prayed against all such thoughts entering my mind. After I joined the Church, being then about eighteen, I was asked to help in the Sabbath-school. I made it a matter of prayer, and something seemed to say, "If you wish to do good to the cause of Christ, why not help in the Sabbath-school?" This was sufficient for me, and I decided to do so. Many happy seasons have I spent in that labour of love, which I cannot fail to remember whilst memory lasts. Friends told me that the Lord had raised me up for the ministry. I did not say much to them. The exercises of my mind I kept to myself, so it was not on that account that they mentioned the matter to

me. How near was I kept to the throne of grace! I did beg of the Lord that I might never be permitted to speak in His name, unless I had His commission. The subject was so much upon my mind that I dreamed about it; and thus, whether waking or sleeping, these thoughts were continually with me, and get away from them I could not, though I tried hard to do so. In October, 1879, according to the wishes of my fellow-workers, I gave the usual monthly address in connection with the Sunday-school. This was a heavy trial to me; and I wished afterwards that I had not promised to do so. I sought the Lord for some suitable subject, and He appeared in answer to my prayer, and blessed these words to my soul, "Jesus only." The time arrived for me to give my address, which I did, but with much weakness and with great trembling. About this time I published a little pamphlet, entitled, "The Christian's Hope and Glory, and the Sinner's Warning." In doing this I received much encouragement from many friends, and since its publication many testimonies have I received as to its being blessed to the comfort of the Lord's people. Knowing this little work to be so well received made me still more anxious to be the means of extending the Redeemer's kingdom; and this verse, wherever I went, and whatever I did, seemed continually following me,—

"To listening multitudes I'll tell
How He redeemed my soul from hell;
And how, reposing on His breast,
I lost my sins and found my rest."

In prayer I still sought the Lord, to know the meaning of these exercises. They humbled me in self-abasement, and I was so fearful lest they were only natural, and not of the Spirit. In this state of mind the Lord made these words sweet to me, "I have chosen thee." Then I asked Him if He had chosen me to make it more manifest, by opening up a way for me to speak in His Name, and on opening my Bible these words gave me great peace of mind, "It is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure." I felt sure that if the will proceeded from Him, He would, in His own time, open up a way. Soon after this I wrote to Mr. Banks about the exercises of my soul respecting the ministry; and, when I had posted that letter, my mind was in such a state that I wished I had not done so, and would have given anything I possessed to have called it back. I also saw my minister (Mr. Kern) about the subject, and he gave me encouragement, expressing a hope that Mr. Banks might not answer my letter. Mr. Banks did not answer it. I felt sorry in one respect, but was glad he did not in another, because I wanted clearly to see the hand of the Lord in it, without anything of my own performing. A few weeks passed away, and nothing further was made manifest to me; and in great distress of mind, one Sunday evening, I went to Zoar chapel, Ipswich. Mr. Bland was the preacher, and his prayer suited my case well. I could not hear the former part of his sermon very well, but the latter part came home with power. He was

speaking of prayer, asking aright and asking amiss; he said we ask amiss when we pray for things that will lift us up in pride and love of the world, and this I feared might be the result of my preaching, if I went forth; he gave me much encouragement while he farther dwelt upon the subject. Since my first giving the monthly address in the Sabbath-school, I had by this time been asked to do it again and again, and have done so, though with trembling and anxiousness, yet also with liberty and enjoyment. In June, 1880, I went to see my brother, who was living at Beccles, and when the friends there knew of my intended visit they arranged for me to speak at the village station at Geldestone, Norfolk. This I did not wish to do, but seeing the hand of the Lord in it I promised I would, and this was what might be termed "my first sermon." I shall never forget it; the words of my text were, "God is merciful."

On July 10, 1880, I received a letter from Mr. Sewell, on behalf of the Church at Hadleigh, asking me whether I would go and preach for them on July 18, as they had heard of me, and seen some of my writings. The heart-sinkings and earnest silent prayers proceeding from my soul with regard to that letter were many. But the Lord revealing so clearly to me that this was a door of His opening, without the slightest movement of myself towards it, I very fearfully and prayerfully decided to go. The time arrived, and I went; and the people were surprised at seeing one so young, and expected (what I keenly felt was only true) that they would "bear nothing worth hearing." The Lord helped me through the services, and I was greatly surprised at their asking me to go again, which I consented to do on August 15. During the interval of my first and second visit they held a Church-meeting, at which the friends resolved unanimously to ask me to go for a month; and finishing that month, they invited me for another month, and then gave me a six months' call.

During my labours there I have complied with some invitations to different places, whilst others I have declined, desiring to labour where I can see evidences that the Lord is blessing the Word, and we have many manifestations that such is the case at Hadleigh, for some have come forward and avowed themselves on the Lord's side, others anxiously and prayerfully waiting, and a spirit of prayer, unity, and peace pervades among the Church and congregation. Amidst this prosperity and blessing I feel my weakness and nothingness, and would say, Brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus the Lord, pray for me!

In giving the above statement of his call by grace, and to the ministry, many were affected, giving vent to their feelings by tears. Mr. Northfield then declared his confession of faith, which was clear, definite, and satisfactory.

Mr. Bland then called upon Mr. G. Sewell to state the leadings of Providence which led to the Church's choice of their pastor, to which Mr. Sewell replied in a very orderly and feeling manner, stating that as he wrote

to their young brother and engaged him to supply the pulpit in the first instance, the senior deacon wished him to do so. Having heard of Mr. Northfield going out to speak, and they having supplies (being without a pastor), they felt a desire to obtain his services at Hadleigh. They did not know his address, but there happened to be a piece of his composition in the "Gospel Herald," with his name and address attached, and through that they were enabled to write to him. On behalf of the Church he did so, and in a day or two received a reply, acceding to their request, on the receipt of which he felt such a spirit of prayer that many times he went specially to the throne of grace on that account. When the Sunday arrived, he saw their young brother; he knew by what he had heard that he was young, but did not expect to see one quite so young. He, with others, did not expect they should get on that day; but they were most wonderfully surprised, and friends wished him to supply the pulpit again. They gave him an invitation for a month, and also for another, followed by a six months' call. During that period their cause, which had been very low, began to prosper; a spirit of prayer was poured out upon the people, unity and peace pervaded in their midst; the congregation greatly increased, and there were blessed evidences that the Lord was in their midst. Souls had been added to the Church, and in every respect things wore a very encouraging aspect, and therefore they could recognise the hand of the Lord in so mysteriously bringing their brother amongst them.

Mr. Bland then asked the Church members to ratify the choice by a show of hands, which was done with evident earnestness and satisfaction, after which he called upon Mr. Hitchcock, the senior deacon, to engage in prayer.

The friends then, to the number of about 300, sat down to tea. By half-past six, the time announced for the evening service, the chapel was again crowded; and, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing," having been sung, Mr. G. G. Whorlow read 2 Tim. i., and very earnestly implored the Divine blessing, after which the congregation sang, "Let Zion's watchmen all awake," &c.

Mr. W. Kern then ascended the pulpit to give the charge to the pastor, founding his remarks on "Preach the Word" (2 Tim. ii. 2). He said he was not in that position to assume authority, but merely to tender a few remarks of friendly advice to his young brother. He alluded to his intimate acquaintance with their pastor, and hoped the union entered upon on that day would be a profitable and lasting one. Coming to his text, he said there were four things to be noticed: 1. What you are to preach—the essential Word, the incarnate Word; to preach, not explain; proclaim, not offer, the written Word, which is the seed of truth, the mine of Gospel treasures, the chart to go by, and the storehouse; let our motto be, "What saith the Scriptures?" 2. How you are to preach it—dependently, leaning upon God; decidedly, for truth and for God; lovingly, "speaking the truth in

love;" in love to God, to truth, and souls; comprehensively—namely, doctrinally, experimentally, and practically. 3. Where you are to preach—wherever God opens a door. 4. Why you are to preach—God commands it; God decreed it in the covenant; God intends to gather souls by it; the ignorant are thereby instructed, the hungry fed; to cheer and refresh, to correct, and to take forth the precious from the vile.

The hymn, "Praise to the Lord on high," &c., was then sung; and Mr. J. Wilkins delivered his charge to the Church, "as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He selected two portions of the Word of God as the basis of his remarks, Ephesians iv. 11: "And He gave some, apostles," &c.; and John iii. 2: "A teacher come from God;" founding his remarks principally upon the latter. He said brother Northfield is unlike his Master in some things, but like Him in others. Christ came as a Saviour and a Physician; their pastor was not a saviour nor a physician. It is his work to point to the Saviour, and lead to that Physician. Christ came as a Teacher; in that respect our brother is like his Master, "a teacher come from God." He then divided his subject into three parts: 1. A teacher (or pastor); one who delivers important doctrines, precepts, and ordinances; the matter of his teaching not optional, the Master has clearly defined it; his teaching must be ecclesiastical, not political; spiritual, not secular; Christian, not Jewish; the matter of his teaching, to teach the way of mercy, the plan of salvation, how a sinner can be saved; to do this, preach Christ to all, aged and young, rich and poor, the master and servant, the mistress and maid; preaching Christ to all is preaching all Christ in all; preach Him whether men will hear or forbear; Christ above all, through all, and in all; preaching the Gospel is a work of great importance and magnitude, with grand and solemn issues. 2. A teacher of your choice, not forced upon you. 3. A teacher armed with authority, come from God, which will be proved in his acceptance and success; the sweetness and unction attending his ministry, and his continuing. Excellent counsel was given to the Church, and desires expressed for its peace and prosperity.

Mr. Haddock gave out the doxology, which was sung with eagerness and evident delight, after which Mr. S. K. Bland very suitably and earnestly concluded with prayer; and thus closed one of the happiest and never-to-be-forgotten days in this place of worship. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name (we would) give glory." Amen.

LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK. — BAPTIST CHAPEL. The anniversary of the Sabbath-school of the above place was held on Thursday, June 9, 1881. Service commenced in the afternoon at 2 o'clock, presided over by our pastor elect, E. Marsh. Some very interesting scriptural recitations, interspersed with suitable hymns, were given by the children, reflecting great credit upon both teachers and scholars, after which brother

Broom, of Fressingfield, delivered a very suitable address. A free tea was provided for the children, numbering about 200, who afterwards adjourned to a beautiful meadow, kindly lent by J. Flatman, Esq., where everything was provided to render them happy. At 5 o'clock, the friends, about 400 in number, partook of tea in the chapel, and at 6.30 brother Wilkins, of Wattisham, preached an excellent discourse from Eccles. 9, 10, "Whatsoever thy hand," &c. The Lord grant that his well-directed, practical remarks may prove a lasting blessing. It was a soul-reviving season. Brethren Debnam (Horum), Gordle, and Broom also took part in the devotional exercises. We rejoice that the Lord is still working amongst us. On Lord's-day, June 12, the baptismal waters were again moving, others are waiting, whom we hope soon to see coming forward, that our young brother (whom we feel has been sent us by the Lord) may be encouraged in his work, and see it is not in vain to preach "Christ crucified," the helpless sinner's only Saviour. Our congregations are large, while peace and unity reign in our midst. We thus gratefully record Jehovah's mercy, and rejoice in that He is "Jehovah Jireh," still faithful to His promises, and faithful to His Son.

MEOPHAM, KENT.—An interesting meeting took place on June 27, in connection with the farewell of Mr. W. K. Squirrell; an excellent tea was given by the ladies, the proceeds of which were presented to the pastor. The chairman, W. Beach, Esq., spoke in very kind and appropriate terms of his long acquaintance with the pastor, and of the esteem in which he held him as a preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus, he wished for him, and the Church he was leaving, great and covenant blessings. Savory truths were spoken by brethren Martin, Dalton, Taylor, Harply, and Cogswell. Mr. Squirrell, in taking farewell, rejoiced in the good feeling that was enjoyed, and stated that while he valued the respect of worldly people and the love of all godly persons in the village, yet he could appeal to all present that he had not sought their respect or their love by compromise, but in visiting their homes, as well as from the pulpit, he had, by the grace and help of God, spoken the truth fully, and adhered firmly to Strict Baptist principles. A vote of thanks was tendered to the chairman, who replied in a feeling manner, and concluded the meeting with prayer.

REDBOURN.—On June 28, 1881, Mr. James Newman, of Luton, was recognised as pastor of the Redbourne Old Strict Baptist Church. "Mr. Newman," said a true friend, "is a good man, and a good preacher." Praise the Lord for that. "He is not ashamed of the truth." Why should he be? Mr. John Warburton came to assist in conducting these solemn services. It was quite a red-letter-day with the cause of truth at Redbourne, in Herts. We heartily pray that this happy union may be long successful to the glory of Zion's King.

THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF WHITE-STONE, AND THE SETTLEMENT OF ITS NEW PASTOR, MR. JAMES GARDNER.

In one of the most fertile valleys of the county of Hereford, and within a short distance of Withington railway station, stands the venerable, time-honoured, and much-esteemed meeting-place of the Whitestone Church, distinguished as being one of the oldest Baptist Churches in the West of England, where, through the grace of God, the truth has been witnessed unto for many years. While many other places have given way, or succumbed through adverse circumstances, this little Bethel has continued to open its doors, and many souls can rejoice in the truth of the Gospel that from time to time is there preached, and can testify that God is still faithful and hears and answers His people's petitions.

This chapel has been the scene of the labours of good and faithful men; and when we look back and remind ourselves of days when the cause seemed a little low, and a temporary tendency for heart-sinking or despondency was felt, and then again see it arise Phoenix like, we are ready to thank God and take courage, and eventually find the dark side turn to brighter days, and a most auspicious, full of promise, and encouraging day dawn upon its history. Such a day as the latter was Monday, May 16, 1881, when the old chapel was the scene of a most interesting ceremony—viz., the ordination of Mr. James Gardner to the work of the ministry and his public recognition to the pastoral office, being the pastor elect of the Whitestone Church.

This work of ordination or commissioning a man to the work of the ministry is a very solemn matter; and those who take a visible or active part therein find it necessary to be perfectly satisfied of (1) the suitability of the person; to be sure he is taught of the Lord. (2) He may be taught of the Lord, and yet not, as the apostle says, apt to teach others. And (3) a man of good report, able to command respect, to go in and out before the people with clean hands and honest heart, which will produce an upright walk; one who wishes to preach not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and thus make him an acceptable worker to the people he is to minister amongst.

The interesting and important work of ordination took place on May 16, at a public meeting, presided over by the venerated Chas. Waters Banks, of London, supported and assisted by other ministers and friends of the cause. After singing a hymn of praise (No. 224 from "Psalms and Hymns") and supplicating the Divine Majesty to vouchsafe His presence, the Rev. J. Williams, B.A., then read portions of Scripture (1 Tim. iii. 1-7; 2 Tim. ii.) bearing on the solemn work. This was followed by a short account of the nature of a New Testament Church, by C. W. Banks, shewing the Gospel requirements, how it should be constituted and carried on, and the blessedness of its work, especially when it is engaged in the way

Scripturally laid down. This was opened up by our venerable friend in a masterly manner, and gave a tone to the meeting—a tone of honesty and sincerity, which was felt to be most impressive.

Following this was a hymn of praise (No. 678 from "Psalms and Hymns"),—

"With heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to Thee commend;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure," &c.

C. W. Banks then called upon the senior deacon, Mr. James Lewis, of Yark-hill (who has been connected with the Church for about a quarter of a century), to give in a report as to the Providential leading in their selection of Mr. Gardner for the pastorate.

He said that he had much pleasure in doing so, as he believed the leading and guidance was of the Lord, and instanced the Old Testament account of the anointing of David by Samuel (1 Sam. xvi.), where seven of the sons of Jesse are made to pass before Samuel; "and Samuel said unto Jesse, The Lord hath not chosen these. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him: for we will not sit down till he come hither. And he sent and brought him in." Mr. Lewis remarked that he thought much of that passage in connection with this ordination, inasmuch as a number of godly men had responded to invitations to the pastorate, even to the seventh; but it was not the Lord's will that either of the seven should be settled; and just when they began to despair of the right man being found, they were led to invite Mr. Gardner; and after due inquiry, they believed he was the right man for the pastoral office at Whitestone. He felt it to be a most solemn moment; and he honestly believed the choice was guided by the Lord, as the more he saw of brother Gardner the better he liked him, and this feeling grew as time proceeded, and he trusted that the union would be a great blessing both to the Church and the neighbourhood.

The questions to Mr. Gardner (1) as to his call by grace (2) and call to the ministry were put by Rev. J. Williams, who prefaced his remarks by saying that he felt it to be a great privilege to in any way assist at a service like the present, as he had very great respect for the Whitestone Church, being the original Church of the district, and, although a comparatively small one, still important as being the mother, if he may so speak, of the larger Church at Hereford, of which he himself was the pastor; and he trusted that the daughter would prove herself worthy of her worthy mother, and that this meeting would give him an opportunity of publicly expressing his wish to retain that kind and friendly fellowship which already existed, and be a means of drawing each other into closer fellowship; therefore, it was with a singular pleasure he attended as the pastor of the daughter Church at the ordination and recognition of a pastor for the mother Church; and although they all felt it was a

case of the right man for the right place, still it was nice to hear from Mr. Gardner's own lips publicly—first, as to his call by grace, which was most important; and, secondly, as to his call to the ministry.

Mr. Gardner replied to both questions in a most satisfactory manner. He was then asked to give his principles, or basis of doctrine by which his ministry would be guided.

C. W. Banks said that this was a most necessary matter, especially now, when so much that was bad was going on all around us—infidelity rampant, scepticism growing, rationalism powerful; if ever there was a time when truth should be valued, sought after, and encouraged, it is now; therefore, he would ask Mr. Gardner to give his faith publicly, both as to the Gospel and as to its ordinances. This was responded to in the following terms:—

I, James Gardener, believe the Bible (without the books of the "Apocrypha") to be the Divinely inspired Word of God, in which is revealed that there is but one only living and true God, being three distinct Persons in one mysterious equal, adorable, and eternal Trinity (John xiv. 26, xv. 26; 1 John v. 7). That in the beginning God created all things by Jesus Christ (John i. 3; Eph. iii. 9). That God made man in His own image and likeness—i.e., a holy life breathed forth from Himself into a perfect and erect human body such as He would ultimately assume (Gen. i. 26, v. 1; Eccles. vii. 29). That Satan, the chief of the apostate angels, tempted our first parents to transgress their Creator's revealed will, which they did, and thus became obedient to him and rebels against God, by which they lost all their original holiness and inherited a nature altogether sinful, and, therefore, became the progenitors of a totally depraved race, who, like themselves, dislike obedience and the presence of God, choosing rather to disobey God, and then try to hide themselves from Him (Gen. ii. 16, 17, iii. 1—7, vi. 5). That natural (i.e., unregenerate) men and women do not and cannot exercise any will, thought, or desire toward God or matters of salvation (Gen. vi. 5; Eph. ii. 12; John iii. 3). That God of old determined to punish sin, and will not be turned from His purpose (Prov. xi. 21; 2 Thess. i. 7—10; 2 Peter ii. 9). That the justice, mercy, and wisdom of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost have ordained and perfectly accomplished the complete redemption and eternal salvation of a multitude that no man can number, of sinners of every shade, and grade, and age, and nation, by the peace-speaking, sin-cleansing, sinner-reconciling, precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot (Rom. iii. 21—27; 1 Peter iii. 18, 19; Rev. vii. 9), when He became the sinner's Substitute. That all these ransomed sinners who were given to Christ by right of redemption, through the illimitable grace of God, shall come unto Him as drawn by the irresistible power of God, and thus no real coming one need fear rejection (John vi. 37—44, xii. 32). That before an experimental knowledge of

Christ as the Saviour can be enjoyed, three things are essential. 1. Conviction of sin before God. 2. Confession of sin to God. 3. Faith in the Christ of God, by the regenerating Spirit of God (Matt. x. 32; Acts xi. 18; Rom. x. 9). That faith is the gift of God, implanted in the heart by the Spirit of God, producing in the heart peace with God, love to God, joy in God, and delight in all the ways of God (Rom. v. 1, xv. 13; Gal. v. 6; 1 John iii. 22, iv. 19). That all those who heartily believe thus in the Lord Jesus Christ as their only Saviour should confess their faith in Him and be publicly baptized into the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and then be fully received into Church fellowship, and to all the privileges and enjoyments of the children of God (Matt. xxviii. 19; Mark i. 9; Acts ii. 37, 38). That all such have the privilege of commemorating the Lord's death till He shall come again visibly to be admired of His saints, when they shall no longer need to use this figure—i.e., partaking together of bread and wine by His appointment, as emblems of His broken body and shed blood (Matt. xxvi. 26; 1 Cor. xi. 2, 3, 6). I also believe in the eternity of rewards and punishments which, in both cases, begin immediately after death (Matt. xxv. 46, and xvi. 23). I also firmly hold the God-glorifying, Christ-exalting, soul-comforting doctrine of the first resurrection of the dead, of which Christ is the first-fruit, when the dead in Christ shall rise, and when those who are alive shall be changed into the image of Christ's glorious body, to live with Him on the earth a thousand years (1 Cor. xv. 51—53; Rev. xx. 2). Also that there shall be a general resurrection at the last day, when Christ shall appear as the Judge of the living and the dead, when every one of us shall give account to God and receive according to the deeds done in body, the summing up of which shall be to the righteous, "Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;" and to the wicked, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels (Rom. xiv. 10—12; Matt. xxv. 41). I also believe it to be the duty of the Christian ministry to preach the whole council of God—i.e., to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come by proclaiming the law which is condemnation, and the Gospel which is salvation to all believers (Col. i. 28; Matt. iii. 7; Luke iii. 7).

And now, dear friends, I've tried to show
What God has brought my soul to know;
Oh, may He help me thus to teach
These truths which I will always preach.

This was received with evident tokens of approval.

C. W. BANKS then said, Brethren and sisters in Christ, and congregation generally, ye have heard from brother Gardner as to his conversion and call to the ministry, and then as to his articles of faith, and the doctrines which will guide him in his work and preaching among you. I now publicly ask if there is anyone among you who wishes to say one

word as to why the union of Church and pastor should not take place. If there is a dissentient spirit, let it now find voice, as there is an opportunity given, or else for ever after hold your peace. Time being given, no one responded. He then asked brother Gardner to publicly state that he accepted cheerfully the office of pastor of this Church, and his prayer to God will be that he may be enabled to serve it faithfully. C. W. Banks then joined the hands of the pastor and deacons together, and prayer to God was offered by Rev. John Thomas, of Bargoed, entreating his blessing on the union; everybody said, Amen, amen.

Mr. Banks then addressed the pastor to the effect that in the office to which he had been duly installed there was much to rejoice in, and much to weep over, but he did hope, and pray, and beseech that he would be kept faithful, and then, when his work was done here, he would receive the welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." C. W. Banks then addressed the Church, saying with what pleasure he attended there that day. He had now known them many years, and it always gave him great pleasure to do anything he could for them, and reminded them that he had charged their pastor as to what would be required of him, and he felt it his duty to do so, and it was now equally his duty to remind them that their part was to help him in all prayerful and earnest practical sympathy, so that his labours among them may be appreciated, and the pastor encouraged by knowing that he laboured among a sympathetic and appreciative people, who would meet, not in a cold formal way, but with that earnest, loving, and feeling manner, that he may know he was welcome, and beloved for his work's sake. He would now call upon brother John Thomas to give out a hymn, who responded with the following, (No. 673 from "Psalms and Hymns").

"We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted head:
Come as a servant, so He came;
And we receive thee in His stead," &c.

Mr. Banks then stated that during the singing of that hymn he felt the time was come when they must all separate again; he would soon be at the end of his earthly journey, and soon be called home to give an account of his work; he therefore said, in all love, "Finally, brethren, farewell; may God bless the union effected this day, and may we, if it be His will, all meet above, where parting will be unknown for ever. Now let us sing, as we part,

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

ESSEX.—Monday, June 27, 1881, standing on the Witham junction, Walter Brown ran up to me; he is a kind and tender brother I am always glad to see. He had been to Billericay, I to Bocking, or Braintree. We both had been at Gospel preaching,

in faith of which we well agree. At Baptist chapel yesterday, Mr. Rose, the young Strict Baptist pastor, lucidly expounded the Scriptures, read out some of the best of our hymns, and prayed with feelings of warm desire for a rich shower of blessings. That full-grown olive tree, E. P. Brown, of Coggeshall, also read God's Word, spoke of its value, and pleaded for power from on high. I went three times to sermon work, the chief leader, good brother Wheeler, sung beautifully these words,—

"Oh, may my last expiring breath
His lovingkindness sing in death."

"Thus, as the moments pass away,
We hail with joy the auspicious day,
When we shall part no more."

At Harwich, our devoted Josiah Cowell is the happy pastor, and the people are enjoying peace. At Thaxted, the ancient John Dennison still lives, travels, and preaches, although he is between 80 and 90 years of age. On June 26, Walter Brown preached three anniversary sermons at Billericay, where they have now a settled pastor, during its existence of over 80 years; the Church here has passed through various seasons of sunshine and of sorrow, but now, with her new pastor, we hope she will be as a well-watered garden. If the Strict Baptists had more of a missionary spirit, they would prayerfully seek to plant a chapel in that rising and business-like Brentwood, where thousands of immortals wander on in the dark. We hope good Walter Brown, the minister of St. John's Green, Colchester, will be the Lord's pioneer in promoting in Essex a genuine Gospel revival. That burning light, Isaiah Smith, of Yeldham, would make a fine missionary if he would but stir up the gift that is in him.

CHRIST THE GRAND THEME AT WALTHAMSTOW.

ZION BAPTIST CHAPEL IN MAYNARD-
ROAD.

In accordance with an announcement in the Warch issue of the EARTHEN VESSEL, the fifth anniversary of the above chapel should have been celebrated in May, but it was thought advisable to postpone it until Whit-Tuesday, June 7. Not forgetful of the pressure and inconvenience felt at the ordination of the pastor, in February last, it was resolved to engage the large and commodious Public Hall, in which to hold the anniversary services. Mr. Anderson of New Cross was the preacher; text Jer. xxxvii. 17, "Is there any word from the Lord? And Jeremiah said, There is." We could state how the preacher handled this interesting subject, but his praise has so long been in the Churches, and the numerous readers of the VESSEL are so well acquainted with him, as renders the pleasing task unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that streams from the living waters smoothly flowed until the rapt attention of the audience was relieved by the discourse being brought to a close. The hall certainly had put on its best attire, the platform and other parts bearing abundant

testimony. The display of bouquets and flowers adding to the charm, as the company regaled themselves with tea, bread and butter, cakes, etc., bountifully served up. The evening service commenced at 6.30; the pastor, Mr. Copeland, presided, supported by a goodly array of ministerial brethren. Psalm xcvi. was read, when an esteemed member of the Church, Mr. Folkard, in appropriate and impressive terms, implored the Divine blessing on the Church and pastor, praying that the proceedings of the day might be the means of encouraging him in the arduous work of the ministry. The subject selected for the first speaker (Mr. Anderson), was "Christ the Husband." In his prefatory remarks he said it was his first visit to Walthamstow, he hoped it would not be his last. The subject assigned to him was but a continuation of that of the afternoon; a subject so vast, that eternity will not exhaust it. As the Husband, Christ received the spouse from His Father, before the worlds were created. In a union so eternal He foresaw the suffering, the toil, the degradation to be submitted to, but the tie was indissoluble; love moved Him to accomplish the work of full and complete redemption for His Church. The speaker said, his desire was, that the same holy passion may pervade the Walthamstow believers, that they would imitate their Head, love His people, love their house, make it comfortable for their pastor, and each other, and so would they be a united and happy family. Mr. Osmond's subject was "Christ the Shepherd." In this character David delighted to view Him. "The Lord is my Shepherd," in His complexity He is good, supremely good. Goodness being one of His divine attributes, to His sheep He must of necessity best; thus Omniscience, omnipresence, and omnipotence is called into action, warding off the attacks of the foe, defending His flock from all harm. Mr. Lawrence, of Bermondsey, in a cheerful way, spoke of "Christ the Prophet." As such He foretells events; the words of this great Prophet will not, cannot pass away. It is He who has taught the chairman, and thrust him into the ministry when young; He will continue to teach him; may He and you, the flock, sit at His feet, listening to the gracious words flowing from His lips, such teaching will assuredly be to your profit. A lay brother, Mr. Stringer, very feelingly spoke on "Christ the Priest," having shed His own blood, He is now ascended in the heavens, He sits as Intercessor. Mr. Dearsly in his usual neat, and more than usual energetic manner, spoke of "Christ the King." On His brow is sovereignty, His subjects delight to honour Him; to the penitent He holds out the golden sceptre, to the outcast, grace; He is a King in grandeur and majesty, He reigns in equity and righteousness, He is a royal King of peace, He is King of glory, His kingship is perpetual, He will wear His honours for ever and ever, His will and His Father's is one; they that rightly acknowledge Him, will own that all He does is right, they will not slight or neglect His

words, but be especially concerned to place the right crown on the right head, etc.

The hall resounded with "All hail the power of Jesus' Name;" the pastor prayed with warm feeling. Thus closed the interesting services of a day that will not be forgotten, at all events, not before Tuesday, August 23, for the Walthamstow saints are anticipating the pleasure of once again hearing Mr. Hazleton preach, and they hope the beautiful hall will then be crowded.

Leyton.

R. HUTCHINGS.

"THE OLD WAY CHAPEL." FOWN-HOPE, HEREFORD.

The Baptist Church worshipping in this delightfully rural village in the West of England, has for many years been under the pastoral care of Mr. Mudge, in the Old Way chapel, where his flock has been gathered round him from week to week during his ministry amongst them, for whom he has laboured in word and doctrine above twenty-seven years with much acceptance and success. Owing to his age he is now retiring from the pastoral office in the hope that the great Shepherd of the sheep will soon send them another of His servants, that His flock here may still be guided and fed, and that many more of the lost sheep of the House of Israel may be gathered into the fold.

On Lord's-day, in May, 1881, the anniversary sermons were preached in this memorable old chapel; and in the evening, by the united request of Mr. Mudge and the deacons, Mr. James Gardner, minister of the Baptist chapel at Whitestone, baptized eight candidates for Church fellowship (in the presence of an overflowing congregation), four women and four men, one of the women being the mother of two of the young men, which added considerably to the delightful interest felt in the service.

Oh, bless our gracious God.

For what He here has done,

For He has blessed His sacred Word,

And honoured His dear Son.

Oh, help us still to pray,

That fruitful showers may fall

On us who meet in dear "Old Way,"

And "Whitestone," and on all.

On the following Tuesday a large and cheerful company sat down to an excellent tea, tables being spread both in the chapel and on the neat little lawn in front, which is enclosed by a beautiful, well-kept box edge, the centre of which rises to a height of some ten or twelve feet, through this there is a well-shaped arch, forming a somewhat novel, and certainly a very pretty "Way in."

At the public meeting the chair was occupied by Mr. Wallace, solicitor, of Hereford, who, in a very genial manner performed his duty, giving in his opening speech an interesting review of the history of the cause. Then Mr. Evans, of Hereford, gave out in a glowing manner some good things.

Mr. Perriu, Baptist minister, of Ross, spoke well upon Satan's defeat through the triumphs of Almighty Grace.

Mr. J. Gardner, minister of the Baptist Church at Whitestone was called to the

front, who took for his text the word "Time," which he formed into an acrostic, thus:—

Time is—

T ransient,

I rrecoverable,

M oving,

E bbing.

Closing his address with a poem he had written for the occasion, and which we hope to publish in *Cheering Words*.

Mr. G. King, deacon of Baptist Church of Hereford, gave appropriate and encouraging words, addressing himself more especially to the newly baptized persons.

Rev. J. Williams, B.A., of Baptist chapel, Hereford, who had been laid aside for several days by illness, was also present, and gave a warm and encouraging address, which he commenced by saying he was like the old Scotchman, who, when asked if he could play the piano said, "For all I know I can, for I have never tried," for he, Mr. W., had not tried to speak in public for a considerable time, but he would now attempt, which he did, with considerable success.

Last, but not least, Mr. Mudge came forward, and, like a true veteran, spoke a few pungent words to the praise of the gracious God who had stayed him up, and helped him on till now, when he must retire and leave the field to younger and stronger men, hoping they would still pray for him, and then concluded his weighty, though short farewell speech by saying in his usual quaint way, "Now, pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

BANBURY.—Ebenezer Chapel, in Dashwood-road, held anniversary services Sunday and Monday, July 10 and 11, when Mr. J. B. McCure again dived into that profound exclamation of the ancient Israelitish bard, "Although my house be not so with God, yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure." Here Mr. McCure is at home, joyfully, intelligently, and sound as the heart of the Gospel oak. Then, "He restoreth my soul," and "I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted, and the right of the poor," furnished the table with rare provisions. John Bunyan McCure swims in the ocean of Mercy, and travels his numerous circuits with diligence and delight. Our Sunday school treat crowned our anniversary services most appropriately.

RISELEY.—Sunday school sermons were preached in June by Mr. Dexter. You will not think (as you have long known our Baptist chapel) that we have too soon begun to move toward the renovation of our house of prayer. Since the days of William Wilson we have progressed a little. God help us in the work of soul-reviving. That is the blessing we desire. Our Bedfordshire Baptist Churches are not so successful in the work of "effectual calling" as our pastor and people do plead for. As a Church, we are forty years of age, with a registered membership of 14! Surely we are more than that!—O. F.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, HADLEIGH.—It gives us great pleasure as a Church and people to make known the mercy and faithfulness of our Triune Jehovah in still blessing us by the preaching of the glorious Gospel. The Lord's work is going on in our midst, and He is still constraining some to cast in their lot with us. The second Lord's-day in May was a season long to be remembered. Our pastor (Mr. Northfield) spoke from Mark x. 32, "Jesus went before them," after which, he, in a solemn manner, administered the ordinance of believers' baptism to four, which sight was witnessed by a crowded assembly, who paid the strictest attention throughout the entire service. On the first Sabbath in June the pool was again opened, when two more candidates (husband and wife) followed their Lord and Master in His appointed way, on which occasion Mr. Northfield preached from Isaiah xxx. 21, "This is the way, walk ye in it." What a blessed sight it was to witness husband and wife thus publicly professing their repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. July 3, our brother Northfield dilated impressively and instructively on 1 Peter iii. 21, after which discourse, he again led two more persons down into the water, and immersed them in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Lord still preserves us in peace, and amidst all His favours we are constrained to say, "What hath God wrought!" "Let Him alone be magnified."—**ONE THAT LOVES ZION.**

CITY ROAD.—"JIREH," EAST-ROAD. Special services were holden May 22 and 24; sermons by W. Lodge, F. C. Holden, and C. W. Banks were delivered. James Lee, Esq., presided over public meeting. The congregation was numerous; the assembly of Strict Baptist ministers was large and varied. We saw Elias Griffiths, who is now residing in Walworth, also John Inward, H. Brown, James Clark, William Webb, C. L. Kemp, W. H. Evans, C. W. Banks, W. Lodge, W. Beddow, W. Osmond, Thomas Steed, John Rayment, and others. The water-pots were well set upon the table, filled up to the brim, and some new wine of the kingdom refreshed the weary soul. Much good seed is sown on these occasions, and where the sower's motive is to honour the Lord and to help the Church, some fruit will be found, although it may not be until after many days.

STONHAM, SUFFOLK.—We had a high day on Whit-Wednesday; our pastor, Mr. Grimwood, had his heart cheered to see so many friends come together. In the afternoon, our brother, Joseph Wilkins, of Wattisbam, preached to a large congregation, the chapel being right full. Friends came from Crowfield, Mendlesham, Coddensham, and many other places round, so that we had a large number to tea, many had to go up into the gallery to have tea, the chapel below being so full. Brother Dearing, of

Crowfield, began the evening service by reading and prayer, and Mr. Wilkins preached again to a crowded congregation, taking his text from Psalm cxlv. 18. It was a precious time, and we found it good to be there. We hope our brother will come and preach to us again.—H. S.

Births.

On July 9, at 102, Kennington-park-road, the wife of Mr. Walter Keast, of a daughter.

On July 13, at Kennington-park, the wife of Mr. John Henry Beach, of a son.

On July 16, at Newington-causeway, the wife of Mr. Harris, of a daughter.

Marriages.

At Middlesborough, July 7, 1881, Miss Ann Elizabeth Vernon to Mr. T. W. Bambridge.

Recently, at Commercial-road Baptist chapel, Guildford, by Mr. Mitchell, Miss Amelia Nash (of Staines), to Mr. John Bonney (late of London, now of Guildford).

Deaths.

In loving remembrance of Benjamin Warner, who died at Devizes, June 28, aged 38.

Mr. James Woodard, for many years the Baptist minister of Ilford, breathed his last in the world on Saturday, July 9, 1881. Of him and his departure we hope to give review another month.

John Cooke, of Wroughton, Wiltshire, died April 8, 1881, aged 77 years. For the greater part of his life he was closely connected with the Particular Baptists; his master, to whom he was apprenticed, being a God-fearing man, and a member of a Particular Baptist Church at Lechlade, was the means the Lord used at first of leading him to sit under a Gospel minister. In after years he removed to Wroughton, the place of his birth, where he married and settled. There being no Particular Baptist chapel at Wroughton, the friends met in a room for reading of the Word and prayer. They occasionally got ministers to speak to them. Mr. Lawrence was closely acquainted with my father for some years. For years before his death, my father was perplexed with doubts and fears respecting his eternal state. I have heard him say at times he was far too great a sinner ever to be saved. The state of his mind will be described in those lines,—

"If I love, why am I thus?"

Why this dull and lifeless frame?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse—

Who have never heard His Name."

A little time before his death it pleased the Lord to give him a clear manifestation of His adoption, turning his darkness into light. Before his death he would often repeat that hymn,—

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,

He whom I fix my hope upon."

Also these closing lines,—

"Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place."

He was confined to his bed for about a month before he died, during which time he was a great sufferer. On Friday, April 8, his happy spirit took its flight to be forever with the Lord. His remains were committed to the earth on the following Thursday in the parish churchyard, in a certain hope of a resurrection unto eternal life. "Let my last end be like His," is the prayer of—C. C.

The Grand Old Gospel Explored.

BY PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN.

AND MR. BATTERSBY'S SERMON ON THE LEAVEN REVIEWED.

[We wish all spiritually-enlightened readers to peruse carefully both Mr. Battersby's sermon and Mr. Allen's following review. In a true Gospel meaning, they are "like a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot," although in the application or use of the parable, they differ. Brother Allen's defence of the purity, power, and permanent virtue of the kingdom of heaven, in the following earnest exposition, is a noble and understandable, yea, an undeniable testimony. TEXT-ABUSERS, and BIBLE-PERVERTERS, are entreated to read this paper on their knees. The system of merely making a *handle* of God's Word, whereby to ladle out their views, is awfully injurious.—ED. "E. V."]

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Love, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you by Him for ever and ever. Amen. Yours of March 22 is now with me, for which I thank you much, as I do also for the one in February *Cheering Words*. How exceedingly kind and brotherly you are to me, for which I do give thanks to our most gracious Lord, our very dear Redeemer. Should I be spared, I will give you a pen-and-ink photo' of the Churches and ministers of the Lord in these colonies at your solicitation.

I am very sorry to be informed of your long and painful illness, and have entreated the good Lord to raise you up, and spare your mortal life for some time yet, that you may serve His Church by written and spoken words of truth and love, to His glory.

I post you with this a paper with an account of our eleventh annual meeting, from which you will see how we do. Bless the dear Lord Jesus, the Great Head of the Church, we still live, because He lives.

"Our life we from His sap derive,
Our vigour from the skies."

"His Spirit to our spirits
Sweet words of comfort saith,
How He the weak ones cherish,
Who lean on Him by faith."

"His Spirit does cherish the life He first gave;
We never can perish while Jesus can save."

He who gave us His Son gives us all needful things. This is how we live spiritually, ministerially, ecclesiastically, domestically, and commercially; and I must say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" If God holds a man or worm up, who can put him or it down? If God lets a king go, a nation cannot hold him up. The advertising party do us no harm; all know we hold the same doctrines. Why are they separate, say you? I answer, Because I would rebuke malice and wickedness, and would have no fellowship with it. If editors knew who they took into their folds, I am sure they would very soon discard them. I do not think it any loss for such to be gone.

Now, dear brother, permit me to say a few words upon Mr. Battersby's sermon upon the leaven in three measures of meal, in Matt. xiii. 33, which you so favourably review in your April number. I must very positively protest against the sense this good brother gives to this sweet parable of the Lord Jesus. The sentiments of the sermon I espouse, I thank God you have such a man in England. What he says of Rome, High Church, the sects, and the Gospel, I admire. I pray God to bless his faithfulness. But I protest against his making the corruption of the Gospel, the pollution of the present Church of England, and the rottenness of the Church of Rome, the meaning of the Lord by the leaven being hid in three measures of meal, and finally fermenting the whole. To me this is most insufferable.

I.—*The kingdom of heaven is like unto,*" &c. Now, it is called the *kingdom of heaven* because it is *from heaven*, and *heavenly in its nature*, and *destined to heaven*. It is often called *the kingdom of God*, because it is *of God*, *for God*, and *to God*. It's God is in heaven, it's *King* came from heaven, went up into heaven, and shall again come in the clouds of heaven. Oh, so heavenly! The subjects of this *kingdom* are "*born from above*"—heavenly in their nature; their language, dress, manners, and worship are all heavenly; their bread and water, fruit and medicine, all come from heaven. Their home is the heavenly city that hath foundations; their nobles are the heavenly councillors and the heavenly angels of the Church, who are with their Governor. Their constitution, upon which the empire is founded, is the everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure—heavenly. The statute-book of this kingdom of heaven is the Gospel of the kingdom—heavenly laws. The atmosphere which encircles this holy nation is Divine love, which the people of this empire breathe. The national bond of fellowship by which the people are held together is sovereign grace, and its walls are salvation and strength. This is the *kingdom of heaven* over which Jesus Christ is the *King immortal*. *Pharaoh's kingdom* was earthly, so was David's, so was Solomon's, and so was Cæsar's; but *Christ's is heavenly*.

Now, will any man dare to tell me that this "*kingdom of heaven*," over which God has made His dear Son King for ever, is to become all corrupt, like the rotten Church of Rome, the apostate High Church, and the foul Arminian sects? Oh, brother Battersby, do take the New Testament in your hand, and turn to every place where the words are found, and see where any such thing as a corrupt Gospel, or a corrupt Church, like Rome, can be found in these words. Rome is called "*the earth*," "*the great whore*," "*the beast*," &c., but never "*the kingdom of heaven*." You might as well call hell heaven, and heaven hell, light darkness, and darkness light, bitter sweet, and sweet bitter. The Gospel is never called "*the kingdom of heaven*," but "*the Gospel of the kingdom*," as our statute-book is not the kingdom of England, but the statute-book of the kingdom of Her Majesty.

The vile gospels referred to by Mr. Battersby are not God's Gospel corrupted, but other gospels, as the apostle declares. All the fiends in the pit shall never be able to ferment our own blessed Gospel with the infernal errors of Rome. It came to us as pure milk from the breast of God's consolations; and blessed be God, we shall leave it as pure as we found it to the next new-born subjects of our glorious King of the kingdom. Let us notice a few places where these words are found.

The ministry of John and the Son of God opened with these glorious words, "Repent ye, for the *kingdom* of heaven is at hand." That is, the glorious empire of grace and mercy is about to be opened to poor sinners. Publicans and harlots are about to become the subjects of the King of grace, by the exercise of repentance towards God, and faith in the Son of God. Can such a kingdom as this become a receptacle of every foul spirit? No, never!

Again, it is declared that this *kingdom of heaven* shall be the most blessed portion of the poor in spirit. This is their inheritance for ever and ever, incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away; reserved in heaven for them. Is this, their blessed portion, to be the horribly unclean Church of Rome; the corrupt Church of England; and the abominable stench of Pelagus and Arminius? Never!

The holy tribes of God's dear elect are said to come from the North, East, South, and West, to set down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in this kingdom of heaven. Blessed be God,—

"Grace, till the tribes redeemed by blood
Are brought to know themselves and God,
Her empire shall maintain."

What! Does Mr. Battersby mean to say these our ancient fathers, and our holy tribes, are to set in a filthy den like the Church of Rome? I protest against it solemnly. The keys of this kingdom of heaven open for us a better place than Rome. The kingdom of heaven, which cannot be moved, and which is not meat and drink, but peace, righteousness, and joy in the Holy Ghost, can never be corrupted as our friend has made out; but will stand, the holy empire of God, to all eternity, when the Son of God shall have gathered, saved, and made perfect all the subjects of this kingdom, and deliver it up to the Father with "Here am I, Father, and the children; count them, Father; see that they are all here, and safe, sound, and perfect, Father." Then the high hallelujahs of all the innumerable millions of this King shall fill all heaven with the highest praise.

"Worthy is the Lamb," &c.

Mr. Battersby may say that "the kingdom of heaven" sometimes means this, and sometimes something corrupt. I say it does not. Does heaven sometimes mean hell? Never! Does *the King* sometimes mean Satan? Never! The Holy Ghost never calls an hellish thing *heavenly*. Neither the God, the King, the city, the nobles, the subjects, the temple, the air, the Book, nor territory of this heavenly kingdom of grace, shall ever be fermented by the leaven of perdition. It is a violation of its name and its nature to say it can. It is to attempt violence on the whole New Testament description of this kingdom to say it can. Mr. Battersby may say it has an internal and external aspect; a holy and a most holy place, and that he has applied the parable to its external aspect. Be it so; yet still that holy place shall never be wholly the place of the doctrines of devils.

The external holy place of the kingdom is the holy sanctuary into which the subjects of the great King are gathered here on earth, educated, washed, and dressed, to be passed on to the most holy place within the veil. This is so far from being wholly defiled, that if hay, straw, or stubble is brought into this, "God's building," it shall be

destroyed ; but the building of God shall not become corrupt. If a wicked servant, with an unforgiving temper, or one who hides his talent, or one who beats his fellow-servants, a lordly deacon, a tyrant parson, a malicious member gets into this external part of the kingdom, they are purged out of it; but this holy place is not left to corruption, death, and worms. If foolish virgins get in, they too are separated. If unfruitful trees are there, the heavenly Father roots them up. If chaff is there, it is blown out. If unfruitful branches, they are removed. If goats are there, they are separated. If bad fish are there, they are cast away. If in this *world's field* tares grow around the wheat of the kingdom, the Lord of it will send His angels to gather out of His kingdom all that offend or corrupt.

Thus in all the New Testament description of this kingdom of heaven we have it everywhere represented as having all corruption taken out of it, so that it should be the holy family, household, temple, garden, vineyard, farm, fold, and dwelling-place of the holy God. It is never represented as becoming a hot-bed of corruption, errors, sin, and shame, like the Church of Rome.

This candlestick may be removed from Rome, London, or Sydney, to some other place ; but its holy gold can never become dross. As soon may heaven become hell, or day night.

II.—Let us notice *the King* of this kingdom. What Egypt was to the Pharaohs, Rome to the Cæsars, and Israel to Saul, David, and Solomon, this kingdom is to God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ; and what these kings were to their kingdoms, God is to this kingdom of heaven.

Old Napoleon, in his exile at St. Helena, had a very clear idea, intellectually, of the kingdom of heaven. He said, “Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself (he might have said the Pope) founded empires ; but upon what foundation did we rest the creation of our genius ? *Upon force. Jesus Christ founded an empire upon love ; and at this hour millions of men would die for Him !*” This seems to be a better view of the King and His empire than Mr. Battersby has given us in his sermon.

God Himself is the original King of this empire ; Therefore, David said, “O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God. The Lord setteth King forever.” As such, Jehovah the Father, setteth the Lord Jesus officially over this empire. “Yet have I set My King upon My holy hill of Zion,” as in Psa. ii. In Psa. xlv. you have an holy description of His person, and the eternity of His throne. In Psa. ii. you have the nature of His government, and the character of His subjects set forth. In Psa. xxiv. you have the triumphant manner in which He went to His throne. In Isa. vi. you have a view of Him upon His throne, and a solemn testimony of His sovereignty. In Rev. iv. and v. you have an account of the Father, handing over the Book of heaven's decrees for Him to execute, and fulfill, when all heaven sang,—

“He shall fulfil Thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well,
Lo, in His hands the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and earth, and hell.”

In Matt. xxviii. you have His declaration of His dominion in heaven and earth, and His command for the Gospel to be preached in all His

lower dominions. In John xvii. you have the reason given for His being King of kings, as well as King of the heavenly kingdom—viz., to give eternal life to all the subjects of the empire of grace. In Eph. i. you have the same testimony that God has given Him to be Head over all things, to His body, the Church, the fulness of Him who filleth All in all. King of kings, and King of saints. In 1 Cor. xv. you have an account of the way and manner in which He will give up the kingdom of heaven to God His Father, from whom He received it; and in the same sense as that in which He received it. This will be when all the subjects of this King shall be born, and new-born; washed, dressed, nourished, educated, and full-grown—perfect. Body, soul, and spirit perfect, immortal and incorruptible; death swallowed up; devils chained down in hell; sin annihilated; glory revealed. Every face and every form will then look heavenly and divine. This is when the King will give up this kingdom of heaven to God and the Father, and God will be All in all. The administration of grace will end, as now ministered by Christ the Mediator, for His mediatorial reign will be consummated in eternal glory; when God, Father, Son, and Spirit shall to all eternity be *All in all*.

“ When God makes up His last account
Of nations in His holy mount,
’Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.”

This, then, my dear brother, is what God says of the King of this kingdom of heaven.

Now, can we believe that this King, the Lord Jesus Christ, will ever let His empire go to corruption, death, and worms, to be a stench in the nostrils of God, angels, saints, and men, as the Church of Rome has now become? I protest against such a thought. Our King forbids it, grace prevents it, and God preserves it. My soul, rather cry to Him,—

“ Reign o’er us as King,
Accomplish Thy will,
And powerfully bring
Us forth from all ill,
Till falling before Thee,
We laud Thy lov’d Name,
Ascribing the power and glory
To God and the Lamb.”

Be assured this King will take better care of His kingdom than to let it go to corruption. I am the more zealous to protest against this misinterpretation of the Word of God, as I see all error crept into the Church by this means. I see this is much done in the present day. Men take a text for an accommodation, to carry out their own ideas; but what they say has nothing whatever to do with the meaning of God in the text they take, any more than it has to do with the man in the moon. There is no unfolding of the holy sense of the Divine Word. I see many of the sermons of your great London men are sound speech, many of them sound doctrines and wholesome words, but they are not expositions of the Word of God they profess to expound. It is so in this case. I try to see what use the Holy Ghost has usually made of the leading words in the text. How the context governs them. What He has said upon the subject in all other parts of His inspired Word. Trace these leading words out in the lexicons of the original language. I

put my views through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and if they meet with any contradiction lay them aside, and pray for more light. Now, I do think, in all humility before God, and kindness to Mr. Battersby, if he had have done thus with the words: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto," &c., he never would have put his good discourse to that blessed text.

In my next, dear brother, if you will allow me, I will try and show why the kingdom of heaven is like a woman, which took three measures of meal, and put leaven into it, until the whole was leavened. The woman, the meal, and the leaven is now to be considered. In the meantime, let me entreat you to add to your former kindness to me by giving me space for this feeble vindication of the holy empire of the Lord Jesus.

With heart-felt desire for your health, joy and peace, and for the prosperity of the VESSEL, I remain,

Your most affectionate brother in the Lord,

DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor.*

Sydney, June 16th. 1881.

THE LORD'S EYE EVER ON HIS PEOPLE.

BY JOSIAH MORLING, ST. NEOTS.

"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—Psalm xxxii. 8.

THIS Psalm commences with a sweet and precious declaration, the experimental enjoyment of which is very desirable. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." David knew the truth of this in his own soul; and, therefore, was a competent judge. Thousands besides David have also realised it, and have been able to add their hearty Amen to it. To enjoy the pardoning love and mercy of the Lord God Almighty in the soul is worth more than ten thousand worlds. Heaven and pardon are inseparably linked together. If, through the atoning blood, we are favoured to realise pardon, we shall most assuredly possess heaven with all its untold happiness and undying glories. Pardon is a stream divine, that comes rolling down from the eternal throne, by the way of Calvary, to every elect vessel of mercy; and in due time everyone to whom it comes shall be favoured to stand before that throne with "palms in their hands," and sing, while they gaze upon Him who was once the Man of sorrows, but who is now the Man of glory—"Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." This is certain, seeing they have an infallible Guide. It is David's Lord who guides them with His eye.

I.—THE DIVINE EYE. It ought never to be forgotten that "God is a Spirit;" and, therefore, has not corporeal parts as has man. The Lord, to meet our weak capacities, and for the better instruction of His beloved people, has been pleased to ascribe to Himself human forms. Hence, whenever we find human forms attributed to Jehovah we may know there is something intended that is worthy of our prayerful consideration. We sometimes read of God's *hand* and *arm*, by which we understand the Almightyness of His power is intended, as in Exodus xv. 16. We wish now to make a few observations upon His EYE.

1. By His eye we may understand His *perfect knowledge* (see Job xxxiv. 21; Psal. xi. 4, &c.). This is a terrible consideration for the ungodly, but it is encouraging and comforting to the believer. Then there is that remarkable passage in Heb. iv. 13—"All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." How sensibly, how keenly does the awaked soul feel that solemn truth. He feels that God is all eye—knowing his actions, words, looks, thoughts, motives. This makes him tremble, and sigh, "Woe is me, for I am undone."

God knows *what* His people are. Although we often try to tell what poor sinful creatures we are, He knows it better than we do ourselves. He knows *where* they are. Are they in the valley, on the mount, in the furnace, in the dungeon, in prison, in captivity, compassed with the bulls of Bashan, or beset with snarling dogs? He knows it; He knows *what they need*. Do you need deliverance? Do you need light? Do you need food, or clothing, or healing, or comforts? He knows it. He knows the *way they should take*. Had Israel been left to themselves would they have went so far about to get to Canaan? Doubtless they would have tried a shorter route. Had Job been left to choose for himself we should never have had that expression from him, "He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

2. *His watchfulness and care*. The Lord has a special interest in His people. To them, in the highest possible sense, will the language apply, "A land which the LORD thy God careth for: the *eyes* of the LORD thy God are always upon it" (Dan. xi. 12). He does not constantly watch over them for nought. "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him . . . to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine." So great is His care for His dear people that "he that toucheth them toucheth the apple of His eye." Did many really believe that solemn truth their conduct would often be very different to what it is. But God will surely "avenge His elect which cry to Him night and day."

3. *Kindness and favour*. We read of an "evil eye;" but towards the Lord's dear people His eye is always an eye of kindness and favour. For a moment glance at Psalm xxxi. 22: "I said in my haste, I am cut off from before Thine eyes." Ah! we often say things in our haste that we should not upon calm deliberation. Oh, those fits of unbelief! how we seem to forget that the Lord hath said, "I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands." Poor Jonah said, "I am cast out of Thy sight." But the blessed Remembrancer was there, and reminded him of the sacrifice and the mercy-seat; therefore he said, "Yet will I look again toward Thy holy temple." He soon proved that his rebellion had not destroyed the Lord's kindness and favour. The Psalmist also proved that his unbelief had not destroyed it, for he said, "Nevertheless Thou hearest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto Thee."

4. *Approbation*. God's eye and God's heart go together. "Mine eye and Mine heart shall be there perpetually" (1 Kings ix. 3). Now, Christ is the true temple, in which all the Lord's people are interested. It is only as we are interested in Him and His finished work that we have the eye and the heart of Jehovah. There is great sympathy between the eye and the heart. The eye frequently affects the heart,

and the heart the eye. God sees His people in their distresses, and His heart is affected, and because His heart delights in them His eye beholds them for good. "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look upon iniquity" (Habb. i13). The antithesis is, that God, being of pure eyes, He can and will behold (with approbation) that which is good, and look upon that which is pure. Now, God puts that which is good and pure in the hearts of His chosen; they cry and are heard. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me; but verily God hath heard me: He hath attended to the voice of my prayer" (Psalm lxi. 18, 19). How very forcible are these words!

II.—DIVINE GUIDANCE. God has knowledge enough and wisdom enough to guide His own people, and He only. Well might Moses say, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." He can counsel and direct; for His wisdom is as extensive as His knowledge. Yes, and He will so guide as to fulfil all His wise purposes and designs concerning us, and always according to His own infallible plan. They are well guided who are guided by the Lord—"I will lead them in paths they have not known."

1. He will guide the poor sensible sinner to the *cross*, to the *fountain* opened for sin and uncleanness. How necessary is this! If we are not washed we have no part with Christ. Have you and I been guided thither? Have we been washed there?

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may we, though vile as he,
Wash all our sins away."

2. He guides into *peace*. The soul uncleansed is a stranger to Gospel peace. Doubtless this is a day for much *false* peace; but no living soul can be satisfied with a peace that is not the consequence of the *sprinkling* of the precious blood upon the conscience. It is not enough to know that the blood has been shed. Devils know that. There must be application to the blood, and the application of the blood. Thus God guides into peace.

3. He guides into *truth*. We have met with those who have told us that "it does not matter what doctrines we hold if we are sincere." What thousands go thus blindfold to hell! Good Lord, let us be sincere, but let us be sincere in the "truth as it is in Christ Jesus." May it be our lot to be daily and experimentally guided into all the great doctrines of grace, that we may know the truth, and the freedom the truth effects.

4. Through all the *mazes of time*. How circuitous and zig-zag the way often is. Still He guides. We have some notable examples in the cases of Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Paul, and others. Through losses, afflictions, sorrows, temptations, persecutions, trials, bereavements, darkness, light, joy, &c.,

"He safely leads our souls along,
His lovingkindness, O how strong!"

5. Lastly, He will guide into *glory*. That will be the best of it. Then will the soul be filled with wonder, joy, and satisfaction. There shall be no going out.

"Millions of years our wondering eyes
Shall o'er His beauties roll."

By way of conclusion note, 1. His guidance is most *desirable*. We are ignorant. "Show me Thy way." 2. It is *indispensable*. We may dispense with friends in the world and in the Church, and stand alone, as Paul did, but we can never dispense with His guidance. We cannot claim independence. 3. It is most *valuable*. He may use a variety of means for effecting His purpose. Reading the Word; hearing the Word; the secret and silent sealing home of the Word while at the throne of grace, &c. However it may be, it is most valuable.

May it be our high privilege to be guided by His eye until we come to the realms of light, for His holy Name's sake. Amen.

"BUT I MUST DIE IN THIS LAND."

(Continued from page 233.)

MOSES was thoroughly a man, and so truly a man of God, that he did not break his heart over the Lord's denial of his desire to go and see that good land, called "the land of Canaan." In the midst of his discourse in Deut. iv. he seems to be moved for a moment on the point, and he says, "Furthermore, the LORD was angry with me for your sakes, and sware that I should not go over Jordan; and that I should not go unto

"THAT GOOD LAND,

which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance." Then comes the words so impressed upon my mind, and to which I referred last month—"But I must die in this land,

"I must not go over Jordan;

but ye shall go over, and possess that good land." How often did the heart of Moses think upon "*that good land!*" but the LORD would not listen to the repeated request of Moses in the matter.

To my weak, sensitive mind there is a vein of deep sorrow running through the history of Moses; his cries unto God, and the Lord's denial. In chapter iii. the lawgiver and leader of God's ancient Israel says, "And I besought the Lord, saying, "O Lord God, Thou hast begun to show Thy servant Thy greatness and Thy mighty hand, for what God is there in heaven, or in earth, that can do according to Thy works, and according to Thy might? I pray Thee." O see, how the ancient servant of God poureth out his heart before his great Master! Harken:—

*"I pray Thee, let me go over,
And see the good land which is beyond Jordan,
That goodly mountain, and Lebanon."*

"But, the Lord was wrath with me for your sakes; He would not hear me; and the Lord said unto me, *Let it suffice thee*, SPEAK NO MORE unto ME of this matter."

How severe! How stern!! Surely, it must have cut deep into Moses' poor soul!

No time, however, is left for Moses to sit down to weep. The Lord immediately adds: "Get thee up into the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes Westward, and Northward, and Southward, and Eastward, and behold it with thine eyes, for thou shalt not go over this Jordan."

PUNISHMENT FOR SIN AND PRESERVATION IN GRACE stand here prominently united. Raving talkers, who have boldly declared that the Almighty cannot punish any of His people for sin, may learn thrilling lessons here. Some have seen three things in the Lord thus dealing with Moses. Not only Divine *severity*, but Divine *wisdom* and *compassion*; it has been thought that even here

“ Behind a frowning providence
There hides a smiling face.”

Divine *wisdom* and holy *compassion* silently said, “Moses has done enough! He has had one hundred and twenty years’ hard toil, travel and suffering; and, now, at his time of life, to send him over Jordan into the land of Canaan, where he would have enemies and wars, and intense labour, would be too hard a task for him. He has done all that has been appointed for him, except charging Joshua, and giving His farewell address to the Tribes.” Hence, the Lord saith to Moses, “Charge Joshua, and encourage him, and strengthen him; for he shall go over before the people; and he shall cause them to inherit the land which thou shalt see.”

Moses was not really and truly a type of a saviour, but Joshua was

THE OLD TESTAMENT JESUS,

and Joshua should take the people over Jordan; and cause them to inherit the land. “The law made nothing perfect,” but it brought them to the borders of the deeply-rolling Jordan, and JESUS, by the power of the SPIRIT, in the Gospel, carefully, safely, certainly takes them in. I would not, however, put any other interpretation upon the fact of Moses not being allowed to go over into the land, than that which the Lord Himself has put upon it. Mr. Bardsley says:—“Remember, the Rock in Horeb was only to be smitten once. At Kadesh Barnea Israel again thirsted. ‘They provoked Moses’ spirit so that he spake unadvisedly with his lips.’ ‘Hear now, ye rebels, must we fetch you water out of this rock?’ This was grievous sin; but was it for this only that the edict went forth, ‘Ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them’? Was it not rather because, when God’s command was, ‘*Speak* to the rock,’ Moses ‘*lifted up his hand and with his rod he smote the rock twice*’? Thus God testified to all time His displeasure against those who should presume, as it were, to smite again the Son of God, by offering His sacrifice again, when the Word of God distinctly declares that ‘we are sanctified by the offering of Jesus Christ once for all.’ ‘For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.’”

One day lately I was in much earnest prayer with the Lord to send us a season of ingathering of precious souls, before my public work quite ceased, when, suddenly, I was led to leave off pleading in that strain, and I realised a spirit of submission. I remembered Abraham cried, “Oh, that Ishmael might live before THEE!” But God’s negative came upon that request: “As for Ishmael I have heard thee, but My covenant will I establish with Isaac.” I remembered Moses pleaded to go over into the land, David desired to build a house for the Lord, and Paul cried for the thorn to be removed, but he had to bear it; and I said, “O Lord, not my will, but Thine be done.”

Talk of comets and brilliant stars! They abound in the metropolitan suburbs, where my tent is pitched; and although I have a continued

supply of messages, I trust, from the Lord, and some soul-enjoyment in dispensing the Word; although we have seasons of refreshing, and some seals given, yet what might be considered prosperity in numbers increasing, or overflowing, comes not to us. A few nights back I had a most striking, and, to me, a very instructing dream. I was (as the dream went) in a large, fine room alone, quite by myself. At the farther corner of the room, on the left hand, was a door. I stood looking at this door in the corner; why, I could not tell. Presently that door opened—

DEATH, IN THE FORM OF A SKELETON,

walked in from that door, and stood with its back to the wall, looking steadily at me. It was a beautiful skeleton, as of a fine, tall, well-proportioned gentleman. There was nothing frightful nor ghastly about it; nor was I in the least alarmed. After it had looked at me a little while, it burst into a hearty laugh; it lifted up its head, folded its arms, and looked on me cheerfully and quietly, but said nothing; only I thought from its expression of calm watching me, it appeared to suggest, or to say,—

“I AM WAITING FOR YOU!”

I awoke with that impression. I felt no painful emotion; I could only gather from it that death was only waiting God's time for me; and that, when it did come, it would come peaceably, beautifully—free from all alarming terrors. There was no darkness in the room where death stood; there was no frown, no appearance of haste about him. It was more as the following speaketh. When in prison, Samuel Rutherford said, “My Lord Jesus is kinder to me than ever He was; it pleased Him to dine and sup with His afflicted prisoner. A King feasteth me. I would not exchange my Lord Jesus for all the comfort out of heaven.” Norman McLeod, a few hours before his death, said, “I have had deep thoughts of God. I feel as if He said, ‘We know one another. I love you, forgive you; put My hands around you.’ Happy thought, Thou art with me.” Charles McKenzie could say, “I have been with Christ all night, and to-day I am ready for anything.” Great peace had these; inward strength, as the Apostle Paul had, when, after he had stood before the most cruel and ferocious man, perhaps, the world has ever seen, he could write, “Nevertheless, the Lord stood by me.” When we feel we are at Christ's side and He is with us, all trials and sorrows can be endured.

I have reflected upon that dream, and while it was in my thoughts the “Circular Letter” on “SANCTIFICATION” (written for the Suffolk and Norfolk Association, by Mr. Charles Hill), fell into my hands, and I have been much interested in it. One portion so powerfully moved my heart respecting “DEATH,” that I am constrained to quote it in these pages, as it throws a sacred light on the chamber where I stood when

I SAW DEATH COME IN.

Mr. Charles Hill, in this beautiful “Circular Letter,” draws a vivid contrast between DEATH coming to the impenitent, the unpardoned, the unsanctified soul, and death coming to the godly. It might be well if this contrast could be read by tens of thousands. I ask my readers to give to it their most prayerful attention. Coming to the experimental branch of his subject, “*Sanctification*,” Mr. Charles Hill says:—

"We enter upon the dread domains of death—that mighty monarch who, by divine permission, exercises universal dominion over Adam's fallen race—whose adamant heart knows no relenting—whose iron hand never strikes in vain—whose eye is never wet with tears of sympathy or pity—whose tread is heard alike in palace and in hut—whose presence invades all places—who spares neither young or old, rich or poor, miserable or happy, peer or peasant, brave or beautiful, ignorant or learned, saint or sinner—before whose sceptre and scythe all must fall; for "it is appointed unto men once to die;" and we shall see, drawn in sharp and distinct lines, the solemn issues of the sovereign act of eternal sanctification. Well might the prophet say, "The Lord desireth not the death of a sinner." Who could? Not the bitterest and most inveterate enemy he ever had in life could do so. It is an event so fearful, so intensely awful, when contemplated in relation to the life ended, the immortality of the man, the testimony of the Holy Word, and the vast matters of the future state, that we shudderingly turn from it and pray God in His infinite mercy that it may never be ours. The worse than wasted life, unrelieved by a ray of light; the awakened conscience asserting the claims of God; the memory gathering into vivid nearness the host of past offences; the soul gazing into the future without hope—in distraction—in apprehension—in torment—beholds no way of escape from the consequences of its sin, and the threatened punishment of retributive justice and everlasting destruction from the presence of God, and the power of His glory, in despair, departs, groaning in agony, 'Lost, lost, for ever lost!'

"Lingering about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.
Tormenting pangs distract his breast,
Where'er he turns he finds no rest;
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And in despair and horror, dies.'

"Now change the scene, and enter the chamber where the good man meets his end. Here everything is altered and reversed. He is ready, and has 'nothing to do but to die.' Calmly, comfortably, even joyfully he awaits the summons to enter into the Master's presence, to join the grand assembly round the throne, to mingle with the songsters in their shouts of victory and strains of praise, to possess his promised rest and crown of life and glory, to be for ever with, like, and in the sinless, ceaseless service of the Lord he loves. Well might the wicked prophet cry, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his,' and the royal psalmist claims our grateful and adoring attention—'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'

"Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load, the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"
Then when ye hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet my moments roll,
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul."

Oh, glorious LORD JESUS CHRIST, thus may it be with my soul,

when from this world she shall be called away. Amen. As I reflect upon that dream, I see three things :—(1) I was in a large, light, clean, pleasant room; and it brings up before me the language of Psa. xxxi.:—“I will be glad, and rejoice in Thy mercy; for Thou hast considered my trouble; Thou hast known my soul in adversities (Ah! He has, indeed); Thou hast not shut me up in the hand of the enemy;

“THOU HAST SET MY FEET IN A LARGE ROOM.”

The covenant of grace is a large room. The grace of God, in Christ, and in the Gospel, is a large room; and in that large room my feet, by boundless mercy, have long been set. Then (2) DEATH, the tall, strong, beautiful figure I saw, brought nothing with him to alarm or terrify me. No! he looked at me straight, sweet, and smiling, and even laughed at me with a kind of gladness. He folded his arms so contentedly, as though everything was in perfection, happiness, and acquiescence. (3) I was neither startled nor alarmed. I only silently watched the apparition until I awoke.

I had wished this month to take my friends into the land of Canaan, but I am called into Oxfordshire; and a large quantity of correspondence demands the time and attention of your anxious servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, August 11, 1881.

[Sunday and Monday, October 2 and 3, 1881, will be the jubilee of my ministry. If I live until then, will friends pay us a visit in Speldhurst-road, South Hackney?]

“HE SHALL BE FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST.”

THAT was the central promise concerning John the Baptist. Whether there be many such ministers or people in the world now I know not, because those who are filled with the Holy Ghost are generally very quiet; not noisy, not fiery in the flesh, not full of high-sounding words, not filled with wrath, nor inflated with pride. At one of our meetings there was an explosion of lucifer matches, and one went off in such a flame of excited, ignorant, and conceited fire, that it set others all in a flame. Oh, how Satan triumphs! Ah! such scenes are dreadful! No wonder the Spirit of CHRIST worketh not in our Churches while such spirits fill our pulpits, and fire off their cannons from our platforms. “Beware of the angry in his passion, but fear not to approach him afterward. The weakness of sudden passion layeth bare the secrets of the soul.” Our pastor is not of this kind. He has come up before us three and four times a week for ten years, in the spirit of power, and of a sound mind. He reads no voluminous commentaries, he composes no essays, in his soul there is no room for controversial disputing. He is gently filled with the SPIRIT. He waits for the moving of the waters, and speaketh to us as the SPIRIT giveth him utterance. He makes us think of Moses, who said, “My doctrine shall drop as the rain, and distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.” When it is so, we are blest.

THE SERMON BY THE PRINCE OF ALL PREACHERS.

[Mr. William Carpenter, pastor of the Baptist Church, Shouldham-street, Bryanston-square, has given us the following, as the first exposition of a young man in his congregation. We have felt pleasure in perusing this original and truthful discourse: and we believe, by the Lord's teaching, and by grace preserving, this Thomas Cooper will be better known ere long.—ED.]

“Seek, and ye shall find.”

THESE words are a part of that memorable sermon delivered by the Lord Jesus Christ on the open mountain before a multitude of people. Never was such a sermon preached as this! In it, salvation's work is fully pourtrayed. In it our great High Priest tells us that He has not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. In it there is milk for babes, and strong meat for those that are of full age. In it are promises for this life and the life that is to come. In it we find a perfect rule of faith. It has been, and will be handed down to posterity. It will be read by man till time shall be no longer. My reader, may God help you to ponder over this glorious sermon. Let us notice four things in the words before us:—

First, the Speaker. Second, the spoken to, seekers. Third, their seeking; and, fourth, the promise God makes, “Seek, and ye shall find.”

First, the Speaker. This Speaker spake as never man spake. He was the Prince of all preachers; the Lord of all lords; the King of all kings. He it was at whose word all things were called into existence; at His word the Red Sea separates; at His word the waters cover the earth; at His word the glorious bow appears in the heavens, with the promise that the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. At His word Lazarus comes forth from the grave; all power in heaven and earth was given unto Him. He was the meek and lowly Lamb of God. He, our great Exemplar of humility, He could bid the rolling waves be still, and then thought it not below His dignity to go and wash His disciples' feet. He was no respecter of persons. He was the Head of the family of grace. He it was that made Himself of no reputation; but took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man. He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; He bore His people's sins on Calvary's rugged tree.

“Beloved and precious in His sight,
Before all worlds they stood:
Their souls were always His delight,
They cost Him precious blood.”

Now, God hath exalted Him with His right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. Now He pleads our cause in heaven, so that when we approach the throne of grace 'tis He is seen instead of us.

Second, the seekers after grace. True seekers are those that God has made willing to seek Him in the day of His power. True seekers are those who have a sense of their sin. True seekers are those who know their own righteousness is like filthy rags. True seekers are those who feel themselves lost and undone. Such seekers as these Jesus came to save. Hear how He condemns the self-righteous, and how He encourages the sick: “They that are whole have no need of the physician,

but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Mark ii. 17). These seekers are the salt of the earth, the light of the world. By God's help they have given us the privileges which we now enjoy in this native land of ours. Wherever they go they are as light shining in a dark place; they are like ballast in a ship to keep it steady. When God's purposes of grace are accomplished towards them, then the world, like a ship that has lost all her ballast, will collapse.

Third, their seeking. This seeking after God is not the production of nature's soil. We read that "the Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy. There is none that doeth good, no, not one." Their seeking does not commence till God the Spirit commences it in them. Then their new birth commences like their natural birth. How soon the new-born infant cries because of thirst! How soon the babe in grace hungers and thirsts after righteousness, and desires the sincere milk of the Word that they may grow thereby! Their seeking is in secret; they seek Him daily; their religion is a seven-days'-a-week religion. They seek Him when at their daily employment—have they not stolen away from the desk, from the shop, from the presence of everything that would hinder their approach to God? If they have not the opportunity of bowing the knee, they bow the spirit, and send up to heaven the publican's prayer—"God, be merciful to me a sinner." These seekers, when God first opens their eyes, see men as trees walking; seeking, to them, is like the breaking forth of the sun after a cold dark night. When first the sun breaks forth we see things but very dimly, but as it rises in all its splendour things get brighter and warmer. So the shining forth of the glorious Sun of righteousness on the new-born babe in grace, though at first he sees men as trees walking, and the precious doctrines of love are not fully conceivable; yet, as this genial sun shines forth upon his soul, heavenly verities become to him more precious, more real, more comforting, and more abiding; his growth in grace is a gradual thing, it is precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little. Young believers, your growth in grace will be according to God's order, and not yours, though in the end you will own His way is the best way. Many of God's saints can re-echo the words of Newton:—

"I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray.
And He, I trust, has answered prayer:
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,
'Wilt thou pursue Thy worm to death?'
''Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,
'I answer prayer for grace and faith.

'These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break the schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thy all in Me.' "

Fourth, the promise God makes—"Seek, and ye shall find." In temporal things we do not always find that which we seek for ; but in heavenly things we do find that which we seek after. God has never said to the seeking seed of Jacob, "Seek ye My face in vain." God creates the desire to seek ; then He satiates that desire. He has caused you to seek ; He has promised you shall find. "Come unto Me," He says, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

The Lord has promised to honour those that honour Him. Many that fear and seek their Master are in bondage, because they keep the secret flame burning within. My brother, my sister, don't be afraid to declare before dying man that you are on the Lord's side.

"Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise ;
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to His laws."

He has promised to guide us in our journey to the better country ; He will never leave us nor forsake us ; but keep us as the apple of His eye. Here our pathway may be thorny, and beset with sorrows ; but remember, you that fear the Lord, He has gone to prepare a place for you where there will be no more sorrow, no more pain, no more tears ; for He shall wipe away all tears. No night there ; neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth light, and His people will reign with Him for ever and ever. Amen.

THOMAS COOPER.

THE GOSPEL.

BEING NOTES OF A SERMON BY GEORGE BANKS, AT GOMER-STREET CHAPEL, WILLENHALL.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."—Rom. i. 16.

THE early Roman converts "endured a great fight of afflictions and persecutions, and St. Paul's object in writing this epistle to them was to strengthen their faith in the Gospel, and to exhibit its superiority over every other system of religion. Anxious to inspire them with feelings worthy of their profession, he says, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," notwithstanding the persecutions I have suffered, and the seeming degradation to which I have been subjected through advocating it. *"I am not ashamed of it."*

I.—The noble feeling expressed : *"I am not ashamed."* Shame comes of evil, and not of good. Wrong-doing may well bring shame, but right-doing produces peace. If a man's life is regulated by justice, equity, truth, and mercy, he need fear no shame. The article that is pure will stand the test of the analyst, and he that is pure in his motive in serving Christ will bear the scrutiny of on-lookers. You that, by a

life of godliness wrought in the heart by the Spirit, are exemplifying the Gospel, or by your talent proclaiming it in the simplest way, occupy a position that ought not to clothe you with shame. He that takes the lighted torch to wanderers in the dark valley need not fear the criticism of the mountaineer, and he that carries the torch-light of Christ's Gospel to the wayfaring men in earth's dark vale of tears, can boldly say he is not ashamed of it. In the Scriptures, "valley" is made symbolical of "sorrow," and surely men of the earth, who feel their miseries great upon them, are in a sorrow-stricken place, until the glad-tidings of the Gospel brings good cheer to their hearts. Why, then, should we be ashamed of that which brings happiness to the heavy laden? Education is a grand assistant in proclaiming Christ; but if Providence has denied you the privileges of collegians, why not speak of Him in your own way? Many a gem is found in rugged mines. If Christ is formed in your heart the hope of glory, there you have the brightest gem, roughly set though it be. If you find a jewel, do not wait till its surroundings become jewels before you bring it forth. And if by faith you have found Jesus, do not wait till you are perfect, for that will not be on earth, before you tell of his precious worth. To be ashamed of the Gospel is to be ashamed of its Author, and—

"Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far,
Let evening blush to own her star."

Until the heavens refuse to hang their golden lamps at night, until the sun ceases his triumphant march, until the moon declines to shed her silvery light athwart the kingdoms of the earth, should Christians be indefatigable in making the Gospel known. Paul clung to this magna-charta of salvation. Stars shine brightest on the darkest nights, and the fire makes the metal more brilliant, and the Gospel appears more beautiful and more sweet in the hours of lonely woe.

The apostle was not ashamed of the Gospel because *it was destined to be the grandest success of the world's history*. The prophets predicted the success of Christ's kingdom. The apostles sowed the seeds of the great harvest that shall be reaped by-and-by. Jesus shall "see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied" in the birth-chamber of a new world "wherein dwelleth righteousness and peace." The Rose of Sharon shall not always "*waste* its fragrance on the desert air," but under its exhilarating odours the fainting souls of men shall revive and live eternally. The Sun of righteousness shall not always be obscured by clouds, but shall shine in the full splendour of his glory. Our good Shepherd will not then see His flock wandering o'er hill and dale, through forest and glen, but safely gathered in the heavenly fold. The great Refiner shall not always see His jewels covered with thick clay, but fitly *set in the golden city*. The Captain of our salvation will not for ever behold His soldiers clothed in blood-stained garments, but waving the palms of victory. The Bridegroom will not ever see His bride burdened with the trials of life, but clad in robes of virgin white. What shall accomplish this mighty revolution? The Gospel, by the power of the Holy Ghost. Who, then, would be ashamed of it?

II.—The absorbing subject, "*The Gospel of Christ*." It is called the Gospel of God, because its ground plan and scheme originated in the purpose of God, and is a perfect revelation of His attributes; the "Gospel of grace," because its bestowments are freely made to the

penitent apart from the consideration of human merit; the "Gospel of salvation," because it is the mighty lever which raises the Church from the lowest depths of vice to the sublimest heights of glory. But it is called the Gospel of Christ because He is the centre and circumference of it, the Sun of its heaven, and the Saviour it reveals. Christ is the toproot snupplying every branch of the Gospel tree with the sap of His grace. He is the Heart of Christianity. The promises have their fulfilment in Him; the doctrines are based upon Jesus; the invitations are effectual by His grace; the precepts are skeletons apart from His example. Compare the Gospel to an art gallery, and "*Christ crucified*" is the central picture. His birth in the manger inspired the songs of angels; His teaching in the temple shows us that Rabinical theories must bow to the dictum of the Teacher sent from God. Christ at the well of Sychar indicates that thirsty souls shall always be supplied with the waters of life; His breaking of the bread evidences His power to multiply mercies according to our need; but the cross shews how man is redeemed, reconciled, and saved. The Gospel is the birthplace of the best themes. Bards have drawn their sweetest strains from its pathos; by it legislators have learned to mingle mercy with justice; patriots have been fired with zeal from its benevolence, and theologians inspired by its wisdom. It is the garland of the Church wreathing the heads of believers with the crown of lovingkindness and immortality. It is a grand display of the love of God to fallen sinners.

The only way of salvation is revealed in the Gospel. The men of Babel sought to get to heaven by *a way* of their own; and many equally foolish, since then, have tried to pile a Babel of human merit. But God will confound them in the great day of final accounts. There was but one way to the mercy-seat—namely, through the vail by blood; and by the shedding of His blood Christ has consecrated a way through the vail of His flesh into the kingdom of heaven.

Upon what are your hopes built, my friend?

This Gospel is the *power* of God in bringing the chosen from the kingdom of Satan, and calling them from their moral graves of a death in sin. As a magnet separates one kind of metal from another, so the Gospel is the only power which separates us from ungodliness. It is the inspiring "power of God." When a sick person is able to walk in sunbeams, how inspiring and strengthening it is! And when the sin-sick soul is enabled by the Spirit to walk in pure sunlight of Divine forgiveness, he can sing, "He healeth all my diseases," etc. Does not the Gospel also point to a state of radiancy beyond expression—namely, immortality. What we call death is the portal to a higher and nobler life. The grave is the ante-chamber where the believer goes to have his clothes changed, where this mortal shall put on immortality. Fellow-traveller, the peaceful goal beyond is that which cheers thee in the path of tribulation. As the swallow in the autumn darts from the window-eaves and then returns, but finally leaves for a warmer clime, so those heavenly aspirations and joys experienced by you at times proves that finally you shall quit the cold damps of earth, and fledge your sheeny pinions in "the land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign." Oh, may this Gospel prove a solace in every woe, a balm for every wound, and like droppings of refreshing dew from the eternal hill of God. Amen.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

An Exposition of Psalm lxxv. and of "The River of God" filled up Mr. Battersby's July sermon in London. Published by Stidstone, Moorgate-street. The following few sentences are comfortably true:—"The river of God is the *only* river which affords a *free passage* to heaven. The fare has been paid, and the berth has been taken by the Captain of our salvation. What a blessing! All those who are heavenward bound were unable to pay or to work out their passage. They had no money and therefore could not pay. They had no strength, and therefore could not work—but the Lord has secured them a *free passage*, having paid the fare Himself. The passengers are principally seafarers. The river of God is the *only means* by which *business* is carried on with heaven. What do I mean by *business*, *this heavenly business*? Jesus said He must be about His Father's business. He must work the works of God. Now my business with heaven is spiritual communion and fellowship with the Father through our Lord Jesus Christ. I have to make known my felt wants to my heavenly Father, but I can only do this by means of the river of free grace. All praise to Jehovah Jesus who keeps the passage open. . . . The river of God often runs *under ground* and *out of sight* for a long time, and then suddenly breaks up and shows itself. The river of electing love runs under ground and out of sight until it breaks up in the heart in effectual calling. This river of love and grace broke up in Paul when he was on his way to Damascus. And in Zaccheus when he was in a sycamore tree. And in the jailor in the prison at Philippi. And in the thief on the cross. And in three thousand in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. This river breaks down all opposition. There is no river like it. Jehovah makes His people to drink of the river of His pleasures, and then they, like the Psalmist, are willing to exclaim, Our cup, the cup of our joy runneth over!"

LONDON! ITS WOEFUL CONDITION. —Mr. J. S. Anderson, the acknowledged excellent pastor of New Cross "Zion," says in his *Silent Messenger* for August:—"It is a solemn truth that thousands, and tens of thousands of people in this great city are **ONLY CHRISTIANS IN NAME.**" They do not know what it means to be born again; they are strangers to the grace of repentance, and live without prayer. They have some sort of opinion

on the question of religion, and that is all. But of course they expect to go to heaven. Why not?" Alas! such a declaration sounds like awful thunder through our soul. We often reflect upon the millions of the rising race, which during the present century have been trained in Sunday-schools, in Bands of Hope, in Ragged-schools, in Mission-halls, and in Revival meetings. We read reports of missionary societies, of annual conferences, and of the numerous enterprises and efforts made to "convert the masses," and before the great Searcher of all hearts we declare we feel grateful that so many thousands are working, *professedly*, aiming to lead souls to seek after salvation; but if those things be true which John Hampden, the great Croydon penman, writes on the one hand, which R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, publishes, on the other hand, which Coleridge, Arnold, and Dean Stanley, held forth as their faith and conviction respecting the little part of Divine goodness left in man which the fall never destroyed—if these things can harmonise with the Bible, if these anomalous, these heterogeneous, these contradictory THEORIES are revealed as connected with the work of Jesus we are staggered; but we see most forcibly the necessity of Paul's ultimatum, when to the Corinthians he wrote:—"My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in DEMONSTRATION OF THE SPIRIT, and of power." "That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." John Hampden says, "Till the fact that the Bible is our alone standard of truth on all subjects, till this fact is fully recognised and acknowledged, it is the most impious presumption to expect the favour of God can rest on any Church or ecclesiastical system that man can establish or devise." Now the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, declares salvation to eternal life to be the sovereign gift of ALMIGHTY GOD. But, R. W. Dale, as John Clifford testifies in his new volume, "The English Baptists" (which title, to be correct, should be, "James Arminius's Baptists"—in this volume Mr. Dale says), "Among evangelical Nonconformists the severe and rigid lines of Calvinism have been gradually relaxed." Yea, Mr. Dale declares, "Mr. Spurgeon stands ALONE among the modern leaders of evangelical Nonconformists in his FIDELITY TO THE OLDER CALVINISTIC CREED." Furthermore, Mr. Dale goes on to declare that

"John Wesley rendered us immense service by the vigour with which he asserted the moral freedom of man as against the Calvinistic doctrines of the Divine decrees, and the universality of the atonement as against the Calvinistic doctrine, which limited the relations of the death of Christ to the elect." We contend not for John Calvin, but we appeal to the whole tenor and truth of the Word of God. We retire into the ministry of the eternal SON of GOD; we read the teaching of the Holy Ghost, as written out under Divine inspiration by those honoured servants, the apostles Paul, Peter, John, James, Jude, Stephen, Philip, and those other evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and in all those God-sent revelations (which have been preserved until this day when the "Revised Version" has come forth, even until this hour), the decrees of the great JEHOVAH are found to be the original springs and the regulators of all the means whence cometh to some of the fallen races of Adam a free and a full salvation. And "the three grand universalities," which James Arminius fought so vigorously for, and which John Clifford tells us his "English Baptists" preach and press upon all their people, are nowhere to be found in either the Old or the New Testaments. With considerable anxiety we turn to John vi., to Rom. viii. and ix., and to other parts of the New Testament, as now rendered in the Revised Version, and we find that not one of the foundation principles of the Gospel has been removed or altered by them. The ever-blessed Spirit has still preserved the cardinal foundation on which all true salvation stands, even on a new covenant relationship to a triune JEHOVAH, for "it is not the children of the flesh that are the children of God, but the children of the promise are reckoned for a seed." Still, it is true, "the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." James Arminius said he was anxious to remove two stumbling-blocks:—(1) "Not to make God the Author of sin." This, no one taught of God would ever dare to do, but the coming in of evil and its existence will be a mystery too deep for finite man until the mystery of God shall be finished, and the veil that is spread over all nations be removed, until then the work of Satan and of sin will be inapplicable to us fallen worms of the earth. The second stumbling-block James Arminius wished to remove was, "Not to do away with the inherent freedom of the human will." Here, all the angelic spirits, such as some we have referred to,

join in sweetly, but, while as a moral agent, man is responsible for his actions, in all spiritual and soul-saving matters man is *dead*, and toward his own salvation can of himself do nothing. Between such scholastic gentlemen as Messrs. Dale, Clifford, and thousands of their school, and ourselves, there is a gulph, deep and terrible. Professor Tholock calls the creed of "the Generals" "the splendid lie of the age." How dreadful for those who publish it. We come now to the cause of Mr. Anderson's assertion. Tens of thousands who have some opinion of religion, are, we fear, only "the children of the flesh," not truly "the children of God." But who maketh them so? Those gentlemen who by loving, and making, and publishing a lie, obtain high standings, large salaries, and are received as the messengers of Christ. How near they come to the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost we defer to show until another opportunity occurs. Meanwhile, to Professor Dale and Dr. Clifford we publish a WARNING WORD. God have mercy on them and on us as well.

Dreams of my Solitude in the Mysteries of the Heavens, &c.—Joshua Prusol is not the only dreamer in solitary places. We believe there are multitudes who do scarcely anything but "dream dreams." The author of this singular work has more than dreamed, he has made useful discoveries. Forty years ago, in the Australian bush, he lived and spent the vigour of his days, isolated from the society of men. Being thrown back in moody pensiveness upon himself, he was drawn silently to commune with the starry hosts above. Here Joseph thought of the powers that framed them, of the laws that govern them, and of the hand that guides their mysterious march. We have often been lost, and if we hastily venture out upon this extraordinary ocean of penetration we shall surely be lost again. It will require much patient, thoughtful, and supernatural education ere we proceed to notice this immense variety of dreaming in the starry heavens. Our friend, Joseph Wilkins, has no doubt made many a voyage on these seas, where for years he has enjoyed himself beyond all expression. Reeves and Turner are the publishers.

Circular Letter on "Sanctification," by the Suffolk and Norfolk Association of Particular Baptist Churches met at Bradfield-St.-George, June, 1881. This letter, prepared by Mr. Charles Hill, of Stoke Ash, exhibits the author's usual thoughtfulness and powers of concentration as well as his love of evangelical

poetry. In preparing the way for a full elucidation of the subject, Mr. Hill determines at once with precision the existing distinction between *justification* and *sanctification*, which is very essential to know in order to realise a clear understanding of the divine attributes of God in Christ. The author shows the distinction and force of the two cardinal truths in the following beautiful simile—i.e., "They resemble twin flowers on the same stem, that grow from the same root, and are sustained by the same sap, watered by the same shower, and beautified by the same sunbeam, but withal maintain their own individuality and entirety. In justification we are entirely passive, but in sanctification we are active." The *doctrinal* aspect of the subject is next treated of, and its primary and collateral meanings explained with a forcible array of Scripture texts. The *experimental* part of the subject is equally well considered, the main point of which is "to purify and cleanse." Here the character of the Christian is clearly delineated in contradistinction to that of the mere professor. And the author winds up this most useful and interesting paper on sanctification with some practical notices of the important subject. All Christians should read Mr. Hill's letter, as we are sure it will commend itself to the conscience and judgment of every unprejudiced mind.

To Work for Eternal Life. By Rev. John Venn, M.A. (Nisbet's). For many years has Mr. Venn studied and preached the Gospel. In his last days he has become troubled in his mind respecting the apparently contradictory Scriptures, which speak of justification by faith, and justification by works. The redeemed are saved by both, and millions are saved without either. The thief on the cross was saved by the work of the Holy Ghost quickening his soul, and revealing Christ in his heart, then, from that dying, yet spiritually-living malefactor, came forth the works of faith and prayer, "Lord, remember me," &c., also his reproving the other, and his witnessing to the holiness of Christ, and he was justified, the precious Saviour promised to take his soul home that day to paradise. Are there not millions of infants saved without either faith or works? All who desire to honour God, and to glorify the Redeemer, as well as to be saved, will find Mr. Venn's book useful in stimulating them to seek for more grace wherewith to show forth His praise.

"THE HONOURS OF SELF-SACRIFICE IN CHRIST'S SERVICE." — Marvellous distinction! Where now can any man be

found who can be said to have attained such honours? We! Who do you mean? "The Churches and ministers of truth," replies an old veteran. We look often at the appearances of the pastors of our Churches. Fine, well-fed, handsomely-paid and important personages! Do they know anything of "self-sacrifice" in the cause of Christ? Some think not. If this one powerful element was really found in our ministers and people, we must believe more of Christ's blessing would be seen to attend them. The zealous spirit of JOSEPH BINNEY, who spent twenty-six years in Burmah, is reviewed in August number of *Sword and Trowel*. It fills us with shame. After all, what have we done in the cause of Christ? What have we sacrificed? Men, brethren, and fathers, we profess to believe in the blessed Christ of God, have we followed this precious Lamb whithersoever He goeth? We hold with Paul in his doctrinal writings, but who of us, like him, have gone forth "suffering the loss of all things, if by any means we might save some?" God Almighty help us to lay these things to heart. We know not in all the regions round about us where it can be said, "There is a man who has attained the honours of self-sacrifice in the cause of Christ." The end of poor Binney, as recorded by his wife, is enough to make the tears flow freely down your cheek, if ye are not hardened antinomians.

The Dying Pillow.—The last hours of infidels and Christians contrasted, intended to show how infidel principles fail in the final conflict, and that the Gospel of God's grace can alone yield support in the hour of death. This penny pamphlet, full of death and life, can be had of W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street. We all must feel thankful to Mr. Wileman for this compilation, and to circulate it by tens of thousands should be the aim of every one who has any concern for the souls of others.

A Funeral Sermon, by James Hand, pastor of the Church in Rehoboth. Princes-row, Pimlico, for Mary Ann Hall. Published by R. Banks. Sacred truths explained and confirmed in easy and faithful terms. Mrs. Hall appears to have been a transparent, a practical, a devout, but an oft-fearing Christian. No boaster, no disturber in life, and in death the grace of God was sufficient for her.

The Christian Helper, from Toronto, with a paper on the "New Birth," by H. Bell, will have attention.

A volume from W. Mack, of Bristol, and sermon by J. Wilkins in our next.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

RECOGNITION SERVICE AT NEWARK STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL, LEICESTER.

One of the most successful meetings ever held in this place of worship took place August 1, the friends having taken advantage of Bank-holiday to hold a recognition service. The Church has been without a pastor since the death of that faithful old "watchman on the walls," Mr. W. Garrard, which took place seven or eight years ago, and the pulpit has been occupied by "supplies." Although the services of many good men were secured, whose ministrations have been a means of adding some to the Church, there has been a felt want of a settled pastor to go in and out before the people. With this view, an invitation was sent to Mr. W. Webb, of London (who had preached on two or three occasions previously with much acceptance), to occupy the pulpit for twelve months, which he at once accepted, commencing his labours on the first Sunday in July. On that occasion he preached from Acts x. 29: "Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for; I therefore ask for what intent ye have sent for me," and he certainly carried the hearts of the people with him.

A tea meeting was held on Bank-holiday. A great number assembled at the meeting after tea to hear what Mr. Webb had to say for himself. After the hymn Mr. March engaged in prayer. Mr. Webb said he felt he had much to be thankful for in seeing so many assembled together. The people of God took delight in each other's company, and the language of their heart was like that of Ruth, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." With regard to his reasons for leaving London, he said he had been uncomfortable for some time. He had no disagreement with his people, and when he left them it was in a friendly spirit. On receiving the letter of invitation to Leicester, he laid it before the Lord; the words came, "Go, and I will be with thee." He still felt afraid, but the Lord gave him another word of encouragement, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." This decided the matter, and he wrote his acceptance. Hence his appearance among them that evening. Mr. Webb then gave a very interesting account of his call by grace, and ended by saying it was his intention to hold a Bible class for young persons on week evenings, and invited such to send in their names.

Mr. H. Norman, one of the deacons, spoke a few words. He trusted the Lord's presence would be with them in the course they had taken; that the labours of their friend would result in a goodly number coming forth to recount what the Lord had done for their souls.

Mr. Perrett, who has the charge of a Church at Evington, near Leicester, by the excellence and force of his remarks

quickly found a place in the hearts of his hearers. He said he was glad the Church at Newark-street had chosen a pastor. They had taken an important step in so doing, and he had taken an important step in coming, and he prayed that the God of Providence might bless him in his work. A steward of the grace of God must be appointed by the Lord Himself. Some stewards were appointed by the law, but their friend did not trace his stewardship to that source. He could not receive a ministry which could not be traced to God. The Lord was able to select His instruments and His people, and to educate the minds of those He appointed to the ministry. With regard to the duties, it became a steward to be found faithful. An unfaithful steward would tell his hearers to repent and believe, and to do good works; but a faithful steward would tell them they were all fallen creatures, that they were evil in their very nature, and all they did bore the stamp of evil, and he would show them the greatness of their debt. He must declare the whole truth of God, and not be ashamed to own his belief in the Trinity of the Godhead, in the incarnation of Christ, in the election of grace, and in the final perseverance of the saints. And then, as regarded the people, he trusted they would not cease to pray for their minister. If he advanced anything they could not cordially receive, let them go at once to him and ask for an explanation, and not go and tell their friends or the world about it. He also urged them to pray for one another, and to respect each other's feelings. One thing he hoped they would do. If their heart was cheered by his ministry, to go and tell him of it, that he might be encouraged in his work. He referred to the Sunday-school, trusting that God would bless the efforts put forth to teach the children the glorious truths of Holy Writ.

Mr. Underwood having briefly addressed the meeting, the proceedings closed with singing and prayer, terminating a very pleasant and enjoyable evening. H. W. B.

RICHMOND, SURREY.—The anniversary of Salem Baptist chapel was held on Monday, August 1. There was a good attendance of friends, including several from Brentford, Kingston, &c. Mr. Forman (of March) gave us a good exposition on the words, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." Mr. Anderson preached in the evening from the words, "Yea, He loved the people, all His saints are in Thy hand; and they sat down at Thy feet, everyone shall receive of Thy words," giving us some sweet and encouraging remarks on the love of God and the security of the true believers. There were over 150 who partook of tea, so that altogether a very happy day was spent at Salem. —G. ILES.

THE NEW TABERNACLE IN ASHFORD, KENT.

It fell out, as we say, accidentally, that on my return from Canterbury and from Sturry anniversary, the 'bus set me down in Marsh-street, Ashford, at the front of the new chapel, which was at that very moment (Wednesday, August 3, 1881) being opened. It produced keen feelings in my small heart to be present at such a time, because this new Baptist chapel, in my native town of Ashford, is actually built upon the burial ground of the old chapel where my beloved father and mother, Thomas and Kitty Banks, worshipped in their younger days, and where I was taken when but a tiny little one to hear old Mr. Broady preach, who was then the honoured pastor. I remember well sitting and watching anxiously to see him shut up his Bible and close the service. In that chapel my brothers, John Waters, Robert, young Samuel James, and my sisters, all first heard the Gospel preached. As I was removed from home at the age of seven for the benefit of my then almost expiring health (which removal a merciful Providence overruled to giving me a ten years' training in my venerable grandfather's printing office in the Churchyard of Cranbrook), of course I did not know much of the old chapel, but I well remember on my occasional visits to my beloved parents seeing that lofty, grand old vicar, Dr. Nance, and that delightful specimen of a Christian itinerant, Thomas Scott, and many more, all of whom have passed away; and if I understand correctly, this splendid new Baptist chapel stands over the graves of some of the dust of the precious saints who for many years praised God in the old sanctuary.

But this new erection will not prevent their resurrection on the morning of that most glorious day when "the dead in Christ shall rise first."

When I looked into this new chapel, Mr. William Cuff was proclaiming to a numerous audience the declaration made by Paul,

"WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED."

And the opening sermon was a strong keynote for the future ministrations in that place.

The present pastor, Mr. E. Roberts, has been for some years preaching to a division from the old chapel, in the Assembly rooms. He has been a persevering man. The two causes have become united under Mr. Roberts' ministry, and henceforward they anticipate good success.

Poor old Thomas Clark, for many years the Ashford Baptist pastor, has long rested in his better home, and all who once formed the happy Church in John's-lane.

No one on this illustrious inauguration-day knew me. Doubtless, I was the oldest Ashfordonian in that immense assembly. I said nothing to any one. I looked, I listened, I reflected on the frailty of man, on the continuance of the Gospel. I felt glad that although all the people I once knew had fled away, yet, generation after

generation, there had been raised up a people even in this town to

"Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all."

I visited the New Rents and the New-road, where my deceased father erected a number of houses, and from whence, in the youthful ardour of my fleeting hopes, I thought he would certainly make his fortune; but while it is a fact that all his sons have for a great number of years been devoted to the ministry, the riches of this world have not been our portion.

There are now three Baptist chapels in this beautiful, well-set, and commercial town of Ashford. All of them profess to hold the true Gospel. Since Mr. Tappeuden died I have not known a sterling sound man there, but then I am nobody now.

MR. MEAD AND MR. HAZELTON AT NUNHEAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.

Our third anniversary was June 28, 1881. Three years ago our place was opened for the worship of our triune God; the Word has been blessed to the souls of many; we see a gradually-increasing congregation; and there is every appearance of a necessity for "lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes" before long.

In the afternoon, our much-esteemed brother, Mr. John Mead, preached on "The Lord hath been mindful of us;" which words we humbly hope we may consider as singularly applicable to us as a Church and congregation. Our dear brother is highly esteemed amongst us for his work's sake, and his ministrations, which are of no mean order, have been much blessed to us many times.

A goodly number of friends sat down to a tea, which was a credit to those who had prepared it. Our brother Firminger, in his usual hearty manner, expressed a hope that none of the friends would leave off until they had made a good tea.

In evening Mr. John Hazelton preached to a full house of attentive listeners from that declaration in Col. ii. 10: "Ye are complete in Him." Mr. Hazelton shewed, first, in relation to our salvation, "Ye are completely saved in Him." (a) No salvation without perfect obedience to the law of God. Christ magnified the law and made it honourable; it would never have been so magnified in Adam. (b) No salvation without perfect penal suffering. Look into hell; penal woe, penal sorrow, penal suffering; but they never move a sin, the guilt remains. Come to the dear Lord; hear His groans, every one meritorious, penal, and saving. (c) No salvation without a veritable atonement for sin. God was offended, and there remained the mark of evil; Jesus removes that mark, puts the atonement where the curse stood. Second, in relation to the life of God's people, "Your life is hid with Christ in God." The believer is in Christ, "Because I live ye shall live also." This life is in nature and duration complete. Third, in relation to the character of God's people; the character is complete in Him. Who formed the Christian's character?

God formed him for Himself. Justification is now perfect and complete. Christ's work is finished; the Holy Ghost's is not yet complete. When He has removed every sin, then the Christian is, in experience, complete. God sees us through Christ, who completes all that He comes mediatorially in contact with. Christ ties our poor prayers, etc., together, and presents them to His Father. Fourth, as regards spiritual relationship, we are sons, nothing less, and God is nothing less than our Father: our heirship is perfect, the inheritance is sure. Fifth, all the strength we require from day to day is in Him, all the knowledge required to fit souls for heaven is in Him.

The preacher viewed these words (a) as a glorious fact; (b) an apostolic direction; (c) a point of Christian experience; and amplified upon each idea in such a way that our souls were edified, the dear Redeemer magnified, and God glorified. We bless God for such able ministers of the New Testament. Both temporally and spiritually it was a good day. To our God be all the praise. J. C. L.

19, Landcroft-road, Dulwich.

A YOUNG MINISTER'S HEART OPENED.

BELoved BROTHER BANKS, — You cannot conceive how refreshed I was to receive your letter. Since I saw you at your delightful anniversary meetings, I have written, I think, three times. Many times I have remarked to my wife, "I cannot think how it is that our old friend Banks does not write." In body, or health, I am as well as generally falls to my lot. My mind, my thoughts, my soul, in their varied changes and exercises, if told, a strange history would perhaps result. The clear, refreshing, bracing air and light of the mountain-top have frequently been enjoyed, and the balmy influence of a heavenly and God-given communion has led me at times to say,—

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

All the sails have been hoisted and spread, a favourable wind has filled them, and we seemed to be making a smooth and pleasurable voyage. But all at once our heaven has clothed itself in blackness, the winds have roared, and the waves beat, we felt well nigh done for, but the cry, "Lord, save or I perish," has been heard, the prayer has been answered, and He (blessed be His Name) has often "made the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." But I would not, my friend, be without such seasons.

"Far more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than billows bursting o'er my head."

More than ever I have been rooted by the realised enjoyment of the "verities" of our divine faith, and to-day the glorious doctrines, livingly enjoyed within, are more loved, prized, and desired than ever.

As to the ministry, others perhaps ought to write. I shudder lest I should become an egotist. May grace prevent. True to the

promise, our loving Teacher and Helper has been with me. In our constant labours here and at Longparish, and again at Whitechurch, of late, the Lord has been pleased to help us by His Spirit in comforting His people. I know I am nothing, and can do nothing, without Him, but "to me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Pray for me, that I may be strengthened and taught, that God may be glorified, saints edified, and sinners blessed, through the Word which He shall help me to preach.

The cause here, as a cause, has given us some cheering signs, and our heart has sometimes been filled with pleasurable emotions at tokens which we hope are the promise of a shower. Praying breath was never spent in vain. "Go again seven times" must be our guide, and the cloud, now no bigger than a man's hand, may increase and burst with blessings of a glorious harvest and ingathering of souls to our Zion below, who shall be members of the Jerusalem above.

Forget you! So long as there is a C. W. Banks to remember in the person of yourself, I hope to remember you. God bless and smile on you and yours. A time-tried and God-honoured servant cannot be forgotten. Gratitude forbids my forgetting either you and some of the other friends to whom I and the Church here owe so much. God be praised for sending such a beggar to the right doors, and let Him be exalted that He opened them so effectually.

Don't forget "a word in season" is very good, and I need, like many others, a "cheering word" from the tried veterans in the Gospel combat. "Tell ye of all His wondrous works." Speak forth His faithfulness and love.

Yours in our covenant Head, Christ Jesus,
J. SMITH.

1 Connaught terrace, Winchester.
Silver-hill Baptist chapel,
July 5, 1881.

ENFIELD, PUTNEY ROAD. — The 18th anniversary of this cause was held on Tuesday, July 26th. Mr. J. L. Meeres preached in the afternoon. In the evening a public meeting was held, when Mr. Meeres occupied the chair. Mr. Chapman offered prayer, and after a few preliminary remarks from the chairman, Mr. Bowles of Hertford spoke of the work of the Spirit; Mr. R. Alfrey, pastor, spoke of the figures of the Old Testament as shadows of the New Testament; Mr. R. A. Lawrence, in his usual lively and intelligent way, gave many useful hints to the people which, it is to be hoped, will be fully digested and practically executed; Mr. J. Sampford spoke on Christian brotherhood and Gospel peace; W. Winters dwelt on the Name of Jesus as realised by the Old and New Testament saints; and Mr. Stringer, of Mr. Lawrence's chapel, gave the true experimental meaning of the word "finally," as spoken by the apostle. Mr. Meeres closed the happy meeting with prayer. — W. WINTERS.

HACKNEY ROAD.

Pastor Myerson, at Shalom, Oval, had public meeting June 27; Mr. James Lee presided, and (his own confession of demerit notwithstanding) proved himself an efficient chairman; his personal and substantial help to causes of truth are widely appreciated. It is refreshing to know that in these days of rapid transition there are a few causes which evince great powers of cohesion between pastor and people. Shalom is one, the pastor's ministry having extended over 22 years.

All the expected speakers appeared; and as in the minor key sometimes the richest harmonies are produced, so it was at Shalom on June 27.

After brother Matthew Brauch had asked the Divine blessing, and the chairman's opening remarks, pastor Lodge spoke a few words from the text, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel." In the course of his remarks he stated that ministers are apt to question whether they are really sent because of no large ingathering. He reminded his hearers of the Saviour's mission to one at the well of Samaria; also of the fact that it was a sign of the last days that there would be a falling away; he also gave interesting incidents of remarkable providential circumstances in his own personal experience, showing how soon the Lord repaid with interest any service done in His Name.

Brother James Clark spoke precious things of the Gospel; of its perfection, of the saints never tiring of Jesus, of God's opinion of His people, His endearing epithets of them, the preciousness of Jesus in His eternity and characters, and in what He has done in redemption, His lovingkindness better than life, no true happiness apart from Christ, His unalterable faithfulness to the objects of His choice, and His resting in His love, our weakness in judging from detached providences, wheels within wheels, all working one grand design, to be understood hereafter.

Brother W. J. Styles said he had come from sad surroundings; death had been busy in his circle, and two had been taken by the sad scourge now so prevalent among us, one whose funeral he had just attended, the young daughter of a member, but he could not refuse the invitation of Mr. Myerson, whom he and his people would ever look upon as a real hero, for on January 18 last, he came through a very heavy snow-storm to keep his promise to them. Mr. Styles gave a few remarks on the words, "Unto Him that hath loved us."

Brother Evans expatiated on the words in Solomon's Song, "His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely." Jehovah, in His infinite condescension, had in the Old Testament given many figures and similitudes of the Gospel; but in the last days He hath spoken unto us by His Son. He spoke of our Saviour's personal beauties, His freedom from imperfection, His fulfilling all the types and similitudes of the Old Testament. The Law was given by Moses, grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. The testimony

of men to the words of His mouth, "Never man spake like this Man," of the centurion, "Truly this was the Son of God;" of devils, "We know who Thou art;" and in these last days the testimony of saints who know His worth,

"Did all the world my Jesus know,
Sure the whole world would love Him too."

How sweet to the coming burdened sinner the words of His mouth, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out;" His promise of the full fruition of happiness, when He said, "In My Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."

Mr. Bowles spoke from the words, "Call to remembrance former days," which words gave scope to interesting recollections of former events. In the course of his address he stated that there were no troubles that had a greater tendency to whiten the hair, and cause furrows on the cheek, than Church troubles. He had suffered from these, and had a fellow feeling for his tried brethren; but by all these things men live, and it was the right way to the city of habitation.

C. W. Banks gave an interesting incident of the reclaiming of a backslider through the means of a sermon he preached in that chapel 27 years since.

After a straightforward speech from deacon Mobbs, who has been at Shalom from before Mr. Myerson's pastorate, and a few words from Mr. Myerson, acknowledging the fact that the present was one of the best meetings they had ever enjoyed, the chairman closed with prayer.

I heard that the pecuniary anticipations towards clearing a small debt were realised.

A LONDON SPARROW.

KING'S CROSS.—EBENEZER CHAPEL. The fifth anniversary of this cause was held on Monday, August 1, when a goodly number of friends gathered round Pastor White and deacons. In the afternoon, Mr. Clark, of Peckham, preached a powerful and unctious sermon from the words: "We will be glad and rejoice in thy salvation." After tea, a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Harris. The Divine blessing being sought, Mr. Flavel gave an excellent address on "The Zig-zag Pathway of the Church of God through the Wilderness;" Mr. Wheeler spoke on "The Love and Tender Compassion of a Dear Redeemer in Bearing our Grief and Carrying our Sorrows;" Messrs. Marshall and Martin followed; Pastor White closed up a happy and profitable meeting. The collections enabled the deacons to pay a portion of the debt, but it is still heavy for a small cause. Who will help?—H. P.

WEST CROYDON.—DERBY-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL. At our anniversary we had good sermons, good attendance, and our collections amounted to £27 2s. 3d. We had the presence of the Master with us. About 90 friends took tea. It was a pleasant and profitable day. [We would praise God for still holding brother Thurston up in a useful ministry.—ED.]

CLENDON.—I paid a short visit to Clendon last week, to see a dear old saint, just 85 the last day in May. She was happy in Jesus; she is not willing to have anyone with her at night; she told me she was sure Jesus was hers, and she wanted no one with her. I said, "Aunt, I do not like the thought of your staying alone; you can have earthly friends if you desire, and we should not like to find you gone in the morning." "Ah," she said, "my dear girl, I should be with Christ, which is far better." I shall not soon forget her happy state of mind; no fear of death, Jesus was to her all her salvation, and all her desire. She said, "I lay here till I feel Jesus is really close by; I love Him, and I know through His precious work on earth I shall be with Him and see Him as He is." Now a few words about the cause at Clendon. I found eight had been baptized on the previous Thursday evening: one of them the Baptist minister's little daughter, nine years of age. It appears she is a child that has been for some time much interested about divine things, her parents were well satisfied of her true conversion to God, but she was one day in the sitting-room with her father, and she said, "Papa, I want to be baptized; I love Jesus, and I want to do what He has said I may." Her father said, "My dear, you are very young, had you not better wait?" "Oh," she said, "Papa, my Bible does not say wait, and Jesus does not say wait; He says, Repent and be baptized, and I am sure He did not forbid children to come to Him." Her father was so overcome by her simple Christian-like spirit, and knowing so well the deep excesses she had experienced in soul matters, he sent for two of the oldest members of the Church to have a conversation with her, and they were satisfied of the work of grace that the Lord had made her His own, thus proving that out of the mouths of very babes He had perfected praise. She was proposed and accepted by the Church, and is a happy member among them. How are the orphans at Two Waters!—**L. A. EBORN.**

FROM A SON IN THE FAITH.

DEAR FATHER.—I have been longing to write to you concerning your asking me when I was going to speak. I told you I was waiting, but I did not tell you that I was waiting to be filled. For I am even like the poor, empty, little and weak earthen vessel described in that beautiful piece of poetry in the *VESSEL* for April. And how glad indeed must have been that vessel to have been filled, and to have been used to water those fair lilies. And like that vessel am I lying and waiting for the Saviour to fill me. How my soul longs to be filled! How I long for my Saviour to fill me with His own precious Spirit! Then, indeed, would I speak of my Lord. Oh, how I would speak of the glories of my King!

But thou knowest what it is, father, to feel empty and dark; and will you pray with your poor boy, that I may indeed be filled to the brim, and that my tongue may be like the pen of a ready writer, ever spreading forth

the free and sovereign graciousness of a triune God? Oh, to be a messenger of that glorious grand old Gospel, to be ever telling what Christ has done for His elected and redeemed family, is to be blessed beyond measure. May our God, in His great and boundless love to His elect, be pleased to raise me and make use of me, even as the very feeblest of His workers in the vineyard. Such is the earnest, heartfelt prayer of your poor, loving son,

HENRY C. TURNER.

Pray for me, that I may indeed be raised up, and all the honour and praise shall be given to Father, Son, and Spirit, now and for ever. Amen and amen.

[It is a striking feature in our times that so many young men are being moved, as in the camp of Dan, to be Christ's true messengers to carry God's true Gospel to their fellow men. Surely the eternal Spirit is preparing an army of faithful witnesses for some special service in His kingdom! May they be filled, as H. C. T. so fervently prays.—**C. W. B.**]

NEW CROSS.—Special services were held on Sunday, July 24, 1881, in connection with the re-opening of Zion chapel (Mr. Anderson's), which had been closed for a fortnight for alterations and repairs. Various improvements have been made in the ventilating arrangements, and the interior of the building has been entirely re-decorated in a chaste and pleasant manner. In the morning a sermon was preached by Mr. G. W. Shepherd, from Isaiah xlv. 17, noticing the subjects, the Author, the nature, and the results of salvation. In the afternoon Mr. John Box preached from the words, "For I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end." He showed that it was the aim of all truly great minds to know God, and it was wise on their part to seek to understand somewhat of Him, although impossible for them to comprehend Him. His hand was seen in providence, but His purposes and intentions were revealed in the pages of inspiration. The text came as a reproof for the incorrectness of judgment and as an assurance of the interest God ever manifests in the concerns of His people, evidenced in the light which streams from Calvary on a distressful world. In the evening the pastor, Mr. J. S. Anderson, delivered a thoughtful discourse from Ezra vii. 27, to a large congregation. Special prayer meetings were held on Sunday morning and Monday evening, and both were largely attended. On the following Tuesday, the friends gathered in considerable numbers to tea, which was served in the schoolrooms. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, Mr. Anderson presiding. Suitable addresses were delivered by the senior deacon, Mr. William Matthews, and the ministerial brethren, Box, Griffiths, Martin, Masterson, and Styles, interspersed with singing, under the leadership of Mr. W. J. Nash, accompanied by Mr. C. J. Porter on the harmonium.

THE TRUE BAPTIST IN SYDNEY CITY, AUSTRALIA.

To C. W. BANKS,—You knew me many years ago. Let me tell you of the Gospel kingdom in these parts. You must not be surprised to learn that some few have tried to form another cause. Let them alone. I am not much known here; I shall only give you an impartial version. On June 1, 1881, I took a seat in Castlereagh-street Baptist chapel, where our brother D. Allen has now been pastor eleven years, and I think he is as good, as strong, as truthful, and as faithful as ever. Some of the old hands in the ship declare he is the best captain they ever had in these colonies as yet. There is no self-pity nor creature-complaint about him. Daniel Allen is a man; he means truth, and nothing short of it; he has the eagle's eye, the lion's heart, the sympathy of humanity, and the element of Oxonian labour, in no small degree. At the eleventh anniversary, that true Englishman, S. Cottam, gave in Deacon's Budget, which showed changes in membership, but steady progress. The deacons speak wonderfully kind and lovingly of their pastor. Treasurer Ford showed the Church had paid all its debts, met all its current expenses, and had £40 to the good to go on with. I said, Let not the balance on the right side slacken your benevolence, but no one heard me, because I am only an outside watcher. But you can let me speak through the VESSEL, which the people out here do not circulate as they ought to do. You are the only editor who sends us out good news of our native land, and I say instead of a few dozens it should be circulated by many hundreds. But those who hug up their own "experience," as they call it, they want more of the doubting and the dark side. Well as these things are cradled up, you will see, separations will occur, because our Master Allen goes in for Bible expositions, for Gospel proclamation, and for that living faith which

WORKETH BY LOVE.

I speaks to a few sometimes out in the valleys, and I gives it as my mind, and as taught by the Spirit too, that we must be of that family of whom it is said, "*They are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever*"

"HE GOETH."

Put that, brother C. W. B., in big letters. I loves the memory of W. Huntington, of Wm. Gadsby, of John Warburton, and yourself too, my little beloved one; but it is the LAMB we must follow. Don't you be afraid to shew the people that before our Lord came forth fully into the public ministry, He perfectly obeyed the law; and until a man is justified by precious faith in God's great Lawfulfiller, he is not qualified to stand in the liberty of the Gospel. Obedience to God, first, by faith in the appointed, imputed and imparted righteousness of our glorious Mediator. Devotion to God, secondly, is set forth in Jesus being baptized in Jordan; then furnace-proving in the wilderness; then prayers, with strong cry-

ing and tears; then into the garden—and there nature fails to follow the suffering Son of God. But see, sir, they all soon come out from the garden, and ere long they are

"LOOKING TO JESUS ON THE CROSS."

He dies for our sins; He rises again for our justification; He ascends unto His Father to plead our cause. Hallelujah! Amen.

Come down, for a second, to Daniel Allen's anniversary. We were surprised at the resignation of Deacon Fremlin, to whom was presented, by Deacon Beedel, a most handsome Bible. Mr. Fremlin gave us a pleasing speech; also John Roseby, and those kindred souls, brethren Young, Allen, Hicks, and the choristers, all united to ascribe unto the Lord God eternal praise. I was mute; but in my soul I glorified His Person and His power, who saved your friend, once

A KENTISH LAD.

KENT.—Thousands of people pass to and fro from the Isle of Thanet to the ancient city of Canterbury; and, in the village of Sturry, they cannot help reading, as they pass a long board on a grave-looking building; the words, "*Strict Baptist Chapel*." Fifty years ago this Strict Baptist chapel was a shut-up, decayed, and barn-looking Unitarian place of worship. At that same period there resided, in this village of Sturry, a godly man and his spiritual wife, who were zealous and devout worshippers of a Triune Jehovah, the covenant God of Israel.

"MR. HANCOCK, THE MILLER,"

we called him; and he was instrumental in re-opening this said place of worship; and during the last forty-five years the Gospel has been preached in this Sturry village Strict Baptist chapel, and many of the Lord's servants have there faithfully witnessed to the truth as it is in Jesus. The Mr. Hancock referred to has gone to his home above; but his son, MR. CHAS. HANCOCK (who is a choice and able singer), has been for many years the beloved pastor of the Church. Monday, August 1, 1881, we were called to preach the anniversary sermons, and we realised the sweet unction of the Divine Spirit, especially in the evening. We do lift up our earnest sighs to God for His blessing still to rest upon, and to revive most blessedly, this little hill of Zion. Amen.—C. W. B.

BRIXTON TABERNACLE.—Ten years ago the above place was opened for the public worship of God according to New Testament order, and the anniversary was celebrated by services on Lord's-day, July 24, 1881, when Mr. C. Cornwell, the first and only pastor of the Church, preached two sermons. On Bank-holiday, August 1, the annual meeting was held. Mr. T. Stringer was bold, trenchant and spiritual, in dealing with Psa. iii. 8, "*Salvation belongeth unto the Lord*." A goodly number enjoyed this service, and about 100 friends sat down to a cheerful tea, which followed immediately afterwards. This was succeeded by a public gathering, and Mr. James Lee, of Bow, was chairman, this being the sixth occasion on which he has

filled a similar position here. A brief, comprehensive, and appropriate prayer was offered by the pastor, and, in introducing the speakers, Mr. Lee said how great his regard was for Mr. Cornwell, and what pleasure it gave him to come to Brixton for the sixth year to join in celebrating the tenth anniversary of the opening. Mr. J. Hand lamented the lack of vitality in the Churches; Mr. F. Holden dwelt in his usual placid style upon God's mercy; Mr. W. H. Lee was as vehement as ever in his zeal for the truth; Mr. S. Ponsford expressed his love to the cause and pastor in a few felicitous remarks, testifying to the able and sterling advocacy of the truth of God at Brixton; Mr. T. Stringer followed with some choice sayings respecting the things we love so well, and the pastor wound up with an expression of his gratitude to God for preserving mercies, and to the friends for their continued help. The collections on the Monday amounted to nearly £15 (including £5 from the chairman), which was presented to the pastor as a token of regard. This, with the Sunday collections, made the total amount realised by the services to be twenty guineas, a fact which speaks well for the friends at Brixton Tabernacle. "If there be any praise," "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord."—P. C.

MR. SEARS AT THAME ANNIVERSARY.

Such reports as the following are soul-comforting, head and heart all in harmony:—

We had a good day at Thame Baptist chapel, May 18. Anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. Sears. The evening service was beautiful and solemn, yet joyous. The minister looked as if he had, like Moses, just come down from the mount, and left behind him the glories of sweet union and communion with God. So full did Mr. Sears seem of heavenly things, I could but think of the sweet time Moses got with the Lord. Mr. Sears' whole subject was one beautiful flow on the mercy of God; how sweet to contemplate the blessed, cheering, soul-reviving theme, "the mercy of God." Mr. Sears borrowed some characters from the Creation to the redemption of fallen man, of real and practical cases, shewn in the Bible, of the great mercy of God to mortals. One really felt as if, as he went on, we could go with him every step in his subject. Oh, it is so sweet to feel God is mercy as well as justice, and so cheering to feel one has an interest in this charming theme, the great mercy of God. I cannot rest contented to know God is merciful; I want daily to feel He has shewn mercy to me. It is no consolation to know others sit at the table of the King of kings, unless I share personally of its good things. I sometimes see our friends take of the memorials of the dying love of Jesus, and I cannot help shedding tears; but it reminds me that perhaps I have not on the wedding garment, and I feel unworthy to join them. I feel a pleasure to meet among them, and I had rather be among the Lord's hidden ones than not there at all.

"THE SIGNALMAN."

A LETTER FROM THE HEART.

"I know the way is dreary,
To yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Will while away the time;
And yet, the more I know Him,
And all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing
To know Him more and more."

[When I was favoured to preach at Ebenezer chapel, Hertford, on Whit-Monday, June 6, 1881, Mr. Robert Bowles (who has been the honourable and useful pastor there for twenty-one years), gave me the following note, which encourages us to believe there are many of the Lord's hidden ones, where we might never expect to find them. Praise, everlasting praise, be given to our Lord for such a testimony as this!—C. W. B.]

DEAR SIR,—I have long had a desire to write to you. Before I proceed, I had better inform you who it is writing to you. I daresay you remember "the signalman, at Hertford, Great Eastern station," that used to attend your chapel. You may have missed him since last November. I am—by the good will and pleasure of God—located at Canning Town station. My desire in writing to you is (as every labourer is worthy of his hire) to tell you that I am a living witness of the most gracious comfort, consolation, instruction, admonition, and edification, that you were instrumental, in the hands of God, to deliver to my poor seeking soul, while sitting under your ministry. And many a time since I have left Hertford, the Lord has been pleased to enable me, by His Holy Spirit, to receive fresh sweetness from the words of eternal life you were instrumental in delivering to my then much cast down and dejected soul. I know it is true, as the poet so beautifully writes,—

"The Holy Spirit gives the wound,
And makes the wounded whole."

I have great cause to raise my heart in gratitude and praise to God, who in His lovingkindness and tender mercy has, by His all-powerful and sovereign will and pleasure, snatched me

"AS A BRAND FROM THE FIRE,"

and by the all-prevailing SPIRIT of His sovereign and distinguishing grace revealed JESUS CHRIST so precious to my never-dying soul, that He hath become to me "the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether Lovely." I am not without my doubts and fears, as the enemy of souls delights to worry and harass, but, blessed be God, He cannot devour one elect vessel of mercy!

May the Lord still go on to bless your labours in His vineyard; may God, in these dark, and benighted days, when so much error is afloat in the world, enable you by His grace to stand firm, to declare the whole counsel of God, whether man will hear or forbear.

You will bear in mind, that I was much tried by the ungodly conversation of those

around me, when at H., but the Lord has kindly answered my many petitions on this account. I am now placed where I have my work all to myself, and God is so gracious and condescending as to visit me in love, that at my daily labour I often find my meditation of Him and His great salvation to be sweet to my soul's comfort and consolation; and how wonderful are God's dealings, and His ways past finding out! For since I have been here, I have become acquainted with two men that work on the station, and I can talk and converse with them upon the good things pertaining to eternal life. I assure you we find, after our daily labour, great sweetness in reading and talking of JESUS, and His love to poor sinners. Through these two brothers in Christ I was led to a Baptist cause, where the truth is preached at Canning Town. We are few in number. Accept my prayers, and believe me to remain,
Yours in Christ,

C. COWELL.

MR. J. L. MEERES AT BERMONDSEY.

In New Church-street, near St. James's Church, stands the now oldest Strict Baptist Church in that district, having been a quiet, steady, progressive Gospel home for truth-seekers nearly forty years. We well remember the time when David Denham flourished at Unicorn-yard, in Tooley-street; Mr. Dovey, in Jamaica-row; Mr. Thomas Stringer, as the popular successor of George Francis, in Snow-fields; Crosby-row we then often saw crowded from floor to ceiling, with over 500 people. Mr. Alderson, in Long-lane, Mr. Lewis, in Trinity-street, James Wells, all alive in the Borough-road, and Thomas Gunner, firing hot shot (at dear James) in Chapel-court, in the Borough. They are all gone, even young Butterfield has fled from his once new and pretty place of worship. What amazing changes time and death do work out!

About thirty-seven years since Henry Whatmough went down to New Church-street chapel to hear the late Mr. Samuel Milner (a dear friend of ours, although we never knew him, but at the recognition of a young man named J. L. Meeres, in 1845, as pastor of New Church-street, the said S. Milner was announced to deliver "THE CHARGE." Henry Whatmough wrote a review of that charge for the first volume of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL, which, unfortunately, gave to the Bishop who delivered the charge some offence. Nevertheless, from that day until now, Mr. J. L. Meeres has pleasantly, peaceably, and prosperously worked on with his people, and a correspondent informs us that Mr. J. L. Meeres commemorated his 70th birthday, in July, 1881. When his friends, without any ostentation, placed in their much-beloved pastor's hands a purse with seventy sovereigns, which greatly surprised the recipient. It is said that the happy seraphim at Camberwell receives £600 per annum; some of the London Baptists get much more. Mr. Meeres is by no means a needy man; a more honourable, and univer-

sally-beloved minister is not to be found every day; still,

THE SEVENTY SOVEREIGNS

may help to smoothe the down-hill of life, which before another ten years have rolled away, he may begin to feel have steadily commenced. We can, from the depths of our soul, desire that his *finale* of this life, may be as tranquil as that of the ancient BAEDA, who, when he had completed his brilliant translation of the Gospel of John, lifted up his head, and once more joined his scholars in chanting the anthem, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," after which he closed his eyes in death, feeling he had—

"ALL ETERNITY TO REST IN."

C. W. B.

THE VENERABLE THOMAS JONES AT ARTILLERY-STREET.

The venerable Thomas Jones occupied the pulpit of Artillery-street chapel on Sunday, August 14. For very many years now Mr. Jones has held a prominent position in our Churches. He is a member of "the cloth" who has been fortunate enough to have won (and justly so, too) almost universal respect. Therefore his visit to London, at an age somewhat over eighty, has in it a common interest to us all. The very first question one would be asked concerning our friend is, "How is Mr. Jones?" We have the greatest possible pleasure to say that he appeared to be well, thoroughly well, and his voice is as clear as ever it was. Not a word of his discourse was lost, not even a syllable. *En parenthesis*, we think we may say that though our clergy work fairly hard (some very hard), they wear uncommonly well; and this, too, in spite of many untoward circumstances; for unfortunately, with but few exceptions, their incomes are miserably small. To return, Mr. Jones was in excellent health and spirits. He discoursed in the morning from Mal. iii. 16: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before Him, for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon His Name." He had, the preacher said, spoken on these words the previous Thursday night; but they remained with him, although he could not adequately tell forth their sweetness. This book of remembrance was not written to the Lord's people (although, in a sense, that was a blessed truth), it was written *for* them. Was there anything omitted that they would have supplied? or was there anything in it that they would have obliterated? No! These were the great fundamental truths. Some folk were afraid of the doctrine of election; but it was this blessed truth that first laid hold of him, and claimed him, before indeed he could appropriate it to himself. The safety of God's people was plainly recorded in the book of remembrance. The preacher enlarged upon the book of remembrance, and closed an excellent sermon with an affectionate expression of regard for the

people at Artillery-street, and hoped the cause there would prosper.

In the evening there was a re-union, many of Mr. Jones's friends from a distance being present to hear his voice once more. There was an excellent congregation, and many hearts were cheered with the sound, not uncertain, of the voice of the venerable Thomas Jones.

PAINFUL PARTING AT WYTHALL-HEATH. WORCESTERSHIRE.

About thirty years have been left behind since I first went to preach anniversary sermons for John Freeman, then the pastor of Wythall-heath Baptist Church. Good John Freeman afterwards became pastor of Bethel, in Cheltenham; there he died. When I preached at Wythall-heath there was a young man named Rowland John Lapworth. His recent letters lead me to hope my ministry was useful to him. Soon after that period (about 1851) my friend Lapworth became the minister of Wythall-heath: and in that much-favoured position he has steadily continued until the close of this last August, when I again visited Wythall-heath to be present at his farewell meeting. I take the following from the *Christian World*:—

"Services of unusual interest have been held at Wythall-heath, Worcestershire, in connection with the departure to North America of the Rev. Rowland John Lapworth, who has honourably and usefully sustained the pastoral office for nearly thirty years. Sermons were preached by C. W. Banks and R. J. Lapworth. At the parting public meeting testimonials were presented to Mr. Lapworth, and to his wife and daughters, by W. J. Reeve, Esq., the chairman, by Rev. W. Radburn, C. W. Banks, and the senior deacon, including a noble purse. The Revs. G. Sear, R. Gray, Alderman Ellaway, S. A. Daniel, Thomas Haydon, and J. Epps, Esq., gave commendatory speeches, all expressing sorrow that the numerous deaths and agricultural distress should cause such a painful separation."

Notes of these services, from different friends, and a copy of the beautiful parting address, are to be given in our future numbers, if the Lord permit. My imagination follows dear Rowland John Lapworth, his tender wife and delicate children, as they are now sailing over the Atlantic Ocean, and my soul would lift up her silent prayer to Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand, that He will mercifully carry them into their desired haven, and there give unto His servant a door of evangelical usefulness in the new country whither he goeth. All can testify that he is indeed a worthy and blessed man of God. Wythall-heath chapel, with its parsonage, garden, schools, and extensive surroundings, presents a sphere of delightful Gospel labour to any true minister who, by the Lord, may be qualified and sent to work therein.

CHATHAM.—MEMORIAL STONE.

At three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, August 9, a goodly group of friends were assembled in front of the new Enon chapel, Nelson-road, to witness the laying (or, rather, fixing) of the memorial stone, by I. C. Johnson, Esq., of Gravesend.

Mr. A. Dalton gave the opening hymn; Mr. G. Holland offered prayer.

Mr. Johnson then proceeded to lay the stone, and having declared the fact, made an appropriate speech, in the course of which he spoke freely on the special providence of God over the friends at Enon Chapel, and took the timely opportunity to express his mind on the distinctive views of faith and order of the New Testament Church, and which were tenaciously held by the Strict Baptist denomination generally. The excellent address of Mr. Johnson drew forth many hearty responses from most of the company present.

The situation of the new chapel is in a degree quietly, if not beautifully situated, and will, no doubt, eventually be surrounded by a thickly-populated neighbourhood. The appearance of the interior of the chapel is like the city of the New Testament, "four square," and will now be, when finished, a pretty little sanctuary, both neat and comfortable, and well adapted for sound. The whole affair, from the beginning to the present, reflects considerable credit upon Mr. Vanhesou and his much-respected colleagues. The inscription upon the stone is as follows:—

This memorial-stone was fixed by

I. C. JOHNSON, ESQ., J.P.,

On August 9, 1881.

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!"

A cheque for £20 was laid upon the stone by Mr. Johnson, and other friends helped to swell the amount. Mr. Shawe, of Gravesend, gave out a hymn (783, "Denham's Selection")

"Great King of glory, come,
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy dome,
This people as Thy own."—

and closed the open-air service with prayer. The friends then adjourned to the old chapel, where a truly substantial tea was provided.

The service of the evening was commenced with hymn 799, very appropriate: "Revive Thy work in Zion, Lord." Our beloved brother C. W. Banks offered prayer, which was short, pointed, and savoury.

Mr. I. C. Johnson presiding, called upon Mr. Vanhesou to read the report, which gave a digest of the labours of the building committee, since 1875. A plot of ground, 34 feet wide and 70 feet deep, was secured in October last, at a cost of £98 9s., and the superstructure is now raised upon it, and will shortly be opened for public worship. The lease of the old chapel expires this year. The friends can truly say, "This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes." It will be a happy day when the Church obtains a suitable pastor, one of the Lord's own sent ones. Mr. Johnson spoke of his

pleasant connection with the friends at Enon, which extended over thirty years past.

The following brethren gave warm and appropriate addresses: Messrs. Belsey (ex-mayor of Rochester), Pelpee, Squirrell, Cattell, Anderson, G. Webb, Winters, Dalton, Shawe, Holland, and others. The happy and successful meeting terminated with praise and the Benediction.

W. WINTERS.

THE BLACK COUNTRY.

ITS BISHOP, DANIEL MATTHEWS, AND OTHER WITNESSES FOR CHRIST.

According to arrangement, we had special services in our strict Baptist mission hall, which is on the top of the Sand-pits, opposite Powell-street, Birmingham, on June 5 and 6, 1881. C. W. Banks gave us some experimental, and some new covenant evangelical testimonies; and we will pray the Lord to water the seed sown. We have for many years sought to promote the progress of New Testament Gospel ordinances in connection with the true worship of our Lord God, Father, Son, and Eternal Spirit; but in no place, by no minister, nor by any means yet employed, have we ever seen during the last forty years any external demonstration of Gospel glory in Birmingham. No man has laboured more zealously, more faithfully than has Mr. Thomas Drew, but the pure desire of his heart has not yet been fully realised.

At Gomer-street, Willenhall, we heard cheerful tidings of the happy blessing attending the ministry of Mr. George Banks, a young man of devout study, of acceptable gift, and highly esteemed by all who know him.

In the Black Country there are causes of truth, but more or less they are praying for showers of blessings. It is said there is no minister in all these parts who has for nearly sixty years so steadily, so solemnly, so successfully preached the Gospel as Mr. Daniel Matthews has done. Both at Rowley Regis and in Willenhall he has been instrumental in building new chapels. He regularly preaches in his Rowley Regis tabernacle Sunday mornings and afternoons, and in his Willenhall chapel every Sunday evening, always to full congregations. Daniel Matthews has certainly been a wonderfully-favoured and well-sustained minister; but he is approaching the end of his glorious work. He may continue a few years longer, but before very many years this powerful patriarch must go to rest.

Where is the Elisha on whom the mantle of the Rowley Regis Elijah shall fall? Ah, where? We wish we could obtain some correct reports of some of Daniel's sermons, but we despair of achieving such a privilege. We esteem him highly for his work's sake, although he considers us nothing better than one of the dead dogs of Egypt. Daniel Matthews will not sit in judgment on the great white throne. We will dare to recommend to ministers, deacons, eminent ladies, all who are prone to sit in judgment upon

their fellow mortals, to every pharisee who looks down with dire contempt upon poor praying publicans, we venture to recommend "a sermon" on "The Judgment-seat of God," by C. H. Spurgeon. We ought to have been hung long since if the judgment passed on us by some was at all correct.

WHICH SECTION OF THE BAPTISTS DO YOU BELONG TO?

"A Preacher in the North" wishes some information respecting the creed or "faith of the so-called pre-existerian people." Our correspondent cannot find the term explained in lexicon, only as referring to "one existing beforehand." In the "Bye-Paths of Baptist History" he cannot find them at all. Our correspondent is surrounded by Arminians on one side, and by antinomians on the other, but the pre-existerians, to him, appear "refined, intellectual, metaphysical, loftily looking down with contempt upon others." Our correspondent can read Hussey and Stevens, but cannot grasp their meaning. We hope he will not over-strain his intellect. Let him study his New Testament, and if he can drink in the streams of vital life which flowed from the Saviour's ministry, his soul will thereby be satisfied, he will gladly leave the pre-existerians where he cannot follow them. We are preparing to define the different sections of the Baptists, but they are a people so discordant, so "contrarious," that the work is difficult; still, if we could quiet the spirits of some who are more curious and critical than contented, a little good might be done. Let us seriously consider that our great High Priest declared many "false Christs" would arise; then let us weigh well the emphatic revelation made to good old Simeon by the Holy Ghost, that "he should not see death until he had seen the Lord's Christ," and we shall be jealous, if not fearful, of being deceived by presuming pretenders.

HITCHIN, HERTS.—Anniversary of Mount Zion Baptist chapel Sunday-school was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, August 7 and 8. Children sang special hymns. Two sermons were preached by Samuel Banks, that in the morning being directed to the scholars, who listened with marked attention. On the Monday the young folks enjoyed some innocent games, partook of a hearty tea, received some pretty and useful presents, sang some more hymns, were examined in Scripture, and addressed by Mr. Banks, after which an earnest prayer by pastor Tucker brought another happy anniversary to a close. We are pleased to note that brother Tucker is still graciously supported in his faithful ministrations to a loving and united people. By the way, he is the oldest minister in the town, having laboured there for nearly thirty years.

WALWORTH.—On July 4, upwards of 400 scholars and friends connected with the Strict Baptist Sunday school (Board school), Penrose-street, visited Ashstead-common,

many more friends joining them later in the day. The weather was delightful, and the change was healthful and much enjoyed. A good tea was provided for children and friends, and the teachers amused the scholars by various pleasing engagements during the day. Altogether, a most pleasing time was spent. We are happy to say that through the goodness of the Lord there was nothing whatever to mar the enjoyment.—JOHN GREEN, Hon. Sec.

THAME, OXON.—We Thame people number—in our town and surroundings—over five thousand souls. We have a grand old Church, where the revelation and the reformation Gospel has been preached. Also a modern Congregational and Wesleyan chapel, with a Baptist and a Primitive. About 1,300 worshippers is, perhaps, the average. Is it not lamentable, that so many thousands everywhere turn their backs upon the house of God? *The Thame Gazette* gives the following:—“**TOWERSEY CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY.** On Sunday, August 14, Mr. C. W. Banks of London, and editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, preached two impressive sermons in the above place, which were listened to with great attention; persons coming from various places—viz., Thame, Sydenham, Long Crendon, and Chearsley, to hear the esteemed and aged preacher. The chapel was thronged with people and the singing was much appreciated, and altogether the services were very successful.”—*Praise ye the Lord!*

IRTHLINGBORO'.—This old cause, where Mr. Trimming laboured so many years, has a very good Sunday-school, and a fair number of young people connected with it, under the pastorate of Mr. Pearce, formerly of Hilperton. The school anniversary was held on July 24. Mr. J. Wilkins, of Wattisham, preached the sermons to large and attentive congregations. Several hymns and anthems were well sung by the school children. Friends from Rushden, Raunds, Fineden, and other places came to see us, among whom were several of the attached friends of the late Mr. C. Drawbridge. It was a good day, the collections for the school reached nearly nine pounds.—W. W.

PLUMSTEAD TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The annual treat took place on Tuesday, August 9, at Bostle Wood. Children and friends, numbering upwards of 300, accompanied by the pastor, W. H. Lee, superintendent Robert Webb, and secretary H. D. Hammond. The day was delightfully fine. Superintendent and secretary gave freely away to the children a large quantity of presents, and a famous tea was provided. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure and enjoyment felt by all. “Praise God from whom all blessings flow!”

HACKNEY ROAD.—Twenty-second anniversary of Mr. H. Myerson's pastorate, at Shalem, Oval, was publicly commemorated August 16, 1881. Short congratulatory

addresses were given by brethren C. Cornwall, Baldwin, Kemp, Matthew Branch, C. W. Banks, and F. C. Holden, whose discourse on the words “Encourage him,” was earnest, seasonable, and expressive of warm sympathy, and of much mental power.

THE SWEET SEVENTEENTH OF JOHN.—Our ancient and afflicted minister, brother William House, sends us the following as his last hymn. How painfully we read the notes which reach us from the many ministers who have lived beyond strength and powers of usefulness, with not sufficient to supply nature's needs. Those ministers who are in health, and receiving good incomes, should speak a word for the worn-up and weary ones.

How sweet 'tis to live in the prayer
Of Jesus (immaculate One),
To feel that indeed we were there,
Before the grand doings were done.

“Not only for those do I pray,
But those who shall in Me believe,”
What plainer than this could He say?
Oh, sweet is the hope to receive.

“I will they be with Me above,
In glory Thou gavest to Me,
The home of celestial love,
And there My full glory to see.”

Oh, joy, most unspeakable this,
The thought we can scarcely attain;
This prayer has such grace and such bliss,
’Tis full, of an excellent gain.

There's nought we can ask for beside,
Our Advocate well pleads our case;
Oh, can we not in Him confide,
With so much compassion and grace?

Lord Jesus, we joy in the hope,
Thou takest our cause in Thy care,
With thankfulness now we look up,
In praying thro' this Thy sweet prayer.
Tottenham.

Marriage.

On August 11, at the Surrey Tabernacle, by Mr. Taylor, Ebenezer Mead (eldest son of Mr. John Mead) to Clara Jane Carr (eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Carr).

Deaths.

Mrs. Rachel Leake, of Haverstock-hill, fell quietly asleep in the faith of her new covenant Lord, July 25, 1881, at the ripe age of 83. Her remains were laid to rest in Willesden cemetery, August 1; Mr. George Webb, of Maldstone, officiating. Her memoir by her daughter, in our next, we hope.

The pastor of Providence, Grosvenor-road, Bristol, died July 2, 1881. He was 70. A correspondent says, “Mr. Littleton is usefully settled here.” But, where?

After a somewhat lengthened illness, August 14, Mr. John Page (brother of Mr. Page, formerly of London-road, now of Hastings), of Cavendish, aged 67, for some years a member and deacon of Providence chapel, Glemsford.

In loving remembrance of Jane Cook, of Wroughton, Wilts, who died July 4, 1881, aged 69, surviving her husband only three months. Her end was peace.

"A Few Moments at Calvary."

"And He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost."—John xix. 30.

THIS is spoken of Him who spake as never man spake, and also did what man has never done, or man and angel will ever do, when He cried, "It is finished." He then spake as *Himself* had never before spoken; and when He bowed His head and gave up the ghost, He did what He has never since done, "Nor will anything necessitate it again." The work He now did, and expressions He used, were quite new to Him; and, as all He ever said is worthy of all our attention, and His acts are worthy all our meditation, let us try for a few moments, beloved reader, to prayerfully look at this great work, and the way in which it was finished.

It will be but a little of the employment of another and better world, for eternity itself will only be sufficiently long for our then sanctified and glorified minds to dwell continuously on so blessed a subject. Here it is our minds even now rally; and, "notwithstanding the conflict endured with sin and Satan," are often refreshed while gazing on this wonderful object, beneath a light which is divine. And, when living faith thus entwines itself around the word and work of Immanuel, we feelingly sing:—

"Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze," &c.

Oh, then, with a knowledge of our dependence upon the Holy Ghost, let us endeavour to indulge ourselves by noticing:—

I.—The great and wonderful Person.

II.—The wonderful acts.

III.—Offer a few reflections.

I.—The great and wonderful Person. Oh, wonder of wonders! here is He that made man, redeeming man, and in a human body He suffers and dies for them. He that died for man now bids man look unto Him, for this is He who cried, "It is finished," and bowed His head, and gave up the ghost. (1) We will observe we see here *the greatest of all Sufferers and Conquerors*. Here the sharpest of all struggles had been endured, the most acute pain had been borne, the heaviest battle ever heard of by man, or ever known to God, had been honourably fought, and the most glorious conquest gained. This conquest is both eternal and universal. Here all the hosts of hell were routed, the head of the serpent eternally bruised, every sin of chosen millions completely atoned for, God quite satisfied and eternally pleased with the achievements of this great Conqueror; death itself was dead, or unstung, and every foe to God and man must fall beneath this great conquering Lord; for love to man He had sorrowfully—"yet willingly"—entered the conflict, and with Him was no man. Boldly had He stood the ground, having dyed His garments in blood, having given His life a ransom for many, to show the honour of His death, and entirety of His victory, He bowed His head and gave up the ghost. (2) Observe, He is the *greatest of all*

lovers. Oh, what love is here displayed! Not for Himself did He do this, but for those who had mocked, and many of whom were still at enmity with Him. As their eternal Lover He had faithfully stood by them; as the everlasting Saviour He had endured all the pains of hell for them; and now He proves to them the *utmost* of all truth—namely, that all the pains He had endured, “all the fires that had burnt in Him,” all the floods of wrath, had not quenched or consumed His love. *Divine* and *human love* had been tested to the uttermost; multitudes on multitudes of sinners were lovingly saved, love’s great redeeming work was done—it had not been singed in the flame, drowned in the flood, nor weakened in the fight. He would not die and leave His people in doubt upon the matter; hence He held up His head and maintained His life till the last blow had been given, and the last *awful* stroke received; then, to still carry out the dictates of this same love, before God, man, devils, and angels, He lovingly bows His sacred and honoured head, and gave up the ghost to His heavenly Father, and treads with love the courts of death, sanctifies and perfumes the grave; and we admire the great love of this glorious Lover; and

“ Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me ? ”

(3) He is the greatest and most *triumphant* Saviour. This was the last act by way of merit that God required. He did not leave anything incomplete; He bowed His head—having cried with a voice that made hell tremble and flee, that shook the earth and burst the rocks, the veil was rent from *God to man*. At the closing scene of this great victory, disembodied spirits of the saints make heaven’s high hills echo with His praise; surprised angels—*still wondering*—string anew their golden harps. As that mighty and majestic head is *calmly* bowing, and that spirit given up, stern justice takes a holy, smiling countenance. Mercy sings and perfectly triumphs; mercy and truth lovingly and harmoniously embrace each other, and God throws all His love upon this most triumphant Saviour. In the fullest confidence of God’s pleasure He also, satisfied, bows His head, having got to Himself a name eternally glorious; for,—

“ Complete atonement He had made,
And, to the utmost farthing, paid
Whate’er His people owed.”

Oh! He deserves every crown He wears; for,—

“ He for us abolished death:
Conquering with His dying breath;
We shall soon His triumphs swell,
Rescued from the jaws of hell.”

II.—The wonderful acts. His person and character are wonderful. His acts deserve our deepest attention. He bows His head, not compulsorily, but willingly; He gave up the ghost. (1) It suggests His mind was *perfectly calm*, perfectly tranquil. He did not die as others do, and gasp out life in confusion and groans. His breath and spirit was not hastily snatched from the body; He cried aloud, proving His life yet strong in Him—“ He had *power* to lay it down.” We had not an *insensible and weak Saviour* on Calvary; but calmly He looked and saw the innumerable sins of His people were no more before God. He

looked to God, and yet again saw Jehovah completely satisfied, and smiling upon Him. He sees every covenant arrangement concerning His death fulfilled; He is *conscious* of all around, above, and within Him; sees His beloved bride safe in His Father's hand; and then, to make it all gloriously complete, "without a fear as to His resurrection, and the Father's faithfulness," He bowed His honoured head, and voluntarily, before heaven, earth, and hell, gave up the ghost. (2) The act is *entirely His own*. The head did not drop through weakness, the life was not taken, but given. Had there been a drop of wrath unconsumed, that head would have been still upheld, that spirit still remained. But, no, the work is *well done*; the regions of death must be passed through, and the perfume of this sacrifice left in the tomb for all time. God is willing it should be so done. He, the Son, replies, "Father, it shall be," and gives up the ghost. Angels probably did attend, but could not assist. None could take that life till *He* gave it, who loved me, and gave Himself for me. (3) This proves the *sovereignty* of His death. This was to be revealed in all ages, to be seen by all around the cross, and be recorded for the comfort of the godly, and *discomfiture* of the ungodly. Would you see Him as a *Son obedient*, see Him—in accordance with His Father's purpose, in a spirit of submission—bow His head and die? Would you see divine *majesty*, see how He was supported till all was accomplished, and then take His life and give it up? Oh, tarry here and look!—'tis good to be here with the Master.

"Oh, for a living faith to view
The victories of the Lamb!
And sweetly lean upon Him, too,
Nor fear to trust His Name."

III.—Offer a few reflections. (Space compels us to be brief.) (1) Reflect upon the awful nature of sin. Here pride cannot raise its head. Sin is here shown in its most hateful form. (2) See, He *can* sanctify sorrow, and bring His people triumphantly through. In all His sufferings He did not fail, but He can now also *sympathise* with His suffering ones, and make them all *sanctified* blessings. His were *penal*, ours are *not*. He will never leave us to perish beneath our *light afflictions*, but bring us through, to His own honour and glory. Since He did not perish underneath His mighty trials, but is glorified and won to Himself eternal honour through them. (3) Learn also that *death itself* is now a *blessing*. Also we shall have His presence in passing through all its *solemn wonders*. "At *His death* there was perfect order in the mind and government of God;" He conquered it in all its dreadful forms, and and makes it now a precious blessing. "He gave up the ghost"—gave it into His Father's hands; and God, ever since, has been receiving ransomed spirits in the same manner. He will hold us up in the river, and point to His death, and to His glory; and we shall pass through the hands of a Friend to possess glory with Him.

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song."

May we often sit down and glory in His cross, as we watch Him complete His work, even our salvation, is the prayer of

A YOUNG WATCHMAN.

"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

MR. DANIEL ALLEN'S SECOND LETTER.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—What I have said in my last, of "the kingdom of heaven," may be briefly comprehended in the following twenty-two questions and answers:—

1. *What is its empire?* Grace, truth, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost (John i. 17, viii. 32; Rom. v. 21, xiv. 17).

2. *Where is it located?* In the hearts of the true followers of Christ (Luke xvii. 21; Col. i. 27).

3. *When did it come?* When Christ came into this world and proclaimed it (Luke i. 69; Col. i. 13).

4. *Who is its King?* The glorious Son of God, the Lord Jesus (Isa. xxxii. 1; Heb. vii. 2).

5. *Who are the subjects?* All who possess grace in their souls (John i. 17; Heb. xii. 27).

6. *What is the food of it?* The Bread of Life; the slain body of Christ (John vi. 33; Psa. cxxxii.).

7. *What are its waters?* Those from the throne of God (Rev. xxii.; Ezek. xlvi.; Psa. xli.).

8. *What is the people's dress?* The righteousness of the Son of God (Isa. lxi. 10; 2 Cor. v. 21; Matt. xxii. 11).

9. *What is its produce?* The most blessed fruits of the Holy Spirit (Gal. v. 22; Eph. v. 9).

10. *What is its language?* Truth in testimony, prayer, and praise (John iv. 23, viii. 32; Heb. xiii. 15).

11. *What are its works?* The works of faith and labours of love (Heb. vi. 10; 1 Thes. iii. 1).

12. *What is its air?* The North and South wind of the Spirit's power (Ezek. xxxvii. 9; John iii. 8).

13. *Who are its nobles?* The prophets, apostles, and angels of the Churches (Jer. xxx. 21; Eph. ii. 20; Rev. i. 20).

14. *What city is its capital?* Mount Zion, the Church of God (Heb. xii. 22; Psa. cxxxii.; Rev. xxi. 2).

15. *Where is its palace?* In the heavens of eternal glory (John xiv. 2; 2 Cor. iv. 17).

16. *Who are its soldiers?* All who put on the whole armour of God (Eph. vi. 11).

17. *What are its strongholds?* Salvation by Father, Son, and Holy Ghost (Isa. xii. 2, xxvi. 1).

18. *Who are its foes?* The world, the flesh, and the devil (James iv. 4; Gal. v. 17; 1 Pet. v. 8).

19. *What sun shines upon it?* The face of Jesus Christ (Mal. iv. 2; 2 Cor. iv. 6).

20. *What are its boundary lines?* Life and death; life in the soul (1 John iii. 14).

21. *What is its duration?* The glorious for ever and ever. Amen. (Rev. xxii. 5; Luke i. 33).

22. *Who is its Founder?* The great Jehovah, the Lord of Zion (Isa. xiv. 32; Heb. xi. 10).

These, then, are some of the leading features of the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of God's dear Son. And I am sure the Lord the

Holy Ghost would never give any other kingdom the name by which this kingdom is distinguished from all other kingdoms on earth or in hell beneath. No, to call Rome, or the fast apostatising Church of England, or the societies of Arminian heretics by the name of "the kingdom of heaven," is almost a blasphemy of this sacred name of this empire of God's dear Son. This kingdom in a man is distinct from the sinful flesh of such a man; so this kingdom in the world is distinct from the world in which it is set up. This is where Mr. Battersby makes the mistake. He takes the corruptions with which this kingdom is surrounded in the world for the kingdom itself, just as if he took the corruptions of the flesh of a child of God for the kingdom in him, and not the life of God in his soul. The fulness of grace will maintain the kingdom in the man when his vile flesh shall pass away. In like manner the vile world shall pass away, but the kingdom of God's dear Son shall rise out of its corruption, incorruptible and glorious. This kingdom in us is surrounded with enemies of a terrible nature; so also in the world, it has its foes on every hand; it has its place in the renewed mind, and it has for its Monarch the Lord Jesus there to reign.

Permit me to briefly run through the thirty times this name is given to the Church of God, so as to fully satisfy your readers of its meaning; and in doing so let us notice that this name of the Church is only to be found in Matthew's Gospel. Mark, Luke, and John, always use the name, "the kingdom of God," for the same Church of God as Matthew calls "the kingdom of heaven." See Matt. v. 3; compare with Luke vi. 20: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." This difference often occurs, which proves the same Church of God is intended by the two terms. I name this, because I find men of Mr. B.'s line of things ever trying to make a difference between the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of God. They foolishly, and without the least authority from the Book of God, affirm that the kingdom of heaven means the profession of religion in the Gospel dispensation, which, as Mr. B. says, will soon become entirely corrupt by the leaven of error and wickedness. These men then proceed to say that the kingdom of God is the real Church of God, and will be taken up out of the corruption, and will come down with Christ to set up His kingdom in His millennial glory. A more false, unscriptural fallacy never was suggested to the human mind by satanic agency. To refute this delusion and ridiculous subterfuge, I have, therefore, pointed out that what Matthew only thirty times calls "the kingdom of heaven," Mark, Luke, and John, in every instance, call "the kingdom of God." Therefore, by both these names alike the Church of God is meant, as I have before shown in the twenty-two parts of this heavenly kingdom.

John, Jesus, and the apostles, began to preach, "Repent, the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. iii. 2, iv. 17, x. 7). That is, the empire of the Saviour's love, mercy, and grace are about to be opened for repenting sinners to enter in, such as Mary, Peter, and Saul of Tarsus. In Matthew v. 3 and 10, we have this kingdom declared to be the rich possession of the poor in spirit, and the persecuted. Surely these poor dears would not care to possess a vile world of empty, rotten profession, like the Church of Rome. In chap. v. 19, you have some

least, and some greater in this kingdom. In chap. v. 20, you have all who have not a better righteousness than the Pharisees for ever shut out of it. Surely the self-righteous are not shut out of Rome's corrupt Church, nor out of the Church of England, nor out of the corruption of the religion of the day; therefore, this kingdom of heaven does not mean these, it means the holy Church of God. You have in chap. vii. 21, no entrance into this kingdom for those who say, "Lord, Lord." These are shut out of this kingdom, but they enter by millions into Mr. B.'s kingdom. Only those who do the will of Christ's Father can enter the kingdom which is like leaven hid in three measures of meal. In chap. viii. 11, you have the elect coming from East and West to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in this kingdom. Shall this be in the rotten Church of Rome or England, or in the holy assembly of the saints? In chap. xi. 11, 12, you have the least in this kingdom, greater than John the Baptist, and violence done to it. Surely this must be the Church of God, not a world of vile profession. In chap. xiii. 11, you have the mysteries of this kingdom revealed to babes, and hid from the wise and prudent. Surely these cannot be the mysteries of the whore of Babylon, but rather those in Christ: "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." In chap. xiii. 24, you have the word of the kingdom in different minds, but only fruitful in renewed hearts. Surely these are not the errors of Rome, or England, or Arminius, but the word of faith which we preach. In chap. xiii. 31, you have the little seed of the kingdom growing into a mighty tree, for a shelter for the birds of every wing to fly like doves to its holy branches, flying for refuge to the hope set before them. Surely these cannot be the vultures and cormorants in the Pope's Church; they must be the Lord's silver-winged and golden-feathered doves. In chap. xiii. 33, you have the raising and ascending leaven of Divine grace, as in the two loaves, once a-year at Pentecost presented as holy firstfruits unto the Lord (Lev. xxiii. 17). Raising elect Jews, Gentiles, and angels up to God, as the three thousand on the day of Pentecost, and, finally, the spirits, souls, and bodies of all who are one bread in Christ (1 Cor. x. 17). Surely God has not lost His two holy Pentecostal loaves, made out of the first corn, waved before Him in the firstfruits of them that sleep, the first corn from the dead. Has Rome, and Pusey, and James Van Arminius snatched these holy loaves from our High Priest, and filled them with the villainy of hell? Away with such blasphemy to the place from whence it came. In Matt. xiii. 38, you have the wheat as "the children of the kingdom," in the field of "the world"—mind, not "the field of the kingdom of heaven;" therefore, the tares are no part of the kingdom of heaven, neither are they in it, nor of it. In chap. xiii. 44, you have the precious value of our kingdom in its jewel, found in a field, and the blessed finder forsakes or parts with all he has to obtain that field. He counts all but dung and dross for that prize; neither counts he his life dear to him, so that he may win that treasure. Surely this treasure is neither the Pope, nor His Grace of Canterbury, nor the heresy of Holland; no, it must be Christ, in the field of truth—the truth which makes us free. In chap. xiii. 45, you have a merchant of the kingdom, of the same mind as the ploughman of the kingdom just named. Both these men are great lovers of the jewel Jesus, and loyal subjects of this King. Surely these men, and

this pot of treasure, and this pearl, can be no part of the corruption of Rome. These must be Christ, and His Church, and His truth. In chap. xiii. 47, you have this kingdom at the end of time, with its people distinct from Satan's subjects. The Gospel net has been preached in all nations for a witness for the fish of the kingdom, a savour of life to them, but a witness against the fish of Satan, a savour of death unto death to them who are lost; thus both are landed into eternity. In chap. xiii. 52, you have the nobles, and university men of this kingdom bringing out new and old treasures of wisdom and knowledge which were hid in Christ. Surely these are not Oxford and Cambridge men; these two places are the Romish schools of our nation, in which are bred all kinds of error; but the holy scribes named by the Lord, are such blessed men as Dr. Goodwin, Dr. Owen, Bunyan, Huntington, Gadsby, and others like them—ministers in God's Church. In chap. xvi. 19, you have the blessed keys of these ministers—the keys of this kingdom; the keys by which they open the door of faith; the keys of knowledge. By these they let into the kingdom whosoever repent, believe, or call upon the Name of Jesus. But they lock out the impenitent, unbelieving, and prayerless souls to be condemned. And God in heaven confirms the actions of these turnkeys. Surely these are not the vile and satanic keys of the old man in Rome. In chap. xviii. 1—3, you have an inquiry as to who is to be greatest in this kingdom; and the Lord's declaration that no man can enter into it with the idea of being great; that no one but those who are in mind as a little child—like David, in Psalm cxxxi.—shall ever find admittance into this kingdom. Surely all these great popes, bishops, and Arminians, who are so big that they can save themselves, and other people too, shall never have a place in this kingdom. In chap. xviii. 23, you have an account of the servants of this kingdom, and there is a foreigner amongst these, a lordly clergyman, or deacon, or money member, I am not sure which; his name is Judas Alexander Diotrephus. He was a copper-smith, but he had a bishopric given to him, which he took, though he was a thief, a devil, and cared not for the poor. This man heard of, and talked about, the great forgiveness of sins, but he was, and is, a man of an unforgiving spirit, because he is a foreigner, a son of perdition; therefore, he is cruel to his fellow servants, who are sons as well as servants. Now, the Lord of the kingdom is so set upon keeping His household from going to corruption, that He delivers him over to the tormentors. As a son of perdition, he goes to his own place. This does not look as though the Lord was going to let His kingdom go to the dogs, as Mr. B. thinks. In chap. xix. 14, you have the Lord of the kingdom commanding the children to be allowed to come to Him, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven," said He. Surely if the people of the kingdom are like these, how can they be the abominable mass of corruption and filthy monstrosities Mr. B. describes under his leavening process? In chap. xix. 23, you have the Lord's testimony that it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter this kingdom. It is impossible for him to do so, unless he is made "poor in spirit." But Mr. B. makes out that this kingdom is to be made up of nothing else but these free-will lords, and Roman nobility, and High-church aristocracy. The Lord Jesus has put the sentence of impossibility upon Mr. B.'s line of things. In chap. xx. 1, you have

the labourers of the kingdom employed at all hours of the day, and these must be all very good men if they all get, as Mr. Huntington says they do, every man faith for his penny. But I believe they work by faith, and have eternal glory for their pay, or at the end of their day of toil. Surely there is no Roman, High Church, Arminian corruption in these labours in God's vineyard Church. In Chap. xxii. 2, you have the feast of the publicly-preached Gospel of the kingdom, and many refusing to hear the Gospel of the kingdom; and others compelled to come to partake of its holy testimonies.

" 'Twas the same love that spread this feast
That sweetly forced me in;
Else I had still refused to taste,
And perished in my sin."

(To be continued.)

"THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT."

THE SUBSTANCE OF ADDRESSES BY C. W. BANKS, W. H. LEE, T. STRINGER, J. CLARK, C. CORNWELL, AND R. A. LAWRENCE.

MOUNT Zion, Bow. On Lord's-day, August 21, 1881, we held the third anniversary of laying the first stone of the chapel. Mr. H. Dunkley, and Mr. R. A. Lawrence preached. On the Tuesday following, Mr. W. Carpenter preached in the afternoon. An excellent tea was provided by the liberality of a lady friend. A public meeting was held in the evening; Mr. Henry Lee presided. Brethren Noyes, Burbridge, and Oakey—now supplying the Church, which is destitute of a pastor—were present. Mr. R. Burbridge implored a blessing on the meeting. The subject of the evening was "The Work of the Spirit."

The chairman made appropriate remarks, and called upon C. W. BANKS to speak on its "Objects." "I will put My laws into their hearts." He said they were the whole election of grace: those whom the FATHER had chosen and loved with an everlasting love; those whom the SON had redeemed and justified; these were the objects, and they were also the subjects of the SPIRIT's work, who regenerated and made them new creatures. It was a solemn question, and one which he had often asked himself, "Am I a subject of the Spirit's work?" Well, do I love God as revealed in the Scriptures? Have I felt myself a sinner lost and undone? Do I love His truth and His people? Then I have ground to conclude that the Spirit's work is begun in my soul." There are three things which evidence this, Divine principles, sacred promises, and liberty in God's sight. C. W. Banks referred to Matt. xii. 44, where the house was found empty, swept, and garnished; this was mere moral reformation, good in its way, but it is not the principle of life; the last state of such a man is worse than the first. He had seen many young men come out as shining lights, looked well, swept and garnished, a little while, and they were gone. No principle of Divine life. There will be, in those whom the SPIRIT regenerates, life in the soul, love in the heart, and freedom from sin. Have you been kept? Here is the test. If so, God's promises will be made precious;

they will come unexpectedly and with power when most needed; and they will give confidence, peace, and resignation; then, freedom, liberty before God, sin put away, full salvation realised through Christ, and the quietness of assurance for ever.

W. H. LEE spoke on its "Nature." "He cannot sin because He is born of God." He referred to the origin of this Church. About twelve years ago he was located, by the providence of God, at Bow. There was no cause of truth; it was, therefore, put into his heart to join a few believers. A room was taken, a Church formed, of which he was the first pastor. But he was removed in providence into the country. This chapel had been erected since then, and he rejoiced that they had such a comfortable place in which to worship God. Having been the father of the cause, he would not be considered presuming if he gave them a few words of advice. He exhorted the deacons and people to maintain the truth, especially in this day of declension. He exhorted the friends to uphold the cause by their attendance; to come to the sanctuary to worship God, and not the preacher; to pray without ceasing for the peace and prosperity of Zion. In choosing a pastor, to have a man who was sixteen ounces to the pound; much as he desired their good, he would rather hear that they had come to nought than that they had departed from the good old ways. He was pleased to find that they were kept so far. In conclusion, he exhorted them to take heed that they fell not out by the way, but that the unity of the SPIRIT might be maintained. Referring to his subject he remarked it was the new nature that could not sin. The work of the SPIRIT in a soul was a holy work. There were two natures in a Christian. "What will ye see in the Shulamite? as it were the company of two armies." The old nature remained when the new nature was created; sin cannot touch the new man, for it is created in Christ Jesus; it is the old nature that sins; the law has no claim on the new man. David sinned; but when the words of Nathan came with power, "Thou art the man," he said, "I have sinned." Peter denied his Master; but afterwards he went out and wept bitterly.

T. STRINGER addressed the meeting on the Author of the work. "So is every one that is born of the Spirit." He said it was a good and suitable subject; he feared little understood. He asked himself sometimes what he knew about it; and in the prospect of an eternal state it was calculated to make a man anxious. He said, we love the Triune-God, the Father's love, the Saviour's glorious work; but we also love the Spirit's work in the hearts of His people. Without it we should never realise, nor trust in His promises. He spoke of an old deacon whom he knew, that told him God had given him a roll of bank notes years ago, so that when he was in trouble he would take one or two to the mercy-seat and get them cashed. These were his promises. Like Jacob, when his brother Esau was coming with a large company, he did not give way to fear, but trusted in a former promise, "I will surely do thee good." Every man in whom God dwells is righteous, holy, saved, delivered from sin, from law, hell, and condemnation, and is kept in the truth. Trials make truth more precious. What a blessing to have the new creation, the SPIRIT within us; for if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His, whether he be a bishop or a beadle, rich or poor, ignorant or learned; nothing can be done by us acceptable to God but by the Spirit's gracious influence.

J. CLARK's subject was, "Its manifestation." "The fruit of the Spirit is love," &c. He liked the subject much; what should we do without the work of the Spirit within? He referred to the Galatians, how false teachers had crept in, saying, ye must be circumcised; ye must do something; they came so plausibly, so lovingly, that the Galatians turned aside from the truth taught them by Paul. This so grieved him that he exclaimed, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" He put it forcibly to them—Paul was capable of so doing—"Having begun in the Spirit will ye now be made perfect through the flesh?" He was sorry to say such teachers had not died out, but were doing their destructive work in our Churches at the present day. Sinful works—the works of the flesh—were very manifest; you had only to go outside your door to see them very clearly; nay, you have only to look into your own heart to see them plainer still. How rare is the sight of the Spirit's work. This grieves and distresses the child of God. He had often blessed God for that passage in John, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." He could not always say with confidence, "I believe, I trust;" but he could always say he loved the brethren, the Church of God.

C. CORNWELL's subject was, "Its necessity." "Ye must be born again." He said he had been suffering from pain in the throat, and not being able to sleep, he arose in the night and read the third chapter of John. When he came to the third verse, he thought, this explains "Why we must be born again"—else we cannot see the kingdom of God. It was necessary on God's part, else all the promises of grace must be altered. God has bound Himself to regenerate, for He has said, "I will put My law in their hearts." It was necessary on Christ's part, for He could not be known to His people if the Spirit did not reveal Him to them. It was necessary on the Church's part, else they could never understand the plan of salvation. The world believe something, but not the truth; none but those who are born again do. It is necessary to enable us to distinguish between natural and spiritual things.

R. A. LAWRENCE had for his subject, "Its perpetuity." "He that hath begun a good work in you," &c. (Phil. i. 6). He said he had a sweet subject, but very little time to say much. He had begun many things in his time, but had finished very few; the fact is we have so little time our interest flags. A variety of circumstances sometimes combine to bring this failure about, but God never leaves any of His works unfinished; He never begins a work and then abandons it; "He will perform it;" He will perfect and complete every work He has begun. The Spirit brooded over the waters in the creation, but all was without form, nothing distinct and perfect; so when a man is first regenerated, there is life, but all is vague and undefined. He remembered when his chapel was being built; he used to watch its progress, and often wondered what this and that was for; so we do not understand God's way of dealing with us, but He, as a wise Master Builder, does. We acknowledge now that God's ways are good, and we trust Him when we cannot trace His ways, but hereafter we shall say, when we know all the whys and wherefores, the Lord hath indeed done all things well. Believer, if He has begun a good work in you He will perform it till the day of Jesus Christ.

WHEN I WAS ONE YEAR OLD.

IN *Cheering Words* for this month is given a brief account of finding the old MSS. book in which I recorded the silent reflections of my heart, after the Lord called me out of the darkness of Sinai into the overwhelming glories of CHRIST, in a new covenant salvation. The following few lines are given exactly as they were written, March 1, 1829. I have not added one stroke, nor abridged one line. They were not written for any eye but my own. They show my faith in, and feelings toward the Lord are the same as at the present time. Only I stand amazed at the floods of sorrow through which sovereign mercy hath brought me for nearly seventy-six years. I would only add, the fiftieth anniversary of my being commanded to preach the Gospel will (if the Lord permit) be holden in Speldhurst-road, South Hackney, on Sunday and Monday, October 2 and 3, 1881; three services on each day. Of the few of my friends who are yet living, I expect a little group will assemble to help me to sing once more,—

“Grace all the work shall crown.”

Also, as our chapel must be repaired—which will cost full £50—and as all the responsibility will rest with myself, I have secretly asked the Lord to constrain all who can afford it to send or bring a mite towards rendering our house of prayer, school-rooms, &c., permanently safe, sound, and suitable for the increasing companies and children who assemble with us in that, to me, very sacred building. The Lord God help us to glorify Him, prayeth

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, September, 1881.

The following are the reflections I have referred to:—

REFLECTIONS AND MEMORANDUMS FROM FEBRUARY, 1829.

“Thus far the Lord hath helped us.”

FAREWELL once more to February, and now to commence another March; and ere that shall close the Lord only knows what shall happen; what events of happiness, of misery, of persecution, of soul trouble, or of joy may be my lot. Did I say happiness? Ah, this I may never find in this world; long did I seek for it by running down the broad road to ruin, by following sin, wickedness, and self-destruction; but happiness I never found. No; rather misery, pain, and sorrow; neither shall I ever find happiness here, except it be in trusting through grace, with a good hope on the Lord Jesus Christ for eternal life.

But I said of misery; and this I may say falls to the lot of all men—wickedness brings misery; a wicked heart brings misery; covetousness brings misery; yea, the world itself brings misery. But, O gracious God, grant, I pray, that I may be miserable for nothing but my past wickedness and my present evil heart.

Persecution and soul trouble will follow the child of God; they are for his eternal good. Our blessed Saviour suffered great persecutions, temptations, and trials; and if He has borne our sins on the cross, if He has paid our ransom from death, shall not we expect, by following Him, to meet with difficulties? without which we should be too much attached to this world. Amen. And our blessed Redeemer told His disciples, previous to His departure from them, that in the world they

should have tribulation; "But," says He, "be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." How very encouraging! how condescending! how kind! and how affectionate are the words of Jesus Christ. He says, "If the world hate you ye know that it hated Me before it hated you, If ye were of the world the world would love his own, but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Oh, the merciful kindness of our God to give His ransomed children such kind encouragement to go through the world. Oh, the truth and wonderful mercies of Jesus. He says, "But because I have chosen you out of the world, the world hateth you." Ah, then, my soul, it is Christ Jesus that hath condescended to look upon you, and in mercy to save your precious soul from everlasting death; it is all of grace; it is not anything which you have done, or can do.

But how grovelling after the world and the things of this vale of tears! and though your daily experience in this life is that here you have no continuing city; that here is nothing but vexation of spirit; that in this world you can never enjoy real peace; yet, I say, how reaching and striving you are for the praise and the smiles of this lower earth. But oh, my soul, lift up thy spirit, look to the Rock of everlasting life; look to Jesus, your Saviour, your Redeemer, and your God. Endeavour to walk humbly, lowly, and cheerfully through life, always striving for the faith of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, so that you may be looking far above these transitory things, prepared to meet with an humble resignation all the dispensations and mercies of Providence. Oh, happy soul, that can with faith rely on the all-powerful arm of Him whose all-searching eye beholdeth the ways of the children of men, whose never-slumbering eye watcheth over His chosen Israel. May that God be my God through life and in death.

That hand that hitherto hath provided for me is still my support; and though my employment at the present is but dull, yet, oh, Lord, I desire to trust in Thee for all things. Oh, give me more of that precious faith whereby I may entirely rely on Thee for everything I need.

Canterbury, March 1, 1829.

OUR QUEEN AND THE WIDOW OF THE LATE AMERICAN PRESIDENT, MR. GARFIELD.

LOWLY down as we lay in the scale of society, and far away as we are from the United States, we have, nevertheless, keenly, sorrowfully sympathised with the late noble General Garfield in his sufferings from that dark deed of an unsuspected assassin. Quietly, at length, the sufferer fell asleep. His bereaved widow sat beside her beloved one's corpse, the tears flowing copiously over her heart-breaking cheeks. Our Queen, on receiving the news of this terrible calamity, immediately telegraphed her deep condolence, her painful sympathy, saying to Mrs. Garfield, "May God support and comfort you, as HE ALONE CAN!"

How thankful we feel that our God has given to our nation, for so many years, a monarch on our throne who can, from her heart, so tenderly and so truly acknowledge her God as the only One that can give comfort and strength in such a season of trial. In the prime of his life, the President has been laid low. *Who is safe here?*

ARE YOU SAFE?

A SOLEMN AND SEARCHING APPEAL.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR,

Minister of Fulham-St.-Mary Baptist Chapel.

HOW important to know you are safe; for some fatal disease may be at hand; there may be but a step betwixt you and death; if so, and you are not safe, remember you are lost for ever. What a mercy to be safe at all times, and under all circumstances! None are safe, only those of whom the apostle speaks: "Your life is hid with Christ in God." Reader, can you, with humble confidence in God, sing that verse?—

" Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast;
There, by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Did you ever stop to ask yourself the question, **AM I SAFE?** Am I safe while I live? Shall I be found safe when I die? Am I safe for the day of judgment? Numbers of our old people around us, as the Scripture declares, are "in danger of hell fire." Numbers of our young people around us are "in danger of hell fire." You who talk of Jesus and of the world to come, Are you safe? Have you a good name in the Church and in the world? Have your friends and neighbours a high opinion of you? And do you from this conclude you must be in the right way? Are you noted for gifts and abilities? Do you think you must be a child of God because you can fluently pray and fluently preach? In the face of all this, closely and solemnly examine yourself, and bring the question quite home—**Am I safe?** Do not think because you have spiritual gifts and earthly possessions that these things declare you to be a heaven-born soul; for you may be deceiving yourself. There is much in that solemn Scripture, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

What if I should know much of the law, much of the Gospel, much of myself, and much of others; and yet be unpardoned, unjustified, unsanctified, and destitute of real spirituality and heavenly-mindedness? Then I am unsafe for a dying day. Are you seriously, deeply, and feelingly concerned about the question which heads this short article? If not, Satan's goods are at peace, and you are not yet safe. Have you a wide-spread name in the Church and in the world for usefulness, much labour, and friendship among the friends of Christ? Do not, from such a consideration of things, conclude yourself to be safe. There are those who can say much and do much, and yet are not safe. First, they can say much, for proof of which read Matt. xxv. 44: "Lord, when saw we Thee an hungred or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee?" Secondly, they do much; for proof of which read these two Scriptures: "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?" Again: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity,

I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing" (1 Cor. xiii. 1—3).

Have I had powerful and cutting convictions for sin? Still I may be nothing; for think of Saul, Ahab, Judas, and others. Have I had very comfortable feelings? Has my mind been greatly elated, and much expanded in heavenly things? Still I may be nothing; for the stony ground hearers readily received the Gospel, and listened to it with a certain kind of joy, but they were nothing, for they had no root. Herod heard John gladly, as though he must be quite interested in Divine things, and, to a certain extent, he practised the things he heard John preach, but still he was nothing. He was never deeply concerned about the question, Am I safe? What a mercy, what a blessing, what a consolation to be safe in the ark, Christ Jesus, against the deluge of God's wrath!

Those who are safe in Christ are God's hidden ones. He watches over them by night and by day, and preserves them in the midst of roaring lions, and ravening wolves. Our enemies are full of cunning and malice. They set gins and snares for us, and daily seek our hurt; but the wisdom of God defeats their bloodthirsty designs, the truth of which may be illustrated by the following striking incident. It is said of a Protestant believer in Christ, in the Parisian massacre, that he was *saved by a spider*, which had woven a web before the entrance of a hole in which he hid himself from the murderers that sought his life, which made them conclude that he was not there. God's promise is: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion, and the adder, and the dragon shalt thou trample under thy feet."

All those who are characterised by earnestly desiring to love God, and follow after holiness, are the objects of His care and preservation. He is, indeed, "the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe;" for the proof of which you may take another illustration. On one of those vast and trackless prairies which abound in the Western part of the Continent, a party of travellers were making their journey under the conduct of an experienced guide, when suddenly they perceived him halting and looking very anxiously behind him. He stooped down and put his ear to the ground that he might assure himself of the true state of the case. That practised ear soon caught the sound of fire. The prairie was in flames behind them; and, what was most appalling, the wind was rapidly driving the flames after them, so that in a few minutes they must be consumed. Quick as thought, the intelligent guide struck a light, and set fire to the prairie in front of the party—thus clearing a space, on which he placed every one of them. There they were perfectly safe from the devouring flames, for the simplest of all reasons—that they were standing on ground already cleared by fire. They had been transferred in a moment from a place of imminent danger to a place of safety—from a place in the which they were, of necessity, filled with anxiety and terror, to a place in which they might lie down and sleep in perfect repose and perfect security. It was impossible that the fire could touch them, inasmuch as it had already done its work. The very flame which they once dreaded had cleared for them a place of safety. The once dreaded enemy had become their best friend; the danger was past and gone. Is not the fire of hell at the heels of the sinner? Is he not

almost ready to be consumed with the flames of Divine wrath? Does he hear the fiery law roaring against him, and the whistling winds of Sinai's threatenings sounding in his ears? In a moment, by a Divine impulse, he takes refuge in flying to Christ, and there he is safe against devouring fire.

Oh, sinner! have you fled to Christ as your only place of safety? If you have, you are safe—safe against all your doubts and fears, temptations and cares, gins and snares, trials and afflictions, principalities and powers, hell, sin, and devils; you are safe for time, safe for death, and safe for eternity. You may confidently say, "I will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." Though the Red Sea may threaten to swallow you up, you need not fear, because it shall be "to your adversaries an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation, and that of God."

Having come out of yourself, and made Christ your Refuge, you may say, with David, "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? Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

In conclusion, the respected reader of the *VESSEL* will pardon me if I, with much fear and trembling, ask the question, *ARE YOU SAFE?*

"O LORD! I DO REPENT."

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, in his *Day of Rest* for September (a richly-endowed literary monthly), gives the portraits of Frances Ridley Havergal, and of "Sadie" (which means Sarah) Wilkinson. These faces, so full of something inexpressibly serious, of something so much like GRACE looking out at every crevice, these sanctified intellectual frontispieces are accompanied by semi-biographical notices, which, to a thoughtful, to a heavenly-moulded spirit, are enchanting, and tend to strengthen one's faith both in the reality and immense variety of the gifts of the Spirit of the living Christ, the El-geber, the GOD-MAN, our ever-blessed IMMANUEL. "Sadie's" "Penitence" is a poem which was born in a broken and contrite spirit, a spirit melted down to a degree of resignation to the Divine will. "Sadie's" penitential poem tells me better than ever I saw before so clearly what that is designed to teach which you find in the

FIRST ELEMENT OF THE BRIDEGROOM'S FEAST,

where He says, "I have gathered My myrrh *with My spice*."

Myrrh stands for suffering. In the sufferings of the ungodly there is no spice; but JESUS, in all His sufferings, had (secretly, unknown to the world) the spice of the Godhead, the inherent virtue of the Divinity; so that He could, in His bitterest agony, exclaim, "MY GOD! MY GOD!" And all the truly sanctified feel

"*There's something secret sweetens all,*"

even while the waves of sharp distress do o'er their bosoms roll.

Oh, yes ; the sanctification of the Spirit, the holiness of the indwelling Deity in the saved soul, is our present precious inheritance, and is the foretaste of that perfection of freedom from the fall, and of that being filled with the fulness of God, which will render the high heavens so satisfying to all the redeemed in glory. Poor Sadie says:—

“ Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust mine impious hands across Thy threads,
And deemed my weight of folly weight of wit—
O Lord ! I do repent.”

Oh! ye rough, unlettered wild boys and girls, who run about the streets of Zion, thinking ye know everything, be persuaded that there are, mentally and spiritually speaking, higher schools than ours, where many souls rise up from the mere dogmas, above the fine architecture of the old covenant ; on the foundations of the mediatorial scheme, are climbing up to the hills where Enoch walked with God, and where they can sing, or rather sigh,—

“ I would not weep, until I smiling die.”

In my travels I am called in to see, and to try to help, many a worn-out and departing saint. They are so numerous, I only grieve I cannot do for them as they really need. In our Churches Paul's words should be written up in large letters (and the counsel therein given should be worked out much more practically than it is), where he writes :—

“ Only they would that we should remember the poor, the same which I also was forward to do.”

In these chambers, or huts, where the weeping widow waits the summons to call her home, I often realise the solemnity of being dead to all the world, and only in the precious presence of Christ is any peace and rest to be found. I lately visited two aged widows ; one near death, the other struggling with all her might to keep the two feeble bodies and souls together. “ What is your real income ? ” The dying one has two shillings a week from the parish ; the other wastes her little strength trying to earn a few shillings in the mill. The Lord be praised, I do realise the truth of the blessed Bridegroom's saying, “ I have gathered My myrrh with My spice.” There is a holy tincture, touched with the flavour of the spice, in kneeling down and pleading for, and rising up, and ministering as well, to the deep necessities of the saints. I fear Master Adams's violent denunciations against the covetous rich professors are too correct. The puritan cries out, “ Oh! this damned sin of covetousness, how many it keeps from the gates of heaven ! ” The ancient moralist writes of the toad, that she eats of nothing but the earth, and she will eat thereof no more than she can hold in her foot at once. Why is she so careful ? She fears the earth would be wasted, and none left. Fit emblem of the niggardly, the wretchedly covetous man, who goes to his chapel, smacks his lips wonderfully over a *free-grace* doctrinal sermon, but whose bowels of compassion have been so baked in the oven of covetousness that he has no pity for the poor left—only that dry bit of lip-service, “ *I am sorry for them,* ” which expression is as false as is the father of all lies himself. “ O Lord ! I do repent ” of all that in myself is found, and the highest

enjoyment I can ever desire here is, like Jacob, to feel and cry out, "Now let me die, since I have seen Thy face, because Thou, JESUS, art YET ALIVE!" "It looks," as one old groaner says, "as if the sun was dying, the harvest dying, the doctrines dying, the good old Churches dying." As for the parsons, worth anything, he says they are all dead.

Ah, well, but Jesus Christ is still alive; and to all genuine, heaven-born, Christ-espoused souls, He says, "Because I live, ye shall live also." And that HE is still in His garden, is the happy conviction of one of the rather aged, but happy servants,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney.

[This small spontaneous outflow of my reflections upon the misery of many who so constantly appeal for help, must be kindly received, if possible. The never-dying fact is this:—All profession of a free-grace religion, which doth not bring forth a free-grace charity, is a vain oblation. The lack of this has reduced some of the once prosperous Churches down to poverty in the pulpits, emptiness in the pews, and death in the deacons. What my own eyes have seen, and what my heart mourns over, I will declare. The "spice" of Christian charity has been lacking.]

LOOSED FROM SATAN.

BEING A BRIEF OUTLINE OF A SERMON, PREACHED BY MR. WM. TITE,
BAPTIST MINISTER, POTTON, BEDFORDSHIRE,

SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1841.

"And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath-day?"—Luke xiii. 16.

THE character loosed from this bond was a daughter of Abraham (a Jewess), and must be a believer, a possessor of Abraham's faith, not bound under the law, but by Satan, and all the powers of earth and hell cannot loose her until God does. This woman was weak, mistrusting the kindness of God, exclaiming with the Psalmist: "Is His mercy clean gone for ever? will He be favourable no more?" This is a character convinced of sin, a believer in God, a daughter of Abraham, possessor of his faith, and inheritor of the promises, for she is not one bound under the law, but has little hope, and little faith, and has been brought to have a feeling sense of the love of God, which we cannot desire unless we have some knowledge of God. This woman has a hope she cannot give up, a faith which none can conquer. Being conscious of her unworthy state, and groaning under her infirmity, she is not able to say, "Abba, Father," or, "I know whom I have believed." Here comes in the temptation of the adversary, and she has to travel with a great burden. Imagination and reality are two things. This character imagines she cannot be right with God, and Satan says, "You will one day prove 'a cast-away;'" and then in time the soul is brought to have a hope, "Who can tell but the Lord may have mercy on me;" and very frequently this poor soul is looking for sanctification, and the enemy again tempts her. Such characters are acquainted with the language of Paul, "The will is present, but how to perform that I would I know not." They hope one day the Lord will have mercy. During this bondage they are fearful of death, but in time the Lord shines on them, and again they have a hope that He will appear, and

prove a faithful and unchanging God. After this ray of hope is withdrawn they are tempted by Satan's misconstruction of God's Word condemning them; here the poor soul is afraid of taking the word from him. It does not say this character was dead, but only bound in a spirit of infirmity, in bondage for a want of a manifestation of pardon and justification of God. She was bound for eighteen years under a feeling sense of this load, and God hath said that He will hear the cry of those that are bound. "Tell me where my Beloved is?" Here is a proof of life. Christ seeing this woman, He called her (He called a nation that knew Him not), and laid His hand on her by power, and in mercy He saved her from the power of her adversary who oftentimes magnified the cares of this world. When the Lord manifests this power to the subjects of His grace, such see the deception of mere professors, and dread a name to live while dead. Thus the omniscient eye saw this woman; He (Christ) liberated her, justified and presented her spotless before God. Justification is a personal acceptation; a justified son or daughter, perfect in God, is just in Him before Christ Jesus,—

"No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home."

This poor woman was now able to say, "*My Lord and my God*," being released from bondage. The power of God had delivered her, and this on the Sabbath-day, a day of rest, a day of rejoicing. The Lord is the Sabbath of His people, that eternal rest which is to be glorious. If the Lord imparts grace to you, then will it prove a day of rest, a Sabbath to your souls. Amen.

THE VISION OF ISRAEL'S GLORY.

NOTES OF A SERMON AFTER THE PASTOR'S RETURN FROM HIS HOLIDAY.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN,

The Tabernacle, Bromley-road, South Lee.

"Ye shall dwell in the land that I gave your fathers; and ye shall be My people, and I will be your God. I will also save you from all your uncleannesses: and I will call for the corn, and will increase it, and lay no famine upon you."—Ezek. xxxvi. 28, 29.

DURING my short absence from you I spent a fortnight, part of that time at the sea-side, and part in the country. I delighted to see the sea in its grandeur and majesty. I have seen the fields clothed with splendour; I lovingly looked at the grass in the fields, the barley, wheat, and the fruit gardens. Thus at the silent sea, and in the silent country places, I heard two mighty and distinct voices, and both preached forcible and pathetic sermons. One, the great voice of the sea; and the other, the voice of the land. Oh, what preachers they are! How they encourage us to lift up our heads, and stimulate us to go nearer our Maker, Preserver, and Redeemer, He who hath made it all, and He is my loving Father; He upholdeth me, and, through His grace, I hope for ever to dwell with Him.

One day during that pleasant vacation I took, with some friends, a short voyage from Ipswich to Dovercourt. The changes of scenery inspiring with admiration the beholder. On both sides of the river

the earth carpeted with grass, lovely flowers, &c. All seem to unite in declaring the wonderful power and love of God. The most interesting of all to me was when the vessel passed the spot where once Lord Le Freston lived. There stands the ruins of the once splendid mansion, the tower also visible above the trees. I thought of the time when that nobleman's daughter was accustomed to sit early in the morning studying astronomy from that tower; the grounds also reminding me that there was the once interesting garden, where that noble and benevolent lady was accustomed to walk about in the afternoons distributing alms to the poor, who often gathered themselves together to receive help from that noble friend. It was there that Cardinal Wolsey first got his learning. It was there he found a comforting home from the persecuting and high-handed king; indeed, most pathetic thoughts passed through my mind. I at once travelled, in my imagination, to the ancient land of Israel, and gazed at it as Ezekiel did. Those splendid landscapes, mansions, palaces, gardens, and trees, full of perfume, passed away. Acts of benevolence and nobleness, which once were the distinguished features of the Holy Land, have ceased. The inhabitants which once gave glory to the land, no more. Such was the state of the Holy Land when Ezekiel gazed at it, and spake the words of our text. Such was my vision all the time I was on my short voyage. The prophet, when looking at the ruined land and cities, caught sight of a *splendid future*. "*Darkness may last for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*" He saw in his prophetic spirit that God's *mercy was dawning on his people and land*; he beheld the great glory hastening, for his captive brethren were about to be delivered from their captivity; and I cherish the belief that he also saw the brighter day—namely, their future conversion to Jesus, their Messiah, Saviour, and King.

But this was not all! The prophet saw more than that—namely, *the establishment of Christ's universal kingdom*; that Jews and Gentiles, ruined and forlorn men, shall be raised up by a mighty power to a high and noble life. Ezekiel saw the sceptre of Judah—the wonderful, mighty God, Prince of peace, the plant of renown. Jesus Christ and His holy and loved Church were, I think, the two great figures on the splendid prophetic landscape. He saw the Church coming up out of the wilderness leaning on her Beloved.

I.—*Here we see, in the first place, a blessed promise of all-sufficiency.* As soon as Israel was brought back to the promised land, the barren land became fruitful, &c. All again became beautiful and lovely. Oh! what a grand picture of the spiritual condition of men born of the Spirit! Once lost, ruined, undone, miserable, carnal, and devilish. Behold the wonderful transformation of Divine grace! The sinner is made a saint, the rebel a friend and child of God. The heart becomes the seat of higher and nobler ideas, affections set on heavenly things. Oh! blessed, blessed be God for that wonderful work in the sinner's heart!

For consider the believer. Like a new-born babe, *helpless, naked, weak, dumb*. How dependent on the love of the tender mother! Blessed be God for that grace and mercy which He manifests. Oh! how sweet and blessed are His sacred promises! "As thy days so shall thy strength be!" "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." The ungodly, it is true, will laugh at this statement of mine. Some of you, perhaps, may think I am rather given to extravagance. You think

I am filled with Jewish, and partly with Christian fanaticism. Think what you please; but I know my Redeemer liveth. I am certain of God's faithfulness. I called upon Him, and He heard my cry, and delivered me.

Are there not some who listen to me this morning who say within yourselves, Oh! but I am so vile a sinner, so unworthy of being a partaker of Divine grace; my heart so wicked, too vile? But, oh! brother, sister, if indeed this is your trouble, I beg of you to listen what God says to people like you: "I WILL SAVE YOU." Heaven and earth may depart, but God's Word must stand. If He indeed says, "I will save," He surely will not *lie*.

(To be continued.)

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"THE APPROACHING END OF THE AGE."—It is a striking fact that many thousands of devoted Biblical students have read and recommended Mr. H. Gratton Guinness's book bearing the above title. Mrs. Guinness, the author's beloved partner in every good sense, a co-worker with her husband, has recently issued a 64-page pamphlet, entitled, *A Popular View of the Substance of Mr. Guinness's Book*. This pamphlet can be obtained for sixpence at Harley-house, Bow, London, E., and should be read with spiritual, Scriptural, and prayerful meditation by all who wish to know where, in the prophetic scheme, the Church of Christ now is, and to understand as far as possible the indications of the present times, and of the nearness of that solemn climax, when

"THE DOOR SHALL BE SHUT,"

when the servants, many of whom are living luxuriantly upon the bounties of temporal supplies afforded them by their hearers shall be discharged; when the wicked servants will be driven away in their wickedness, and the faithful, suffering servants shall be called home to their reward. Let no proud pluralist dare to laugh at this.

Hugh McNeile and Reformation Truth (the Characteristics of Romanism and Protestantism, with Biographical Sketch); Half-hearted Churchmen; Talks with the People, by Men of Mark.—These three volumes are produced in superior style, all edited by that evangelical and industrious penman, the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. Published at *Home Words* office, 1, Paternoster-buildings, E.C. "Hugh McNeile" was one of those intellectual giants so rarely to be found. He was a zealous and admirable defender of Biblical Protestantism, a bold and successful opponent of the sensuous

worship of Romanism. The value of the Reformation, the light it threw in among the people, the fierce martyrdom it endured, the glorious victory it achieved, with historical reminiscences, all are set forth in this memorial volume with attracting interest and confirming evidence. We wish to extract some of the honey for the comfort of our readers who painfully witness the gradual, the determined ascendancy of Popery again in this our beloved native land. The second volume, *Half-hearted Churchmen*, is a scathing review of that multitude of professing Christians who constitute the Laodicean community, who seldom stir themselves, and who often hinder those who are anxious to follow the directions, example, and precepts of their holy Lord. One author says "we are all fast falling asleep;" indeed, we find it hard work to keep anybody awake now-a-days. The third sparkling, gold and scarlet little volume, *Talks with the People, by Men of Mark*, embodies those speeches of the Earl of Shaftesbury which have done much for the moral reformation of the working classes. These three volumes cannot be too largely pushed about in all directions.

RECEIVED.—*A Scriptural Review of a Riverside Reverie upon the Resurrection of our Lord's Body, in a Letter by C. Cornwell, Minister of Brixton Tabernacle, Hackford-road.* Some poor blind man has been stumbling over the resurrection of our Lord's body. Mr. Cornwell has kindly, nobly, Scripturally endeavoured to pick the riverside wanderer up, and put him in the right road. C. Cornwell is clear as day-light, clever, and sharply conclusive. His Sunday-school hymn-book, and other productions of his pen, are hopeful fruits of his studious and powerful mind.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, WYTHALL
HEATH.

VALEDICTORY SERVICE, JULY 31, 1881,
BY ROWLAND JOHN ASTON LAPWORTH,
WHO IS NOW SAILING TO AMERICA.

Mr. Lapworth read his text as follows:—
"Arise, walk through the land in the length
of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give
it unto thee."—Gen. xiii. 17.

He noticed first the importance of the
circumstances under which we all met, the
close of his ministry at Wythall.

2nd. Gave a statement of how his labours
commenced. Preached his first sermon at
a cottage at the Forhill, July 1, 1852. Took
for a text Isaiah xli. 10. "Fear thou not,
for I am with thee," etc. Testified to the
faithfulness of God in keeping his promise.
Exhorted the people to take it for their
encouragement on this occasion. "Fear
thou not," etc.

3rd. How and when his stated labours
commenced at Wythall. One Sabbath
morning, July 24, 1854, there being no
preacher, it was proposed that he should be
fetched out of the gallery and speak to the
people. He came down, stood in the table
pew, and preached from these words: "But
speak thou the things which become sound
doctrine." To the best of his belief in the
main he had kept to the words of sound
doctrine—the need for watchfulness against
much that is advanced in the present day.
In the afternoon of the same day he spoke
from the words: "Search the Scriptures." Exhorted the people still to search the
Scriptures daily that they might increase in
knowledge, etc.

The next Sunday morning, in the vestry,
Mr. King proposed that he should speak
from the pulpit. Miss Ellen King remon-
strated, "No, father, (she said) he will break
down." Mr. King said, "Let him break
down, then, it will do him good." He
ascended the pulpit, did not break down, and
never had been permitted to do so for lack of
words.

Nineteen years ago, last Christmas, the
chapel-house being built, he came to reside
at it. Preached from the text: "Arise, go
up to Bethel, and dwell there." There
seemed to him to be a coincidence with this
and his text on the present occasion. Of
late, the words of the text had been much
impressed upon his mind, "Arise, walk
through the land in the length of it and
in the breadth of it." It had occasioned
much thought and much prayer. Mr. Lea
had remarked in one of his letters to him,
"The land is large, the labourers few," etc.
My impressions have been that I should be
a travelling preacher.

God spoke to Abraham, "Get thee from
thy kindred," etc. Abraham obeyed, he
went "not knowing whither he went." He
did not (as one of the speakers remarked on
the platform) take a return ticket with him.

"A gentleman went abroad professedly as
Abraham did, by God's command, but he
took a return ticket, so that he might *come
back if he did not like it.*" This did not
Abraham, neither do I intend to do so, said
Mr. Lapworth: but if the Lord should
prosper me, I should like to return and pay
my old friends and neighbours a visit in five
or six years' time. If God has impressed
these words on my mind, if I go as an
itinerant, and He is pleased to open up a
way of usefulness before me, I shall let you
know, and tell you of my travels in the
EARTHEN VESSEL.

Brethren, pray for us, we shall need your
prayers. We are going fourteen or fifteen
hundred miles across a woodland country,
and we know if we are among the righteous,
our prayers will not be vain. "The effectual
 fervent prayer of the righteous availeth
much."

I leave my countrymen in peace; I may
have suffered wrong from some, but I
forgive all, and should like to hear of
thousands of them being converted. Ye have
run well, continue to do so. Christ is the
Way, the Truth, and the Life. This same
Gospel I preach still, and hope to do so in
America. May God bless you all. Amen.

HISTORY OF WYTHALL BAPTIST
CHURCH.

The Baptist cause at Wythall Heath,
Worcestershire, originated in the labours of
the late Samuel Pearce, the pastor of the
Church in Cannon-street, Birmingham, who
preached in a cottage, or cottages in the
neighbourhood. He was assisted by gifted
brethren, who continued regularly to labour
in this good work. In the year 1801 three
friends were baptized and united to the
Church in Cannon-street, being the first
fruits from this station. On or about the
year 1804, Mr. Thomas King, one of the
deacons of this Church, gave a piece of land,
and at his own cost erected a meeting-house
at Wythall Heath, and in 1820 conveyed the
same to trustees for the use of the Baptist
denomination. In 1840, December 23, ten
persons, residing at or near Wythall Heath,
were dismissed by their own request, for the
purpose of being formed into a Church in
that village. Mr. John Freeman, and Mr.
Lapworth, have been the principal pastors.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—At Spalding, in
Love-lane, Mr. Newbold is acceptable. We
should be happy to know in every sense he
was settled, and increasingly successful. We
have been for many years prayerfully con-
cerned for the welfare of the old Love-lane
Baptist Church. "The history of the temple
of truth," so recently erected, is unusually
exciting. We have not room for it yet.
Boston Ebenezer is closed. In Trinity-
street Mr. John Bolton is preserved, and is
much beloved by those whose souls are fed
and their faith confirmed.

THE BAPTISM OF EIGHT PERSONS IN THE RIVER AVON.

By MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.
[We give the following interesting report, believing it will be a confirming and stimulating blessing to many.—ED].

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I cannot withhold from you and your readers the glorious fact, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." The Trowbridge paper contains some account of the baptism of eight persons in the river, which reads as follows:—

"Sunday, September 4, 1881, will be long remembered by the Baptists of Bradford. At 8.30 a.m., between 2,000 and 3,000 persons were gathered on the banks of the river Avon to witness the baptism of eight persons by Mr. John Bunyan McCure. After a hymn, Mr. McCure read Matt. iii.; another hymn was sung and followed by an address delivered by Mr. McCure amidst a silence which was remarkable, considering the magnitude of the audience. In his discourse, Mr. McCure contrasted baptism by immersion with infant sprinkling, and contended that the latter was entirely unscriptural. His grounds for this reasoning were numerous, the principal being that the word 'baptism' comes from the Greek 'baptizo,' signifying to dip, plunge, or immerse; that Jesus was baptized in the river Jordan, not sprinkled; that there is no authority in the New Testament for baptizing infants who cannot believe; that baptism figuratively represents the sufferings of Christ, who endured the waters, waves, and billows of the wrath of God; and that it also represents the washing of the soul from the filth of sin. At the conclusion of his address, Mr. McCure led into the water the eight candidates, six of whom were females and the remainder males, and immersed them, 'in the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost.' At eleven o'clock Mr. McCure preached in the Old Baptist Chapel to the newly baptized, from Hebrews xii. 1, and at half-past two nine members were received into the Church at the 'Lord's Table.' In the evening the chapel was full in every part. Mr. McCure conducted the fourth service that day, and preached an able sermon."

I had no idea that I was to witness such a grand display of the divine presence, goodness and power of the Lord. At 8.30 I walked to the river to immerse the believing ones, in the name of the holy Trinity. To my great astonishment, there were crowded together not less than three thousand persons. The candidates were full of faith and loyal love to Christ, their King, whose laws they had come to obey. Some had come through fiery persecutions from those of their own flesh and blood. But, nothing daunted, they could say,—

"His institutions will I prize;
Take up my cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to His laws."

The sun shone out in its glory, and the power of the Lord was upon me; my nervous shaking in my knees left me. I felt equal

for the work, and was lifted up from self, and all things, but the glorious work my hands had found to do. I was in the Spirit; and went through the services with liberty, and the greatest of pleasure. The attention was remarkable, considering that there were several hundreds of the Bradford roughs, but they were subdued by the solemnity they witnessed. I saw many whose feelings came out in their eyes, and who wept for joy because of such a demonstration of the favour of the Lord upon His people.

There was but one testimony, "What order and power upon the people! The Lord was indeed present!" Making my way to the cottage through hundreds of people, I was constantly hearing such remarks, and many were too full to speak at all.

The candidates went into the water without fear. I never baptized eight persons with greater pleasure than I did our dear friends. One dear sister was near 70, the other of full age. One of the brothers over 50 years of age, a brand plucked out of the fire; one of the greatest sinners in Bradford, his equal was not to be found, mighty grace has saved him, and now he can sing,—

"Indulgent God, how kind
Are all Thy ways to me!
Whose dark, benighted mind
Was enmity with Thee.

Yet now subdued by sovereign grace,
My spirit longs for Thy embrace."

He was happy (while in the presence of many of those who were his companions in ungodliness) to put on Christ by baptism, in that dear and precious Name. Some of the sisters caused anxiety, but they were abundantly strengthened. When it was over, they felt well and happy. One said, "Such a load is taken away, a load of guilt in not obeying; now I have the answer of a good conscience towards God."

At eleven o'clock we assembled in the chapel, when I preached from Heb. xii. 1, "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." I was enabled to speak some suitable and important words to those who had that day entered upon their Christian course.

In the afternoon I was delighted in beholding the chapel full of people to witness nine new members received into the Church at the Lord's Table. Some members from Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, entered with us at the table of the Lord, and rejoiced in what they had seen and heard that day.

In the evening I preached to a large congregation. Although I had laboured all day, yet I had strength according to my day. All through the day I was in the Spirit, and that was the grand secret of all the power and liberty we experienced in the services of the Lord.

On Monday a lady told me she went to the river to see; being deaf, she did not expect to hear, but she heard every word. She had always believed in sprinkling, but when she heard baptism was a figure of the sufferings

of Christ, as Jesus said (Luke xii. 50), "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I strengthened till it be accomplished?" Then she said, "If Christ was only sprinkled in sufferings, only sprinkled by the waves and billows, and the deep waters of wrath He endured, then it might read, 'I have a sprinkling to be sprinkled with,' &c. But baptism is an immersion, to represent Christ in His overwhelming sufferings, and

"Can sprinkling water set forth Christ
Immersed in wrath? that dreadful night
He sweat great drops of blood?"

By the light and power that came into her mind she was convinced that she had been wrong all her life in contending for a Popish corruption of baptism. She assured me that others whom she had spoken to were also convinced.

I feel persuaded the Lord will honour the services of Lord's-day, September 4, 1881.

Kindly send forth this testimony that the Lord liveth, and that His children are still determined to keep the ordinances as delivered to them. May many be constrained to go and do likewise.

Yours for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE.

Sydney Villa, 91, Upper TOLLINGTON Park,
Finsbury Park, N.

To C. W. Banks.

OUR CHURCHES IN NORFOLK.

Having during a period of leisure had time to inquire respecting the success of truth in these parts, I venture to give a few notes on the subject. During the past two years the Churches generally in Norwich (Mr. W. E. Palmer's at Orford-hill excepted) have suffered a severe decline. At Gildencroft, where Mr. Jackson formerly ministered, the chapel is closed, and the Church and congregation dispersed. It is truly grievous to see a man (from one of our Northern Strict Baptist Colleges) turn away from the good old paths to open communion. The late pastor of Gildencroft has gone to a neighbouring Church of more advanced (sic) views, and the flock, once so fondly tended ministerially, is scattered. I venture to say (from what I learn on reliable authority) that not one dozen out of fifty or more Church members (once at Gildencroft) have joined Strict Baptist Churches, but for the most part are now identified with the General Baptists and other sects. At Pitt-street the chapel is well-nigh or quite deserted. A pitiable evidence of the wretched Supply system, almost the rule in the so-called "Standard" Churches. At Mr. Palmer's, Orford-hill, prosperity and unity reign, the truth is preached, God is honoured, sinners converted, and saints edified.

In this mighty city of 85,000 souls, so renowned for its ecclesiastical, as well as dissenting elements, may God yet arise glorious in working and power. Some readers of your valuable periodical may remember that those mighty intellectual giants, Dr. Brock and Dr. Halley (both now departed), once laboured in this flourishing Eastern counties' capital.

AN OLD DISCIPLE, MR. ED. TERRY.

The beloved George Comb, a former pastor of Soho Church, Oxford-street (a sacred spot to the writer, once took the above words as a text, when preaching what is called a funeral sermon, for an aged brother, a member of that Church, who died, resting on the Rock of Ages, about the year 1839. The subject of the following sketch, Mr. Edward Terry, was born October 26, 1801, was baptized at Borough-green, about (as near as can be ascertained) the year 1825. For many years past he has sustained the office of deacon, not only in this Church (Enon, Chatham), but also of Zion, Clover-street. He was much beloved by all who knew him. The brethren officially connected with him have proved the value of his advice in many instances. The Church, to show their appreciation of his services, presented him, December 6, 1859, with a copy of Bunyan's complete works. Our beloved friend and former pastor, Mr. Thos. Jones, thus spoke of the affair:—

"They have a good deacon (he's one of the band),
Who for years has served them, with heart,
and with hand;

And they wisely resolved to prove, on this kind,

In memory his value was firmly entwined.

So they purchased some books, well printed and bound—

A library, in fact, of divinity sound:

The writings of Bunyan, a tinker by trade;

But who, by God's Spirit, a preacher was made;

And in his new calling no tinker was John,

He dealt in no patching, used no pro and con;

His theme was redemption, achieved on the cross,

For which he, like Paul, counted all things but loss;

And he faithfully stated that God did ordain
In Jesus, the promises, Yea and Amen.

Renewed in the mind, absolved by free grace,

The feet taught to run in the heavenly race,

John boldly predicted all such in the skies

Should inherit, for ever, a glorious prize.

More suitable present his friends could not give,

'Twill furnish good reading, long as he shall live:

And from 'Pilgrim's Progress' perchance may be guessed

What stages he's travelled, and how near his rest.

The Enonites bent on this little affair,

In their way of doing it, took prudent care,

The intended donece should not understand

What they were about, till they placed in his hand

The books, with inscriptions containing his name,

And from whence, and for why, the books to him came."

When the late Edward Terry was engaged in reading the hymns from the desk, at our public services, his feelings have often been overcome with their preciousness and solemnity, so that he could hardly go on. At our prayer meetings, too, he has been drawn forth in holy fellowship with the Father and the Son, through the rich anointing of the Holy Ghost. One instance the writer will never forget. When looking forward to his dying day (which has been well termed the believer's crowning day), he exclaimed, "Victory, victory, through the precious blood of Christ."

For years past he has been afflicted with deafness, yet his seat was never empty on that account, as he said, he loved to meet with his brethren. Of late years he has spent the greater part of his time with one of his beloved daughters at Cranbrook. At times his mind has been somewhat beclouded, but the Sun of Righteousness has again and again shone into his soul, imparting warmth and consolation. Amidst the many changes through which he passed, he has been enabled to rest upon the covenant of grace in Christ Jesus, in all things ordered well. The last few days his sufferings were great, but he was peaceful and happy, quietly waiting for the Lord to take him home. He fell asleep in Jesus, on Lord's-day morning, August 28, 1881, and was interred in Cranbrook Churchyard the following Thursday, September 1, in sure and certain hope of the glorious resurrection to eternal life, by virtue of that eternal union subsisting betwixt Christ, the Head, and every member of His body.

Chatbam.

J. C.

THE BIBLE AND THE SERMON.

The little Church in Wedmore-street, Upper Holloway, requires a new and larger building. Some special sermons have lately been preached by ministers G. Shephard, G. Burrell, Styles, and C. W. Banks. In introducing the last discourse, the preacher said, while waiting for the service to begin he compared—

A SERMON TO A JOURNEY.

Three things are most essential: knowledge, ability, and freedom. We should know where we are going, and by what train. So, in a sermon. Surely the preacher should well know into what part of the Bible country he is called to travel, and by what power he expects to be carried on his journey. Some go at random, and really go nowhere: they stagger to and fro, and, indeed, they are at their wit's end; some go by the force of memory, some appear to have neither mind nor memory, nor suited door of utterance.

Secondly. In going a journey you require money with which to procure your ticket; the money represents ability. A man may have a tongue like a watchman's rattle, but it is of no real use to himself or to anyone else; yea, it is a tormentor instead of being an edifier and a comforter.

Thirdly. When a man has secured his ticket he is free to go through the gate, into the carriage, and to the end of his journey. Let a man well know whither he is going. Let him have ability, and freedom, and he will travel through his sermon, and some will be glad to see him, give a hearty grip of the hand, and bid him God speed.

Thus we mused over the Bible, and saw it to be like a tree. Divine decrees are the root from whence all things come into existence. The stem, the noble trunk, is the rising up of the God-Man, the Mediator. The branches are the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, yea, the living branch in the glorious TREE OF LIFE.

The leaves are the soul-healing doctrines which the prophets have preached, and the precious fruit is found in rich clusters of God's promises, which the SPIRIT doth give out, and the hand of faith doth receive, wherewith the soul is fed with the most excellent of all nourishments.

Thus I amused myself, and then went and delivered my message with peace, and not without some power.

Pastor Boulton and his people deserve encouragement. A gentleman told me they must have a place as large again. Why does not the Association take this cause up, build them a new chapel, and let dear Boulton have a little rest before he is quite killed with hard work and anxiety? We could not resist a little gladness on hearing that the last collection was far in advance of all the others. Of course, it is wicked to be proud, but a creature who has no true and pure ambition in a good cause is most worthy the name of a man. We would rejoice to be able to build the new Upper Holloway Strict Baptist chapel at once, and we should sing joyfully to see our brother Boulton quite devoted to the offices of a Gospel missionary all the week, and a preacher and pastor over a growing Church on the Lord's-day. Such a reformation would make brethren Philip Jones, H. Thom, Fowler and others quite happy. At their anniversary, first-class men only are admitted. We do, indeed, hope the nobility will see that this Wedmore-street cause, where Shipway, Green, and others, laboured almost in vain, is speedily lifted out of obscurity.

We would rather preach four sermons any week than go to one of these public gatherings, but they have become so general, we suppose they must go on. If we had the life, the faith, the power to plead with the Almighty the mother of the now deceased President Garfield had, when she lost her husband on one of the new farms in the uncultivated Ohio, we should soon see Holloway little cabin turned into a good sized tabernacle. Is there not some idolatry in the looking so much to men and to meetings, and so little with the single eye of faith and with the earnest soul of prayer to God, who only can successfully succeed our efforts? We must close, or we shall be considered more wicked than ever.

MINISTERS' NOTES.—After nearly thirty years' steady work, the pastor of High-street Baptist Church, in Poplar, Mr. T. Davies, is resigning his office there.—The once much-honoured pastor of Jamaica-row, Mr. Dovey, still lives in the enjoyment of much peaceful waiting, at the age of 91.—We are grieved for Northamptonshire and Cambs; but so long as Churches suddenly lay hands on men, distressing mischief will afflict them.—We have notes of the removal of several pastors.—The chapters on "The Unsettled and Unsuccessful State of Churches" are not cheering; but we are not fond of the melancholy. Pride, covetousness, loose living, mere tongue-talk, and other evils, make many Churches quail.

JOHN BUNYAN'S BY-PATH
MEADOW.

[When "Wapping" was a pleasant, country-like sort of suburb of London, one of the first Calvinistic Baptist Churches in England settled in a meeting-house there, about 250 years ago, and they said,—

"THE SAFEST WAY WAS TO FOLLOW
THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK."

These footsteps were, after a true conversion to God, by the power of the Holy Ghost, and a confession of the same before the Church, to be baptized, then added to the Church, and a faithful continuance in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and breaking of bread, and prayers. How far from this the changing scenes and sections of Christendom are now going is hinted at in the following note.—Ed.]

MR. EDITOR,—I feel impelled to write you, for my surroundings have so occupied my mind lately that I feel in an inextricable maze; indeed, it is mystery, all inexplicable. Surely, my dear sir, the little "flock," the "little city with few men in it," receives but small attention at the present day. The nice chapel, the pealing organ, the enchanting tune, the becoming exterior, receive such an amount of adulation that my soul sickens at the sight. Even some who profess to believe the truths of God's discriminating grace, and who, at one time, were ready at a moment's notice to wage war with any who disputed it, are now drawn, body and soul, into the vortex of semi-Arminianism, and with a bold front declare they believe the truth, and yet they practise error, alledging some puerile excuse which really amounts to nothing.

We need not wonder, sir, at the decline of our Churches, and at our congregations becoming "smaller by degrees, and beautifully less," when the professed disciples exhibit such an example, such a laxity of principle. Can you not, my dear sir, do something to—

"Reclaim the wandering thousands, and bring home

A flock so scattered, and so wont to roam?"

I am afraid, sir, family ties and prejudices are combatants too potent to conquer.

Oh! that God would raise up an army of stalwart Christians to fight the battles of the Lord, who, by their Christian conduct and conversation would silence the traducers of the truth, and declare, in the presence of a professing world, "This God is our God for ever and ever, He will guide us even unto death."

I believe it to be our duty boldly to stand by our principles, and give no countenance to error, nor even a combination of truth and error, and leave the consequences with God. It is what He requires at our hands. We never read of Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, nor any of the prophets coalescing with any of the idolaters of their day; they boldly and unflinchingly denounced it, even Daniel, whose worldly advancement depended upon such, exposed an adverse front to their allurements, and the consequence was God's special blessings and favours. Paul, rather than coalesce with error, opposed it in all its

labyrinthian recesses, and declared that salvation was of God through faith in Christ Jesus.

What a contrast to our weak-kneed, easily pleased, favour-hunting Christians! The danger, I conceive to be in their approaching so close to the truth that the short-sighted think the little difference is of no consequence. What a mistake! Romanism, with its sea of corruption, attained to its present unlimited deformity little by little. The covenanters, who would not allow their covenant to be infringed upon by a single hair's-breadth, attained such success in religious and political freedom that we, their degenerate sons, can only stand and admire. It is only by such strict adherence to principles that success is attained, and God's blessing secured.

YORKSHIRE.

CROWFIELD, SUFFOLK.—Our beloved brother James Dearing's heart was cheered on the occasion of a successful meeting on September 15. It was our privilege to preach to the people twice; the Lord was with us indeed. The good pastor feared the attendance would be scanty, owing to the people engaged in the harvest-field, but, to his glad surprise, the chapel was well filled, and about 170 friends sat down to tea. During the services several select pieces were sung by the choir, which we much appreciated. The friends had been busy some few days previous to the meeting in adorning the sanctuary with a variety of choice flowers, which made dear old Bethesda look quite fresh and gay. We were glad to learn that brother Dearing's ministry continues to be savoury and fruitful, though not, perhaps, to his full satisfaction. Well, it is really a difficult point to know how much success would, in truth, thoroughly and completely satisfy a good God-sent man like the Crowfield pastor. It is no small matter to stand, as Mr. Dearing has, with the same Church for twenty-three years, eighteen of which he has been their settled pastor, and their union is still strong and abiding. Our brother Dearing has a faithful and loving deacon in the person of Mr. Hart; with an earnest band of praying souls in the Church. It will be a long while ere we forget the loving reception given us by the warm-hearted friends of Bethesda, Crowfield, Suffolk. The Lord of life and glory bless pastor and people till landed in the sweet home above, prays W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

CHELMONDISTON.—Harvest home services were held on Monday, September 12, when a very appropriate and acceptable sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Wattisham. A public meeting was held in the evening, when warm-hearted and energetic addresses were given by our pastor, Mr. Cordle, Mr. Marsh, and Mr. J. Wilkins. Several hymns and anthems were sung by a large number of good voices, to the deep interest of the meeting. It was felt to be one of the best meetings we have had for a long time.—K. K.

COGGESHALL ANNIVERSARY SERVICES, AT EAST-STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL.

(BY A CORRESPONDENT.)

That servant of the Strict Baptist Churches, C. W. Banks, of London, being announced to preach here on Sunday, August 29, and Monday, 29, I determined to avail myself of the opportunity to be present. On the Sunday morning, therefore, seated in this neat and Puritan-like sanctuary, I waited almost impatiently to see the editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and *Cheering Words* enter the pulpit. After the singing of a hymn, a portion of the sacred Word was read, and most aptly expounded. This was followed by a fervent, soul-engaging, and heaven-entreat-ing prayer of nearly ten minutes. One could not but feel the deep sincerity of the pleader, and hope for the hearers that the rich blessings asked might be mercifully bestowed by the Giver of all good. May I say this manner of prayer is a solemn reproof to ministers who lull some of their congregation to sleep under sermonic dissertations called prayers, to the length of twenty or twenty-five minutes? Then followed that most beautiful hymn in Denham's selection, "Thou hast my soul," &c., announced by the pastor (Mr. E. P. Brown) in bold and clear tones, which was most heartily sung by the congregation. This was followed by a sermon, founded upon John ix. 4. The preacher appeared quite at home; and in his own particularly discerning, original and faithful manner, he gave a full and powerful explanation of the covenant God makes and puts into the hearts of His people; described at length the iron and gall of the law entering to condemn and alarm; and sweetly showing, in conclusion, the heavenly and eternal union God forms between Himself and His people in the covenant of His grace. In the afternoon, the pastor read and expounded the Word, and prayed briefly and fervently for the Divine blessing, after which Mr. Banks again preached, from Heb. viii. 10. Whatever the opinion of London hearers regarding the powers of the preacher, and the testimony God makes him the honoured messenger of, I can affirm that everywhere in the country Mr. Banks is hailed with joy and pleasure, and marked attention. In the evening, to a full congregation, after reading of the Word and prayer, the preacher announced for his text John xiv. 1. It was a time of rich consolation, and many souls rejoiced and were glad in the Lord. On the Monday afternoon following the services here referred to, Mr. Banks again stood forth and preached for one hour or more from that deep mine of Scripture truth found in Mal. i. 11. All present acknowledged it as a happy time, when the blessed truths advanced were thus so evidently used of God for His own glory and His people's good. After a refreshing cup of tea had been partaken of (for which best thanks are due to the ladies), the evening meeting commenced with the singing of a hymn, followed by Mr. W. Brown, of Colchester, reading God's Word, and entreating a blessing at the throne

of grace. The chairman of the meeting, Mr. E. P. Brown, then addressed a few remarks to the friends, urging particularly the importance of aggressive action on the part of all followers of Christ, so that the promised extension of His kingdom, under the Holy Spirit's influence and power, might be realised. Mr. W. Brown, of Colchester, next spoke on the shortcomings of the Church now as compared with the Church of our forefathers. As a fitting conclusion of the entire services, Mr. C. W. Banks gave the people good words of counsel, and expressed a hope that ere long the almost empty chapel at Church-street might be occupied by the East-street friends, to the good of souls in Coggeshall, the edification of believers, and, above all, the glory of God. E. P. Brown having offered prayer that all the ministers present might realise much of the Divine power and blessing, and all the friends be greatly blessed in their own souls, the good old doxology was sung, and thus the two days' services ended. The collections were good, owing to the liberality of the Colchester, Braintree, and Maldon friends, not forgetting those immediately connected with the cause here.

AN OCCASIONAL HEARER.

LEICESTER.—ANNUAL TEA-MEETING AT NEWARK-STREET CHAPEL.—It has been the custom for some years past for the friends at Providence Chapel to hold a tea-meeting on the days appointed for Leicester Races; also, the children of the Sunday-school are provided with their annual treat. This year was a greater success (numerically, at least) than usual, probably owing to the fact that our good minister, Mr. Webb, presided. After tea (September 8th) the friends assembled in the chapel to witness the distribution of the prizes to the children, and to hear them recite their pieces. The evening passed pleasantly, we trust profitably; Mr. Webb gave a short address, embodying good advice to the children respecting their attendance at school, and obedience to their parents, also encouragement to the teachers in their work. In handing the prizes to the respective recipients he addressed to each a few pleasant words, and expressed an earnest desire for their future welfare. Mr. Norman (the superintendent of the school), Mr. Lockey (one of the deacons), and Mr. Underwood, also spoke; and after singing and prayer the meeting terminated. May God crown Mr. W.'s ministrations among us with an abundant blessing, and may he live to rejoice in the fruit of his labours.—H. W. B.

COGGESHALL.—Anniversary services closed on Monday night, August 29. The rain was pouring down heavy; the night was dark with blackness; there were friends from the Churches round, who had to travel many miles through the rough roads, the storm, and dangers. What will not the Lord's people go through for the Gospel's sake?

A STRANGER'S VISIT TO SPELDHURST ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL, SOUTH HACKNEY.

I had been for a most refreshing, healthful trip to Scotland by water; and after luxuriating under the kind care of some good staunch Christian people, near by Edinburgh, I made a brief stay in London. Many years previous I had listened to the editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, at Notting-hill, and other places, to much profit; and thus on this occasion, with haste I made my way from Liverpool-street to South Hackney, to be in time for morning service. As I took my seat in this neat and retiring sanctuary, I saw some few faces whom I knew years before in connection with the ministry of Mr. C. W. Banks. As I travelled over those years now fled, and meditated on the past, I was greatly humbled within me. I felt the Divine mercy in thus awakening memory to a sense of the eternal favours I had received. Sweet is it in God's house to have a thankful heart; and seldom have I felt more conscious of the heavenly Father's goodness than when I took my place in this house of prayer, and prayerfully awaited the appearance of the well-known preacher. I may say an excellent preparation for acceptable and profitable worship had been devoutly engaged in (prior to the public service) by several brethren who meet for prayer whilst the minister is actively employed in getting his message from God.

Service commenced by a cheerful hymn, followed by a portion of Scripture from the Psalms, read and expounded with much freedom. I would suggest that the brevity of exposition adopted by Mr. C. W. Banks is a good example for other ministers. When a preacher tires his hearers before the sermon with well-worn and unstudied platitudes (neither the work of the brain nor the exercise of the soul), it must be greatly against himself and the hearers. But that a brief, spiritual, and intelligent exposition of God's Word is most proper and edifying none can doubt.

After another hymn had been sung and earnest prayer offered, the preacher announced his text from Psalms lvi. 8, "Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into Thy bottle; are they not in Thy Book?" For over one hour did he sweetly dwell upon the leadings of God in connection with His people's pilgrimage, giving as apt illustrations of this truth in the lives of the patriarchs; also the history of God's people Israel, and very forcibly saying of his own experience, "how often have I felt that everything was going wrong, all working against me within and without; but I can say that all is well because 'He telleth all thy wanderings.'" Such a testimony as this is enviable, because it glorifies God and establishes the saints in their most holy faith.

But this season of blessing, like all others, too soon came to a close, and I hastened, amid heat and rain, to my rural abode far East. Yet even here there are some who love and fear God—blessed be His holy

Name—and among whom the "Village Preacher" is always a welcome guest.

"INCOGNITI."

"A PILGRIMS' TEA-PARTY."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—On Thursday evening, September 8, with hopes full of pleasing expectancy, I wended my way to Grove chapel, Camberwell, in response to an invitation from the pastor and deacons, to come and take tea with the Aged Pilgrims from the Camberwell Asylum (as many as were able to go). Arriving about 6 o'clock, met a few of the pilgrims in the chapel-yard, having just partaken of a plentiful tea, supplied by their kind friends, in the comfortable school-room. At 6.30 we assembled in the chapel, the aged folks occupying seats close to the platform, a goodly company of friends adding to the party.

Mr. Bradbury having taken the chair, opened with singing, reading, and prayer, followed by a hearty welcome to all, informing us it was the seventh anniversary of his pastorate at Grove Chapel; and they had decided, without making any public announcements, to call together a few of their friends, and the Aged Pilgrims, to enjoy a social evening together. Loving and spiritual addresses were given by Brothers Davis, Nugent, Jenner, Willis, and Crutcher, the writer saying a few words on the various operations of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, and expressing sincere thanks for so kind a remembrance of the dear aged inmates of the Asylum, 25 of whom were present, with Mr. Brown, the warden. It was a very enjoyable evening for all concerned, and we left one another grateful for the opportunity of social and spiritual communion. Dear Mr. Editor, it occurred to me on my way home, this thoughtful and generous kindness of our Grove friends might prove contagious; and we should soon hear of other Churches of the saints in the South of London giving a similar welcome to the poor of the household of faith residing in our quiet and comfortable retreat, known as the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, Camberwell, where 42 abide until He calls away, whose they are, and whom they serve.

Yours in the Master's service until He come,
WM. JACKSON.
Upper Holloway, N., Sept. 14, 1881.

GREAT YARMOUTH. — YORK-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL. Our anniversary was Lord's-day, August 14th. Our venerable brother Brand (now in his eightieth year), preached excellent sermons. On Monday tea was provided; a good number sat down. At public meeting W. Beach, Esq., presided; chapel was well filled. The opening prayer by brother Field, addresses by Messrs. Smith, of Beccles; F. S. Reynolds, Styles, Bedingfield, Muskett, the present supply of the cause, and brother Brand. It was one of the best meetings ever held in the place, brother Emarsh closed in prayer. The Lord prosper this corner of His vineyard, and send them help (for they are still in a needy condition).

WALTHAMSTOW. — ANNIVERSARY.

—The seventh annual meeting commemorative of the foundation of the Church in Maynard-road, was held in the spacious Town-hall on August 23, and despite the very heavy downpour of rain, the attendance at both services was excellent. Our highly-esteemed and able brother, Mr. John Hazelton, read John xvii., and preached a grand sermon, full of thought and consolation, based upon Isa. xlv. 17 (first clause). The preacher having made some few cursory remarks on the prophecies concerning Christ, and the great and precious promises realised through His providence and grace by the elect in Zion, enlarged with his accustomed gravity and judiciousness (1) on the fact of the text itself, followed by some interesting notices; (2) of the operation necessary to verify the fact, and a summary (3) of the general results of the whole of the great promise, "Israel shall be saved in the Lord, with an everlasting salvation." The preacher dwelt instructively on what he saw in the text in point of doctrine, promise, information, realization and comfort. It was gratifying to learn from the lips of the preacher that he questioned the idea of some, that Christ's character was two-fold. We regard, with the preacher, that such an idea in itself is incongruous, and wanting in Scriptural authority. The Person of Christ was wisely noted as two-fold, which adds weight and value to the eternal salvation of believers in Him. The preacher also expressed, with respect to the human nature of Christ, that it belonged specially to Christ, as the Father was not human, nor the Holy Spirit, but the Son. These remarks were well digested by the preacher, and set forth in the most forcible and appropriate manner. Nearly all the friends stayed to tea in the hall, and were well entertained. In the evening the pastor, Mr. J. Copeland, presided, and having sung heartily hymn 552 ("Denham's Selection"), Mr. Robert Hoddy offered prayer, which was in truth solemn, sweet, and weighty. The chairman, after introducing the brethren who were to speak, and stating briefly the nature of the meeting, called upon Mr. Smith, a deacon, to give the report of the past year's proceedings, which was done in a very suitable and interesting manner. Mr. Dearsly launched out into the ocean of the love of Christ, with freshness and fulness; Mr. Griffiths, with his usual open and pleasant nature dilated on the varied existing proofs of the power of Christ. Mr. Green (in place of Mr. Holden), gave, with much readiness of utterance, some unmistakable evidences of the faithfulness of Christ; Mr. Osmond, in a kind and gentle way, treated of the profound nature of Christ's immutability, and W. Winters endeavoured to unfold some particulars of the preciousness of Christ. The whole meeting was one of harmony and spiritual profit. Mr. Hutchins spoke a few genial words, and read a letter from a friend, who kindly enclosed a cheque of £1 ls. in aid of the cause. Mr. Copeland closed with a very earnest prayer.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

A BRIEF MEMORIAL

OF THE

LATE WILLIAM HARRIS, OF GRAYS.

By W. WINTERS, WALTHAM ABBEY.

MY DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—I write you a few notes expressive of the loss sustained by the good friends of Ebenezer Chapel, Grays, in the recent death of a worthy brother in Christ, Mr. W. Harris, who, though not a member of the above chapel, was attendant there on the means of grace till within a few weeks of his death. The thought rapidly passed through my mind while committing all that was sinful of him to the grave; how utterly impossible it is to express with mortal tongue or pen the felicity of the glorified state of the blessed dead, freed from the carking cares of a dying world, eternally shut in with Jesus, the source and centre of the soul's unslaking bliss,—

"For ever on His face to gaze,
And meet His full assembled rays,
While all the Father He displays
To all the saints in glory!"

Whose fame with almost more than human
sweetness Medley vies with Swain in celebrating—

"Upon the theme I'd ever dwell,
And in transporting rapture tell
What I in Jesus see;
I'd sing with more than mortal voice,
And lose my life amidst the joys
Of what He is to me."

The "joy unspeakable" is now better understood, and better appreciated by the disencumbered spirit of the departed one, who fell asleep in Jesus, September 2, 1881, aged sixty-nine years. Mr. Harris had been the subject of much soul-exercise from his early boyhood, when under the tuition of his parents, who were of the Church of England persuasion; and he grew in grace but slowly, never rising at the brightest period of his spiritual life beyond hope. He hardly ever realised a full assurance of faith, or soared with ecstatic joy into the "third heavens" in fellowship with Jesus. However, he was safe, and his hope was firm; and he was steadfast to the last in the belief of a glorious immortality, in which belief he had long been supported, walking in the light of the Gospel, an honour to the noble cause of Truth he had espoused; and in full assurance of understanding with heart-felt pathos in the article of death he could say:—

"On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Many years ago our departed brother was useful in establishing a cause of truth at Cliffe, in a corner of "the flower-garden of England," Kent, where he was then located, which cause still exists, and where the truth is preached. My kind informant, Mr. Heymer, remarks that Mr. Harris at one time carried on business as baker, and afterwards occupied a small farm, in which he was, like many other tenant-farmers, not very successful. In course of time Mr. Harris, by the providence of God, was led to mingle with the friends at Gravesend, who

sat under the ministry of the highly respected pastor, Mr. Wall, by whom he was subsequently baptized, and in which Church he remained a member till death. Some two years ago our beloved brother removed to Grays, and lodged in the house of Mr. Heymer, of Ryland-place, and on Lord's-day, August 21, he having made several attempts to reach the chapel but failed, I paid him a short visit in the afternoon, when death seemed stamped upon his features; and as we conversed together about the Lord Jesus, and the home of many mansions, his thin, pallid face brightened into gladness, and especially as he repeated from his full soul the whole of the sweet hymn (385, "Denham's Selection"), beginning:—

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!"

And when he came to the following very expressive verse, his heart was so full that it was with difficulty he mastered his feelings as he said:—

"When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,

The rivers of woes shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

Having finished this beautiful hymn, the almost dying man quoted Toplady's grand old "Rock of Ages," and showing that his whole dependence for salvation rested upon the perfect work of Christ, he said to me, "There is not one bright spot in all my life that I can look back upon with pleasure as worthy of God's acceptance apart from what His Spirit has wrought in me, for—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless look to Thee for grace;
Black! I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

Brother Harris was patient in all his affliction; not a murmuring word passed his lips, though his pain betimes was extremely severe. As he drew near his end, quite conscious of his dissolution, he calmly expressed his desire to be at rest with Jesus, and the desire of this righteous soul was granted. Leaning on the arm of Mrs. Heymer, assisted by his fond sister, Mrs. Peters, he sweetly passed the threshold of time into perfect bliss to be for ever with the Lord, whom he had so long loved and served. In the course of the long life of our departed brother he had written many hymns; some few of them have been published, but nothing will save them from oblivion but the soundness of Christian sentiment which they contain.

His remains were respectfully committed to the tomb in Gray's churchyard, on September 8th, followed by nearly forty of his relatives and friends. Having been requested to officiate at the grave, I endeavoured to improve the solemn occasion by an address based upon Rev. xiv. 13, "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that

they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

This brief discourse was followed by the singing of a favourite hymn of the deceased's, which was given out by Mr. W. Beddow, to the tune "Stephens," commencing,—

"Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be."

Mr. Middleton, a Gospel preacher, and friend of Mr. Harris, closed this solemn and interesting service with prayer and the benediction.

Mrs. Harris, the beloved widow, who is advanced in life, feels greatly the loss of so gracious a husband; but the united prayer of her friends is that she may prove the dear Lord to be a Husband to the widow. The friends with which she is immediately connected are kind and attentive toward her, a consideration which cannot be lightly esteemed by her. Whose turn will be next? "Be ye also ready!"

ONE OF THE LATE MR. GITTEN'S DEACONS.

*A few of the sayings of Robert Ainger,
who died March 22, 1881, in the
73rd year of his age.*

His bereaved widow says:—"My dear husband appeared declining in health more visibly the last two years of his life. When taken with his last illness, about the beginning of December, 1880, suffering from bronchitis and heart disease, he felt a presentiment of mind that he should not recover, and, therefore, was exceedingly anxious with respect thereto. He desired of the Lord to make Himself known (if His blessed will), when these words were given, 'If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.' Also, 'I have loved you with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn you.' Notwithstanding the application of those sweet words, the enemy shortly after came in to harass and perplex his mind, which cast a cloud over him for a time. I said to him, 'Do not fear, he cannot destroy, only try to mar your peace and comfort.' At times he would repeat hymns and verses of Scripture in so fluent a manner it seemed wonderful to hear him. The last hymn he asked for was one of Kent's, the verse alluded to by him was,—

"'Tis well when on the mount,
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well in God's account
When they the furnace prove."

"When last he saw his grandson, he looked at him, and said, 'Unto you that believe He is precious, a man is more precious than the gold of Ophir.' It was of his dear Saviour he spoke. One night he seemed to have a little more rest than usual. On awaking, he turned to me and said, 'The Lord has commanded for me salvation. 'What me, Lord,' he said; 'a sinner such as I am?' The Lord answered and said, 'For you; not for your goodness, but for My finished work.'

With this blest testimony he could say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' On another occasion he said, 'My dear, I must leave you to meet the King in the promised land.' His last words were, 'Come, help,' and his spirit passed away into everlasting rest. He fell sweetly asleep in Jesus, Tuesday night, March 22, 1881.

My dear husband was thirty years deacon and member of the late Mr. Gitten's Church, but his last years were at Mr. Hazelton's, Clerkenwell, until he was unable, through illness, to travel so far. He then worshipped with the friends at the Lecture hall, Camden-street, where he heard Mr. Dawson with much profit.

"I have now lost my natural and spiritual companion; my loss is his gain, though I feel greatly to deplore the bereavement I have experienced. I would not wish him back, believing he has entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God, but desire to be enabled by Divine grace to look by faith to join him in that blest abode of purity and bliss, uniting in the glorious song of the redeemed. 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood he glory and dominion for ever and ever.'

... Though once a poor mourner appeared,

And earth could no comfort afford,

Yet now he's both happy and blest,

At home with his glorious Lord.

The storm of affliction is past,

And he is in glory sat down;

A victor through Jesus at last,

The cross is exchanged for the crown.'

"Yours in the truth,

"M. AINGER."

PLYMOUTH.—HOWE-STREET CHAPEL. Wednesday, September 21, a goodly number of friends in connection with the above, held a social tea in the Temperance hotel, to present Mr. and Mrs. Parnell with a handsome plated tea service, as a token of the love and esteem in which he is held by them. The friends all deeply regret the loss of such a faithful ministry, which we have had the privilege to sit under for nearly five years. Mr. Parnell, in responding, thanked the friends for their great kindness shewn both to himself and wife during his sojourn among them. He said he had no desire to leave them; but since the Lord, in His all-wise providence, had seen fit to remove so many by death, and taking into consideration the bad locality in which the chapel is situated, there was no prospect of others coming to take their place; and deeply as he felt leaving them, yet he believed it to be the right step. He hoped the blessing of the Lord would remain with them, and also go with him; and though parted for a little time we should soon meet where parting would be no more. The meeting was brought to a close by singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," and prayer by the pastor. May the presence of the Lord go with Mr. Parnell, and make his ministry spirit and life, is the prayer of one to whom, under God's blessing, it has been as a resurrection from the dead.—A MEMBER.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES AT WIDCOMBE BAPTIST CHAPEL, BATH.

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home."

Such must have been Pastor John Huntley's experience as he walked up the rostrum steps on Lord's day, September 4. The brethren testify "the services were seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Mr. John Huntley has here had 21 years of faithful service in the vineyard of His Master. This is longer than any Nonconformist minister in this city. What a mercy that in this far-famed city, amidst ritualism, formalism, and Arminianism, the truth can still be heard at Ebenezer. Our chapel is not situated in perhaps the most fashionable part of the city; neither do the crowds who run after the "popular preachers" throng this sanctuary; but there are humble, seeking souls to be found there who can sing,—

"I love her gates, I love the road,
The Church adorned with grace
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.

My soul shall pray for Zion still,

While life and breath remains;

There my best friends in Jesus dwell,

There God my Saviour reigns."

In the morning our pastor's subject was Gen. xxxv. 1, and in the evening from Gal. vi. 9, "And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." On the following day a special meeting for thanksgiving and prayer was held in the chapel. The meeting opened by singing,—

"Thus far my God hath led me on,"

And made His truth and mercy known;

My hopes and fears alternate rise,

And comforts mingle with my sighs."

The spirit of prayer was given to the brethren, two of whom were with our pastor when he first came amongst us. We found it was no vain thing to wait upon the Lord. Our pastor still feels that there is a work for him to do in this populous part of our city. We are pleased to hear him say so. Our desire is to hold up his hands as did Aaron and Hur. God will then show us His salvation, and the hosts of hell will be discomfited. If the Lord will, the baptistry will be opened again on Lord's-day, October 2. Oh! that God the Holy Spirit would convince yet many more of the error of their ways, and bring them in penitence to our dear Emmanuel's feet. For this we cry, for this we will hope, and while God is pleased to visit Zion we will bless His Name, and say, "Not unto us, not unto us; but unto Thy Name be all the praise." Thus we close another year. With renewed courage and fortitude may our pastor go on until he hears that welcome voice, "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."

Bath, Sept. 7, 1881.

W. P.

RE-OPENING OF SALEM CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

On Sunday, August 21, this place of worship, which is situate in Bond-street, Brighton, was re-opened, after being closed for several weeks for repainting, cleansing, and repairs. The services were made somewhat special in their character, and attracted large congregations.

The preacher, both morning and evening, was the Rev. J. B. McCure, late of Sydney, Australia. At the evening service the discourse was based on Isa. li. 3, "For the Lord shall comfort Zion. He will comfort all our waste places; will make her garden like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord." He pointed out that in this chapter the prophet was describing a people who were following after righteousness. What was it to have such a following? It was to follow after Jesus Christ; and happy were those people who did this. He dwelt upon the fourfold description of God's people as given in the text, and also the fourfold blessing of God in relation to them. The word, "Zion," was a sacred name, and in its spiritual type was the habitation of those who had been conquered and brought to know the Lord as their Saviour. The "waste places" were to be found in Zion, but they were to be considered as important, because the Lord would, in His own good time, cultivate them and make them very truthful. A third description was "wilderness," which was a place of sorrow and tribulation, but from which their Father would eventually deliver them. The last description was a "desert," which represented a condition of want. God would bring His children into places where they would be cut off from all apparent help; but, notwithstanding this, He would not desert them, but would lift them out of their difficulty. He then referred to the fourfold blessing which was mentioned in the text, and, in conclusion, expressed the hope that the words which had been uttered that evening might bear good fruit to the honour and glory of God. Collections were made in aid of the expenses for the repainting of the chapel.

ROCHFORD, PRITTLEWELL, AND CANEWDON, ESSEX.

There are many bright spots yet remaining in this sin-blighted world where the truth and nothing but the truth as it is in Jesus is appreciated, although the means of grace languish for lack of help. Prittlewell Church, like the Church at Grays, is, we are glad to learn, steadily prospering. But little can be said of the cause at Rochford; the friends abide faithful to the truth; but many of that number formerly worshipping in Zion, on the hill, have migrated to a distant locality, which, of course, has tended to weaken the hands of the brethren. We hope better days are in store for them. Canewdon is a dark corner in Essex. In our annual visitation we were glad to find the natives had not entirely lost all sense of heaven.

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

GOOD NEWS FROM GOMER-STREET CHAPEL, WILLENHALL.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Recently we have experienced unusual seasons of blessing, and are already beginning to reap the fruits of hearty, earnest prayer. The burden of the prayers of the people for some months past has been for peace within the fold, and an ingathering of souls. We have felt it our duty to urge upon the people the necessity of making Zion and her prosperity the subject of their private devotions as well as in the public assembly, and we think our exhortation has been practically regarded; hence, faith is expectant of a special blessing near to come.

On Monday, August 22, we held a social tea-meeting of "members and friends, by invitation, for special intercourse," which tended very much to strengthen the weak and comfort the sorrowful. Our design was to get some into our company whom we think ought to be in the Church; with the hope that they may be encouraged to follow the Lord Jesus in baptism. After singing and prayer the pastor opened the meeting with an address on "Things that edify." Several of the brethren made appropriate remarks, and then a conversation took place on spiritual things, which was the means of bringing forth testimonies of the faithfulness of God, and the Divine blessing resting on our labours. We thank the Lord, take courage, and pray that in humility, in usefulness, and in labours, we may be more abundant. Meetings of this character are a great help to Church-life and Christian activity. Would that there were more of them in our section.

On Sunday evening, September 11, I baptized three believers in the Name of the Lord. The chapel was crowded, and profound reverence prevailed. It was, indeed, a very profitable time. Others are lingering upon the banks of the baptismal Jordan; we pray they may soon be decided, and come forth to testify in a public way the Lord's goodness to them.

G. BANKS.

WALDERINGFIELD.—Very interesting and encouraging services were held on Tuesday, September 13. A sermon, much appreciated, was preached in the afternoon by Mr. Wilkins, of Wattisham. A public tea was held, when the good things of this life were partaken of, the chapel being well furnished, and flowers, fruits, and mottoes in abundance, arranged with much taste. During the evening meeting Mr. Wilkins was called upon to present Mr. Andrews, the pastor, with a very nice and acceptable present, followed by good addresses by brethren Oliver, of Ipswich; Wilkins, of Wattisham; and Leggett, of Ipswich. Such harvest home meetings are calculated much to help the pastor and benefit the Lord's people.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

CLIFTON.—New Strict Baptist chapel, we hope, will be reared ere long. All visitors to Brighton who love the grand old Gospel, will gladly help to build it.

PECKHAM RYE.—**ZION BAPTIST CHAPEL, HEATON-ROAD.** The Sunday school treat of the above place was held on Tuesday, August 16, 1881. The children met together at the chapel at half-past nine o'clock, and after the Lord's blessing had been asked, they left for the Roughs, Wood-vale, which had been kindly placed at their disposal by the owner, Mr. East, of Beulah house, Forest-hill-rise. A marquee provided for the occasion was erected on the top of the hill, commanding an extensive view of country for miles around. A cold collation was provided at one o'clock for the teachers and friends, at the nominal charge of one shilling each. Everything that tended to contribute to the enjoyment and happiness of the scholars was provided for them by the teachers and friends. Tea was provided at four o'clock for the scholars, and at five o'clock for the teachers and a numerous company of friends. After tea the children again betook themselves to their various amusements until about seven o'clock, at which time they were gathered together, and a few suitable words were spoken to them by the pastor, Mr. J. Clark, which elicited a round of hearty cheers to all the friends who had so kindly contributed to the enjoyment of the day. There is a good work going on at Heaton-road. The labours of our dear pastor are much blessed. The school is flourishing and fast increasing, and one and another of the scholars are from time to time brought to unite with the Church, so that both as a school and as a Church we can say that the Lord is indeed blessing us.

ESSEX.—MOUNT BURES BAPTIST CHAPEL.—**MR. EDITOR,**—The Lord has again been pleased to add to our number six sisters and two brothers, to show forth that they are not of the world, but that their desire is to follow their Lord in His appointed way, and can sing with us and say,—

"Here would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home."

It is a blessing to see the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of His dear children; to see eight go down into the water and be baptized by Brother E. Debnam, on Lord's-day, August 14, was a solemn scene. There was inward joy in our souls throughout the day. We can bless the dear Lord in making His Word powerful in the hearts of sinners, bringing them into the fold here below. May He go on to bless us and our dear pastor, Brother Rayner, in the proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and keep us all of one height, is the prayer of—**R. BONE.**

BRIGHTON.—Ebenezer chapel, where Mr. Atkinson was pastor, is about to be reopened, after extensive repairs. "Samuel Gray," says a correspondent, "is the man our late beloved pastor chose for us, and some hope he is the Lord's anointed successor." Other Brighton letters breathe much anxiety.

MALDON, ESSEX.—Hythe Baptist chapel held its anniversary September 19, 1881, when Mr. John Bolton, of Boston, read the Scriptures, expounded the Word, and called on the Name of the Lord, both afternoon and evening. Much comforted the friends were by his soul-searching testimonies. C. W. Banks gave us two sermons, and our sisters supplied us with a tea, plentiful in material, and pretty in all its surroundings. The ministers Ellison, Flask, and others, were with us; and our deacon, W. Bacon, read out distinctly; and our choir sang in sweet harmony some sublime, heaven-revealing hymns, which sounded through the secret chambers of our souls with such sacred unction as to produce pleasures as holy as if we were in the precincts of glory. I have not long been with these people, but they are united in the ancient faith, and cannot do anything against the truth. We must repair our chapel, which will cost more than we can raise. Will you, Mr. Editor, speak one word on behalf of our repairing fund? [We require the aid of all the Churches of truth to raise up the breaches in our walls. Cannot a Strict Baptist Repairing Fund be organised?]

TAM WORTH.—After some years of extraordinary labour in connection with our Tamworth Baptist Tabernacle, after paving the way for a younger successor as pastor, the venerable Isaac Dixon resigned his ministerial office here some time since. Mr. Arthur Bridge has been called to carry on the work, in doing which the Tamworth press most judiciously hopes "the excellent exertions made in behalf of the cause by Mr. Isaac Dixon will not be forgotten." We have known the now ancient Isaac, of Tamworth, for many years, and our desire is, if God permit, to help to smoothen his descent into the valley as much as possible.

DEVON.—One who has been looking into the tabernacles of the West was alarmed at the appearance of some of them. Where hundreds once thronged the seats, now hardly a score can be seen.

Births.

On the 22nd August, at 41, Casella-road, New-cross, the wife of T. J. Anderson, of a son,
September 19th, the wife of Isaac Levinsohn, of a son.

Deaths.

WE deeply regret to announce that Mr. S. G. Watson, who for many years was the laborious honorary secretary of the Protestant Blind Pension Society, quietly passed away on September 21. He had been seriously ill for some time past, and had caused much anxiety to his friends. He was instrumental, in conjunction with the late beloved Thomas Pocock, in the formation of the Protestant Blind Society, and worked assiduously for its interest for many years. In his decease the poor blind lose a valuable friend.

In loving remembrance of Harriet Shepherd (wife of W. Shepherd, of Exeter), who died September 1st, 1881, aged 69 years. Interred in Exeter New Cemetery.

Divine Love.

O LOVE, pure love,—cold philosophic art,
Can never fathom thy unmeasured line :
Native of heaven and tenant of the heart,
I would thou wert in greater fulness, mine.
Platonic love grows tame and fades at strife !
Thy virtue is undying—ceaseless spring—
Flowing anon from the great fount of life,
To gladden me, sweet motive power within.
Hail, gift divine ! and chiefest of the train,
Forceful and free, not born below the sun,
Felt, but not told, not tangible—a chain
That softly holds all kindred hearts in one.
Greatest of fruits, mellow throughout and sweet ;
Food of the soul, enriching where 'tis given ;
For the glad house on high makes spirits meet,
O flower celestial, born to bloom in heaven !

Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

FLAMES OF FIRE WHICH ONCE DID LIGHT UP THE DESERT.

OH ! what a glorious, indescribable mystery is the PERSON of the SON OF GOD ! What a universe of meaning ; what ever-flowing rivers of godliness ; what springs and streams of mercy were concealed in that one section—

“ HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED WONDERFUL ! ”

And millions have proved that the Lord Jesus Christ is the greatest, the highest, the most profound mystery in the whole expansion either of the heavens or of the earth. More than 150 years ago, one—

“ THOMAS BRADBURY, ”

who was like our new Thomas Bradbury, a three-fold lover, a deeply-rooted lover of GOD in the Trinity of His Personality ; a lover of Heaven's own unmixed Gospel of saving grace, and a lover of all honest, hearty, and happy good men. Well, this old Thomas Bradbury of whom I speak, wrote a letter dated March 3, 1737, in which he recommends a sermon preached by an ancient Scotchman, on the vital question—

“ WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST ? ”

The preaching of that discourse occupied some hours. Thousands heard it, and many more thousands have read it. I have not read that voluminous appeal to the consciences of men, but the question came unto me, saying—

“WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?”

And I said to myself, almost instantly, He is the ONE STANDARD which the Deity has set up in the world, around which all the ransomed of the cross shall be gathered in one blood-bought, love-bound, spiritual and vital UNION, a union never to be loosened or dissolved. All in that one circle are witnesses of the great prophecy—

“Unto HIM shall the gathering of the people be.”

Outside of this grace-formed circle there are—

THREE CLASSES OF PEOPLE.

First, the *Negatives*. They reject Christ altogether; albeit, many of them, when they come to die, would be glad of Him to save them from the second death.

Secondly, there are the *Inquisitives*. These are everlastingly raising up controversies about Him. The Holy Ghost says, “They are ever learning, yet never coming to the KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH!” I am concerned to describe the vanity of these *Inquisitives*, but not in this little note. Then—

Thirdly, there are the *Positives*. These (some of them at least) are iron-bound, hard, abstract, high-doctrine men; but it cannot always be seen that they are pardoned by the blood, anointed with the oil, or eternally bound to CHRIST by the cementing, the heaven-made granite of Divine relationship, and heart-melting, soul-knitting love of our adorable IMMANUEL “GOD-WITH-US.”

For many years I have had some acquaintance with the men who, like HOWELL HARRIS, were carried right into GOD through CHRIST, by the HOLY GHOST; and then they came forth and went through the land like—

“FLAMES OF FIRE!”

Whatever the House of Peers (in our Churches), or the Commoners in our congregations may say or do, I can humbly and solemnly call the blessed SAVIOUR to witness to the genuine truth of this statement that the following piece of Howell Harris's confession is, has been, must ever be, the testimony of my soul, when (after he had endured long law-sin and self-righteous confliction) he says:—

“June 18, 1735, being in secret prayer, I felt suddenly my heart melting within me, like wax before the fire, with love to God my Saviour. I felt not only love and peace, but also a longing to be dissolved and to be with Christ; and there was a cry in my inmost soul, with which I was totally unacquainted before; it was this, ‘Abba, Father.’ I could not help calling God my Father; I knew that I was His child and that He loved me; my soul being filled and satiated, crying, ‘It is enough, I am satisfied; give me strength, and I will follow thee through fire and water.’ I could now say that I was happy indeed. There was in me a well of water springing up into everlasting life; yea, the love of God was shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost.”

Now, I have a conviction that the burning, the sin-conquering, the soul-saving testimony of these “FLAMES OF FIRE,” with God's blessing, will do much to convince the sinner and to stir up the saints.

The pious, self-satisfied folk in Howell Harris's day called his religion “fanaticism,” and they sent him to Oxford to cure him. Sirs,

will ye let me say to you (and ye may send me wheresoever ye think well), let me express this one fact, which fact I can, and by God's mercy I will bring many witnesses to confirm its irrevocable truth, that RELIGION, in its genuine RUSTICITY, has done more than man's religion in the REFINED garments in which the moderns now come forth so smoothly. But I must stop for the present, and assure you my soul still burns with a vehement thirst to preach CHRIST JESUS our GOD and Saviour, by the SPIRIT, to the ingathering of many in the true fold. So doth witness—

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, October 18, 1881.

THE SINNER'S NECESSITY AND THE SAVIOUR'S SUFFICIENCY.

A DISCOURSE BY PETER PARKER, OF NEWBOLD, ROCHDALE.

"And whithersoever He entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch if it were but the border of His garment: and as many as touched Him were made whole."—Mark vi. 56.

THE acts which our Saviour accomplished during His ministry among the Jews present us different aspects of His character, when we compare them; and these different aspects are a source of joy to us. By comparing them we see beauties which before had not appeared; and in places where there was apparent darkness we find light. A comparison of the events which cling around our text gives joy to each individual Christian. We are told He healed multitudes who were sick of divers diseases; the day previous He fed five thousand with five loaves and two small fishes; though He had been teaching all the day long, and knew that the day following He would be healing, yet He did not even spend the night resting, but during the night He walked on the Sea of Galilee, and did not deem Himself too high to assist one of His disciples, who, in an attempt to meet his Master, was sinking in the wave. From the event we learn this lesson: that whilst Christ helps the famishing multitudes, He never overlooks the few of His flock; though He dispenses blessings on the numerous, yet each individual has a share of His observation; each son of the Father receives that portion of goods that falleth unto him; and His hand is held out to each frail brother, who, in the fearfulness of his faith, is sinking in the waves of difficulty, doubt, and of fear.

I.—These words teach us *man's need*. The sick, here represented as being laid in the street, set forth one of the chief characteristics of human nature—need. Man is a needy creature; revelation declares it; his life confirms it, and death substantiates it. It is written in clear and unmistakable lines on almost every page of the Inspired Volume; it is portrayed by every exercise of God's providential care; it is established by every known law of nature. Nature and Providence work harmoniously to supply his need and meet His requirements; and the words of Israel's sweetest singer are equally applicable to the lips of every man. We all have occasion to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul,

and forget not all His benefits;" for all the good we have, all the blessings we receive, come from the Father of lights; we are living on His bounty—hence we are needy creatures.

The various images and figures by which man is represented in the Word of God set forth this truth. We are called sinners; we bear the roots of evil ever in our hearts; we have broken the Divine law, and are under obligation to repair it; or, as a consequence, suffer the penalty of the law, in order that justice may be satisfied, but not being able of ourselves to weed, or purge our nature—not being able of ourselves to satisfy the claims of justice, we are left to the mercy and love of God, who, according to His own good pleasure, has provided a ransom for His people, which can satisfy the claims of justice, and meet the requirements of the law; thus being dependent upon God for a ransom for the satisfaction of justice, in that respect we are needy creatures.

Man is represented in the Word of God as lost; like the sheep leaving the fold of the shepherd, and wandering in the lone desert, or on the mountain wild, having no shelter from the storm, no help in danger, no guide to the fold. So we have wandered away from our God in the paths of waywardness and sin until we are lost. Lost! not simply as some people say, to love, to decency, and happiness, for if we were only lost to these it would be an easy matter to find ourselves; if we were only lost to the qualities of a moral life we should have no difficulty in retracing our steps. Those who were simply lost to love could soon be able to establish themselves in the love of their fellow-men; those who were lost to decency could soon, by turning from disreputable practices, be able to establish themselves in an honourable position in the world; and those who were lost to happiness could soon find it in this beautiful earth that God has given us. Hence, to say we are lost to these is only stating a portion of the truth; to say the Bible teaches we are simply lost in this sense is the veriest cavil; it is to misrepresent the teachings of God's Word; it is a libel on the Divine truth. We are lost in a far deeper sense; lost so that we can never discover our way back from the labyrinth of our sins. We are lost to our Maker and our God. Lost in the same sense that the sheep was to the shepherd; the piece of silver to the woman; and the prodigal son to the father; and no search or ingenious scheme of man can bring us back, so Christ Himself has to come "to seek and save us." Hence, being dependent on the search and salvation of God, in that sense we are needy creatures.

There are many more figures in the Word of God which represent us in the same character. We are represented as "weary," and can find no rest. We are spoken of as "hungry," and can find no bread, but the hollow husks that the swine do eat. We are set forth as "thirsty," and no earthly stream can quench this thirst, so we come to the Master, like the poor woman at the well of Sychar, and say, "Sir, give me of this water that I thirst not." We are called "dead in trespasses and sins;" we can find no life in men, or the systems of men, and in our despair we come to Christ and say, "Lord, to whom can we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." We are needy creatures, revelation declares it.

There is a class of people in the world whom we call Rationalists; they will not believe anything in God's Word unless they can bring it to a logical conclusion. Are there not some in our congregations who are touched with this feeling? Well, even you will have to come to the

same conclusion that we have this morning, and from a different course of reasoning.

Just let us come to ourselves, and examine human nature for a few minutes. There is not sufficient in my heart to satisfy the claims of my nature, so I try to seek satisfaction outside myself; but "like the rich man, I spend my money for that which is not bread, and my labour for that which satisfieth not." Some, to satisfy this craving of the heart, chase the shadowy pleasures of this life, like the school-boy chases the butterflies through the fields—he seldom catches them; and when he does, it is only to find their wings are painted, and soon by the handling the gaudy colours fritter and decay; so with the pleasures of the world. Some, like the bee, wander from flower to flower, trying to satisfy their immortal hunger of the beautiful things which God has given us on earth. Lord Byron was a representative of this class, which spend their lives among the beauties of nature, and seeking pleasure in Summer at the sea-side, or walking the quiet lanes in the country on a Sabbath-day. Excuse me if I just give you a lesson from his life for a moment. He wandered from country to country, through the whole continent of Europe, under the orange groves of Spain, and the sunny skies of Italy, until he came to that beautiful of all lands, which he describes in the finest language,—

"Where citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the lines of the sky,
In colour, though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest of dye."

Yes, though he came here amid scenes in which the grandest poets of ancient days lived, and where the great apostle of the Gentiles "held forth the Word of life"—in the shady bowers of Greece—he did not find that satisfaction which he sought, yea, which he spent a whole life seeking, for you know just before his death he uttered those sad words of a wasted, empty life,—

"My days are with the yellow leaf,
The fruits and flowers of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

He was a needy creature.

Brethren, time rolls on like a river, men are upon its bosom; they are passing various scenes in their course, and drinking various pleasures by the way, but still they can never satisfy the craving of their hearts, until led by the Spirit to "draw water with joy out of the wells of salvation." The life, therefore, and experience of man testify that man is a needy creature.

And once more, this is true of all in all lands. You cannot say it is true of those who live under the burning skies of Africa, and not of us in England. You cannot say it is true of the savages among the perpetual snows of the far North, and not of you in enlightened Lancashire; because it is true of all, for "*whithersoever* He entered, in villages, or cities, or countries, they laid the sick in the streets." We are needy creatures; that I think is proved to the satisfaction of all present.

(To be continued.)

A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

[We gladly insert the following letter from our much esteemed brother, R. J. Lapworth, whose departure from Wythall Heath we noticed in a former number.]

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER IN OUR ADORABLE HEAD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST THE ETERNAL SON OF GOD,—Grace, mercy, and truth ever be with you and yours. I hope you do not think me long in writing to you according to my promise to you when you were at Wythall Heath. Ah! the very name brings up pleasant visions of the past; visions of scenes and pleasures never to be repeated. I have not heard until to-day from England, and was beginning to think my English friends had discarded me, and at the same time inwardly I knew it was not so; but you know how it is when in daily expectation of intelligence and none arrives; the heart sinks and the spirits flag, and we sometimes are almost ready to forget that even if earthly friends forget and forsake there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, who never, no, never forsakes, who never forgets. Our hearts (wife and daughter's and my own) were made glad by the welcome appearance of a letter from our mutual friend and sister in the Lord, Miss Griffiss. This was as cold waters to thirsty souls in a foreign land. She tells me she had sent you word of our arrival at Philadelphia, which city we reached on the thirteenth day of our voyage; and truly glad were we once more to set our feet upon dry land. How true it is that "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; they see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep." Truly we saw them, for we had a very rough passage; even the sailors said it was rough for August; and the words of the psalmist were realised in our experience, for we reeled to and fro like drunken men, staggering sometimes till we fell; myself had a bump or two when upon deck, but was not hurt; a neighbour of mine—a tall, big man—fell once, and was hurt rather badly; my wife and daughters also had falls, but were not seriously injured. We had two deaths on board, consequently—

TWO FUNERALS AT SEA.

These are most solemn seasons; and we would suppose would leave solemn impressions upon the mind; but, alas! no. No sooner does the vessel move on after its momentary pause whilst the body is lowered into the water than the crowd move away; all seems to be forgotten; and things go on as usual. It was my privilege to meet with some godly people on board; lovers of the Bible, and of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. These requested me to speak in the Lord's Name unto them, which I was pleased, as the Lord might enable me, to do. I spoke the first time from Paul's words, Rom. i. 15, 16; a good number collected together upon the deck, composed of different nationalities, English, Irish, Germans, Jew and Gentile, gathered together. I told them I was not there to talk about modes of faith, or the different forms and ceremonies of religious belief, but simply to preach "CHRIST, and HIM CRUCIFIED," as the only way of salvation. I preached twice besides; once from "God so loved the world," &c., and the last time from, "Whom having not seen ye love, in whom though now ye see Him not, in believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." The attention, considering the circumstances, was good. One of my hearers on the Sunday evening was—

A LEARNED YOUNG JEW,

a native of European Turkey; a schoolmaster, and master of different languages; he expressed himself, although a Jew, much pleased with my sermon. Who can tell, but this same young man, although at the present a rigid believer in the faith of his forefathers, may ultimately become a humble follower of the despised Nazarene? I pass on to observe that as goodness and mercy followed us over the water, so also goodness and mercy followed us all through our long land journey. We did not get quite clear of Philadelphia until midnight on the night of the Friday. We reached Pittsburg at eleven o'clock Saturday evening, a distance of about 358 miles from Philadelphia. Here we had to stay until Sunday afternoon. We went out on the Sunday morning, and found the first Presbyterian Church open, and were in time to hear a part of the sermon, which I think was a good one. This unto us proved a refreshing by the way, after being excluded so long from the public means of grace. I was grieved to see how little the Sabbath we so highly prize is regarded here. The shops all open as upon other days, and a general business air pervading the place. Oh, when will the wickedness of the wicked come to an end? On the Sunday afternoon, four o'clock, we started for Chicago, which town we reached by nine o'clock next morning. Of this town we saw but little, being conveyed across in omnibuses to the Milwaukee depôt, and started again in a North-Westerly direction, reached Milwaukee by two o'clock in the afternoon. We moved on to the Wisconsin Central Railroad, and were in the Pullman cars, each holding about 100, on our way to Menasha, a town about 100 miles further upon the road. It was about seven o'clock in the evening when we reached this town, and as the train went but four miles further in our direction, we had to seek lodgings once more, and as we had travelled 652 miles upon the rail in 27 hours, we felt sorely in need of rest. After rest, and commending ourselves to the care and keeping of our covenant-keeping God, we were soon upon the move again, and rapidly nearing the desired haven, which we reached by nine o'clock, where our father, brother, and sister, with their team were awaiting us. Now arose a difficulty; twenty-six years had wrought a great change in us all, so great that none of us knew each other. I had grown grey, and stouter; Mr. Lapworth a little careworn and wrinkled, her father having passed the seventy-third milestone, looking considerably older than when last we saw him; her brother having served and been wounded in the American war, having laboured long and hard in forest and in field, had all the appearance of a man just come from the "back side of the desert," where, in fact, upon his farm he lives. But, as you will guess, this awkward state of things did not continue long, and then the family joy was great; and now, through the mercy of our God, we are once more upon the road, seated behind two good and trusty horses, who take us in about an hour and a-half in safety to our home, where the aged mother, nearly eighty, awaited our arrival.

THE MEETING BETWEEN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

was what, after so long a separation, we might expect, and I myself felt my eyes a little moist, and for the moment a little overcome. Now, for a time, in this lone farmhouse we rest, surrounded by woodland scenery; the river Wanpaca flowing near us, whose gentle ripples we can hear whilst listening at the farmhouse door; and here for a time we rest and

have time to look back with grateful feelings upon our long sea voyage, with all its mercies and preservation, and our long railway journey of nearly eleven hundred miles; all passed through in peace and safety without let or hindrance, accident or misadventure. Help me, my dear brother, to praise the God of all our mercies for His goodness and His loving-kindness manifested towards us. But this is not even our earthly rest; in less than three weeks we are upon the move again, and still in a North-West direction. We are now at Steven's Point, a busy, lumbering town, and withal a growing place. Here we have a large court-house, a bank and other buildings built of stone, or else the most of the houses are built of wood, in fact they are white frame houses with roofs of black. We have six or seven places of worship, all called churches, Baptist, Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, &c. I have preached one Sunday in the Baptist, and an Englishman, from Oxfordshire, named Churchill, the two last Sundays. The Church is without a pastor, but who or what will be their choice I do not know. I will close. How anxiously I have been looking for September VESSEL. I hope you will remember me by letter and by VESSEL at your earliest convenience, as I long to hear from you and from all I can at home; and believe me yours in the bonds of everlasting love,

R. J. LAPWORTH.

Steven's Point, Portage County, Wisconsin,
North America, Sept. 26, 1881.

[We have sent on VESSELS, and letters, &c. We long to hear he is happily, usefully, profitably employed in his soul's delightful pleasure, preaching the Gospel of the grace of God.—C. W. B.]

THE VISION OF ISRAEL'S GLORY.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

(Continued from page 312.)

THUS far, beloved, we have followed the prophet, and with him we rejoice to thank God for that mighty power which can raise the dead, give sight to the blind, and blessings unimaginable to worthless, rebellious sinners. Oh! what condescension for Him who is high and lofty, holy, pure, and perfect, to stoop, and be mindful of lost and ruined creatures, and to save with an everlasting salvation.

Let us now briefly notice:—

II.—*The happiness to which the children of God are destined.* Precious they are to Him, for think of the price of redemption—the blood of Jesus! yes, the blood of *God-Man*. Was Israel dear to God, His chosen, His treasure, His beloved? Ah! more so are the redeemed to Him. When Israel was brought into a national existence, God blessed them with heavenly blessing. Protection from all spiritual foes is a blessed promise which God's people enjoy from day to day. Our spiritual foes are strong; but, blessed be God, the power to protect is mightier than all the powers of the world. Our enemies are many. Sin—what a mighty foe! How many have been destroyed by that great power! but I rejoice because there is a more mighty power. Jesus has overcome that enemy; and sin, through Him, shall not overcome those who are hid in Christ. Sorrow is a terrible evil God's people here meet from day

to day. Oh! who can define the meaning of sorrow? who can describe the anguish of the sorrowing heart? who can sympathise with us in sorrow? I think there are sorrows which we are at times acquainted with which we will not, nor dare we, tell others, even our most tender friends. Yes, every heart knows its own sorrows. But, blessed be God, there is a sacred Heart which does ever sympathise with us in our sorrows; and when going through this part of our Christian experience we rejoice we are blessed with a Friend who is well acquainted with all our sorrows, and gives grace to support and comfort those who sorrow; thus darkness is turned away, and Divine light shines. And even in sorrow the soul finds joy in Jesus, who delights to bless and to do good to His people in their sorrows. This great power, which seems a mighty foe, becomes subdued through our blessed Christ. Then there is another power, which seems to be ever strong, and with whom the children of God must often—alas! very often—struggle; *doubts* which every renewed soul more or less experiences. How many of us have found this an enemy! Our joy is at times turned into mourning, our souls become depressed, and we, to our shame perhaps, like Israel, wish we never were Christians. Little faith in God's promises, doubt His faithfulness to us individually, doubt our call by grace, doubt our interest in Christ, and Christ's interest in us. Beloved brethren, do you know this enemy you have struggled with, that foe? and now I ask you, tell me what did God do to you? Surely you must testify that He has been better to you than all your doubts and fears. Grace divine enabled you to overcome all your past doubts and fears. I shall never forget my past painful experience, when I left my native country, loved parents, relations and friends, in wealth and affluence. Soon after I found myself in a foreign land, a foreign nation. Society to which I was a stranger, poverty became my portion; comfort which I enjoyed at home seemed to be gone, and, I thought, never to be returned. Ah! and more than that awaited me, even to suffer hunger, and be shoeless and friendless. In such loneliness and misery I often was depressed, not so much because of my sufferings, but because I feared that I should never, after all, arrive on Britain's free and blessed soil. I had heard of England, and its purity, justice and truth, liberty, and blessed freedom; but I thought I should never reach that land. Onward and onward I went; still, I doubted whether I should ever enter that land; but God has been good to me. When I look back, I thank God for all the past; and rejoice in the past experience which has taught me so many good and precious lessons. Brethren, am I not right when I say that the Christian life is a pilgrim's life? From spiritual bondage, thank God, we have been delivered! From the darkness of Judaism, Paganism, and worldliness He hath delivered us. And, since our deliverance, we have found life full of sorrows and *doubts*. We sometimes doubt our final perseverance, and think we shall at last perish. But, beloved, this is what we may think in our dark experiences. God's thoughts are not like ours; neither are His ways like ours. It is not the will of our heavenly Father that the least of the redeemed should perish. Look above and behold the myriads around the throne; their past experience, doubtless, was similar to yours, but now they are glorified with Him who hath redeemed them. Poverty, trial, and temptation—all these are the great foes of the believer; but, God be praised, none of these shall

have dominion over the people of God. But is death no enemy? How many there are of God's people, through their whole life, the fear of that seems to follow, are distressed at the thoughts of death! How shall I do in the swelling of Jordan? is the anxious question asked. Brethren, you know well, Egypt pursued Israel until they came to the very sea. So God's people, like ancient Israel, have enemies who will harass them in life, and follow them on their track on the very shores of time. Ah! but death shall be their destruction. Yes; it shall be the death of them all. Death is their destruction, not ours. They may pursue to the last, but no further than death. Then the wicked shall cease to trouble, and the weary be at rest.

Thus, beloved, we see the happiness of God's children in life and in death. In life they escape, and in death also there is a glorious escape. We all have often meditated upon the apostle's statement of the believer's happiness in death: "*To die is gain.*" Not it shall be after an intermediate state, no purgatorial fire, nor anything of the kind. "*Absent from the body, present with the Lord.*" "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

PATTERNS OF THE HEAVENLY THINGS.

MR. DANIEL ALLEN'S THIRD LETTER.

[WE are censured for inserting the criticism of the Sydney Strict Baptist Pastor. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's sermon, "Mongrel Religion," is as sharp as Mr. Allen's—only C. H. S. deals more in general. There is (as Mr. Aikman will show presently, in his new work, now in the press) a general spirit of error prevailing in all the Churches; and notwithstanding the many associations, the societies, the evangelists, the armies of professors, and the efforts of Christian workers, still ERRORS of every sort and size abound—Atheism, Arianism, and Anti-Biblicalisms are spreading. Lawlessness, anarchy, rebellion, threatening wars, awful fires, assassinations, and approaching famines multiply on every hand. The Bishop of Manchester said, the other day, "Truly, we are fallen upon troublous times!" We have hosts of gifted preachers! Talking was never so general before. Dr. Dale, and a train of powerful orators, come up with their beautiful

COFFINS FULL OF DEAD MEN'S BONES.

Old histories, designed to show what bigots the fathers, the Puritans, and the Church's ancient preachers were; also to show what a glorious age of wisdom, talent, and increasing discoveries, we are now living in; while the secret yearnings of God-created souls sigh out this feeling,—

"THOU, O CHRIST, ART ALL I WANT!"

But where the LIVING CHRIST is the one mighty theme of the minister it is often hard to find. Let us, then, hear Daniel Allen, while he labours to unfold the holy mysteries of grace.—C. W. B.]

MR. ALLEN, continuing the thread of his discourse, says:—In Matt. xxv. 1, you have five foolish and five wise virgins, waiting about together, and sleeping, whilst the Bridegroom yet tarried in His coming.

This is not Mr. B.'s state of all-corruption, for all are virgins, and half of them are all right. This is the worst state the kingdom, in its external aspect, is ever represented to be found on earth. In xxv. 14 you have the servants left in charge of the kingdom, and two-thirds of these servants are good and faithful men, doing the King's pleasure, in the use of *gifts and graces* to His glory. The third part are a lazy set of fellows, who have a small gift, but no grace. These men neither live in the kingdom, nor labour for it; they are slanderers of the King of this kingdom.

Thus, in all this thirty-fold description of *the kingdom of heaven*, we find no state of things like that described by Mr. B. We find everything that makes his order of things impossible—utterly impossible! We find under this dear name all that is meant in Mark, Luke, and John, by the dear name, “THE KINGDOM OF GOD,” which is “*The Church of the living God.*”

Now, my beloved brother Banks, go with me into the holy patterns of these *heavenly things themselves*, as the apostle Paul calls them in Heb. ix. 11, 23. Let us look at the *heavenly things* of this *kingdom of heaven* (not made with hands) by the aid of their typical patterns.

III. We notice the *leaven* named in the Lord's parable of leaven. This leaven had a very wonderful pattern in the glorious types of the kingdom of heaven. If some of your scribes do not become ashamed of saying “that leaven only means wickedness and evil, and if admitted in the offerings it denotes the infirmities of the flesh in Divine worship,” I think it will be because there is no shame in them. I have never read anything more shocking.

Let us take the patterns in Lev. xxiii. We are told it is about the “feasts of the Lord,” “holy convocations” (ver. 2). The first is the Sabbath of the Lord (ver. 3). We know what this was a pattern of: the holy rest of the believer in the finished work of the Lord Jesus. “He that believeth has entered into rest, and ceased from his own works, as God did from His” (Heb. iv.).

“It is finished! Yes, indeed,

Tell me, is it not?

Sinner, this is all you need;

Finished! every jot.

Cast your deadly doing down,

Down at Jesus' feet;

Stand in Him, and Him alone,

Gloriously complete.”

Now, this is what I understand by a “feast of the Lord,” “an holy convocation.” The second is that of the Passover (ver. 4). This was on the fourteenth day of their first month, *Nisan*, or *Abib*, as it was the month of barley-harvest, as you may see in Exod. ix. 31. We know what that tremendous Passover was a pattern of; do we not? Yes, dear Lord Jesus, we do. “Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us.” On the very night after the Passover was He taken to be put to death—“The Just for the unjust.”

“Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine,

And bathed in its own blood;

Whilst all exposed to wrath Divine,

The glorious Sufferer stood—

Now the keen sword that justice draws,

Flaming and red, do pass me by.”

Thus damnation pass over me; this is the Lord's Passover unto me. This, also, is a "holy convocation." Now mark, my brother, when they got into the land of corn, they were on the morrow after the Sabbath following the Passover to go and cut a sheaf of corn, and take it into the holy place, and wave it East and West, North and South, up and down, before the Lord (ver. 9). No man was allowed to cut an handful of corn in all Israel until this was done. We know what this was a pattern of; for on that very day after the Sabbath, our Lord rose from the dead; the "Christ, the First-fruits" (1 Cor. xv. 23); the grain of wheat that died, and sprang up with much fruit (John xii. 24).

"Believer, hail your rising Head!
The First-begotten from the dead;
Your resurrection's sure through His;
To endless life and boundless bliss."

This is also an holy convocation.

Now, mark again. They were to count seven Sabbaths from that day after the Sabbath, that first day of the week when the sheaf of our Lord's resurrection was waved before the Lord (ver. 15). What does that fiftieth day after His rising bring us to? Seven Sabbaths shall be complete; this brings us to "the day of Pentecost, which was fully come" (Acts ii.). What, then, is this the pattern of? "I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offering." He having gone into heaven, the first-fruits of the harvest of the elect, He shed forth what they then felt, when they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

"He did descend from heaven,
With flames of pure, seraphic love,
Their ravished breasts inspired."

This is the holy convocation of the leaven. On this fiftieth day, the day of Pentecost, "Ye shall bring out of your habitations two wave loaves of two-tenth deals: they shall be of fine flour; they shall be baked with leaven; they are the first-fruits unto the Lord" (ver. 17). "The priest shall wave them for a wave offering before the Lord. They shall be holy to the Lord, for the priest" (ver. 20). It is nothing short of dreadful blasphemy to say that leaven in these two loaves was a pattern of sin and wickedness. What! sin and wickedness on the holy day of Pentecost, commanded by the holy God to be offered before Him for an holy convocation! Oh, Thou most blessed Spirit, forgive the insult, and still fill the loaves of "the one bread" (1 Cor. x. 17). There was no offering like this wave offering in all Israel, and this only once a year—only on the blessed fiftieth day from the waved corn. My soul is all upon a move in me, as I see and feel the meaning of the leaven in these two loaves. It is the most holy, blessed Spirit, filling the two loaves of Jews and Gentiles, as He did on the day of Pentecost; and from that day forward. The Saviour said the leaven should be put into three measures of meal, and the Holy Ghost entered into 3,000 souls on the day of baking the loaves with leaven, to wave them before the Lord. They were raised up, they did ascend to God, they were elevated with gladness and with joy. All kinds of offerings were offered with these two wave loaves unto God. Seven lambs, to denote the perfection of the sacrifice of the Lamb of God; two rams, to set Him forth as the everlasting Father of His people; two young bullocks, to set Him forth

in His toil and strength; one kid, to set Him forth as made sin for His people by bearing their sins.

Now, if you look into the day of Pentecost in Acts ii., you will see in the preaching, the worship, and the experience of the people that day, all these holy offerings in the heavenly things themselves. As the twelve loaves on the table of shew-bread did represent the twelve tribes, so these two loaves did represent Jews and Gentiles, filled with the Holy Ghost. Was it not the leavening power of the Holy Ghost that so elevated and enlarged, assimilated, and secretly wrought in the blessed little company at the birth of Christ? Mary, Elizabeth, Anne, Zacharias, Simeon, the shepherds, and the angels themselves, were all filled with the leaven of the Holy Spirit, when they had the holy convocation of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will toward men;" "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." These were the two loaves to be filled on the fiftieth day after His resurrection with the power of the Divine Spirit. "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, not many days hence." And accordingly, fifty days after this wave sheaf was waved in resurrection power, "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." The apostle Peter spake of this leavening of the meal to the elders of the Jerusalem Church, about the Gentile meal into which the leaven was put in the house of Cornelius, thus: "The Holy Ghost fell on them which heard the Word" (Acts x. 44). His friends were astonished "Because that on the Gentiles was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost" (ver. 45). He said: "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" (ver. 47). "As I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning" (11—15). "Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that He said, John, indeed, baptized you with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." Thus the two loaves, and the three measures of meal, were filled with the leaven of the kingdom of heaven, the Holy Ghost. These were the heavenly things themselves. Thus, my beloved brother, you will find after that fiftieth day the men of the kingdom of heaven were described as "Full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith." Wherever the kingdom was set up in the hearts of the people it was said to be by receiving the Gospel of the kingdom, "Not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost." The Lord grant your soul and your people this leaven! The Lord in mercy leaven all our Churches, and brother ministers, with this leaven of the Holy Ghost!

(To be continued.)

THAT ONE WORD!

"CHRIST IS ALL, AND IN ALL."

A LONG time have I felt that the Person of CHRIST, and the Scriptures so definite and descriptive of Him, and of His work, are too little the theme of our preaching and writing. Deeply have I desired that during the few days I might yet be spared here that I might have mind, thoughts, affections, faith, hope, prayers, preaching, and writing more constantly and vehemently set upon the one grand central

Person in the Trinity, who only can fill us with the SPIRIT OF TRUTH, who only can lead us to the Father, who only can save us from the curse, who can qualify us to be useful here and happy hereafter. I was truly comforted in thinking upon Paul's words in Col. i., where he says,—

“CHRIST IN YOU, THE HOPE OF GLORY.”

What words! “CHRIST!” “HOPE!” “GLORY!” I have had my mind led to think of

THAT ONE WORD,

that word which is the ROOT of religion; the Revealer of all God's mysteries; the Righteousness of all God's elect; the Rest of all truly God-converted believers—the royal reigning King in the glory world. Those five lines are the outstanding pillars in the Gospel of God's grace.

These pillars have been set up all through the ages of time. Thousands have looked upon them; but have passed on to perdition, never having felt the need of, nor fled for refuge unto the CHRIST OF GOD for salvation. Paul speaks of CHRIST IN YOU. There have been “false Christs.” There may be some now. We have to beware of them. They come to you in sheep's clothing; but inwardly they are ravening wolves. I ask, “How do I come to you? What am I inwardly?” Surely every man who has Christ in him savingly, must know it.

“CHRIST IN YOU!”

Ah! Christ was in the bosom of the Father; therefore all the secrets of the Father were well known to Him. Christ was in God, and God was in Christ. Christ was in the covenant of grace, and God calls Christ that covenant which He had given to His people. Christ was in, and is in all the new covenant promises; they all embodied Him. A promise that brings not Christ into me will leave me short of glory. Promises of time things will not carry me beyond time. Christ was in all the evangelical prophecies. They spake of Him; they pointed to Him; they are all fulfilled, or will be fulfilled, in Him. Christ was in our nature. He was made of a woman; not of a man. He was made under the law, that He might redeem them that were under the law. Christ is in all the New Testament, in many sermons, and in beautiful hymns; but the salvation of a man's soul is never secured until to that man it can be said, “Christ is IN YOU,” and Christ is in you “THE HOPE,” the only hope of glory.

What is that? What can be meant by Christ being IN YOU? If Christ be in you, He is so, with all the love of His heart; by all the life of His Spirit; by all the powers of His grace; by all the purposes of His eternal will. Let me try and define a little, if I can. Christ may be in you, as He was in the virgin's womb. There may be a secret growth; there may be a mysterious struggling, but you know not what it is. Would you believe a goat could be a preacher to the deep convincing of a man of His sin? You say, “No; I do not believe God would employ a goat to convict a man.” Then you must deny the testimony of Rees Pritchard (of Llandovery), who was for thirty years one of the most powerful preachers in wild Wales. Although he was the clergyman of the parish, he was a notorious drunkard. One day he gave his goat some ale to drink, and it drank it all, and became terribly ill. Next day, when Rees Pritchard was about to drink, his goat came to him.

He offered it drink again ; but the goat turned away with disgust, and would not touch it. This fact struck the clergyman with terror. "My God !" he cried out, "is that dumb creature more wise than myself ?" He pursued the conviction. He became a godly man, for thirty years preaching the inestimable efficacy of Christ's blood-shedding. If Christ be in you, I know the Scriptures show, and experience will prove, He is in you by reason of the eternal union existing between Himself and your soul. Paul puts love before he names absolute salvation. He says, "CHRIST loved me, and gave Himself for me." Love brought Him down to me, and He saved me. John is plain : "We love Him because He FIRST loved us." And Christ tells you it was not a mere wish on his part ; it was not a mere offer or proposal ; nay, He tells you it was not a chance, or time-love ; it was a love existing from all eternity. "I have loved you with an *everlasting* love ; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn you." Now, frequently there are

THREE GIANTS

opposing Christ's entrance with love into the heart. The first giant is named *Enmity*. He says, as Howell Harris said, "If I give myself to Christ I shall lose my liberty, and be no longer my own." But Christ's love overcame him, and took a full possession. The second giant is called *Unbelief*. Christ says to you in the Gospel, "I have loved you." He says in His Providence, "I have loved you." By the gentle drawing of His kindness He says, "I have loved you." But old Unbelief says, "Wherein hast Thou loved us ?" (See Malachi i.) Ah ! you want to see some open demonstration of it, as you will some day. There is another giant, his name is *Delusive Despondency*. He has set up convents and nunneries, and he employs a race of preachers, who, like Dan Rowlands, preaches threatenings and torments, and tells you if you are not devil-dragged and shaken almost into hell, you cannot hope to be saved. You know Philip Pugh went to Dan Rowlands, and said, "My dear sir,

"PREACH THE GOSPEL.

If you go on preaching the terrors of the judgment like this, you will drive half the people mad." Rowlands said he feared he had not the fulness of the faith in its vigour, as he should have. Pritchard said, "Preach on it ; preach on it ; it will come." So Rowlands was led to preach the Balm of Gilead, and unnumbered thousands did bless God for it. Art thou a poor doubter ? Whose castle do you lodge in ? In Enmity's iron house ? in Unbelief's dungeons ? or in Delusive Despondency's prison ? Oh, like Pritchard, I would say, "Think on Christ ; think of His original glory ; of His deep humiliation ; of His "agony and bloody sweat." Surely your thoughts of Him will brew faith in Him, and faith by the Holy Ghost will give you the Spirit of Adoption, crying, "Abba, Father !"

C. W. BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, October, 1881.

SONSHIP! SAINTSHIP! HEIRSHIP!

A FEW WORDS ON THE DEPARTURE OF MR. PAGE, OF GLEMSFORD.

“The memory of the just is blessed.”

WE learn from the Word of God that a just man is a good man, a righteous man, a sinless man. The Holy Ghost, by the apostle, hath said, “He cannot sin” (and then gives us the reason), “because he is born of God” (1 John iii. 9). This is the high, honourable, and dignified position of saintship, sonship, heirship; “If sons, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ Jesus.” Being heirs, they have a legitimate right (by what the dear Redeemer has done) to an inheritance that is “incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation.” What a mercy these indescribable, immeasurable, and everlasting blessings are unloseable. We lost all but relationship in Adam the first; but all is restored by the second Adam, “the Lord from heaven.” “Then I restored that which I took not away” (Psa. lxxix. 4). “I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish.” “Where I am there they shall be also.” Being, therefore, thus loved, thus saved and justified, they shall also be glorified. “Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory.” Who, then, shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect? It is God that justifieth. “Blessed be our covenant God, His people live here justified, they die justified, they enter heaven justified;” they glory there in that justification for ever and ever. Their memory is blessed; and it is held dear to bereaved friends on earth when the Lord is pleased to come and take them home; yea, they are to be held in everlasting remembrance (Psa. cxii. 6).

During the last twelve months the Lord has been pleased to take from that part of His Zion militant, where in His providence He has placed me as under-shepherd, three out of five who held office. This somewhat singular and mysterious Providence, though painful and much felt, nevertheless is right, because He hath done it. The last of these three is a brother of mine, whose biography I am not about to write, but just give a brief sketch of his illness and death. About twelve months ago, he felt the first symptoms of that illness which ended in his decease. He was able to keep about, and in part attend to his daily avocation, though with difficulty, till the commencement of February of this year. The second Sabbath of that month he, for the last time, attended the sanctuary. On this occasion we had the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper. Directly after this, he took to his bed, and gradually sank, day by day, into the arms of death.

During his affliction I had much conversation with him. Amongst other things I always found him side-by-side with the apostle, as described in Phil. iii. 10, “That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto death.” The Lord mercifully preserved him from those violent attacks of the enemy which many of God’s dear children meet with in the valley of the shadow of death. He neither sunk so low in sorrow, conflict, and darkness, nor rose so high in ecstatic feeling, and to the full assurance, as some. I never found him doubting his interest

in the salvation of God; it was always apparent he loved and abode by the truths of the everlasting Gospel, which, through mercy, he was led to embrace. Good John Kent's hymns were made a great blessing to his soul; many of them had a place in his memory. On one occasion, when I visited him, I said, "How is it with you to-day? Can you now, with truth, say,—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness?"

"Yes," was his answer; and then continued,—

"I dare not trust my sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's Name."

He said, "I want to feel more of its preciousness." I said, "The Lord brought you into natural life, and has mercifully preserved that life from many dangers, seen and unseen; and, further, at the time in covenant love fixed, He called you by His grace, brought you to love Him, His Gospel, His ways, and plan of salvation; also His people, and gave you a place with them in His Church militant. Time-things are now well-nigh over with you. You have finished your testimony, and very shortly He will come and take you to join the Church triumphant above. You are now awaiting His appearing." "I am; I want to go home;" and then expressed his feelings of soul in repeating two lines of a hymn by Dr. Watts,—

"When will the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above?"

Passing by many things, I come to the time of his departure. About two hours before his death he was not then able to speak beyond a whisper. I said, "Do you feel your safety? Is your soul sensibly resting on the Rock CHRIST JESUS?" "Oh, yes, I do." This is almost the last word I heard him utter. Thus died another of the Lord's witnesses, whose memory is blessed, on Lord's-day evening, August 14, 1881, aged 67 years.

On the Friday following, according to his wish, his mortal remains were interred in the village churchyard, by our esteemed and beloved brother, Mr. Wilson, Baptist minister, late of Clare, now of Chesterton-road, Cambridge. This was the first interment by a dissenting minister in this place. There was a good gathering of people to witness it. The address was very attentively listened to, which was much to the purpose.

September 6, 1881.

ROBERT PAGE,
Minister of Providence, Glensford.

I append a few verses of poetry, on the death of my dear brother; written by one in humble life, a sister in Christ Jesus, and a member with us. I feel certain that no motive but a pure one, and no influence but Christian love prompted her to write them; in the same spirit I feel constrained to make them public.

OUR brother John is gone to rest
Upon his dear Redeemer's breast;
He knew Him as the only way
That leads from life to endless day.

And now he will for ever praise
His precious Jesus face to face;
For evermore he's freed from sin,
With Christ eternally shut in.

But now he's gone, for ever gone,
Grace did complete what Grace begun;
With countless millions he'll adore
The love of Christ for evermore.

Yes, he's now arrived at home,
No cloudy sky, no setting sun;
His fears are gone, his tears are dry,
He lives with Jesus Christ on high:

Oh, happy state ! the victory won ;
Behold him bending near the throne—
With blood-bought crown, in white array.
He sings Christ's love in glorious day.

Redemption's mystery was his theme,
Christ's precious blood was dear to him ;
By faith he saw Gethsemane,
Christ and His cross was all his plea.

Christ was his Life, and Christ the Way,
While here on earth he made his stay ;
He knew Him as his Hiding-place,
And rested on His saving grace.

His presence was his heaven below,
To His dear feet I've seen him go,
And ask for blessings not a few,
For people and for pastor too.

And when in sickness long confined
To sovereign will he was resigned,
Christ's Name was precious to his heart,
He often longed to depart.

Where harps are tuned in highest strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains,
While all their voices join to sing
The glories of their God and King.

But, hark ! my soul, methinks I hear
Those blissful voices yet more clear,
"Not unto us, but to the Lamb,
Give glory to the great I AM !"

And while I hear those songs of love,
As sung by happy souls above,
I fain would join the glorious theme
Of hallelujah to the Lamb.

Pause, pause, my soul, shall I be there ?
How oft this thought my spirits tear ;
Oh, if at last I hear, "Depart !"
How could I bear that piercing dart ?

Oh, dearest Lord, where could I go ?
I fain would love Thee more below ;
No other hope but in Thy blood,
No other refuge but my God.

My dearest Lord, O hear my groan,
Hast Thou not told me I'm Thine own ?
Bought with Thy blood, saved by Thy grace,
And shall at last behold Thy face.

A WORTHLESS WORM.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Gospel Types and Shadows of the Old Testament. By Rev. W. Odom, vicar of St. Simon's, Sheffield. To be had at Nisbet's. This is not a reprint of Keach, so bulky and so wire-drawn. This is a pretty little basket of Bible nuts ; the shells are cracked, you can see the fruit ; yea, you may taste, and give it to others. Some typical preachers have made us afraid ; they drove their chariots so close to the edge of the precipice, we expected they must fall over. Some have. God's Word is not to be played with by the fanciful imaginations of cunning men. Mr. Odom appears a safe expositor, a comprehensive condenser. Sunday school teachers, evangelists, and young ministers, if they are not too conceited, might carry this portable volume in their pockets, and often pick out from it a helpful thought.

"The saints who have departed this life are with the Lord in glory." (This is straight, clear, certain.) So said Mr. Battersby, in his sermon, *The Glory of Christ's Kingdom* (now published by C. W. Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street). All the redeemed saints who are gone hence are "with the Lord in glory." Oh, my soul, what a sentence ! They were with the Lord here, by grace, by faith, by fellowship, but now with Him

in glory. Poor widow, did thy husband die in the Lord ? Then think how blessed now. With this sermon of Mr. Battersby's, which is on the kingdom being delivered up to the Father, we think Mr. Allen can find no cause for disputation.

"A STRANGE, LOVELY, HEAVENLY DREAM."—That man of pure, strong faith, the rector of St. Mary-le-port, Bristol, James Ormiston, having visited the Holy Land, has recently sent forth a singularly interesting little volume, on the title-page of which we read, *The Shepherd of Jerusalem and the Black Lamb in His Bosom*. It can be had for sixpence, of W. Mack, 4, Paternoster-square. Out of a tenderly touching tale, out of a scene Mr. Ormiston witnessed on the slopes of Olivet, he has woven a spiritual, an evangelical, a truly Gospel exposition. The little gem is pencilled out in chaste language, but as correctly as truth can be told. Stout hearts and simple souls, all in the family will say with us, James Ormiston is a precious soul, and writes well.

The Pre-eminent Priesthood of Christ.—For solid foundation, systematic, truthful preaching, none will far exceed the pulpit productions of Mr. Joseph Wilkins, the ripe and studious pastor of Wattisham

Baptist Church, in Suffolk. His discourse on Heb. iii. 1 (which some hundreds listened to with edification at the Suffolk and Norfolk Strict Baptist Association at Bradfield-St.-George, June 2, 1881), is published by R. Banks, Fleet-street, and will be found suggestive enough for several sermons by anyone who can work them out.

"Mr. Duff, Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey. When I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey; speak of Dr. Carey's Saviour." These were almost the last words of that eminent missionary, the late William Carey, who was born of poor parents, in 1761, and died at Serampore in 1834. Those dying words of the devoted Indian missionary bespeak fully the spirit which dwelt in this man, which stimulated his soul in going forth with his life in his hand, to proclaim the Gospel, to translate and to circulate the Scriptures in those days when the evangelisation of the idolatrous worshippers appeared a dangerous and a painful enterprise. James Culross, D.D., has written in a purely affectionate, yet a faithful style, the *Life and Labours of William Carey*, which forms one of that attracting series of volumes, "Men Worth Remembering," published in neat half-crown books, by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of 27, Paternoster-row. In this volume shines forth the vitalising power of the grace of God—first, in saving a poor benighted village lad, and also in carrying on that work until, in the face of mountainous discouragements, he could say, "I am perfectly at home as a missionary, and rejoice that God has given me the great honour to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. I would not change my station for all the society in England, much as I prize it; nor, indeed, for all the wealth in the world. May I but be useful in laying the foundation of the Church of Christ in India, I desire no greater reward, and can receive no higher honour." Such simple testimonies, such genuine self-abnegation, such patient perseverance, such ultimate victory, cause us to blush for shame at the little we have done in instrumentally endeavouring to promote the blessed Redeemer's cause in the world. The circulation of this "Life of Carey" must greatly help on the arduous work of gathering out of the heathen world some of the precious jewels of the great Redeemer, who, as yet, lay in the valleys so full of dry bones.

Life and Sermons of Daniel Smart.
(London: E. Wilmshurst, Warwick-

buildings, Paternoster-row, and 4, Spencer-place, Blackheath.) We knew and greatly revered the original minister of Providence chapel, Cranbrook (Mr. Isaac Beeman), where Mr. Smart, we suppose, is closing up his long course in the ministry. Between forty and fifty years ago we heard Mr. Daniel Smart in good old Zoar. He was then a Boanerges indeed. Some of his terrible sentences have been written in our heart, and have lived there from that time until now. He has been a highly-honoured, and continually-favoured servant of our Lord and Master, Jesus, the Son of God, Jesus, the only Saviour of miserable sinners. This volume of Mr. Smart's, *Life and Sermons*, has many things to commend it to the godly, the tried, the sterling Christian. First, it is full of that experimental matter of which David speaks, "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts." Mr. Smart opens the doors of his inner man and shews both the fruits of the fall as found even in himself, and also the exceeding riches of Divine grace, which have made and kept him a man "that needeth not to be ashamed." "Great plainness of speech" is the material with which he clothes all his writings and discourses. He is the original Daniel Smart all the way through. Secondly, this volume contains a likeness of the preacher, which is a respectable piece of good photography. Not having seen him for forty years, we cannot say whether it is "life-like" or not; but in the expression we can discover that deeply sanctified wit, that clearness of perception, that decision and confidence, that coincides well with all the experiences and assurances which run through his expositions of himself and of the Gospel. No doubt, if he had been trained in the legal schools, he would have shone as a stern barrister or as an unflinching judge. Such a head and face is not found on the shoulders of but very few of the gentlemen who occupy the pulpits of our Churches. We would gladly catch an opportunity of hearing and having a good look at this Daniel, who used to make us tremble; but no such privilege will ever fall to our lot. Thirdly, the book is "got up" so well no one will be ashamed to place it on their library shelves by the side of such valuable works as Gadsby's, Philpot's, and, we were going to say, James Wells's; but we never heard of Daniel Smart and James Wells meeting in holy fellowship in their lifetime, hence, it may be that "Prejudice" would not admit of their standing side-by-side in the select book-cases of "the faithful few."

In the last quarterly of *Experience* there is a powerful paper on "Censoriousness," which might be useful to all professors whose sympathies are not cased in iron. Daniel Smart says in this book, "I am an Atheist by nature;" and we believe the keen-eyed and clever Atheists derive some of their hardest arguments from the anti-Christian censoriousness of some of the very best of men in the Gospel vineyard. We have seen and know that when such men come to die they have some hard things to think of. Oh, how we pray for a Christ-like spirit, so that, although we would oppose and expose every form of error and of sin, we would never smite one of the servants of our Lord; much less would we unkindly speak of "His friends," to whom He most blessedly makes known all His Father has made known unto Him. Try and think of this, ye travelling ambassadors of the higher and holier schools.

"THE DESERTED SOUL." Benjamin Bioglyph, as a pastor, fearfully felt himself to be in a solitary place. He comes to his father, and asks, "Should not I resign my ministry?" The aged veteran hears all, thinks much, and replies, "When you have none of the Spirit's unction in your soul; when your heart is never enlarged by a sense of the love of Christ toward you, and your love for souls going out from you; when no fresh revelations of God's holy mysteries break upon your mind; when your faith is dead; when you have exhausted all your strength; and when you have preached all your people away, then give it up and come home here to die. Never keep on talking for talking's sake; never hold on, calling the attention of the people to things which may make silly people think you are something, while wise and discerning folk will know you are only sounding your own trumpet; when the hidden springs of the Holy Ghost's secret teachings will spring up no more, then in silent prayer and in solemn confessions before the throne, wait until the Almighty saith, 'I am returned unto Jerusalem with mercies; My house shall be built in it, saith the Lord of hosts; and the Lord shall yet comfort Zion.'" The young pastor leaves his father weeping.

"WHEREFORE SLEW HE HIM?"

Careful thoughts on the mysterious perversions of a wise and righteous Providence, drawn forth by the terrible wounds which brought that extraordinary man, President Garfield, to the grave. Such narratives carry us beyond the common grooves. Our stereotyped

minds too lightly dwell upon the merciful Providence of our Sovereign Lord God and Saviour, upon whose shoulders is the government of the Church of nations, and of those men whose existence here appears to be so necessary.

"A RELIGION OF BONDAGE AND TERROR." No. 1,622 of *Metropolitan Pulpit*, bears the title of "Mongrel Religion." It opens up the secret terrors which drive many into a profession of semi-Christianity. The ancient Wesleyan preacher at Rye, in Sussex, drove us into that kind of awful fear in the year 1827, connected with which some scenes of dark sorrow we could describe; but we have no comfort in reviewing those days now. A mongrel religion is assumed by many from other motives beside that of fear which bath torment. The obtaining a respectable and lucrative position in life is frequently one strong constraining power. Let us not, however, give way to suspicion. "Charity thinketh no evil;" but Charity is not always at home; at least, she is not always on the throne. Mr. Spurgeon asks one question which would cut into many a conscience if it was not seared: "If the preacher trims and twists to please all parties, can you expect his people to be honest?" A much more awful question follows, "Is not a mangle-mangle of Christ and Belial the common religion of the day?" This sermon is a scather. Old Thomas Adams' "Black Saint" and "White Devil" are somewhat analogous, but not one atom more severe. Some think we require another hot persecution, to burn up the chaff and scorch the tares; but, before the flames could reach them, they would fly off to the United States, where they would find shelter for a time. Three persons find it difficult even now to discern between the righteous and the wicked. 1. The minister of Christ cannot always do it. 2. The truly God-fearing man finds it hard at times to decide. 3. The mongrel professor is so blind, so bound, so lacking of the Spirit, that, although sparks of fire may sometimes fly on his conscience, yet he cannot clearly see that he has only a name to live while he is dead. God be merciful unto us!

Good Lord Cobham. This exciting volume is by the Editor of the *Protestant Echo*, and is published by W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, and by T. Tourle, in Brighton. Give this little volume to your sons; it may induce them to flee from all the idolatrous worship of the Romanists, the Jesuits, and their imitators.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE ANCIENT BAPTIST CHURCH AT SYDENHAM, OXFORDSHIRE; AND OPENING OF THE NEW CHAPEL.

[We shall never forget the first time we were favoured to preach to that swarm of Sydenham friends in their old tabernacle, where the late Mr. Allnutt ministered so many years. The dark, wet night, when the services were over; the narrow escape, by a mysterious and merciful Providence, from being run over; the journey the next day to Thame through clouds of water, and the fearful cold we then received, are in remembrance; yet, out of all delivered and spared, working in the poor districts, and for the poorest of the Churches, often calls up in our soul amazement, and efforts to praise the Lord. At times in strong supplications we "take of the strength of our Lord," and, by the inwrought power of the SPIRIT, we ask the exalted Redeemer to fill us with the love, life, and grace of God, LIVING ONLY to serve HIM in His Gospel kingdom. Our brother E. B. Lloyd has been the Lord's most successful messenger to build up the walls of Zion in Sydenham. He gives us the following cheering note:—]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I am pleased to tell you we had a good day at the opening of our new chapel at Sydenham, Oxfordshire. Friends came from far and near to help us. About two hundred sat down to tea. In the evening we were crowded, people not able to get in. The collections were £14 10s. £5 more will clear us from debt. I have accepted the call to the pastorate; shall commence my labours the first Sabbath in November. I am (D.V.) going to baptize at Sydenham on Sunday next. The Lord has blessed us temporally; he has been better to us than all our doubts and fears. My prayer and desire is that He will bless us spiritually, and cause His face to shine upon us, and make me the honoured instrument in His hands of building up and comforting His dear people in their most holy faith, and that many may be led to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Please insert the following history of the Church at Sydenham.—Yours in the love of the truth, E. B. LLOYD.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH AT SYDENHAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

This picturesque village was in a poor, benighted condition sixty years ago, morally and spiritually; very little Gospel had shed its benign light at that time. The hearts of the Chinnor friends were drawn out in pity and love towards the people; they resolved, by the help of the Lord, to establish a Strict Baptist cause there. Cottage meetings were at once commenced; great blessings attended them, to such an extent that Mr. Allnutt left Chinnor. A Church was formed of 20 members, who recognised him as their pastor, a position he firmly and affectionately

occupied until the end of his life, faithfully preaching the truth as it is in Jesus. He worked hard and lovingly, holding services in different places until 1825, when, at a cost of £120, a house was bought and fitted for a chapel. Efforts were made at different times, until the whole of the encumbrance was removed, as also the expense of a substantial wall to enclose the property, costing £40.

Mr. Allnutt having proclaimed the Gospel of distinguishing grace for the period of 56 years, he ended his labours amid the great sorrow of his flock; although we all rejoiced to know that their loss was his gain. The Church, after the death of their dear pastor, began to be discouraged and full of doubts and fears as to how the cause was to be sustained. The Lord, according to the prayer and faith of their loved pastor, and His promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," raised up Mr. J. Thompson, of Bledlow, who supplied the pulpit for some time. After that, Mr. E. B. Lloyd and Mr. George White, of High Wycombe, preached the Gospel. Their efforts were blessed by God; His people edified and encouraged. We increased in numbers; the place became too small for the congregation. The old place, which had been the scene of so many refreshing seasons from the presence of the Lord, became very dear and precious to our souls. About eight months ago the friends met together to consider what was to be done. They decided to pull down the old place, and build a new one. The old thatched building, with its small windows and weighty timbers projecting in unsightly proportions, made the place very comfortable. The people who had worshipped for so many years were ready to give up their loved seats for a new and better place, which was begun in July last. Monday morning, August 1, found the builders busy erecting and adjusting scaffolding for laying the foundation stones, four of which were provided to be laid by Mr. Styles, and three of his deacons. Service commenced at 3 o'clock. Mr. E. B. Lloyd gave out a hymn, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs;" Mr. Styles offered prayer, after reading a verse of Holy Writ, "Except the Lord build the house," &c. Mr. Styles then introduced his friends, who were prepared to perform their task. All being ready, Mr. F. W. Simms laid the first, followed in succession by Messrs. H. Cooper, S. R. Wakelin, and Mr. Styles, each of whom delivered a short and appropriate address. Tea was provided, at 4.30, in a barn, kindly lent, at which 130 persons sat down. A public meeting was held at six o'clock, the chair being taken by Mr. Styles, who kept the meeting in good spirits by his appropriate remarks, and was supported by his other friends with earnest and sympathetic addresses. Mr. E. B. Lloyd gave a brief history of the cause at Sydenham, and referred to the late pastor, who had prayed earnestly

for a new place in which to worship, and he was now pleased to see a good prospect of having the chapel opened free of debt or encumbrance. It was a day that will long be remembered. The amount realised was £63 0s. 6d. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Through the goodness of the Lord the amount collected is £200, which is the cost of the chapel. It was thought advisable to build a vestry and copper-house at the back of the chapel, at the additional cost of £35, towards which £15 is already in hand. £20 more will clear us entirely of debt. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

[We hope to give full reports of our beloved brother Lloyd's settlement, experience, faith, &c., ere long. Sydenham new chapel is a monument of God's mercy.—ED.]

CHATHAM. — **ENON, NELSON-ROAD.** The opening services of this new chapel took place on Tuesday, September 27, 1881. Previous to the service a prayer-meeting was held; several brethren drew near to the throne of grace, entreating the Lord's presence and blessing in the new house of prayer. Brother J. S. Anderson, of Deptford, in the afternoon preached a sterling sermon from 2 Tim. ii. 8, "My Gospel," showing the blessedness of those who could, by the sealing testimony of the Holy Ghost, adopt the words of the apostle as their own, and feelingly say, "MY GOSPEL." We pray that the subject may be owned and blessed by its great Author, and may the walls of the new Enon ever resound with "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." About 150 friends took tea. At public meeting, I. C. Johnson, J.P., of Gravesend, presiding, F. Shaw asked the Lord's blessing on our meeting. Brother Anderson gave a solid address on the words, "The House of God," which consisted not in the building, but of the living Church of the living God, "an habitation of God through the Spirit." Our old and esteemed friend and brother, W. Peplow, of Lee (formerly one of our deacons), then spoke in a warm-hearted manner of God's goodness to us in the past; how He had appeared for us in answer to prayer, &c. Brethren Cooper and Vanheson, on behalf of the committee, gave statements concerning the building. Our Brother C. W. Banks came next, speaking powerfully and with savour, showing that there were three gates which all Zion's pilgrims pass through on their way to the New Jerusalem above, the gates of regeneration, redemption, and justification. Brother G. Webb delivered an address on the provisions God has ordained for babes, young men, and fathers in the family of God, wishing us truth, peace, and prosperity. Brother Johnson, who has known the cause nearly from its commencement, poured forth an earnest, practical, and encouraging address, with wise and good counsel. Brother Shaw gathered up the fragments. This service closed by singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Our opening services con-

tinued on the following Lord's-day, October 2. Brother J. Bonney preached on the words, "O send out Thy light and Thy truth," showing the necessity of the Spirit's work to enlighten the darkened understanding, and leading the poor sinner to Christ, the Light, the Truth, and the Life of His people. The text in the evening was, "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone," &c., dwelling on the stability and suitability of Christ as the Foundation and Corner-stone of the building of mercy, and the blessedness of all those who have, through grace, tried, tested, and proved Him whose work shall stand till time shall be no more, warning those of their danger who are building their hopes for eternity on the sandy foundation of their own doings, or anything short of Christ, the sure Foundation, and eternal Rock of Ages. In closing this brief notice, we would thank every friend who has helped us in the erection of the new house of prayer. May the name of the place from henceforth be "Jehovah-Shamma—the Lord is there" (Ezek. xlviii. 35), is the sincere and hearty prayer of a servant of the Church, —J. CASSE, Sen. [P.S.—Further subscriptions in aid of the remaining debt will be gratefully received.]

HADLEIGH.—BAPTIST CHAPEL. Sunday, September 18th, anniversary was held. Three soul-comforting sermons were preached by Mr. W. Wright, of Wolverhampton; congregations very good. On Monday the usual tea meeting, in conjunction with the harvest thanksgiving, brought about 150 friends. At public meeting Mr. W. Houghton, of Ipswich, presided, who opened the same by giving out the well-known hymn, "God in His earthly temple lays," etc., which was sung with much earnestness by a crowded congregation. Mr. G. Lewell implored the Divine blessing. The pastor, Mr. B. J. Northfield, was the first speaker, who made reference to the Church's progress during the past year; twelve had been added by baptism, and eight by transfer from other Churches; their losses being three by death, and two by dismission. Mr. Houghton spoke of the pleasure it gave him to hear of the prosperity, peace, and unity of pastor and people; then Mr. W. Kern said it was very pleasing to him to recognise the onward movement of the Hadleigh cause; and also made very suitable remarks respecting the harvest; turning his subject to a spiritual account, alluded to CHRIST as the "First fruits." Mr. J. Wilkins gave seasonable words concerning the enemy's cry, the pastor's work, and the Church's duty, which had been suggested to his mind by remarks from the previous speakers. Mr. S. K. Bland alluded to the enfranchisement of the chapel, which had caused an outlay of £45; he hoped that sum, advanced by a good friend, would soon be repaid. Mr. W. Wright, in a feeling manner spoke of the providential and gracious dealings of God. Mr. F. Hitchcock engaged in prayer, and the doxology having been sung, the friends separated, after thus spending a most pleasant and profitable time.

WHY IS THERE DEATH IN OUR CHURCHES?

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I do not personally know Mr. Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham-St.-Mary, but I do feel thankful for "A Solenn and Searching Appeal" in the October VESSEL from him. There is in it a style of preaching and writing that we, as Particular Baptists, very much lack. Poor sinners seem to be ignored, and nearly all the preaching devoted to the comfort and edification of the saints. I think, sir, this is wrong. Some may answer "that God will call in His own chosen and redeemed ones in His own time." True. But it would be as reasonable to discontinue preaching the Word to God's people by saying "that God will see His children don't perish." No! God has enjoined the use of means upon us, and it is for us to "preach the Gospel to every creature." Some time since, I persuaded a rough character to come into one of our chapels, where a man, "sound in the truth," was going to preach; and I waited and hoped, and longed that something might be said suitable for an ungodly one; but in vain. This, I fear, is but a sample of many. And what is the result?

Death in the Churches! Melancholy reports from North, South, East and West, of empty chapels and declining causes. Oh, that the blessed Lord would make the ministers of the present day to yearn after souls! to know something of Paul's feelings when he said, "he could wish that he were accursed from Christ for his kinsmen's sake." We should then hear more of the invitations of the Gospel, and the tender compassion of God in commending His love to poor sinners, instead of having to listen continually to a stereotyped declaration of doctrines.

The late beloved Septimus Sears was, to my mind, most blessedly taught of God in this matter. In reading his sermons, one cannot fail to see the deep solicitude he felt for the salvation of his hearers, and the love that burned in his bosom for lost sinners. Read also his hymns, and the same feelings are to be discovered. He seemed to preach to them not with the mere idea of clearing his soul, but as though he would fain charm them with Calvary's love and Calvary's compassion. Oh, for a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost for all our preachers!

Some time ago I went to a "Salvation Army" meeting. I must confess I had to say, "The Lord bless you;" not that I could agree with all I heard and saw; there was much that I could not take in, but two things made me rejoice, the preaching of the blood of Christ, and the intense earnestness for the salvation of sinners, gutter sinners. There one could see some of the most abandoned and depraved of mankind gathered in, and the speaking was in their own dialect; they could understand it. What would our respectable divines do with such a company? And though it were easy to find fault with them, let those who would do so provide something better. I trust in writing this I have been moved with a desire for God's glory. Let us still continue to hear from our

pulpits the glorious doctrines of free grace, Divine sovereignty, God's choice and redemption, a saving calling, a Divine keeping and salvation; but, in conjunction with them, let us hear that "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I rejoice, dear Mr. Editor, in God's goodness to you, for fifty years enabling you to sound the Gospel trumpet. May He still bless you and spare you for many years to the Churches is the earnest prayer of

JONATHAN ZEAL-FOR-GOD.

Zummerzet.

[For fifty years our soul has been moved, sometimes violently, for the God-wrought conversion of souls to Christ and His Gospel; but in every way we have been opposed. Nevertheless, in all parts of the country, we meet, unexpectedly and unsolicited, with persons who years ago were, by our ministry, savingly called to believe in, and to be followers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."—ED.]

JUBILEE SERVICES AT SPELDHURST-ROAD CHAPEL, SOUTH HACKNEY.

NOTES BY W. WINTERS.

The special services held in the above chapel on Sunday and Monday, October 1 and 2, commemorative of the jubilee of Mr. Charles Waters Banks's ministry were happy and decidedly successful. We are sure Mr. Banks will give an account, other than what we supply in this report, of his fifty years' usefulness in preaching the everlasting Gospel, and which, no doubt, will interest many readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL. The cause at Speldhurst-road, in which Mr. Banks has ministered during the past eight years, is united and spiritually prosperous. Little, however, can be said of a favourable kind about the financial state of the Church. The entire building has been thoroughly cleansed and restored, and made very comfortable for the worshippers of God. The pastor, Mr. Banks, is not a burden to the people, as he has no salary for preaching. When he first came to the cause, eight years since, there was a debt of £1,100 on the chapel. This sum Mr. Banks has been the means of reducing to £600, and for this mortgage debt he pays annually £30 interest. In addition to this the pastor is responsible for ground rent, £15 per annum. There are also expenses for gas, chapel-keeping, firing, repairs, etc., which amounts to something like £70 per annum. And beside this heavy burden, the pastor is actually called upon to pay income tax for the chapel, as being considered his own private property. This is, as all right-minded people will say, too bad. Still, the worthy pastor bears it all patiently, and preaches faithfully and fearlessly, as is known by those who constantly listen to him.

It is just fifty years ago since C. W. Banks first stood up to preach the Gospel of Christ, and on Monday, October 2, the happy event was celebrated by three public services. The services of the day were opened with an appropriate song of praise, Psalm cxxxii., Dr. Watts:—

" Arise, O king of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest!
Lo! Thy Church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest."

W. Winters presiding, read *Psa. xci.*, and Mr. Woodrow offered prayer, after which Mr. Edgar Hewlett, one of the oldest ministers in the denomination, delivered a very genial speech, which was followed by a few kind words from Mr. Crutcher, and some appropriate remarks by Mr. W. Hazelton, on the doctrine of redemption. Mr. Thomas Bradbury, the beloved pastor of "Grove Chapel," Camberwell, according to promise, finished the service of the morning. Mr. Bradbury read *John xv.*, and a hymn being sung, the preacher gave out his text (*Heb. viii. 2*, first clause), and preached a masterly and soul-comforting sermon; in the course of which the preacher spoke of the unchangeableness of Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," and also the rest procured by Him, and which is enjoyed by believers. Mr. Bradbury made some well-timed remarks on good praying, good praising, and good preaching, and closed with a few appropriate and affectionate remarks in honour of his old friend, Mr. Banks, whose jubilee he had come to unite in celebrating.

The afternoon service commenced, Mr. Crutcher, a worthy member and deacon of Mr. Bradbury's Church, presiding. After prayer by Mr. C. Gordelier, Mr. Crutcher gave some experimental notices of the people beloved of God, and the value of being kept in the love of the truth. Mr. Fountain bore testimony to the faithfulness of Mr. Banks's ministry, and dilated briefly on the jubilee of the Jews. Mr. Matthew Branch gave some honest words on the work of Christ exemplified in preaching the Gospel. Mr. Vaughan, with his usual gravity and good sense, spoke of the love he had toward Mr. Banks from the first time he knew him. Mr. Vaughan spoke admirably well on the union of Christ and His Church, and the safety of believers as being partakers of His divine nature. Mr. Cornwell followed with some very scriptural words on the real nature of the ancient jubilee services of the Jews. Mr. Robert Young Banks, brother of Charles Waters Banks, spoke with great sweetness and power on the words, "When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek," which words were, we understood, made useful to him in establishing him in the truth many years ago, by his beloved brother, in whose behalf he with others had met. Mr. R. Y. Banks spoke also of the Lord's dealings with his brother, in giving him fifty years of lovingkindness, and manifesting fifty years' long suffering towards him. After Mr. Banks's amiable speech, the chairman gave out hymn 745, Denham's Selection, and Mr. Beazley closed the after-

noon's service with prayer. A large company of friends then partook of tea, which was served in an orderly manner, and was much enjoyed. The ladies are deserving of many sincere thanks for help rendered on the occasion.

In the evening the chapel was filled to the full. Mr. Robert Banks, son of the pastor, presided, and commenced the service by singing:—

"Sovereign ruler of the skies,"

After which the chairman read *Psalm xxiii.*, and W. Winters offered prayer. The chairman, in his introductory speech, made honourable mention of many worthy ministers now deceased, who, in their life's work united with Mr. C. W. Banks in propagating the great truths of God. The chairman then called upon Mr. T. Stringer, an old honoured friend of Mr. Banks, to address the meeting. Mr. Stringer was well up to his work, and spoke with great force and clearness on the faithfulness of the true minister of Christ and His crown of righteousness. He also spoke warmly of Mr. Banks, who, he said, was a working-man and a willing man in the good and great cause of Jesus Christ. Mr. Crutcher followed this racy speech by giving out a very suitable jubilee hymn,—

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

Mr. Samuel James Banks, pastor of Banbridge Church, Ireland, and younger brother of Mr. C. W. Banks, gave an interesting epitome of the early days of his brother's ministry, and some outlines of the mode of his brother's preaching from his first text at Littlebourne in 1831, which is just fifty years ago. Mr. C. W. Banks's first text, being a type of all the rest he has preached from, was "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom, which He hath promised to them that love Him?" (*James ii. 5*). Mr. S. J. Banks spoke of the joy he felt in meeting his brother on the happy occasion, and it was truly refreshing to hear him speak so fair of the Irish people in Ireland, with whom he had been closely associated for sixteen years. The chairman then spoke of the happy circumstances under which they met, and touched upon many pleasing incidents connected with his father's work as a minister of the Gospel, and which Mr. C. W. Banks confirmed, stating that he was actually nursing his son Robert, the chairman of the evening (who was a bright-eyed, handsome little fellow), when Mr. Edward Barber, the director of the village preaching stations, asked him to go to preach at Littlebourne on Lord's-day, October 1, 1831. Mr. Banks, then as now, could not say *no*! And so off he went in much fear and trembling, and found a good sized chapel well filled with anxious hearers, and to his comfort he felt the Lord

was with him, as He had been all his journey thus far. Mr. Henry Myerson delivered a warm address, in the course of which he spoke well of the union of the brethren, and of the union and peace of the Church with Christ their Head.

Among the company of friends present were noticeable many ministerial brethren, who appeared interested in the services of the day, and some of whom took part in the services. Messrs. Vaughan, Branch, Wheeler, Gordelier, Bradbury, Hewlett, Myerson, Marshall, White, Nunn, King, Kemp, Battson, Holton, Rayment, Turner, Parsonage, Winters, Woodrow, Hazelton, Boutell, Austin, Fountain, (S.) Banks, the two brothers of the pastor, and many others. The meeting will long be remembered as one of the happiest ever realised in Speldhurst-road chapel. The deacons were all active, and delighted in making the meeting a successful one. Several appropriate anthems were sung by the choir under the leadership of Mr. Samuel Banks. Praise the Lord!

Mr. J. W. Banks (eldest living son of the Editor) read an affectionate note from his brother Mr. C. Burt Banks, who could not be present. Mr. J. W. Banks also gave some reminiscences of his father's life.

Waltham Abbey.

LAXFIELD BAPTIST CHAPEL.—

Our harvest home meeting was held Tuesday, September 27, 1881. Good gathering in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, for united prayer and thanksgiving for the mercy of our God displayed in the midst of deserved wrath, in the gathering in once more of the precious grain of the earth. Tea was provided, to which about 300 sat down. Service in the evening commenced at 6.30, when a sermon was preached by E. Marsh (who is at present serving the Church here on probation), from the searching, solemn, and all-important command of the great Husbandman, "Let both grow together until the harvest" (Matt. xiii. 30). At the close of the sermon, the congregation (which was a very large one) stood up and united in singing that beautiful hymn containing the solemn inquiry, the simple declaration, and joyful anticipation of the believer, "When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come." May He who alone giveth the increase command the Spirit's blessing to rest upon His young servant's labours here, making the grand old Gospel of sovereign grace the power of God to the salvation of many precious souls, that "the day" may declare His Word hath been "the savour of life unto life." For this blessing we cry. "Brethren, pray for us."

WALTHAM ABBEY.—EBENEZER.

Sunday school anniversary was held Lord's-day, October 16. Sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. W. Winters. In afternoon a children's service was held. The day was one of pleasure and profit. The Lord is blessing His Word here; souls are fed and Jehovah is glorified.

THE PEACEFUL LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. RACHEL LEAKE.

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—I send a brief account of the life and death of my dear departed mother, Mrs. Rachel Leake. She was born and brought up in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, where she resided with her parents, they being in affluent circumstances, until their death, which took place when she was about 24 years of age. After that, she came to London, and lived with her aunt, who resided in the West-end. She attended the ministry of Mr. William Williams, of Grafton-street chapel, where she continued for some years before she was baptized. Doubts and fears often caused her to fear "the root of the matter" was not in her; still she was the helped of a hope; she could scarcely get farther than—

"Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

At length she was led to offer herself as a candidate for Church membership, was accepted, and baptized with my dear father, in the year 1837, by Mr. W. Williams, of Grafton-street chapel. They continued consistent members until the death of their pastor, which occurred in January, 1847. They then attended the ministry of Mr. John Stevens, but did not have their dismission until after the death of Mr. Stevens. The Lord preserved them faithful members until the Church was broken up. My dear mother was afflicted with blindness for some years; she also suffered much from the infirmities of age, being confined to her bed for ten months, and at times suffered much; but I never heard a murmuring word escape her lips; patiently did she wait the Lord's time; she knew that He does all things well, and was calmly resigned to His will. My dear mother longed to be gone, but would say she was willing to wait the Lord's time. Three weeks before she died she became much weaker; and for three days before she departed she fell into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke, but calmly passed away. Her ransomed spirit took its flight to the mansion prepared for her from before the foundation of the world, on July 25, 1881, at the ripe age of 83. Her end was peace. Thus she died, with the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection. Her mortal remains were interred on August 1, 1881, at Willesden cemetery. The service was conducted by Mr. George Webb, of Maidstone, to whom she was very much attached.

R. LEAKE.

GRAYS, ESSEX.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held Tuesday, October 4. Mr. Charles Masterson preached a faithful Gospel sermon. Tea was provided; the company was happy. In the evening the chair was taken by our respected and useful friend, I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P. We had appropriate speeches by F. Shaw, H. F. Noyes, W. Winters, and C. Masterson. W. Beddow offered prayer. This little cause is gradually being built up. A good work is going on.—

DEPTFORD. — ZION, NEW CROSS. At the half-yearly meeting of the "London Strict Baptist Association," October 11, 1881, over which Mr. Shepherd presided, a local journal says "the chairman highly eulogised the character of the hon. sec., Mr. John Box (of Soho), and spoke in the highest terms of the indefatigable exertions put forth by him on its behalf, and to whom much of its success was due. He then, in the name of the subscribers and the committee, asked his acceptance of a handsome silver tea and coffee service, very chaste in its design and beautifully engraved with ferns and flowers, together with an illuminated address, and to Mrs. Box he had much pleasure in presenting also a walnut wood work-table, elaborately finished and fitted up with the usual accessories, the whole being of the value of about £50. In order to give the recipient time to recover from his surprise, the chairman called upon Mr. J. S. Anderson, who gave a brief address in his usual genial and happy manner, and was followed by Edward Mote, Esq., and William Topley, Esq. Mr. Box having recovered, expressed his thanks to the subscribers and friends for such a manifestation of their affection towards and confidence in him; but he felt they had laid upon him a burden of obligation it would be difficult to discharge. He also thanked them on behalf of his wife, who he felt sure would ever cherish such an expression of their kindness and esteem. The Association sermon was then preached by Mr. J. Clark, of Peckham, after which the hymn, 'Abide with me,' was sung, and the benediction closed the proceedings."

HAPPY TIMES AT WYTHALL HEATH, WORCESTERSHIRE.

Our readers will be glad to know the late minister, Mr. R. Lapworth, arrived in safety in his adopted country; and he is advertised in an American paper to commence ministerial duties by preaching in a chapel which has been closed for three years, for want of a preacher. The re-opening services were to take place on October 16. We shall be glad to hear of his success.

Since Mr. Lapworth left, the congregations at Wythall-heath have not been so good until this month. On the last Sunday of September, through the interest of Mr. Sear, of Umberslade, we had Mr. Wm. Mayo, who was on his way from Manchester to his home in Swansea; and such was the effect produced, that when he proposed a week-night service ere he went away, the news spread from farm to farm, and a large congregation was the result. Mr. Mayo held another service the next night, and the next night saw a larger congregation. Several were brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit. One, who was a singer at the Unitarian chapel, had not heard the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ preached before. She became affected to tears; some conversation between her and the preacher took place, which resulted in her embracing the divinity of Christ, and trusting her poor, weak, sinful soul upon Him.

The deacons pressed Mr. Mayo to remain for Sunday, October 2, and hold a Sunday evening service. He consented, and our heavenly Father was pleased to give us good weather all the time. Friends from Redditch, Henley, and all around came to the Sunday services, when the plain, simple Gospel was preached.

Services were held in the week following, as well as the harvest thanksgiving service, which took place on October 7. Stirring and earnest words were spoken by Rev. Geo. Sear, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Birkley (deacon), and Mr. Corbett, jun. The chapel was prettily decorated by lady friends, and a small wheat rick was sent by a farmer's son, which had a very prominent place. One lady sent a parcel of candles, and another brought a splendid lamp two miles, filled and trimmed, so that our old chapel, which has not seen an evening meeting for a long time, was brilliantly lighted. The Lord bless all who tried to make the house of God clean and bright. The harvest sermon was preached on Sunday evening, by Mr. Mayo, from the words, "Let both grow together until the harvest," &c. There was a full chapel.

The friends often talk of the visit paid to Wythall by the honoured editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. They don't forget that "in all their afflictions He was afflicted," &c. May the Lord give them a very gracious revival at Wythall-heath. Amen.

SAFFRON WALDEN.—The Quakers here are a numerous and noble band of quiet, but Christian practisers. They are not noisy, but they go about doing good. The Strict Baptist cause is alive; but if the Lord would mercifully send them a seraphic Stone-wall Jackson, overflowing full of God's love, of Christ's intercession, of the Holy Spirit's life and light-giving power, they would soon lengthen their cords. One says they have had Isaiah Smith, of Great Yeldham. He gave them quite a heart and house-warming too. Our friend, C. J. Parsonage, of Saffron Walden, is a good minister for destitute Churches. Keddington Baptist Church is not far from here. It commenced with Robert Powell's open-air preaching, about 30 years since. John Dillostone, with his wife and family, essentially helped the growth of Keddington cause; but they have all been taken home, or scattered. We love their memory much.

DALSTON — FOREST-ROAD. Harvest thanksgiving services were held October 18. Mr. J. H. Dearsly preached in afternoon. Excellent tea was served to a very happy company of friends. Mr. J. H. Dearsly presided in the evening; Mr. C. Masterson prayed after suitable speech from the chairman; W. Winters addressed the friends on Divine Providence; F. C. Holden on Divine faithfulness; W. Osmond on God's holiness; E. Langford on the wisdom of God; J. Griffith on God's goodness; J. Copeland on Divine mercy and judgment; prayer by Mr. Dawson brought the happy meeting to a close.—W. WINTERS.

LEWISHAM.—COLLEGE-PARK. Services were held Tuesday, October 18, to publicly recognise Mr. W. Hazelton as pastor. The chapel was filled; more than 100, exclusive of ministers, sat down to tea, which somewhat taxed the resources of those who had to provide. In the afternoon at 3, Mr. John Hazelton presided. Brother Beasley engaged in prayer. The chairman, after briefly explaining the object of the meeting, called upon brother Meeres to state the nature of a Gospel Church, which he did in a lucid and scriptural manner. Brother Northover (deacon) alluded to the unavoidable absence of his brother deacon, narrated the circumstances which led to the pastor first preaching to them; also the leadings of Divine Providence in regard to the said choice. Mr. William Beach followed by asking the pastor elect to relate his call by grace, also his call to the ministry, which he (the pastor) did, and which was listened to very attentively, and created much interest; the chairman expressing his satisfaction of both statements (which evidently was shared by those present); also of his approval of the course taken by the Church. Mr. Nunn, of Hailsham, then joined the hands of the deacon and pastor elect, expressing himself in a few suitable words. Hymns were sung at intervals; and the afternoon meeting closed by singing hymn 373, Gadsby's Selection. The evening meeting was also presided over by Mr. John Hazelton. Brother Hand prayed that the Divine blessing may rest upon pastor and people. Mr. John Hazelton gave the charge to the pastor elect, which was concise and full of weighty counsel. Mr. Nunn followed by giving the charge to the Church, which his long experience enabled him to discharge ably and faithfully. Mr. Mead addressed the meeting, and founded his remarks upon the similitude of a plough in regard to the Gospel field, the pastor as the ploughman, and Divine truth the ploughshare. He expressed the pleasure he felt at being present and the union he had experienced with the friends on his repeated visits. After a few concluding remarks from the chairman, the doxology was sung. Brother Squirrel engaged in prayer. The chairman pronounced the benediction, and thus concluded a successful and happy, yet solemn, meeting. The people worshipping at College-park have much cause to be thankful as well as grateful to the kind friends who supported them by their presence and good wishes.

BALHAM.—The new Trinity Baptist chapel, Boundary-road, was opened September 28, 1881. A review of Mr. Prince's readings, Mr. Brandon's sermon, and Mr. Hatton is received; but we hope to read it again before we insert. We cannot negative the suggestion that ministers appear to be losing that carefulness, that reverence, that solemnity, that deep study of the sacred Word of God, and that essential motive in preaching, which the fathers of old were more filled with, and influenced by. Strong partisans are not always the most useful servants of Christ.

MENDLESHAM-GREEN.—The forty-second anniversary of this Baptist chapel was on Sunday, September 25. Three excellent sermons were preached by Pastor Watmough (*pro tem.*) on the following Monday. We enjoyed our harvest thanksgiving services. Mr. G. G. Whorlow gave us a harvest sermon. His fervent spirit and genial countenance are ever welcome in our churches in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. After singing Hart's encouraging hymn, "Come, raise your thankful voices, ye souls redeemed with blood," &c., our friend read, prayed, and poured out an able discourse on Ruth ii. 15—17. He declared that all who glean in the Gospel field shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord, be satisfied with the provisions of His house, and one day sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. At public meeting Mr. Joseph Whatmough presided over a good gathering. After a hymn and Ps. xx., Brother William Rayner engaged in prayer. The chairman has been privileged, on many occasions, to hear the fervent pleadings of our brother before the throne; always savoury and unctious; he seems to bless, to reprove, and to intercede for us in the same breath. Our friend Mr. J. F. Runnicles proceeded, in a most solemn manner, to deliver an impressive address on the power and glory of Divine grace. Brother H. Hart gave a choice hymn. Brother J. Garrard, in a practical address, pointed out how hard it is for a minister of Christ to labour with success unless the Church bear him up in prayer. He spoke in kindly terms of the good feeling existing at Stowmarket towards Mr. Joseph Whatmough. Mr. Ebenezer Sparrow urged the importance of diligently searching and prayerfully meditating upon the sacred Word. Mr. Whorlow closed with a good word for everybody. Praise God for a pleasant meeting.—**HARRY.**

RYARSH.—HARVEST THANKSGIVING.—At our annual services in Jireh, on October 18, Pastor G. Webb, of Providence, Maidstone, preached a good old-fashioned sermon from Ps. cxlv. 7. Our hearts were cheered with the glorious Gospel of our God, and we were enabled to forget our tribulations for a time. The late pastor, E. Wood, took the chair in the evening. Several brethren prayed. Trumpeter E. Beecher spoke from "Light is sown for the righteous," truthfully. Ram's-horn Patterson said, "God is good; a stronghold in time of trouble." Giant Webb reviewed both subjects. There is hope for a Springtime in this little garden of hidden ones.

BROADSTAIRS.—Mr. Carter's harvest praise meetings were Monday, September 26. The brethren, J. Wise (of Margate), Bennett, Dennis, and Carter stood firm on the Biblical platform. C. W. Banks preached on the Saviour's future glorious harvest. Mr. Carter was at the organ, and the choir gave forth sacred sounds and words of glory to the Trinity, very sublime and exalting.

STOWMARKET.—Special services were held Sunday and Monday, October 9 and 10, commemorative of the harvest, and the anniversary of Mr. G. G. Whorlow's ministry. Mr. W. Winters preached three sermons on Lord's-day; the house of God was packed full. It was refreshing to meet this genial body of Christians. It is pleasing to know a good feeling is uniting the two causes of truth in Stowmarket. Mr. Dickerson, the pastor of the old cause, with his flock, paid friendly visits on the occasion. This growing unity is mainly owing to the fatherly spirit of our highly-esteemed brother, Mr. Whorlow, whose ministry, under God's blessing, is very fruitful. Mr. J. Wilkins preached (from Heb. ix. 24) a sermon full of thought, which was much enjoyed by those present. The public meeting was presided over by W. Clark, Esq., who commenced by giving—

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

Mr. May offered prayer. The addresses were by brethren G. G. Whorlow, S. Willis, W. Houghton, W. Winters, J. Wilkins, D. Dickerson, and Mr. Knell. Brethren Whatmough and Moore came to unite, and Mr. Garrod concluded with prayer and the benediction. Our brother G. G. Whorlow is still in good working order, surrounded by deacons and loving Christian friends.—W. WINTERS.

CANNING-TOWN, BARKING-ROAD, &c.—This Eastern suburban branch on the line from London to Woolwich has now reached a population of nearly 30,000 precious souls. Twenty-five years ago that sweet-looking lad, J. E. Cracknell, was publicly recognised by J. E. Bloomfield and C. W. Banks as pastor over the first New Testament Church in that locality; whence Master Cracknell soon removed to Dacre-park, where he was speedily married, by his friend C. W. B. and Mr. Field. That sturdy, original disciple, known as William Palmer, of Plaistow (to distinguish him from the scholastic William Palmer, of Homerton) was instrumental in erecting a strong built chapel in the Barking-road, where the said William Palmer preached the Gospel unto many hearts, until what we call a premature death took him to his Master's rest. We believe the Queen's-road, Barking, is still a Baptist chapel; and the Barking-road Tabernacle was erected some ten years since. Hence we find the Baptists have continued to raise up their standard in the midst of the masses so freely and fluently swarming around. But there was no "close-communion, strictly-decided Baptists" here until that Barak-and-Deborah-like couple, Mr. and Mrs. Daniels, were moved by God's grace and their love to the truth to erect a new, substantial, and correctly-appointed chapel in Shirley-street, near Halleleville-road, where the good grace of God is preached by Mr. W. Wheeler, of Lee; and, although Mr. Brittain has removed to the Foresters' Hall, with several of the people, yet Shirley street is still sup-

ported by those whose souls are solemnly decided for all that God has revealed in His Word, by His Son, and through the teaching of the eternal Spirit. The young floriculturists may laugh at this. Let them. The honour of preaching to those dear Canning-town Deborah-and-Barak firm ones was accorded me on Wednesday evening, October 5, 1881. We had a good congregation, and as I silently besought the Lord to give me a word to carry to them, so I hope He led me to Psa. xlv. 4, "Thou art my King, O God, command deliverances for Jacob." I saw in those words

THE THREE BRANCHES

which grow out of the "Tree of Life," when Christ is formed in the soul, "the hope of glory." There was grace, represented in the person of Jacob. There was strong faith in the delightful and expressive, "Thou art my King, O God." There is real, Spirit-wrought prayer, "command deliverances for Jacob." Wherever you can find the grace of spiritual life, the work and voice of faith, and the earnest cry of prayer for Jacob, and all the loved ones in the covenant, there you find the saved Christian. I feel much interest in these Canning-town believers. They are determined to abide by the staff. John Stammers and his "Pris" are both dead, but that many of Jacob's new covenant seed may yet throng the Shirley-street chapel is the prayer of—C. W. BANKS.

BERMONDSEY—LYNTON-ROAD. Ninth anniversary of laying foundation stone was celebrated Tuesday, October 18. Mr. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, preached in afternoon. Excellent tea was provided at public meeting; Joseph Beach, Esq., presided, supported by the beloved pastor, Mr. R. A. Lawrence, and his worthy deacons. A good staff of ministerial brethren delivered sterling addresses. Our highly esteemed brother R. A. Lawrence, we regret to say, is not in a good state of health. He is, as is well known, a most lively, loving, and indefatigable worker in the cause, which he has been the means of establishing at Lynton-road. It is to be hoped that real heart-prayer will be continually offered to God for his restoration. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick" (James v. 15).

IPSWICH.—ZOAR BAPTIST CHAPEL. This happy cause of truth held annual meeting October 12, to commemorate the Lord's goodness for the harvest. Mr. W. Winters preached to a good gathering of earnest hearers. The sanctuary was adorned with Nature's offerings, and suitable Bible mottoes. At evening meeting, Mr. S. K. Bland presided. Mr. B. Northfield prayed. Speeches on the goodness of God were delivered by Messrs. S. Willis, Leggett, Winters, and G. G. Whorlow. Suitable anthems were well given by the efficient choir, which will prove of considerable service in rendering the congregational psalmody more elevating. We wish the Church, its officers and friends solid prosperity and eternal happiness.—W. WINTERS.

HAYES TABERNACLE.—As we entered this most comfortably furnished house of prayer, October 12, 1881 (the "Harvest Thanksgiving" day), our attention was called to two bonny sheaves of new-cut corn, with flowers entwining, which were placed at each end of the platform, and silently said—

"God's bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters load the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields."

A large company of ladies and gentlemen came from London and other parts, which in carriages, wagonettes and other conveyances, were drawn to the Tabernacle doors as the time for afternoon service commenced. We surveyed with feelings of holy pleasure the inflowing of the people on an occasion so joyful. From the different London and suburban Churches we recognised some of the most valiant for the truth. That well-known and always beloved Ireson and his friends, from the Camden-town Church, under the care of the prudent and gifted W. H. Evans, who has been, and is, a God-sent blessing to that cause. There was the cheerful Beazleys, Buckoaks, and the friends from Mr. Shepherd's Church in Mount Zion, Edward Harris, the Martins, and others, from the Shouldham-street assembly, where William Carpenter so zealously preaches the Gospel. Those beneficent friends of Master Thurston, at Derby-road cause, in Croydon, the Newmans, and a varied host of the uprising followers of their one Lord, filled Hayes Tabernacle to the doors. Ah, it was a joyful sight! Miss Anne Wild presided correctly at the harmonium, and a faithful brother emphatically read out the hymns printed specially for the occasion. Mr. John Bunyan McCure delivered the thanksgiving sermon, which illustrated—

"THE KEEPING POWER OF GOD."

When we ascended into the upper large and lofty school-hall, we found it one mass of living humanity, well-packed companions, happily enjoying such a repast as only the Hayes Tabernacle can serve up. The display of fruits, vegetables, flowers, and cereals was truly grand. The evening meeting had for its president that genuine but gentle friend, E. Harris, Esq., who carried the meeting through with a reticent skill quite admirable. Mr. Humphreyson pleaded with a heart-and-soul faith for a spiritual harvest of saving mercies. Charles Masterson preached a feeling sermonette from Psa. ciii. We heard some one say, "It was the best discourse of the day." Preston Davies, Esq., the Westminster railway surveyor, gave us an exposition of grace out of his own heart. It must not be said the Strict Baptists have none of the nobility in their ranks. Wherever we go, we find gentlemen of position, of spiritual power, and of original ability, coming to the front, and in the circles of our congregations there are numbers of the faithful family whose sound, common-sense knowledge of

"THINGS FOR TIME AND FOR ETERNITY"

would send into the shade regiments of the worse than effeminate pensioners who ascend the rostrums, but for what motives it is difficult to define. The brethren Warren, of Colnbrook, Edward Beazley, who is the itinerant archdeacon of nearly all the Churches, and R. C. Bardens, the Hayes Tabernacle pastor, each stood up like godly men, and tried to reach the heart of the people. C. W. Banks, in a brief bit of epilepsis, pointed to "THE HARVEST as a central fact and figure," to the harvest fields, the harvest men, and the harvest-home. As the people poured out, everybody said, "What a nice meeting!" Praise God for the Gospel, and the Wilds, the Willis's, the Rayners, the Gregories, and others, for such a feast.

WOOLWICH.—**ENON CHAPEL.** On Lord's-day, September 25, and the following Tuesday, this Church was favoured to celebrate their 124th anniversary. Two excellent sermons were delivered by Mr. W. R. Squirrel, and Mr. J. Box. On the Tuesday about 160 sat down to a well-served tea, after which the chapel was soon filled with friends who were gathered to enjoy the usual public meeting. W. Kennard, Esq., ably presided. After some cheering and appropriate remarks from the chairman, suitable, profitable, and interesting addresses were given by Messrs. W. K. Dexter, J. L. Meers, John Box, W. K. Squirrel, J. H. Lynn, and Jas. Clark, every speaker seemed to have special help, and in every sense the meeting proved to be one of the most happy and hearty ever held at Enon. Mr. W. K. Squirrel is now preaching at Enon with a view to the pastorate. His ministry is well received, and many expressed a wish that he might become the pastor of this ancient sanctuary.

RAILWAY PENCILLINGS.

Oxford, September 15, 1881.—Have been in search of charity to help the ancient Richard Randle, of Sutton Courtney, and his suffering, aged wife, in their last descent into the valley. Mr. Randle built the Strict Baptist chapel, Sutton Courtney, very many years since. He has been the only settled minister of the place for about fifty years, never receiving any salary; indeed, it was said by Mr. Pontifex, last Sunday, that that was the first time any collection for the minister had been made. I suppose Richard Randle had travelled many thousands of miles on foot, selling tea to villagers far and near, while his estimable wife attended to a little shop in the extensive village of Sutton Courtney. All Mr. Randle's strength has been exhausted in travelling and preaching, all his capital and stock having diminished to nothing in consequence of the bad debts and the general poverty of the place, the large paper mill there being closed, and all the hands thrown out of the service of honest bread-winning.

To travel from London to Sutton Courtney

and back, to preach and give addresses, then go on to Woodstock, trying to preach again, may appear quite a trifle, but the fact is, to go from London to Didcott, from Didcott to Rainey, from thence to Abingdon, then up the country to Sutton Courtney; next day round another circle from Sutton to Abingdon, to Oxford, to Woodstock-road, to Blenheim Palace and Park, from thence rolling to Reading and to Paddington, to the city, then home to preach the evening, involves a large amount of walking, talking, travelling, any paying than many might believe, and all done without my receiving one farthing, so as to raise as large a testimonial fund for dear Randle and his wife as possible. I believe the hand of the Lord has been in this, and the efforts made by those benevolent ministers, Messrs. Pontifex, Rogers, Hackney, Casse, Lewis, Cox, and others, have secured to the ancient couple, a supply of the common necessities of this life for some time to come. But I am anxious to keep the fund floating sufficient to secure them comforts in their affliction, and to enable the venerable pastor to keep his chapel supplied by good, godly, Gospel ministers, so that the truth may be maintained in Sutton Courtney. A little wasp tried to sting us all; it hurt no one. To Mr. Pontifex for his perseverance, to Mr. Rogers and others for their kind patronage, I must add, the Lord reward them all. The Sound Baptists would have left those aged saints to perish, but the Lord raised up others; and I am thankful I have been permitted to render some help to this Christ-like piece of good Samaritan labour. The tent-meeting was a noble finish to this most godly enterprise.

ENCOURAGING NOTES FOR THE PASTOR, AND THE DEATH OF JOHN EMERY, LATE OF WATFORD.

On August 29 last, John Emery, late of Watford, a spiritual, affectionate, and humble member of the Church of Christ, meeting at Beulah Baptist chapel, fell asleep in Jesus, at the age of 65, thereby terminating his Christian course on earth, and bidding an eternal farewell to every fear, tear, and sin. Our dear brother was a well taught and established believer, possessing a humble mind, a contrite spirit, walking in lowliness and meekness, much missed as a praying man at our prayer meetings, a peace-lover and a peace-maker; he long trod the old beaten path of tribulation, having been brought to a saving and most blessed realisation of his interest in a precious Christ many years ago. He had learned much of the preciousness of the Person and work of the dear Redeemer, on whose fulness he lived, on whose arm he leaned, and in whom alone he made his boast. His death was no doubt accelerated by a fall some months previous on alighting from a train at Bushey station. He reached, however, the bound set by Infinite Wisdom, and in peace with God he passed away. His mortal remains were interred by his pastor in the cemetery at Brompton.

The following letter, as he is now gone, may be read with interest and pleasure by those especially who knew him, as containing a very encouraging testimony and a useful hint to hearers of the Word. It is as follows:—

Watford, Feb. 2, 1881.

My dear brother Burrell,—We read of ten lepers who were cleansed, but only one returned to give God the glory, and he was a Samaritan. Feeling that I am somewhat akin to him, and having, I trust, been taught a little by the same Divine Instructor, I return to give God the glory, through you as His instrument, for good to my soul last Sabbath morning. You well remember that brother Johnson prayed that the world might depart from us, with all its charms, vexations, and tribulations; and also that we might have a soft heart. I knew he was praying in the Spirit, and with the understanding also, therefore I watched for answers to his prayers, and sweetly realised the fulfilment of them in my own soul's experience. You had not long taken your text before I discovered that you had the mind of the Spirit upon it; I knew it by the effects it had upon me. As you went on I became entranced, enchained, and rivetted to the subject. Every thought was brought into sweet subjection and captivity to the Prince of Peace, while He sweetly waved the banner of eternal love o'er my head; once more with the poet I sat "in willing bonds at His dear feet," while you pressed the sweet juice from the rich grapes which grow upon the living and true Vine, such as laying down the life of His active obedience; laying it down to justice, to the wrath of God, incensed at all your sins and mine; laying it down upon the accursed tree and making atonement for the transgressors, in taking it again, rising from the tomb, triumphing over every foe, leading captivity captive, entering into glory, taking His seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high, expecting till all His enemies be made His footstool. I say while you were desecrating upon these grand old truths, my spirit was anointed with an unction from the Holy One. I was brought into the banqueting house, and into the wine cellar, where I took such copious draughts of the good old wine of the kingdom that "my full soul could hold no more of everlasting love." It seemed to me that God was present in His trinity of Persons; the Holy Spirit kept pouring the consolations of the Gospel into your heart; and you, as His instrument and pipe of conveyance, kept pouring them into my heart, only us three, everything else was lost sight of.

I know you will forgive my intrusion on your valuable time, but I felt if I held my peace the very stones would cry out against me. I thought, moreover, that the Lord's sent servants need encouragement, and when one gets a special blessing it should be told to the minister, that they may rejoice together. I know my note will not puff you up, nor fill you with spiritual pride, because they have plenty of ballast to keep them steady who labour in the word and doctrine,

and it will produce humility to know that not only "do the lambs feed after their manner," but that even an old sturdy sheep like myself gets food. I remember many years ago when I used to attend at Rehoboth, Pimlico, that a Miss Bonnier, who worshipped there, had a very special blessing under Mr. Elven, from these words, "If it be so why am I thus?" It used to be her custom to wait awhile after the service to chat with the friends, but that night she made a rapid exit. When I saw her again I asked her reason for this, she said she was so overcome with the goodness of God through the ministry of the Word, and her heart was so full that she hastened home to her room to thank, bless, extol, magnify, and crown a precious Christ Lord of all, who had remembered His handmaid in her low estate, because His mercy endureth for ever. I thought, well, that is not a bad idea, especially for young converts, for they are apt to get robbed if they get talking to any who have not obtained a like blessing.

When I arrived home last Sabbath morning I tried to rehearse the substance of your sermon in the hearing of my dear wife, hoping to comfort her with the same comfort wherewith I myself had been comforted of God. Poor Jane! she listened, and was glad I was so blessed, but could not lay hold of much; poor thing, her parents should have named her "Martha," for she is cumbered about many things.

I am more and more convinced that even in our hearing times God acts as a Sovereign. He puts the heart into a proper frame, calls forth the affections of the soul, gives spiritual hunger and thirst, renews the new man, beckons to all the graces of the Spirit, such as faith, hope, love, and meekness, these all wait upon Him, and He gives them their meat in due season. He says, "Sit down here, my child, while I make ready." Then He brings forth the fatted calf, the best robe, and "see what a costly ring the beggar's finger wears;" then there is music and dancing in that house. Every faculty of the soul is brought into full play because the good man of the house is come, and has brought a bag of money with him. But you will surely be tired of reading this scrawl, so I will conclude by wishing you, your dear spouse and children, every Divine and spiritual blessing, while I remain, yours affectionately for the truth's sake,

J. EMERY.

UPPER HOLLOWAY. — The Wedmore-street anniversary last month was a favourable time. In four years they have increased in membership under Mr. Boulton's ministry, and Mr. John Box assured them the Association would help them to build as soon as they had secured the ground. Our brother Thoru's letter will, we hope, interest our readers next month. Dear Philip Jones is recovering. The Birkbeck-road cause requires a good successor to Mr. Waterer, who has removed to Brighton. Some of our Churches in London, and in many parts of the country, are pining for a power which

neither colleges nor associations can bestow upon them. When shall we arise, and shake ourselves from the dust?

RAUNDS. — Our harvest thanksgiving services, on October 5, were honoured and happy times. Mr. Jull, to a good congregation, delivered a masterly exposition of 1 Tim. i. 16 (last clause). At evening meeting that truly Christian man, Mr. William Gross, of Caldecote, presided. Edifying addresses were delivered by Messrs. Jull, Kitchen, and Pearce. The choir gave choice selections of anthems. About 150 sat down to tea in the Temperance-hall, which was beautifully decorated with fruits and flowers for the occasion. Many friends came from the villages round to cheer us with their presence, and lend us a helping hand. Upwards of ten pounds were collected. We have cause to thank God and take courage.

AGED PILGRIMS' ALMS-HOUSES, CAMBERWELL. — We were recently requested to visit one of the most aged and afflicted occupiers of one of these merciful, comfortable, and quiet lodgings for Christians whose circumstances and advanced ages require a resting-place during the last years of their existence here. We had the privilege of seeing the interior of three distinct dwellings, and, if spared, we may have a further view of them. We are continually receiving appeals to obtain for poor deserving pilgrims an entrance into these privileged palaces of Christian charity; but, hitherto, we have not been able to move in that direction. If spared, we may call special attention to this useful institution.

PULHAM-ST.-MARY. — Our pastor, B. Taylor, preached and baptized on Sunday morning, October 2; but not being well, Mr. Jonathan Elsey (of London) preached for him in the afternoon. We had a merciful season: we all wish Mr. Elsey great success in his ministry, and to all his prayers for our beloved pastor, and for the continued increase of the Church here, we seriously added our hearty "Amen."

LOWESTOFT. — So far as I can learn, Toning-street is the only place where a free grace Gospel is proclaimed, amidst a population of some 20,000. The Salvation Army is at work here, but amidst the excitement and the apparent fervency of the leaders of the movement, who shall dare decide between what is of God, and what of man?

Notes of the Month.

BEWARE OF BOASTING. — Both ancient and modern commentators carry those three verses (Isa. lvii. 17, 18, 19) to our present and future condition; that is, to the condition or state of the Reformed Churches in Christendom. "Covetousness" is the root of the evil. Gill tells us it points to the covetousness of the ministers in the Reformed Churches. For thus saith the Lord, "I hid Me, and was wroth; I smote him,

but he went on frowardly" (or, as margin, "he went on turning away"). Is not that true? Read the following, from a contemporary of the present day:—"The Baptists of Liverpool, according to the census instituted by a local paper, provide seat-room for 11,400, whereas the attendance is only 4,632. This, however, is better than the Congregationalists, who provide seat room for 7,560, and have only an attendance of 2,387." In a town of more than five hundred thousand, two of the most truthful people prepare seats for 20,000, but can get less than 7,000 seats occupied, leaving in one city like Liverpool nearly 12,000 seats empty. The cathedral city of Canterbury, the Presbyterian minister tells us, is worse than that! Oh, England! thou beautiful Gospel land; the more thy people multiply the less do they honour God. But there is to be—as we well know there has been—a manifestation of mercy. "I have seen his ways and will heal him." The Israel of God, the true Church of Christ, shall be raised up, and the proclamation shall be heard, shall be realised. "Peace! peace! to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord, and "I WILL HEAL HIM."

There shall be a perfect recovery of each individual member of the mystic body of Christ. But alas! what covetousness! What turning from the truth! What wounding! What dividing! What schism! A kind of Yankee comes to London, and asks his host, "Where can I find the Baptists?" "Which sort of Baptists do you mean?" "Are there more than one?" "Oh, yes, sir; there are, first, the 'Generals,' with Mr. Clifford at their head; second, there are the 'free-will Baptists,' with such men as Dr. Llandels in their front; thirdly, there are what are called 'Mr. Spurgeon's Baptists;' fourthly, there are the 'Pre-existential Baptists' (their great leader is gone); fifthly, there are 'Standard' Baptists, but who is their front man now I cannot declare; sixthly, there are many Baptist Churches, which I have heard denominated 'High Calvinistic Baptists.'" "Tell me of no more," cries the listener, "I want Jesus Christ's free-grace Baptists." "Well, sir, you will have to search for them in the midst of all the sections I have named. I cannot point them out to you."

BREATHINGS OF A TROUBLED SOUL.

ANXIOUS, troubled, weary,
Beaten down with care;
Heart and flesh seem failing,
A prey to doubt and fear.
This life, tho' sometimes teeming
With blessings rich and rare,
Is fraught with crosses, burdens,
Too great for me to bear.
The world cannot befriend me,
'Twere vain to seek its aid;
For cursed are the people
Whose hopes are on it stay'd.
Friends, in the hour of trial,
No help or succour bring;
They, too, are born to trouble,
And tried—without, within.
Who, then, can lift the burden
That presses down the soul?
Since Nature's powers avail not
To make the wounded whole.
Lord Jesus, wilt Thou help me
In this my trying hour?
Make straight the path before me,
Come with Thy mighty power!
When Thou reveal'st Thy presence,
'Tis life, 'tis joy, 'tis peace;
Bid darkness, storm, and tempest,
Their ragings now to cease.

Bristol.

R. D.

THE GREAT MYSTERY OF THE HEAVEN.—MR. BATTERSBY AND MR. DANIEL ALLEN.—We have never been shaken in our conviction, as expressed in our review of Mr. Battersby's sermon on the heaven. We understood what Mr. Battersby meant; and, although different views might be entertained, and extremely erroneous interpretations might be put upon some of Mr. Battersby's expressions, still we believe Mr. Battersby was justified in the use he made of the metaphor. We are pained to learn from a correspondent that Mr. Allen is charged with falsifying some of Mr. Battersby's statements. We purpose to examine, and, if possible, to correct any decidedly wrong dealing. Mr. Allen comes forward with a warm determination to put us poor half-blind English people down as weak and ignorant; and also determined to give us a clear and conclusive exposition of the whole subject. In so doing he proposed to enter fully into the subject of "The Kingdom of Heaven," and to set us all at rest for ever about the heaven and its true meaning. We know Daniel Allen to be a thoroughly sound man at heart, and we said, "Come in, if you are the young Elihu to set us all right, come on. We will attend to you." Let Daniel Allen finish; then, God willing, we will review him.

Marriage.

On October 13, at the Surrey Tabernacle, by Mr. John Mead, Francis Campbell Pattison, youngest son of James Pattison, Esq., to Angelina Louise, second daughter of Mr. John S. Andreux.

Deaths.

Mr. John Emery, of Watford, died August 29, 1881, aged 65. A letter out of his heart, to his beloved pastor, Mr. Burrell, appears in another page.

October 20, 1881, in Devonshire-road, Hackney (without a moment's warning), Mrs. Vaughan, the long-loved and faithful wife of Mr. John Vaughan, Minister of Trinity chapel, Hackney. —A few days before, in the same road, the wife of Mr. C. Gordeller departed this life.

Mr. Shelton was the minister of Providence chapel, Northampton, for nearly ten years; he resigned the pastorate at the end of 1880; died at Northampton on August 22, 1881. Mr. Walker, of Kettering, is now the settled pastor. He came out of Mr. Hazlerigg's Church at Leicester.

In loving remembrance of Job Chappell, of Crudwell, Wilts, who fell asleep in Jesus on October 12, 1881, aged 78 years. His end was peace. The children have lost a loving father, and the Baptist cause at Crudwell a loving worker. If spared, and God willing, we will try to say something of this aged pilgrim in a future number.

On October 18, at his residence at Stockwell-road, Brixton, Mr. James Green (formerly and for many years of the Old Kent-road), aged 78. The deceased had been in connection with the Surrey Tabernacle for very many years; and as a humble and unassuming Christian brother was much beloved by all who knew him.

In loving remembrance of Walter Donovan, nephew of Mr. G. Donovan, died September 8, aged 29 years; was buried at Nunhead. Mr. Plack conducted the service, he having known the dear departed from childhood. May his dear brothers and sisters, with loved relatives, be sustained under this heavy trial, and be enabled to say, "The Lord hath done it," and with the poet say,—

"Each op'ning leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design."

"We All do Fade as a Leaf!"

How few the days since nature teemed with lustre.
And wild-bird-music filled the air with song ;
And earth's rich fruits grew heavier in cluster—
To welcome Harvest, as the time rolled on.

The scene is changed ! and time is changing ever.
And we with it, while seasons come and go !
Friends follow friends across the deep, dark river —
Into the bliss, which we must die to know.

The Autumn leaves, with varied tints, are falling
Thickly and fast into the grey cold shade :
Reminding us of our eternal calling,
And the great truth—" we as a leaf do fade."

But, thanks to God, there is a bright to-morrow :
A future into which faith pierces far ;
And though we languish now with frequent sorrow.
There is a *rest* earth's troubles never mar.

No bitter seasons there the prospects blighting ;
No loss of friends, no fading hopes can come :
No dark forebodings, solemn fears or fightings,
Enter the portals of that blissful home.

Then let us press toward that priceless treasure,
That goal of happiness—the soul's delight ;
Till the vast fulness of that ceaseless pleasure
Burst in refulgence on our raptured sight !

Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

"WITH HIM IN THE GARDEN."

THE ANCIENT PLACE OF PRAYER.

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

"O Father, let Thy wondrous love
Which binds my soul to Heaven above,
My strength and consolation prove
In life's extremity.

In that dark hour sustain my faith,
Make me victorious over death ;
To SING ev'n with my dying breath,
'DEATH HAS NO STING FOR ME!'

I fear thee not, thou cruel foe,
Though fierce thy rage, for well I know
Whither my ransomed soul shall go
When falls my earthly day.

The quiet grave my woes shall end.
My soul I'll calm, to God commend.
And to the land of light shall wend
My Lord's *appointed* way."

WHERE shall we find a quiet retreat wherein silently, solemnly, prayerfully, to write a few lines with which to close up

OUR THIRTY-SEVENTH VOLUME ?

While musing, and searching, the conclusive appeal made to Peter by the servant of the High Priest (as it is written in John xviii.), in a most singular manner touched the inmost spirit, and there it sat reiterating and repeating the query,

"Did not I see thee in the garden WITH HIM?"

Into that garden we were led. Its scenes and sounds attracted strong

attention. And from these scenes and sounds we felt inclined to draw out a lesson or two with which to say farewell to our beloved readers at the close of this eventful year of one-thousand-eight-hundred-and-eighty-one.

"GETHSEMANE," then, is the spot where we tarry for a moment or two; and into this garden we invite our readers to accompany us, while we relate the thoughts which spontaneously sprang up in our inner chamber at the time referred to. "*Gethsemane*" means "*a plentiful valley.*" Significant word! "All the fulness of the GODHEAD bodily" was in that garden. Here the DIVINE SUBSTITUTE met all the demands of JUSTICE, and from hence the SON of GOD went forth to finish the work which the FATHER had given Him to do.

There was, still is, it may be, a small village in the Mount of Olives called Gethsemane. An oil, or olive-press, was in that garden. To this garden of Gethsemane our Lord oftentimes resorted with His disciples; it was the place where they met for prayer.

"And Judas knew the place."

But at the time when I (for I must come to the first person; at that time when I) was led to reflect upon the sounds and scenes, Judas had gone to transact that most deeply horrible, that exceedingly mysterious part of the tragedy, "the betrayal of the SON OF GOD." I see JESUS taking with HIM Peter, and James, and John. These were, really, the three men who represented the three most prominent powers in the saving grace of GOD. Peter stands for the FAITH of God's elect; James represents the TRUTH of grace; John is the apostle of ETERNAL LOVE. These three JESUS taketh with Him into the garden; and wherever He comes as a Saviour He brings these powers with Him.

This first whisper in my soul—faith, and truth, and love, as the saving gifts of Christ—led me to reflect upon the identity of Christ and His people, as shadowed forth in the names of the prominent places where Jesus was found in the days of His humiliation. The HOLY GHOST inspired the ancient prophets and the evangelical apostles to mention the *places* wherein Jesus appeared on the behalf—truly and savingly on the behalf—of His own beloved people. ETERNAL UNITY! SIGNIFICANT IDENTITY! and an UNBROKEN HARMONY between the Christ of God and the Church of God, run in delightful parallels all through the pages of the inspired volume of revelation. O, how precious to my soul all this appeared. Jesus and His bride are, have ever been, ever will be, indissolubly ONE!

In the incarnation this unity is interwoven. Isaiah saw it; and he cried (as the voice of the whole Church), "Unto us a Child is born; unto us a SON is given; and the government"—the whole provision for, and the particular and providential guidance and management of the whole Church—"shall be upon His shoulder." And as in the complex, complete, and comprehensive constitution of His Person, character, and offices, there ever shall be found the "WONDERFUL!" the "COUNSELLOR!" the "MIGHTY GOD!" the "EVERLASTING FATHER!" and the "PRINCE OF PEACE!" as all these sublime, celestial, eternal omnipotents are in Him for Zion's sake, surely His kingdom shall stand, His glory shall be seen, His cause shall increase, His Church shall be saved, and on her behalf all the angels in heaven, all the ransomed in His presence all the foes and friends beneath, shall

see and know that "all things have worked together for GOOD to them who love God, and are the called according to His purpose."

"Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Zion's joys shall hail their birth."

When the ancient prophet Micah saw the coming of Christ in the flesh for and with His Church, with what an ecstasy of delight he exclaimed, "But thou, Bethlehem, Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be

"RULER IN ISRAEL;

"whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity." All the goings forth of our IMMANUEL before time, in ancient time, in Gospel time, and in the end of time, have been, still are, and always will be, in union with, and on behalf of, His FATHER's gift, the Hephzibah of His heart, the beloved spouse of His desire, "the Church of the FIRSTBORN." Touching and telling are those two words, "WITH HIM," which run through THE BOOK wherein the mysteries of the sublime union are gently revealed.

But come into the Garden. As I sat silently looking into Gethsemane's garden, in the afternoon of Sunday, November 6, 1881, I was inexpressibly affected with the sounds and scenes which, by faith and feeling, too, I beheld and listened unto. The light and flighty spirit of the age we live in will not much sympathise with me in my closing address; but I cannot be carried away with the singing, and fleshly merry-making spirit of the age. I have been permitted to run through nearly seventy-six years. I feel gradually withdrawing from the public exhibitions of the various Churches. I am approaching the crisis of separation. Indeed it is true,

"We are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die."

Where can we then find a more seasonable spot than "*Gethsemane* from whence to draw out a few words with which to shut up the doors of the thirty-seventh volume? There is an outcry everywhere that the pulpit is losing its power. There are but few pulpits left now anywhere. The growing cry means,

THE PREACHERS ARE POWERLESS!

Consequently, the masses of the people, and the *professing* people, too, become less and less interested, and increasingly backward in their attendance upon the public services of the number of places called Churches, and chapels, halls, and mission rooms.

"WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF THIS DECLINE?"

asketh a popular American orator. He answers, One cause is that "when a man begins to go down, they give him the title of D.D. by way of resuscitation. If that fails, if the people will not be caught by the D.D., then the tendency is to elect the respectable, but useless preacher, to become a professor in some theological seminary; hence, the man who cannot preach himself is set to teach others how to preach." I am not qualified to endorse or ignore that statement. There are, I fear,

there have been serious deficiencies in the *matter* of the ministry for several years past.

THE LATE AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

said, one hundred years ago, that the Gospel was the chariot in which JESUS CHRIST did ride, and when the HOLY GHOST did drive it, there would be sure to be souls gathered up into union and fellowship with the SON of GOD; and as regards the success or apparent increase of the blessedness of the Gospel, Toplady made some excellent remarks. He said :—

I remember, some years ago, as that good man, Mr. Sloss, of Nottingham, and myself were talking one afternoon, concerning the late revivals of religion in this country, he observed very justly, that spiritual revivings were often like Summer showers, that richly fall upon one spot, and leave others dry; and it is to be observed, that the life and power of godliness have in Britain shifted about from one denomination to another. I dare believe there was a time when even the Quakers had something of the life and power of God among them; but now they are in general as dead as ditch-water. There was a time when the Presbyterians had the power and life of God among them; the good old Puritans, for the greater part of them, were burning and shining lights.

We might trace the same remark through a variety of denominations; but I believe no denominations of professing Christians were so generally void of the light and life of godliness, so generally destitute of the doctrine and of the grace of the Gospel, as was the Church of England, considered as a body, about fifty years ago. At that period a converted minister in the Establishment was *as great a wonder as a COMET*; but now, blessed be God, since that precious, that great apostle of the English empire, the late dear Mr. Whitefield, was raised up, in the spirit and power of Elias, the Word of God has run and been glorified; many have believed and been added to the Lord, all over the three kingdoms, and still, blessed be His Name, the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls continues still to issue His Word, and great is the company of preachers, greater and greater every year; but this shews the sovereignty of God; it shews that He is not tied and bound to man; it shews that the breath of His Spirit blows where and when, and how long, and upon whom He pleases; but this we know, that as the rain and the snow descend from heaven, and return not thither till they have watered the earth, and become the means of administering seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so the Word of God shall not return to Him void, but shall accomplish the end which He pleases, and prosper in the design whereto He sends it.

Yes, great is the company of preachers; but,

The glorious Trinity of Persons in the Godhead,

The wondrous covenant of grace, ordered in all things and sure,

The complex Person of the El-Geber-GOD-MAN,

The special ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ,

The meaning of the Jordan, the Transfiguration, the Gethsemane and Calvary scenes, seem to be hidden, and, consequently, one fears the ETERNAL SPIRIT is not much in the ministry. Nevertheless, whatever deficiency there may be in any ministry,

GETHSEMANE AND CALVARY

had in them such definite meanings as shall be experimentally known by the redeemed Church, through the effectual teaching of the HOLY GHOST; and from Gethsemane and Calvary have flowed forth such blessings as shall be the powers of God unto salvation to "every one that believeth *with the HEART* UNTO RIGHTEOUSNESS."

The sounds I heard in Gethsemane in the afternoon before referred to, I called the expressive

WATCHWORDS OF THE SAVIOUR UNTO ALL HIS DISCIPLES.

And to me they suggest lessons of deep consideration for all who are grace-taught disciples of the "COUNSELLOR" of the new covenant.

First.—The Saviour's government of His saved people is implied in the direction, "Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder." Here is the similitude of Faith's resting-place, while the merciful SUBSTITUTE goes to prepare for the coming conflict. That word, "*Yonder*," carried me not only into the deeper interior of the garden, whither His disciples could not follow Him; but that "*yonder*" pointed up to the high and inner-court of His intercession at the right-hand of the Majesty in the heavens. Our place here is to sit and wait while He is carrying on the work of the great High Priest, making intercession for us. He has appointed our waiting-place here while He conducts and manages all our affairs for us. Believer, cannot you recognise your Saviour's voice, and His appointment of your waiting-place in His house here, in that sentence, "*Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder?*" You cannot enter into the deep mysteries of His sufferings. He must tread the wine-press alone. Of the people none can be with Him. But He will come to you again.

Secondly.—He allayeth the anxieties of His disciples when He said, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death." Methinks they were filled with much concern, and would fain have gone with Him; but, no, He saith, "Tarry ye *here*, and watch with Me."

Thirdly.—JESUS requires the sympathies of His disciples. After He had commenced His wrestling, He cometh back to them, and instead of finding them awake and watching, He finds them asleep. He is grieved, and cries out, "*What!* could ye not watch with Me one hour?" Oh, the thought! Jesus wants all the real sympathies of His people in His amazing work. This fact throws a pure light upon that loving command at the table, "This do in *remembrance* of Me." He will not forget you, believing disciple, and it is not His will that you should forget Him, therefore, this Supper, this bread and wine, is to be continued, for, "as oft as ye DO IT, ye do shew forth the Lord's death till He come." And His eye is so on you that even a cup of cold water, given to His afflicted ones in the name of a disciple, He tells you

"SHALL IN NO WISE LOSE ITS REWARD."

Fourthly.—The poor disciples could not hold up: they fell fast asleep. He came and found them asleep. *He left them* and went away again, and prayed the third time. We may sleep; too often we do sleep; but He that keepeth Israel neither slumbereth nor sleepeth. How often I have feared He has left me; but, blessed mercy, He has returned again.

Fifthly.—However weak and weary, forgetful and indifferent they might be, He never forsook them. The long night was passing away; the great battle between the "*No*" of His humanity and the "*Yes*" of His Divinity was ended. The morning was breaking. He comes forth with strength for the final issue; He comes near with a brisk word of command, "*Rise*, let us be going. Behold, he is at hand that doth betray Me."

I dare not occupy more space this month. The sounds and scenes in the garden; the distinctions between Socrates and the Son of God, and other matters in the garden, must come in next month, if MERCY will help me.

Christian friends, I thank you for the help and support you have continued unto me. While I am spared, still hold up my hands, still send

this little VESSEL as far as you can; still pray for your willing worker in the vineyard. May our God give you a blessed season when with your beloved families you meet at Christmas time. Remember the Lord's poor; and if we live here in health and spiritual freedom until Monday, January 2, 1882, keep in mind, we hope then to hold our anniversary in South Hackney; in the afternoon of that day. Brother John Bolton is expected to relate God's grace to him in raising him

"From the pit up into the pulpit."

Your presence on that occasion will be esteemed a favour by your grateful
CHAS. WATERS BANKS.

Under the bereaved Elder, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
November, 1881.

"Did not I see you IN THE GARDEN WITH HIM?"

SUDDEN ENTRANCE INTO GLORY.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF MARY ANN, THE BELOVED WIFE OF MR. JOHN VAUGHAN, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT TRINITY CHAPEL, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, HACKNEY.

Converted under Benjamin Isaacs, confirmed under Dr. Andrews, built up in the faith under Mr. Joseph Irons and Mr. James Wells, and spiritually fed for thirty years under the ministry of her bereaved husband.

THE subject of this memoir corresponded well with her namesake, of Bethany, being of a quiet, unobtrusive, and retiring disposition. When a child, being possessed of a good voice, her company was much courted for juvenile gatherings; but when in her thirteenth year she heard the late Benjamin Isaacs (whose ministry she was accustomed to attend with her parents) preach a sermon to young persons, the arrow of conviction entered, and, such the decision of character immediately produced, that all her party engagements were renounced, never to be resumed.

At a very early age, about two years after her call by grace, she joined the Church under Mr. Isaacs' pastoral care, and continued for some years there, happy in the Lord. The late Dr. Andrews, of blessed memory, coming to preach for Mr. Isaacs, his testimony was very helpful to the departed. In the order of God's providence her parents removed to the Surrey side of the water; this enabled her stately to attend the Christ-exalting ministry of Dr. Andrews, at Beresford chapel, Walworth, till the time of his unexpected and lamented death. This, perhaps, was the first great sorrow that she had been called to experience. She subsequently attended, and profited much under the faithful ministry of the late Joseph Irons, of the Grove, Camberwell, to whom she was much attached, as also to the late James Wells, at that time of the Borough-road. The past thirty years she sat under the ministry of her bereaved

husband. Often has she deplored the dimming of the fine gold, and the departure of God's faithful servants. She would never hear any but free-grace preachers; and frequently when spoken to upon the matter, remarked that in hearing the Word through her husband, the existing relationship never interfered either to help or interrupt the testimony. In the earlier part of her career she had been a devoted reader and diligent student of the Holy Scriptures; in fact, within a few hours of her unexpected departure, she remarked to a dear young friend, "I have read the Word a great deal in my younger days, now I think over what I read, and have the comfort." Speaking to her husband a few hours later, relating this circumstance, she said with marked emphasis: "I read the Word then, but as you often tell us, the Word is reading me now; and as you say, there is a wonderful difference; although I felt so poorly with my cold, I have had a very happy day."

She was wonderfully favoured in her soul's experience; it is a great question if anyone ever heard her express a doubt of her interest in Christ. She had no particular bright manifestations, but a calm, abiding confidence in a faithful covenant God. October 16 was the last time of her attendance on the public means of grace. She attended morning and evening, and remained to partake of the Lord's Supper, expressing herself as very happy, and enjoying the services, with the Supper, very much. Many remarked how well and cheerful she appeared. On the Monday following, your dear wife (Mrs. C. W. Banks) gave her a call; after her departure she said, "I like Mrs. Banks very much, she seems the same now as when I made her acquaintance between twenty and thirty years ago. That is what I like; if everyone was like that what unhappiness would be prevented; if you cannot say good of anyone, do not speak at all."

Her removal from Devonport, after between fifteen and sixteen years residence, was a great grief; but the thought of being restored to her dear relatives seemed to reconcile her to the removal; strange to say, one after the other have been removed, so that in her nearly seven years' residence in London she has been scarcely out of mourning. Her attachment to the friends at Trinity was very strong; their sorrows were her sorrows, while in their joys she participated; but she felt the removal of such dear men of God as brethren Hart, Culver, Goodenough, and Child—the last three in little more than eleven months—a great calamity, and such it was; but, blessed be God, Christ lives. The departed had evidently no anticipation of departure, only a few minutes before speaking to her medical attendant, Dr. Gibbings, of Richmond-road, Hackney, and promising to attend to his instructions. Here the great mercy of our covenant God is seen. She had no fear relative to consequences of death, but the last breath, the last pulse, and the parting with her dear ones, seemed somewhat to depress her at times. All these she was spared. Within twenty minutes of her medical attendant's departure, she said, "I am so tired, turn me, dear Louie (speaking to her widowed daughter), on my right side, I want to go to sleep." Then, without a sigh or a groan, she entered into the presence of Him she loved. Truly, it was exemplified, falling "asleep in Jesus;" "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Her mortal remains were interred in her daughter's family grave at Abney-park. Service at the grave, as well as a previous service

at Trinity chapel, being conducted by Mr. Frith, of Gunnersbury, in the midst of a large gathering of friends. Born of the flesh in Woolwich, 1820; of the Spirit, 1833; entered her heavenly rest October 20, 1881; aged 61.

THE GRACE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

MR. DANIEL ALLEN'S LETTER.—*Continued.*

1. **I**T is that assimilating power which changes the nature and character of the *meal* of the *spirit*, *soul*, and *body* of the child of God, which the apostle prayed God to sanctify wholly in the saints. This dough of these three measures of meal is a dead lump until the leaven elevates and enlivens it. Leaven, in an evil sense, in its lustings changes into its own nature; makes Cain like the devil, and the priests to be of their father the devil, in its lusting in them. It is the power of spirit upon spirit, mind upon mind, then mind upon matter. Thus, as evil spirits lust and ferment in evil minds must evil acts in matter, or bodies. Even so, in like manner, in the opposite qualities and properties of spirit-power, "The spirit lusteth (or ferments) against the flesh" (Gal. v. 15). Thus the Holy Ghost acts upon our spirits and souls, and then acts upon our bodies, and we are thus fermented "into the same image of Christ, as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. iii. 18). Is He "meek and lowly of heart?" The actings of the Holy Ghost upon our souls make us so too. Look at them on the fiftieth day to see this blessedly realized. Is Christ holy in the conduct of His life? The actings of the Holy Ghost upon our spirits will cause our spirits so to act upon our bodies, that in body "we shall live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." This is the lusting of the spirit, and thus "know we not that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" This is by an influential power unto holy service for our High Priest, now in the holy convocation of the Lord. This does not yet extend unto the nature of the body, which by the presence of sin remains vile until the day of the resurrection, when the leaven of the power of the Holy Ghost will assimilate, or change it, and make it intrinsically and inherently holy, like the glorious body of the Lord Jesus (Phil. iii. 21). Thus leaven will leaven the three parts, spirit, soul, and body.

2. Leaven is enlarging. How the small dead lump swells and runs over THE EARTHEN VESSEL, where "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." When God of His great mercy fills us with the Holy Ghost, are we not enlarged? Does it not make the dead dough of our souls run over in prayer, praise, joy, and love? Why, dear brother, the pulpit or the platform can hardly hold us when this is so. How the man in the pew has been ready to leap up into the pulpit and kiss God's servant, in the fervour of his love to the testimony of the Lord. Oh, said David, "I will run in the way of Thy commandments when Thou shalt enlarge my heart." How willing the Lord's dear people are, then, to obey Him! Moses was large enough for all Egypt, Gideon for Midian, David for Goliath, Paul for Nero; and we poor worms can face the world, flesh and devil, when the Lord is pleased to fill us with this holy leaven.

We can run through a troop, leap over a wall, and do great exploits, for—

“Faith, like a conqueror, can produce
A thousand victories.”

The soul of Paul swelled with this leaven, and he said, “O ye Corinthians, our mouth is opened unto you; be ye also enlarged. Ye are not straightened in us, but in your own selves.” This is our cry to the Churches, “Be ye enlarged,” O ye English saints. When thus enlarged, we can truly say,—

“I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and His ways;
Envy, and pride, and lust depart,
And all His works I praise.”

3. Leaven is elevating and upheaving in its power. How the lumpish soul hugs down to earth, until the power of the Holy Ghost raises and elevates it by love divine. It is the Spirit that quickeneth,” says Christ. “You hath He quickened,” said Paul; and again, “The Spirit giveth life.” If the leaven does not act, the woman says, “Oh, how dead this dough is!” If it acts well, she says, “It’s all alive.” This is how it is with us, exactly.

“See, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.”

When the leavening power of the Holy Ghost comes into our souls, then we can say, “He hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in the heavenlies in Christ Jesus.” “We are then risen with Christ.”

4. Leaven works secretly and internally, so does the influence of the Holy Ghost. No outward pomp, parade, and show. Love, grace, and mercy, in their moving powers, are from the very inmost soul working from within. The apostle said, “According to His working, which worketh in me mightily;” and again, “According to the working of His mighty power;” and again, “Through the faith of the operation of God you hath He quickened together with Him,” Christ. How secretly and internally it wrought in the thief, the publican, the woman in Simon’s house, the woman in the temple, and the 3,000 on the fiftieth day! So also in us: in the house, in the street, in the field, in the shop, in the church or meeting-house, it comes in a secret, still, and solemn way, from the inward chambers of the soul. It is an inward voice, an inward anointing, an inward savour, an inward influence, which uplifts the man to heaven, and raises the soul to God. When once a man has felt the working of this leaven in his soul, how he will ever after long for its inward power, and cry,—

“Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.”

“Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With Thy all-quickenings powers.”

This, then, dear brother, is what I feel persuaded our blessed Lord meant when He said, “The kingdom of heaven is like leaven.” It

is so in its spreading power, in its assimilating influence, in its elevating effects, and in its secret operations, both in the Church at large, in the world, and in the individual child of God. In the spread of the Church into all nations the Parable of the Leaven is like the grain of mustard seed, the tree which sends a branch into every nation under heaven, so that birds of every wing, or people of every realm, lodge in it, live in it, and find shelter in its heavenly boughs. The mustard tree parable seems to me to set forth the spreading of "the heavenly kingdom" in the nations of the earth. The leaven parable is spread in the spirit, soul, and body of the person in whom it is implanted. Dr. Ryland says,—

"This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree,
This ever-blessed *leaven*,
Diffused abroad shall be,
Till Christ, the Son, shall come again,
It must go on. Amen, Amen."

We pray that it may be so with you, in dear old England; you also, dear brother, pray that it may be so with us in this wonderful land of Anstralia.

In my next, if the Lord will, I will notice "the meal, and the woman who put the leaven to it." The Lord bless you, dear brother, and ever believe me to remain, yours affectionately in Christ,

DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor*.

Sydney, June 22nd, 1881.

P.S.—I hope no brother scribe will think me unkind in my remarks. I have applied my severity to principles and evil methods, not to persons. I do love everyone who loves the Lord of truth, but I hate every false way. If I have been too harsh in some places, forgive me. I will try and be more affectionate in my next, in all my future.—D. A.

"WHOSE VOICE WAS THIS "

A QUEEN'S COUNSEL AND AN "M.P." ON "WHAT THE CHURCH IS NOT," "WHAT THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IS," AND OF HER NEED OF THE POWERFUL PREACHING OF A LIVING CHRIST.

A VOICE was heard in Portsmouth, at the late Autumnal meeting of the Baptist Union, which more correctly answered to the prophetic promise concerning THE PREACHING of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST than any voice we have heard anywhere in these latter days. It was not the pathetic voice of Stanford, nor the strong voice of Spurgeon; it was not the mild speech of Chown, nor the simple tones of Glover, much less was it the platitudinarian feeble speeches of the officials. *No!* it was as the GREAT GOD spake to the Church by Isaiah (xli. 15), "I will make thee—

"A NEW SHARP THRESHING INSTRUMENT,

having teeth" (*mouaths* in the margin), "that shall thresh the mountains and beat them small; and shall make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall

scatter them; and thou (O Church of the living CHRIST) shalt rejoice (not in your grand architectural buildings, not in the multitude of your splendid suburban churches, nor in the soft, silvery utterances of your eloquent pastors, but ye shall) rejoice in the Lord, and shalt

“GLORY IN THE HOLY ONE OF ISRAEL.”

Whose voice was this? It was, we believe, the voice of the Lord, through the mouth of WILLIAM WILLIS, one of the Queen's Counsel, and a member of the British House of Commons. It was a scathing exposition of the terrible condition of the nations, of the people of the so-called Churches, of the clergy, and of the ignorance, more or less, of all classes. “To-day,” the powerful orator exclaimed, “to-day the world stands in need, not of churches, but of CHRIST, of CHRIST manifest in the living hearts, who is there by the regenerating power of the HOLY SPIRIT, and maintained there by His constant watchfulness and presence.” One more note he cried out: “Into what a miserable condition has the world sunk!

“WE HEAR LITTLE NOW OF CHRIST!

“He is kept in the background, while pride, and ambition, and worldliness, and science, and all manner of things engross public attention, and the GREAT RESOURCE is forgotten.”

We purpose to give the remarkable speech, with notes, next year, if the strength and providence of the Almighty will grant us such an honour. We know this eminent Queen's Counsel moves in the circles where he finds Christ is, to some extent, forgotten. We also know there are but a few good witnesses on our walls who have not forgotten, nor never will forget their own Lord Jesus Christ. HE is with them, HE is in them. OF HIM they think, with HIM they commune. OF HIM they speak, in His presence and glory they hope to be found.

Let us presently consider well what this godly barrister has said. Let us lay it to heart. Let us warn the people as this wise counsellor has done. And may the divine Comforter bless our efforts. Amen and amen, most intensely prays—

C. W. B.

THE SINNER'S NECESSITY AND THE SAVIOUR'S SUFFICIENCY.

A DISCOURSE BY PETER PARKER, OF NEWBOLD, ROCHDALE.

(Concluded from page 329.)

II.—THE SUPPLY OF CHRIST. “As many as touched Him *was made whole.*”

WHILST the chief characteristic of man is that of need, the chief characteristic of Christ is that of supply; whilst man is always requiring, Christ is always giving; whilst we are all emptiness, Christ is all fulness. It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell. In Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. His fulness is sufficient for the necessities of all believing sinners. There is every variety of blessing in Him to meet our wants who touch Him. If we are represented as sinners, Christ, we are told, came to save sinners; therefore be encouraged; if we are spoken of as “lost,” He came “to

seek those who are *lost*." If we are "sick," He is the great Physician, asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?" If we are "weary," He says, "Come into Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." If you are "thirsty," Christ says, "If any man drink of the water that I will give him, it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting." If we are hungry, He says, "I am the living bread that came down from heaven, if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever." Yea, if we are "poor," the apostle says, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." There is every variety of blessing in Him. Why, His deeds testify of this, He did not give sight to the blind, and fail to give hearing to the deaf; He gave both. To day we want oculists to look after men's eyes, and another class of physicians to look after their ears. Christ could cure both by one act of His power; whilst He cured the sick He could also make the lame to walk; He did not succeed in cleansing the leper and fail to cast out devils; He accomplished both objects. He would one day feed five thousand with the bread that perisheth, and the day following He could cure the sick wheresoever He went; in all circumstances and at all times "as many as touched Him were made whole." And when we consider the range of Christ's supplies His fulness widens in our conception. Speaking generally, the field is the world, the subjects are believers, though the Jews were bound in nationalism and looked askance upon the Samaritans, yet He went "throughout all Judea and Samaria preaching the Word." After His death He commanded the Gospel to be preached "unto every creature," and all who "believe receive grace upon grace." "His dominion extends from sea to sea, and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth." He sends His Spirit wherever the Gospel is preached to confirm His work; His range of work then testifies to His fulness, and confirms the declaration of His supply. Imagination reels when it tries to conceive the sphere in which Christ dispenses His blessings, mental powers fail to count the multitude of the supplied, for we are told "a multitude that no man can number are before His throne." Again, *greatness* is a quality of this fulness that His power is sufficient to meet. We may be asked for blessings that are beyond our power, as we are asked questions that are beyond our ken. But Christ never. He who could extract a coin from the mouth of a fish, found it no greater difficulty to command a multitude of fish to be drawn from the sea. He who could give a loaf to the poor man as he passed by, found it no greater act of power to feed five thousand with five loaves and two small fishes. He who could cure the sick of the fever proved it no greater act of omnipotence to make the grave give forth its dead. Yet, when we consider the greatness of the blessings He bestows, wonder is the expression of our souls. The fulness of Christ, like the cruse of oil belonging to the widow of Jarpehath, never diminishes; when the greatest demands are made there are still more fragments remaining than before He supplied. Mountains have been robbed of their gold, mines have been exhausted of their vast treasures, and the depths of the ocean have been relieved of their pearly gems, but the fulness of Christ is still inexhaustable. Greatness is never too great for Him, extension He can grasp, and boundlessness He can span. Dr. Guthrie has said, "It is interesting to stand on the banks of a noble river, and remember that it has been flowing for six thousand

years, watering a hundred fields in its course, and satisfying the thirst of a hundred generations long gone by; yet, still it rolls on in all its fulness, and never diminishes in all its supply." This can give us but a faint conception of the blessings which have flowed out of Him, in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and still rolls on to satisfy more. His fulness is still inexhaustable.

Mighty empires have vanished from the face of the earth, the thrones of kings have crumbled to the dust, but time never exhausts the riches of His grace. And when that time shall come, "when the heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll, and every mountain and island shall be moved out of its place," when the sun shall put on sackcloth, when the moon shall be turned into blood, and the stars shall drop like blasted figs, even then the fulness of Christ shall flow throughout the boundless ages of eternity, giving satisfaction to the ransomed throng who will ever lift up their voices to sing the praises of Him, "in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for ever more."

III.—The Medium through which we receive the blessings from Christ. They *besought* Him, if they might *touch* if it were but the hem of His garment; and as many as *touched* Him were made whole.

The blessing came to the sick through the *touch*. The touch represents faith. Faith is the gift of God. The faith which these people exercised, was the gift of Christ; they *besought* Him that they might touch His garments. Faith does not spring in man, or grow out of His intellectual ability. It is inspired in him by the Spirit of God. Hence the apostle says, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." I ought to tell you, though, that there are many great Bible scholars, who believe the *gift* in that passage refers to the *grace* and not to the *faith*, and chance you should accuse me of founding a doctrine upon a passage of doubtful interpretation, I will give you another: "Unto you it is *given* to believe on Him," that at any rate is sufficiently clear to warrant our believing that faith is the gift of God, so, as one of our hymns puts it, we believe, "it boasts of a celestial birth, and is the gift of God." Though faith does not spring in man, but is given to man, yet remember that it is *necessary* for faith to be exercised before we can receive any blessing from Christ. He might have cured these people with a word, it was not even necessary that they should come to Him in order to be healed, for He could have cured them like He did the nobleman's child in Cana of Galilee, "when He was yet a great way off; one stroke of His power, one look was sufficient to have wrought a cure in all the people who were laid in the streets; but Dr. Bonar tells us, He did not, that "He might teach them *the necessity of faith*, and that nearness to Him was infinitely more desirable. Faith is necessary in order to receive any blessing from Christ. You remember on one occasion, when Christ was going about in His ministry, a crowd of people pressed upon Him all day long, and though they were in the closest contact with Him no one received a blessing but the poor woman who, having had an issue of blood for twelve years, and having spent all her living on physicians who had failed to heal her, she secretly crept in among the crowd and touched the hem of His garment, and immediately the issue of her blood was stanchd.

When I was a little boy I used to wonder how it was they who

pressed upon Him received no virtue; but I understand it all now. They who pressed upon Him had no faith. Thus we learn faith with the *touch* will bring the blessing, when the push and the press without faith will bring none. Therefore faith is necessary before we can receive any blessing from Christ. Now we go a step further, and say, though faith is necessary, yet its exercise, when prompted by the Spirit, is simple. It requires no straining of the mind, no great exertion need be made in order to exercise faith. Some good and great people have got in a "fog" about the exercise of faith, simply because they want to account for it on some metaphysical principle. Depend upon it, when we want to account for spiritual truths on either scientific or natural data we shall end in confusion. Faith is simple in its exercise. The terms which are used to express the exercise of faith show its simplicity. He who has faith is like John *leaning* on Jesus' bosom. It is represented as the simple act of fleeing to Christ, who is our City of Refuge. It is set forth as *laying hold* on the hope set before us in the Gospel; as *looking* unto Jesus, who is the Author and Finisher of our faith; whilst it always expresses *dependence*, it also expresses simplicity, for nothing can be more simple than for the child of God to touch Him; "and as many as touched Him were made whole."

Lastly, though it is simple in its exercise, yet it is *powerful* in bringing great blessings from the *Master*. Whenever it is exercised there is always a blessing following. The whole Bible is a record of the marvels which have been wrought through faith, and you cannot find a single instance in which faith failed to bring the needed blessing. The object for which faith is exercised may be as difficult as tearing up a mountain by its roots, and casting it into the midst of the sea; and yet "faith, like a grain of mustard seed," contains the germ of the power which shall accomplish so great an end. It is faith which brings in "conviction with omnipotence, and faith which makes use of omnipotence continually;" and whilst the greatest kings have exerted all their power and genius to accomplish an ungodly purpose, they have been frustrated in their designs by the weak faith of a few simple Christians (Acts xii. 12) in prayer. Faith is powerful, for our Saviour always gives it the credence for the blessings that attend its exercise. To blind Bartimæus He said, "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole" (Mark x. 52). Of another it is said, when our Saviour "saw their faith He said, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee" (Luke v. 20). Hence we see the reason why they besought Him that they might touch but the border of His garment; and we do not wonder that as many as touched Him were made whole. Faith is powerful in bringing great blessings from the Master.

Then, brethren, whilst we feel the weakness, sinfulness, and emptiness of our own nature, let us be encouraged when we remember the fulness of Christ; and, prompted by His Spirit, we will cast ourselves at His footstool, because we know "He will make our hearts glad and will add no sorrow."

A BAPTISMAL SERVICE BY THE WATERSIDE.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR,

Pastor of the Baptized Church of Christ, Pulham-St.-Mary.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I desire to put nothing before you this morning but simple statements based on Scripture authority. Let every one here present examine what I say by the Word of God; I am not ashamed of Christ's Gospel, and so not ashamed of this ordinance. No real Baptist ought to be ashamed of his principles, because he has Christ for his authority and Representative. As we are told, Mrs. Spurgeon—the honoured mother of Mr. Charles Haddon Spurgeon—earnestly prayed that her son might become a good man, and a minister of Jesus Christ. The Lord answered her prayer; but when she found her son had become a Baptist, she did not seem to like it, and told him she never prayed for that. “Well, mother,” said he, “God granted you what you prayed for, and something more.”

You must all agree with me that it is not unscriptural to be a Baptist, because it is easily proved that the sect called Baptists, is the first of all sects mentioned in the New Testament. It is quite as easy to prove, too, that New Testament Baptists were spoken of in the Old Testament hundreds of years before they really existed as such. Examine Isaiah xl. 3: “The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord.” This was spoken 760 years before John and Christ were born. Next examine Malachi iii. 1, where the same two persons are spoken of, “Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me.” This was spoken 420 years before these were born. Now compare these two places with Matt. iii. 1: “In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa.” No unprejudiced person will attempt to contradict these glaring facts. If I read the New Testament right, John was the first Baptist, and Jesus Christ was the next. This is proved from Matt. iii. 13: “Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized by him.” *Now look at the kind of ordinance here spoken of.* We take it just as it is, as a child would take his plain A B C; and we say *immersion* is the thing set forth here, and nothing else.

I recollect when I was only a child how I used to understand Matt. iii. 13—17, whenever I read it, though I knew nothing about the different sects. The thought never struck me that *going down into the water* was the same as being *out of the water*, and that *immersing the person* was *dipping only just his head in water*, and that *baptizing Him in a river* meant *sprinkling his head and face with a few drops of water*. No, no, I had no such notions. I think anyone may see that Philip's notion of this ordinance corresponded exactly with John's and mine; for it says in Acts viii. 38, “They went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.” Mind, they *both went down into the water*. I never had the singular notion that they *only went down to the water*. Mind, again, when these two persons went down into the water, as did John and Christ, Philip, after they were got down, performed an act, and that act is called baptism—immersion, or dipping, which you please.

Now, then, when the plain Gospel Baptists go down into the water, just as John and Christ, and Philip and the eunuch did, *we act in*

accordance with the letter of God's Word; and who is he that shall presume in his heart to speak against a Scripture practice like this which we now perform? The Lord's command in Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, and Mark xvi. 16, tells us who may be baptized; and His expression can never admit of a single doubt as to what subjects should be the candidates for this ordinance. They are to be *persons, men and women* (Acts viii. 12), and *repenting and believing* ones. We follow this order of the Scriptures exactly, and who is going to blame us for that? We then find these believing ones, who were baptized because they were believing ones, *were banded together in strict communion*; which New Testament order never ought to be disputed by any New Testament reader. It says (Acts xiii. 24), "John preached the baptism of repentance to all the people of Israel." No considerate person should think that John meant infants among this *all Israel*, because this to them could answer no purpose, since we never think of such a thing as repenting infants, any more than we should think of believing infants. Surely, say some, when it speaks of *all the people of Israel, all nations, and whole households*, there must be some infants as well as adults. No doubt of that; and when objectors to our practice can show that *repenting and believing* infants are meant among the rest of the repenting and believing ones, we must read the New Testament with new eyes.

Let us now just say a word upon how this ordinance is to be performed. This rule is given us: "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Why in the name of the Father? Because the repenting and believing ones are looked upon as the *manifest* children of God; and God is their Father, seen to be such, as much as He was seen to be the Father when His Son Jesus Christ was baptized, who was grown up at the time of His baptism, and so became a proper *example for adult baptism*, but never of baby sprinkling. Again, why are we to be baptized in the Name of the Son? Because we are capable of suffering with Him in the baptism of His sufferings, as God shall please. With Him we can go down into the Jordan of death; and with Him we can rise into newness of life (Luke xii. 50; Rom. vi. 4, 5, 8, 17). But, again, why are we to be baptized in the Name of the Holy Ghost? Because to repenting and believing ones, He is a witness, as much as He was a witness to the baptism of God's Son, when He appeared in the form of a dove, at the time the voice of the Father was heard, all of which took place in a *river baptism*.

Before going down into the water, I will say one word more, and that is, ALL BAPTISTS ARE NOT ALIKE. There are *bastard Baptists*, and there are *genuine Baptists*. Are we like the first New Testament Baptist, whose name was John? He was *born of God, and filled with the Holy Ghost*. Are we? This John had a good *inside* and a good *outside*; and this is being an Israelite indeed. But what was his outside? It was something very simple, and much resembling his Lord. His dress was of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle.

My friends, let your dress be neat and clean, not observing the fashions of the world; Christians should not be fops; dressy, theatrical Christians are not the Baptists of the New Testament. Observe the New Testament Baptist's diet. It was something plain and suitable for human nature to maintain life, health, and strength. Beware of

gluttony, drunkenness, and extravagance, if you will be New Testament Baptists. Take heed to what I say, and the Lord give you understanding in all things. I greatly rejoice when I think of the heart-cheering testimonies you were all enabled to give at the Church meeting; and I pray that an extra weight may be given to all you said by a consistent walk and conversation so long as you are travellers through this vale of tears. May God grant it for Christ's sake.

ALONE WITH JESUS!

ALONE with Jesus! let me lay my head,
Like the lov'd disciple, on His breast;
For I am weary, and He bids me come
To Him for rest.

Alone with Jesus! shelter'd 'neath His
cross,
A weak and helpless sinner, I would hide;
My only hope, my only plea is this,
For me He died.

Alone with Jesus! other friends may fail,
May disappoint my hopes, and faithless
prove,
But He is evermore the same, nor can
His love remove.

Alone with Jesus! though the bitter cup
Of pain and suffering is appointed me,
It is in fellowship with Him I drink;
'Tis good for me.

Alone with Jesus! from the world with-
drawn, [way,
'Tis sweet to walk with Him life's narrow
Though clouds awhile may hide His face,
I would
His voice obey.

Alone with Jesus! and before His throne,
For grace my helpless soul would humbly
bend,
Assured He ever to the suppliant's prayer
Will condescend.

Alone with Jesus! Oh, may I "be still,
And know that He is God," on whom I
lean;
Ere long, the wisdom of His hidden paths
Will all be seen.

Alone with Jesus! e'en the darkest hour
Bears on its sombre wings a message
bright;
If He be with me, with His love illumed,
It is not night.

Alone with Jesus! let me bless His Name
For present comfort—mercies yet in
store, [praise
Till called to see His face, and sing His
For evermore.

Alone with Jesus! Saviour, even so,
When my last hour shall come, be near
to me, [me lean
When heart and flesh shall fail. O let
Only on Thee.

THE BELIEVER'S HAPPY SONG.

"ALL fulness" dwells in Jesus,
The mighty risen One;
The heavenly Father sees us
In His beloved Son.

"All fulness" dwells in Jesus,
Enthroned in glory's height;
He sheds His spirit o'er us,
We're fill'd with conscious might.

"All fulness" dwells in Jesus,
Our Priest and Prophet, King;
He comes ere long to raise us,
Now "nestling" 'neath His wing.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

MR. HENRY VARLEY'S new paper called the *Christian Commonwealth* should be named, we think, the "New Watchman," for in its earliest numbers it has so ably thrown a light upon some places, persons, and peculiar phases of the Christian community; and it has so clearly sounded out the misty and mixed state of the present theological atmosphere as to render it an acceptable organ to many. The staff of writers on the *Christian Commonwealth* are not wanting in knowledge, in discernment, or in faithfulness. They promise well; we trust they will take plenty of oil with them in their lamps that they may keep a sharp look-out, and have courage enough to expose the errors everywhere springing forth, and, by the grace of God, to aim to defend the essential truths of Divine revelation. The free-will element will be patronised. We must not look to the *Christian Commonwealth* for decided orthodox theology, but as a general inspector and literary detective it will find plenty of work, if it continues honestly to review things as they are. It is twenty-five years since we originated and issued the *Christian Cabinet*. We believe it was the first, and at that time the only penny Christian weekly journal in existence. The pioneer of the religious penny weeklies we claim to have been. We could not reach a circulation of 10,000 per week. In the editorial department no one would help us, only C. H. Spurgeon. The venerable John Foreman and other men of some influence stigmatised and ridiculed it. Other papers, on the Arminian principle, were started against us, and our pet, the *Christian Cabinet*, passed out of our hands into the hands of those who starved it. It fell into a deep decline, it died, and was quietly laid to rest. Now hundreds of thousands of so-called Christian penny papers are printed and published in London every week, whose proprietors are realising rich fortunes from their immense sales. We envy them not. If, in the many efforts we have made to promote the progress of Christ's Gospel, we have erred, we humbly pray that we may find mercy of HIM in the great day.

Pulpit Fading.—No. 1. "We all do fade as a leaf." What mysterious memories! what miserable experiences! what unmerciful denunciations of deacons! what delusions in the minds of pomp, pride, and the pluralists! what lessons we may learn here? Presently "the spirit of the age" says, "Lower the pulpit; cut short the sermon; less prayer;

softer and shorter preaching; more singing; plenty of concerts; organs and music." With all this there is a complaint that people will not fill up the places of worship. The causes and the remedy cannot be quoted this month.

"The New Version." We have received copies of that well-conducted paper, the *Witness*, published in Sydney, South Australia, wherein we see the letters of Pastor Daniel Allen, and the announcement of his new volume on the new revision of the New Testament. We have also a manuscript epistle from the said laborious minister of the Strict Baptist Church in Sydney, wherein he urges us to follow his example in cutting this new revision into shreds. Our brother Daniel has sharpened his critical sword up to a fine edge, and on the right hand and on the left, back and front, in lectures, letters, and books, he has done his utmost to slay the poor child, and to bury it out of sight. We never entered the army; we have no skill for fighting. Cutting criticisms abound on every hand. Every scribe, and nearly all the bishops, deans, deacons, presbyters, and parsons have made stock-in-trade out of the new revision. But to us the poor thing has never been worth much consideration. We felt it to be a very light commodity. It may please little minds; but those who know, who love, who have been blest a thousand times by the "Authorised Version," will not be alarmed by the circulation of this novelty.

Harmony of the Old and New Covenants, the Proof of their Divine Inspiration. By "Presbuteros." London: Frederick Norgate, 7, King-street, Covent-garden, 1881. 5s. An octavo volume of thoughts, arguments, and conclusions drawn from the writer's views of the meaning of the sacred Scriptures. The Romanists will not patronise this book; nor will some of the Stated and salaried pastors of Christian Churches be very much delighted with it. Here is one sharp razor-stroke: "The Scripture abounds with warnings against such soul-destroying folly as that of a blind obedience to ministers in matters of religion." We have had a gloomy fear for many years that thousands just assent to their ministers' statements, and, right or wrong, there they rest. To them it could not be said, "Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and a more enduring substance." "CHRIST IN YOU" can be the only safe "Hope of glory!" We reserve further notes, having neither room nor time for more.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE VISIBLE AND VICTORIOUS CHRISTIAN.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

A SCRIPTURE EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE, DEATH, AND FUNERAL DISCOURSE OF MR. JAMES GREENHOUGH, ONCE OF MANCHESTER.

[Mr. John Hudson, a relative of the deceased, has kindly forwarded to us the following true report of a good and godly man, who, for many years, was well known to many of the Lord's servants. We can witness to the truth of the following.—C. W. B.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You will remember my cousin, Mr. James Greenhough, of Longsight, near Manchester. He was the son of the late Mr. George Greenhough, whose life you printed in a pamphlet some years ago; he was one of the four-square worthies—Wm. Gadsby, Geo. Greenhough, J. Kershaw, and John Warburton.

MR. JAMES GREENHOUGH died at his residence, Longsight, October 31, 1881, in his 78th year, after a long illness, which he bore with remarkable Christian fortitude.

The funeral took place on Saturday, Nov. 5. The friends met at the Baptist chapel, Higher Temple-street, Manchester. The coffin was placed on the table before the pulpit. Friends covered it with wreaths. Mr. S. A. Smith read the Scriptures, and gave a solemn address. He was much affected. The coffin was replaced in the hearse, and the friends went to Rusholme-road cemetery, where the corpse was interred in the family grave. Mr. F. H. Smith officiated at the grave. The friends sang a hymn. His daughter Lydia was deeply affected; she threw her flowers, with tears, into the grave upon the coffin. She had been his kind, constant, and attentive nurse during all his sickness. My prayers had been unceasing for her and her father, and family, during his long affliction.

On returning to the house, the favourite hymn of Mr. James Greenhough was sung,—

"Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear."

Thus ended the long earthly career of this good and useful man—he who was a member of the Church in Oldham-street, under the pastorate of the late John Corbett, and a member and deacon of Higher Temple for many years, and highly esteemed for his exemplary Christian character and conduct.

Sunday evening, November 6, Mr. S. A. Smith preached his funeral sermon, from the words, "And they glorified God in me." Our pastor, S. A. Smith, said:—

We do not glorify the man, but God in the man for making him by His grace an instrument of doing so much good, being an earnest believer in Christ, and as a preacher of the Gospel. Preaching "Christ and His cross" is gone out of fashion in these days; not the cross of wood, but He that suffered on it. There is no way to heaven but by the blood of JESUS; the redeemed are made white by the blood of the Lamb. They glorified God in the man as a pattern. Our pastor further

said, The moment I heard of my friend's decease, the words of the text came to my mind, and they are very suitable. Our departed friend is now set down in a better state, so we sing,—

"As sure as the earnest is given,
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

Blessed are they who are called there! We may glorify God in our departed brother as having been a sincere believer in Jesus; also as a preacher. In what sense? In his singular life of consistency—"by their fruits ye know them." Though he had never opened his mouth in the pulpit, he had preached in the chapel by his conduct; he was a preacher of no mean order; he confessed himself to be a debtor to the grace of God. We may glorify God in him by that character John Newton once spoke of, "I am not what I was, nor what I shall be; but what I am I am by the grace of God." My departed friend had his crosses. He once told me he had lost a fortune in lending people money, never expecting nor receiving it back again. I never once saw him lose his patience in all his tribulations. As a worshipper here, I shall never forget his consistency, and by his constancy in attendance morning and evening. I shall never forget his white head, and his hymn-book going up and down, joining in the singing. He was constant at the prayer meetings, even to the last; when he was not able to walk he would come in a cab, and would try to sing when he was not able to stand. I kindly requested him to sit down, which he did, yet joined in the service with pleasure.

The late James Greenhough has been a member of this Church seventeen years; he had been among us a regular worshipper eight years previous to joining us, in April, 1864. His wife was taken away from us to heaven the same year. He was a generous and liberal member; he was hospitable and kind; he was gentle and peaceful. If anything unpleasant was said, he would remark, "Well, let us do right whatever others do." He was strict in morals, in faith, and in ordinances.

On a certain occasion, when it rained, and a few drops came on the seat near him, he moved aside a little, and some person said to him, "Mr. Greenhough, I thought you was an advocate for *much water*." "Yes," he replied, "but not for sprinkling."

We may glorify God in him as a deacon of this Church. During our acquaintance in

his official character, we were always united ; no jarring note ever took place. We did everything by mutual consent. It is the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to-night ; if he could be here how he would enjoy it. He is now gone where he will hear the welcome, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

We may glorify God in him in his character of a father. He will ever be engraven on the memory of his children, particularly one, who had the charge of attending to him during his illness—his daughter Lydia.

We may glorify God in him as a friend ; but here I feel words do fail. I have lost a friend. How often has he cheered me with his kind words and actions. If he found a book that he thought would benefit me, he would purchase it, and write my name in it, and send it to me.

Here our pastor was much affected, and concluded with, "May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like His." Truly, "the memory of the just is blessed."

JOHN HUDSON.

31, Queen-street, Ardwick,
Manchester, Nov. 7, 1881.

P.S.—Mr. Greenhough was a friend of, and loved, James Wells, late of London, now in glory. Honour to his memory. When he came to Manchester, he entertained him at his house as a minister of Jesus. Oh, what will not the grace of God do? What a calumny to call God's elect Antinomians ; but "the foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His."—J. H.

THE SAVIOUR'S SERVANTS ENCOURAGED.

THE OLD BAPTIST CHAPELIN CUMBER-
LAND. — THE ITINERANT PREACHER
BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE, &c.

The dispensation of the Gospel is one of the greatest blessings that can be vouchsafed to any country. Divine Providence alone ordering and appointing that it shall be preached here and there as He pleases. The preaching of "CHRIST CRUCIFIED" calls for the whole powers of the soul ; the counsel given to those employed is to buy of Him gold, white raiment, and eye-salve ; attention to this demonstrates that they have learned to maintain orthodoxy of sentiment and vivid attention to the Word of God. Such are called pastors, men after God's own heart ; but in what school have the majority been trained? Are not our pastors recruited from the ranks of itinerants? We confess to a jealous fear for some, who are captivated by gifts, and oratory, sometimes attendant on a stated pastorate, to the neglect of such who, having borne the brunt in clearing the ground, have thus prepared the soil. They who know the virulence of man's natural enmity are aware that, as with those who after the Pentecost went forth preaching Christ, there is no class of men against whom Satanic power is more fiercely directed than those who, "scattered abroad," go everywhere preaching the Word,

exposed to contempt, to danger, privation, and suffering, added to which the spirit of godly meditation and religious fervour are, at times, jostled out by the concerns of business and home ; yet, supported by the power of the Holy Spirit, they abide, the reward beyond the grave proposed as the grand motive of perseverance.

BRIGHT SCENE AT WALTHAMSTOW.

If ever we were made glad, and our spirit refreshed at a public meeting, it was on the evening of October 25, at the Baptist Chapel, Maynard-road, Walthamstow. From the commencement of the cause the pulpit has been supplied by brethren connected with the "Itinerant Ministers' Association." From that body a pastor has been chosen, the Church, therefore, invited the past supplies to a hountiful and nicely served up tea, to acknowledge and express gratitude for services rendered, and benefits received by their ministry. We know not in whose breast the happy thought thus to signalise the servants of the Most High God was generated, but the Word assures us, that whereas the names and memories of such whom Greece and Rome sought to immortalise in bronze and marble will perish, they who honour their Master in and through His servants, will be had in everlasting remembrance.

Some of the brethren rest from their labours, others have removed to distant spheres of labour, among whom are some honoured and useful pastors, nevertheless, there was a goodly array of hard-working preachers. The happiness felt, and expressed by them at this somewhat novel meeting will not soon be forgotten. If, inadvertently, there be any brother overlooked, and uninvited, the pastor and the deacons hereby express regret, assuring him he still lives in their love and affection.

Mr. Copeland, pastor, occupied the chair, the invited guests, ranged on each side, were affectionately welcomed, a hymn was sung, and a Psalm was read. Deacon Pledger implored the Divine blessing. No subject was announced, the ranging brethren spoke freely of the Gospel, and with humility, gave expression to thoughtful and well digested ideas, all culminating in a fixed resolve, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to continue preaching the everlasting Gospel. As our attention was awakened by their pithy remarks, we could not forbear silently asking, How comes it to pass that in these days the starry heavens, the deep things of the earth, and the almost unfathomable beds of the ocean, are exciting so much attention, while men who are employed in a work infinitely higher, and of far more importance, are passed by comparatively unknown and uncared for? Salvation in Jesus for lost sinners! Who, we again ask, endures the greatest hardships in proclaiming it? How came our cities, towns, villages, hamlets, aye, and hill tops, to be studded with houses built for the service of God? With strange power was this question pressed upon us, as, in the Autumn, wandering among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, some of them

exceeding 3,000 feet in height, we passed a consecrated house with cottage exterior, bearing a tablet on its front, "Baptist Chapel, 1875." How came that hill-side to be a Bethel, a house of God? Did some Gospel-loving itinerant, hunted by the cruel myrmidons of the infamous Charles II. resort thither, and, surrounded by wild and rugged scenery, preach to a few lovers of Jesus? There the small chapel has stood, as did the ruins of Jericho, for ages, as a memento of what God in troublous times did for His people. Oh! how we yearned to glean a few particulars concerning it, but the shades of evening reminded us that the time was near for the last passage boat to cross the lake.

ITINERANCY! it is as an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains. An old friend, residing in Kent, has told us that when about ten years of age, his father took him to mind the horse of an itinerant, who by the way-side, for the first time, was about to unfurl the banner of the cross in a dark and benighted village in that country. While so employed a constable drew near, and took the preacher and his friends before a magistrate. Our friend says he shall ever remember the joy of the party as along the road they sang the praises of God. Perhaps some slight informality on the part of the constable caused the magistrate to dismiss the case. It was afterwards ascertained the clergyman had ordered the arrest. In that village there is now a very commodious Baptist chapel, with a pastor's residence.

A few weeks since we had the pleasure of hearing one of the early Walthamstow supplies (who is now the pastor of a Church at the cathedral city of Norwich) preach in that same chapel.

We once knew two sturdy itinerants; one studied out his sermons under the hedges, the other while basket-making in a cellar; both became pastors of Churches.

In the village in which we reside there is an annual gathering of London city missionaries for communion and interchange of thought. This affords an opportunity for their more wealthy brethren to sympathise with, and encourage them in renewed efforts for the extension of the Gospel among the poor, but the Baptist itinerants who preach the same Gospel, from the same pulpits, to the same people, their names are familiar, reading of each other in the pages of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, but hitherto strangers, not having seen or spoken to each other until the evening of the meeting.

The Walthamstow Church is but a little sister. If she has done well, will not other Churches go and do likewise?

There is an evil which we have seen under the sun, it is too common among the Baptists. Is there affliction in the household? It might be fever, or any other contagion, the pastor is expected to betake himself to the sick chamber, inhale the pestiferous atmosphere, console and pray with the sufferer. To refuse subjects him to the charge of unkindness. Is it bereavement? The storm might be pitiless; the cemetery bleak and cold; he must be there. Yes, in all the sor-

rows of his flock he must sympathise. But reverse the scene. Is there joy and happy congratulations? Is a marriage on the tapis? The pastor is discarded; the bridal party hie away to the Church to be united by a clergyman, who (apart from the fee) cares not a pinch of snuff for them; but, there is a little gleam of light in the horizon; two marriages have been recently solemnised by itinerant preachers. Why not? If qualified for the greater, surely they can fulfil the lesser. If our fathers, who so stoutly fought and laid not down their cudgels until Nonconformist chapels were thrown open for marriages, could see the inconsistent doings of some of the so-called Baptists of these days, they would disown, and be thoroughly ashamed of their sons and their daughters.

Leyton.

R. HUTCHINGS.

SPELDHURST-ROAD SYMPATHETIC SOCIETY.

Tuesday, October 25, 1881, was sixth anniversary of this Society, which has for its object the presentation of warm and useful garments to the needy; also giving sums of money, performing benevolent acts, irrespective of creed, or of no creed, as far as its means allow. Like Tabitha, the ladies of this Christian institution, unitedly, cheerfully, and with one heart, join in this labour of love. Words cannot express with what joy each one manifests for the furtherance of the end they have in view. What they do is done as a privilege, with a sincere desire to cheer the heart of the widow, the orphan, and afford comfort to "the little stranger." Faith and works go hand-in-hand, relying entirely upon the Lord to dispose the hearts of those who care to supply the needful; always thankful for any voluntary aid, however small, giving all the glory to Him "who went about DOING GOOD." Mr. Robert Bardens, of Hayes, preached the sermon in the afternoon, in which he displayed no small amount of his wonted energy, zeal, and naive eloquence. Tea was served up in a cheerful manner to a pleasant company. In the evening public meeting was held, C. W. Banks presiding. After singing, reading, and prayer, Mr. Charles Masterson, of Little Alie-street, was elected by the ladies to read the report. Mr. James Griffith, in a consoling speech, moved the adoption of the report, which was seconded by Mr. Young, of Stepney. Mr. C. Masterson proposed the officers and committee for the ensuing year; Mr. Masterson certainly gave a masterly address; his geological remarks were listened to with marked attention; from the bowels of the earth he soared aloft to the ethereal vaults, and took his audience with him. Mr. J. E. Elsey gave the committee (to whom he has always proved a friend) a few cheerful remarks. Mr. Temple and Mr. Thomas Austin, by their presence and speaking added to the one, united, general good feeling of the meeting, which one and all, ministers and people, seemed to enjoy.

NEMO.

AN ANSWER TO MANY, AND THE
WORK OF THOUSANDS.

[The inflow of congratulatory letters has made us weep tears of grateful joy. We cannot answer all, but the following note to our excellent brother Robert will shew something of our position and hopeful future.—C. W. B.]

To my honest and venerable brother, Mr. R. Y. Banks, the long and well-beloved pastor of Egerton Forstall Church, in Kent.

DEEPLY-AFFECTIONATE ROBERT,—Your beautiful letter to me calls forth a desire to send a note to you, merely to assure you of three little things. First. I am still alive in the body and in the soul; still enabled to work full seven days in the week, and to rest quietly in the night. Secondly. To tell you I am rather retiring from so much outside work as I have been favoured to carry on for about fifty years in preaching and speaking for every one who called me to travel and talk something every day; and I am now unpacking bundles of letters and papers which have accumulated in immense proportions during the last forty years, wherein I have sought to circulate a little truth in the pages of "The Silent Preacher," "The Anti-Popish Reviewer," "The Gospel Atlas," "The Christian Cabinet," "The Evangelical Pulpit," "The Gospel Times," "The Gospel Guide," THE EARTHEN VESSEL, "Cheering Words," and several other issues. It is nearly sixty years since I commenced the monthly issue of "The Weald of Kent Mirror," then "The Rye Gazette." After that I printed "The Penny Sunday Reader," for Dr. Molesworth, which was the first Church of England penny weekly that ever had been issued, of which we printed hundreds of thousands. Then, as sub-editor and reader of "Kentish Observer," the "Canterbury Journal," "Canterbury Magazine," "Kentish Times," &c., under the guidance of that first-class, powerful writer, William Mudford, Esq., I had a sharp, a long, a laborious, a useful schooling, and became so thoroughly ingrained with reading and writing propensities, that I never know how to leave off. Some of our eloquent pastors are dreadfully fatigued with dressing up and delivering a sermon or two, that they are ready to faint. As the people pay them so well for appearing so grand, I suppose they have much value in little compass; while small creatures like myself must work almost night and day for over sixty years, and after all be set down for a poor ignoramus.

In my dreams in the night, and in my visions in the day, I am (as I fancy) gathering up loads of writings and papers from ministers, &c., some of whom have long since left me behind; and I say to myself, "All these shall yet be published, and the present and future generations shall see that in our connection we have had both private Christians and public ministers who had the life of God in their souls, the love of Christ in their hearts,

The truth of God's new covenant

in their minds, and whose strength and zeal were devoted to the glory of Christ, and to the good of His redeemed family. Yes, my brother, with all the failings and deficiencies of our section, we have had men of God's own making, of Christ's own sending, of the Spirit's qualifying, who were honoured and used in their day and generation.

Also, as I seldom ever travelled without taking manuscript note-books in my pocket, wherein, as I travelled many long journeys from North and South Wales; from the borders of the Irish coast; from Northumberland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and all the other counties, I occupied myself in making notes of the different scenes, the various ministers and friends I met with, the different texts of Scripture into which my little mind was favoured to enter; as I have, during the last half century (and even before that period) commenced to note down the solemn, the sacred, and the saving work of God in my soul, and my constant work in the ministry, I am inclined to issue the records of ministers, the history of their times, and some of the heaps of letters and papers now piled up in all directions.

If the Providence of God enable me to gather up one thousand shillings, and if life and strength be continued, I will then commence the issue of the aforesaid "overflow" in cheap sections, ultimately forming one good octavo volume, as an appendix to the many volumes of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, already issued.

Beloved Robert, in the third place, and in answer to many, allow me to assert that as regards our Church in Speldhurst-road, I have earnestly prayed the Lord to grant me the merciful privilege of gathering in a little harvest of souls to His own glorious self before I depart hence and be no more seen.

Recently I have baptized seven believers, who have confessed before the Church their faith and hope of salvation through the great High Priest of our profession; and the last baptizing service was a season so precious, I wish to send you a few words when permitted.

Our God in mercy, help you and myself, with old John Welsh, to say, "I know that Christ Jesus hath prepared room for me. Why may I not, then, with boldness in His blood, step into that glory into which my Head and Lord hath gone before me? The greater sinner I have been, the greater glory will be Thy grace to me, unto all eternity." Such is the ever prevalent, soul-ascending desire of your brother, in every sense,

CHAS. WATERS BANKS.

EDGWARE ROAD.—First anniversary of Sunday-school in connection with Shouldham-street was commemorated on Sunday, November 13, 1881, when our pastor, Mr. Carpenter, preached suitable, instructing, and truthful sermons, of which we hope to give outlines next month. The school is prospering in every department. — S. COOPER.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. JOHN INWARD.

For many years in London, and in different parts of the country, the late pastor of Homerton-row has been esteemed as a faithful and useful minister of the Gospel. We understand that during the time Mr. Lodge and Mr. Inward were the pastors of Homerton-row, between forty and fifty believers were baptized and added unto that Church, which proves their services there must have been honoured of the Lord. Rather suddenly Mr. John Inward fell asleep, on November 3, 1881, in his fifty-fifth year. His remains were carried to the East London Cemetery (a large and quiet place of rest) on Friday, Nov. 11, 1881, when a numerous company of friends assembled to witness the last painful offices connected with the departure of a brother beloved, who, during a long season of increasing breaking down, would often in himself sigh out—

"Oh, give me a message of quiet,
I ask in my morning prayer;
For the turbulent trouble within me
Is more than my heart can bear.
Around there is strife and discord
And the storms that do not cease,
And the whirl of the world is on me,—
Thou only canst give me peace."

Poor soul! He found the quiet peace of resignation long before he quitted this land, and in his brighter home above, he finds that "*Peace which passeth all understanding.*" The conducting of the funeral service was divided between C. W. Banks and W. Lodge. In the chapel of the East London Cemetery (which is one of the most spacious and comfortable we ever saw) prayer was offered by C. W. Banks, who also gave a short address from the words of Paul (2 Cor. v. 1), &c., "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have—

"A building of God!"

"A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS,
ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS."

The prophetic promise in Haggai had come into the speaker's heart as applicable (in a sense) to the present case, where it is written, "The glory of the latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord." Brother Inward has been in his country house, now he is gone to his higher, his holier, his happier, his more permanent house. He had been with us commoners, now he was taken into the house of peers; but Haggai's word, as inspired and declared by the Lord, implied that there was a glory in both houses, only the glory of the lower house was not so great as the glory of the higher house. The Gospel, when preached in the power of the Holy Ghost, was called—

**"THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE LORD'S
GLORY."**

What is in that undefinable word "GLORY"? Once, when silently meditating upon the word "GLORY," some whisper said to me, "It is the shining forth of something beautiful and brilliant, the end of which no man can ever reach either in time or in eternity." In the house which the friends have brought

to-day, to lay and to leave in the silent grave, there was a three-fold glory: the glory of saving grace, the glory of the Gospel of Christ, and the glory of the ministry. There was the shining forth of the beauty of God's *saving grace*. Grace is the same in its quality and benefits in all genuine Christians, not the same in degree, but the same in quality. The *medium* through which grace shines often affects it. Grace shines in some with a pure refinement, almost like unto the lily. Grace shines in others more like unto the oak. The man is exceedingly bold, powerful, and lion-like. Grace, in our brother Inward, shone forth with a quiet, a careful, a meditative, at times, with a rather hesitating flame. Ezekiel calls it "a fire infolding itself," a shooting forth and a catching in again. In that house, which we come to commit to the grave, there was the glory of the Gospel. Some profess *Christ*, but they have not "the *truth* as it is in *Jesus*." John Inward had the truth in Christ, he had the true Christ, and Christ in the truth, as revealed by the eternal God. I once heard him speak at Earl's Barton, near Wellingborough, on the new birth, which astonished me. He stepped down into that deep mystery so profoundly, so carefully, descending lower and lower, until I felt quite assured there was more in that man than I had ever imagined. I asked him to write it out, he did so, but I have never yet published it. Now he is gone I am sure his intelligent friends would read it with soul comfort.

The shining forth, or the brightness of the Lord's glory, is an element, a supernatural power which no man, no machinery, no training or schooling can ever make. Nature may give a man such mental springs, such a sea-like soul, that he swallows down knowledge wonderfully, and with such oratorical powers, that he may be easily fitted for the bar, for the stage, for the auction mart, or for the pulpit, but unless the fountain of life, the fulness of Christ is in his new man, he can never shine forth in the brightness of the Lord's glory. Where a minister is anointed by the Holy Ghost, and is favoured to be the medium through which the brightness of the Lord's glory shineth, he will both painfully and pleasantly know it. Painfully will he know it, because he will be made to feel he cannot create it or command it, or go forth with it, and his preaching without it will be a misery to his own soul, and often only a dry brenst to his hearers; but when the brightness of the Lord's glory shines in his own soul, it will be a flame of godly heat, it will be a revealer of new beauties in the glorious covenant Head, and as it shines forth freely within the minister so it will go forth freely through and from him, and many souls will be caught up in the beautiful, glory-revealing flame, and they will know they are blest indeed.

Deep sympathy was expressed for the widow, Mrs. Inward, who is left without any provision. She has seven children; some may help her a little. At the grave, W. Lodge gave short address; J. W. Banks read a hymn, which was sung with keen and

weeping feelings. Mr. Hitchcock closed the service with prayer, and we left, to see no more on earth the outer part of the esteemed John Inward. Several friends from Homer-ton-row and other Churches were present. The brethren James Griffith, E. Langford, F. C. Holden, and other ministers were with us.

SYDENHAM, OXON. — Mr. Colsell, of Coventry, writes as follows to correct some errors in our report of the cause at Sydenham, which Mr. Lloyd has inadvertently fallen into:—I am almost the only person living who knows all the facts of the case. I was for sixteen years intimately acquainted with the late Mr. Allnutt, and heard him relate the circumstances many times. First, it is not a fact that the cause was begun by the people at Chinnor; they (being Independents) were opposed to having a Baptist cause so near them. The first link in the chain was a resolution which was passed at a meeting of the Thame Sunday-school Union, whose attention having been called to the heathenish state of the Sydenham village, resolved to set up a Sunday-school, and Mr. Allnutt (who then occupied a farm at Emmington) attended it from the first. This was about 1820. This school was opened in a place known as the Malt-house, and here, from time to time, various ministers preached; among them was Peter Tyler, of Haddenham; Mr. Terry, of Risborough, and others, including Mr. Allnutt. In the next place, Mr. Allnutt did not leave the people at Chinnor to join this people. He had already left them in consequence of having become a Baptist. He was never a member at Chinnor. In 1825 (as stated by Mr. Lloyd) the chapel was opened, on December 21, the preachers being John Stevens and James Castleden. On the Easter Monday of 1826 the Church was formed; Mr. Terry, of Risborough, and Mr. Paice, of High Wycombe, conducting the service. An incident in connection with this matter deserves a passing notice. The friends who formed the cause were members at Haddenham, which was of Fullerite sentiments, but God had led our friends in a different way, and in consequence, when they requested their dismissal in order to be formed into a Church, the Haddenham people refused to grant it, in consequence of their holding eternal justification, and not holding Fuller's unscriptural sentiment of duty faith. Our friends were then compelled to withdraw. Some months afterwards, when all was over, the pastor induced his people to exclude them from Haddenham Church for holding false doctrine; they would willingly have retained them, if nothing had happened. I thought it right that these facts should be known. My desires are that the Lord will abundantly bless the labours of Mr. Lloyd in the new chapel, and that he may prove a worthy successor of my late very dear and highly esteemed friend Allnutt.—**THOMAS COLSELL**, Coventry, Nov. 2, 1881.

NOTTING HILL GATE.—BETHESDA. Second anniversary of pastorate of Mr. Henry Brown was celebrated October 25. Mr. James Clarke preached instructive sermon. In the course of the sermon the preacher showed the estimate which God forms of His people; the dignity He puts upon them, and the affection with which He regards them. Tea was provided. In evening Mr. Kennard, of Croydon, presided, and made suitable remarks on the unity of the Churches. Mr. Dawson spoke on "What think ye of Christ?" Mr. Shepherd, in a calm and able manner, discoursed on the bliss of heaven, and opened up three important points: Who are going to heaven? How may we know it? What is the heaven we are going to? W. Winters followed with some remarks on the pre-eminence of the saints in heaven, resulting from the resurrection of Christ. Mr. J. Clarke spoke of the many difficulties attending the saints on their way to glory. Mr. Osmond was on the book of remembrance. The pastor gave a pleasing account of the blessing attending his ministry during the past two years. Mr. W. Piggott who has just come out from the General Baptist body for truth and conscience sake (whom we heartily welcome in our midst), gave a stirring speech. It is pleasing to meet with a brother who is willing to preach the Gospel at the risk of being persecuted. We hope our Churches will encourage Mr. Piggott while he is honest in his Master's cause. Mr. Brown's chapel presents a very different appearance to what it did a few years ago. The renovation of the interior reflects great credit upon the pastor and the deacons. Twenty-eight members have been added during Mr. Brown's ministry; and three more were added on the first Sabbath in November, making thirty-one in all. This is very encouraging. There is a mortgage debt, however, of £800 on the chapel. We hope some legitimate means will be adopted to rid the Church of this heavy burden.—**W. WINTERS**.

BROADSTAIRS.—The harvest thanksgiving services of Providence Baptist chapel were cheerful. The sermon by Mr. C. W. Banks. The public tea, and the evening meeting, with exhortations by Messrs. J. B. Wise, A. F. Bennett, C. Deniss, C. W. Banks, and pastor J. W. Carter, were all useful to the cause. Mr. Mensforth furnished some fruit, which he tastefully arranged on the tables. It was a pretty sight.

BRABOURNE, KENT. — Mr. John Cooper was recognised as pastor of Baptist Church here on October 24, when Mr. Robert Young Banks, of Egerton Forshall, delivered a careful and solemn charge to the pastor elect. Mr. Roberts, of Ashford, gave wise counsel to the Church. Other ministers assisted in this sacred settlement of one whom, we hope, will be found God's messenger to their souls.

SHEFFIELD.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—It is years since I wrote to you respecting our cause at Barnsley, which is under the ministry of two dear servants of God, Joseph Taylor and J. Elam, of Sheffield, who also supply the Church of Christ at Masboro'. I wish to notice a letter in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, written by Joseph Winfield, who also preaches at Masboro'. There are many who know and love our brothers Taylor and Elam for their work's sake, and know they do not hold the doctrine of man's free-will, but the doctrine of God's free and sovereign grace; salvation by Christ alone, a salvation purposed by *God the Father*, wrought out by *God the Son*, and manifested in the heart of a poor sinner by *God the Holy Ghost*. This is a blessed doctrine to preach, and the only one that will suit a poor, lost, helpless sinner. Oh, to see ourselves as God sees us! That will bring us with weeping to His feet, crying, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Your correspondent says some of our supplies hold the doctrine of Sankey and Moody. None of us do. We have no Gospel but **CHRIST CRUCIFIED**. We want no other doctrine than that. If your correspondent is blessed with ten talents, he has nothing but what he has received, and ought not to write so as to hurt the feelings, and mar the happiness of his brethren who may not be blessed with so many talents as himself. Brother J. Taylor has been twice into Suffolk, and he preached five sermons there to Churches belonging to the Suffolk and Norfolk Baptist Association; he preached one sermon for Mr. Charles Hill, in his chapel at Stoke-Ash. I heard it, and I believe many others heard it, with sacred pleasure; and I think all that know anything about Charles Hill, know that there is no free-will in Stoke-Ash. Last Sunday we had an old friend, a member of Mr. Hill's Church at Stoke-Ash, over at Barnsley with us, one Henry Hubbard; he heard brother Joseph Taylor preach three sermons; the presence of the Master was with us. Our friend Hubbard told me he enjoyed the services very much; he said he should never forget them, nor yet Mr. Taylor. The Lord be praised; let us hope and pray that He, who made peace by the blood of His cross, will interpose, and cause unity, peace, and concord to dwell amongst us, and in all the Churches of His grace. May brother Taylor and brother Elam still find their hearts towards Him, who is the sovereign disposer of all events, who has said, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." May we realise that love of which the poet speaks:—

"How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His Word!

When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's fallings hide,
And show a brother's love!"

Yours in Christian love,

R. BARHAM.

[We have known those good men, Jos. Taylor and J. Elam, for years. They are decided and determined defenders of the one God-given faith. We truly, before God, believe they have taken oil in their vessel with their lamp, and when the Bridegroom cometh, they will neither be found in the dark, nor be left outside. The very few in Sheffield, Masborough, and Barnsley should *strive together* to promote the truth practically, then we believe there would be a growing Church in the midst of the tens of thousands who reside in those immense towns. Brethren! for Christ's sake, be united in truth and love.—C. W. B.]

YEOVIL.—**MR. VARDER'S ANNIVERSARY.** The tabernacle has undergone complete renovation and improvement; it is a very neat, convenient, and comfortable place of worship. The eleventh anniversary of Mr. Varder's pastorate was Tuesday, October 25, 1881. Two sermons were preached by Mr. Parnell to large and attentive congregations in the Town-hall. A refreshing tea was partaken of by 250 persons. The proceeds of collections for the pastor (after all expenses were paid) amounted to £15 10s., the largest sum ever realised at any former anniversary. Zion's sovereign Lord has given Mr. Varder favour in the eyes of His truth-loving people, not only in the town of Yeovil, but in its vicinity. We had friends, both ministers and people, from many miles distant; Sherbourne, Langport, Castle Carey, &c. After the conclusion of evening sermon Mr. Varder tendered his best thanks to all present for the honour conferred upon him, most of all his gratitude to the Father of all mercies. Some affectionate and encouraging remarks by another ministering brother were given. With prayer was closed a very happy, and we trust God-glorifying meeting.—W. SHEPHERD, pastor of the flock at South Chard.

CITY-ROAD.—Special services were held in "Jireh," East-road, Sunday, 6th, and Tuesday, 8th November. F. Green and F. Holden preached on Sunday; John Hazelton on Tuesday; his text, "Rejoice in hope of the glory of God." At public meeting, H. Hall, of Clapham, presided, gave address on, "She hath done what she could," enjoining the people universally to imitate the woman of whom our Saviour spoke these words. Mr. Linsell, the laborious deacon at Jireh, in a neat and appropriate speech, referred to their present state, and said they required £12 7s. 6d. that night. Messrs. Anderson and Styles hoped the people would give what was required. J. L. Meeres delivered a soul-cheering and spiritual address on "Kindred in Christ." His sweet and savoury utterance of Gospel truths went right home to the hearts of the people. Messrs. Benzley, Holden and Osmond, gave words of consolation. The collection, with the noble aid Mr. Henry Hall afforded, set our brother Linsell again free of the financial burden. Mr. George Webb, of Maidstone, closed with prayer.

LIMEHOUSE.—COVERDALE ROOMS. November 1, F. C. Holden's anniversary was celebrated. Three pleasant years of Gospel-work has been spent by our brother in connection with the Church meeting in this truly apostolic place. Mr. Kemp opened the meeting of the evening with a soul-stirring hymn; G. J. Baldwin led us in right earnest to the throne of grace in prayer; Mr. Holden, in his opening address, gave an epitome of his happy career during the past four years that he has been associated with the people at the "Rooms." During the past year ten have been added to the Church; four more are waiting for admission. The Church, deacons, and pastor are all happy together. God has given to their number lately several good praying brethren. The Church and friends anticipate building a new chapel as soon as a suitable site can be procured; and what is better still, they have between six and seven hundred pounds in the bank. Friends have been very kind to Mr. Holden in paying his expenses to Scotland for a Summer holiday. Charles Cornwell was instructive on the silence in heaven. James Griffith on the gracious dealings of the Lord, as narrated in the life of Jacob. Mr. Ridley, formerly of Suffolk, now of Willesden, opened up the beautiful subject of Gospel unity. Mr. Ridley spoke of the barren state of Willesden, there being no cause of truth there. Can anything be done to establish a cause at once? Brother Copeland made kind and helpful remarks on the goodness of God, and just before the concluding hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

a short speech on the coronation and triumph of Christ was given by W. Winters.

MY VISIT TO LEICESTER.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—On the 7th inst. I found myself once more in the ancient historical town of Leicester. On the evening of the 8th wended my way to Newark-street, where I had the pleasure of hearing our highly esteemed brother William Webb; he had before him a goodly congregation, amongst whom was the Rev. Mr. Rolleston, the vicar of Scrapsoft, and about five or six others belonging to "the cloth." After listening to a well thought out and warm-hearted discourse from P-salm lxxxiv. 9, we had the pleasure of greeting each other, and of being introduced to several of his newly acquired friends. I was much pleased to hear of the growing success of the ministry there, five persons having been proposed for fellowship the previous evening. The next morning we walked together to the cemetery, where our late friend Mr. Garrard is interred; the monument to his memory is peculiar in itself, not another like it anywhere, I think—a rough stone, as hewed out of the quarry—it indicates the man, who wrote many lines on the valiant men of Israel.

Yours in the truth,

C. GORDELIER.

November 17, 1881.

LOWESTOFT.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—The Gospel of the free and sovereign grace of God is preached in Toning-street Baptist chapel, where the faith and order of a New Testament Church is still upheld. Sunday, October 23, the twenty-first anniversary was held. Sermons morning and evening by E. Marsh, of Laxfield. On Monday tea was beautifully enjoyed by about seventy. At public meeting we rejoiced to see our beloved Brother Knights able to preside. Prayer was offered by Brother Brock. Brother Knights, though unable to speak many minutes, dwelt warmly on the object of the meeting as being—1. For the glory of our God at the remembrance of His continued goodness and mercy; and 2. For the mutual benefit and comfort of each other. Brother Marsh spoke of the blessedness of the Spirit's teaching, as it leads to obedience to the Divine command, "Follow Me." Brother Smith, of Beccles, came speaking of the encouragement, direction and hope contained in Micah vii. 7. Brother Berry, who preaches for Brother Knights, urged Christian co-operation in the spread of the Gospel. Our aged Brother Brand was to have been with us, but illness prevented; a deep sympathy for him was felt, especially as a card from him stated that he felt his work was almost done. We missed his presence much, for while we rejoiced in His personal prospect of the rest and crown, we felt we should like his fatherly voice still to be heard in our midst. After we had united in special prayer to the Lord to again bring forth our Brother Knights on the walls of Zion, while we gratefully acknowledged the answer of the many petitions in thus far restoring him, the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," was heartily sung, and a very happy meeting closed. The Lord help this corner of His vineyard is the prayer of—ONE OF ZION'S LOVERS.

TENTERDEN, KENT.—In this very little rural town, our friend, Mr. Glaskin, has settled as pastor over the Baptist Church, which community was established over 100 years ago. After so many years of sea-side toil, cheering and zealous work in Brighton, Mr. Glaskin will now gather in fresh strength, and may he be the Lord's servant to carry up the spiritual temple to a much holier, higher, and happier state than it has hitherto reached. When Mr. Exall was Baptist preacher and printer in Tenterden, things went on very quietly. Mr. Stenbridge was once a useful minister here. Mr. Glaskin will reap a good harvest, no doubt; but Islington was his most successful sphere.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—EBENEZER Industrial Society held its first annual meeting October 24. Tea was given to the members, after which the report was read, and a lecture delivered by Mr. W. Winters, the pastor.

ISLINGTON.—Thirty-first anniversary of Providence, Upper-street, was November 15. In the afternoon Mr. John Hazelton preached from "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable" (Psa. cxlv. 3). A large company took tea. It pained us to see Brother Reynolds so unwell. In the evening the chairman, Mr. Charles Wilson, was supported by a large staff of ministers. Brother Barrett offered prayer. The chairman spoke cheerfully and encouragingly on the real worth of prayer, as also the much needed care and attention of the Church towards its beloved pastor. Mr. Reynolds spoke on the Lord's dealings with him and the Church during the past year. Peace reigned in their midst, and prosperity attended the preached Gospel. Thirty-four had been added to the Church during the year. All the meetings and class societies were in a satisfactory condition. J. S. Anderson spoke on the lifting up of JESUS, the one great power of attraction in drawing sinners to the cross. Mr. J. L. Meeres entered experimentally on the beauty and blessedness of real praise. Messrs. G. W. Shepherd, J. Box, W. Winters, Willey, and Adams, also addressed the meeting, and Mr. W. Piggott pronounced the Benediction.—W. WINTERS.

THE LATE MR. MARSH, ONCE OF KETTERING.

This deeply respected man of God died at Ramsey, Hunts, November 9, 1881, after a short illness. A brother in the ministry says:—

Mr. Marsh was a much-beloved minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. The more I knew him, the better I liked him. We had conducted services together. About a month back I attended his harvest thanksgiving meetings. His people were much attached to him; and he had been the means of bringing into the Church several well-established believers.

On Sunday, November 6, 1881, he was unable to occupy the pulpit; in the evening friends called in to see him; he expressed himself much better; but on Monday he became worse. The Lord graciously prepared him for the change. He felt he was dying, and gave directions concerning his family and funeral. He wished his friend, Mr. Walker, of Northampton, to bury him. He also desired Mr. Walker to preach to the people from the Apostle's words, "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." He selected the hymn to be sung, "Rejoice, believer, in the Lord," &c. After giving these directions, he fell asleep in Jesus.

On Monday, November 14, the funeral of our departed brother took place in Ramsey Cemetery. Mr. Walker conducted the service. A large concourse of sorrowful friends attended, including Mr. A. B. Hall, of Chatteris. It was a time of trouble; tears fell thick and fast as the preacher showed forth the excellent qualities our departed

brother possessed, and the deep loss the widow, the family, and the Church had sustained, but rejoiced in the fact that our God still lives, our brother still lives, and our loss is his gain.

In the evening the chapel was filled by a sorrowful congregation. Mr. A. B. Hall officiated as precentor; Mr. Walker preached blessedly from the words, "Having a desire to depart," &c. It was a solemn time. The Church and people felt they had lost a loving pastor. May the widow find God to be a Husband to her, and the children prove God to be a Father to them.

Our brother's views were clear and definite upon Divine truth. He always acknowledged what he was by the grace of God. He was an acceptable preacher to the Churches in Cambridgeshire, &c. His religion can be well summed up in the hymn,—

"Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near;
A Guide, a Glory, and Defence—
 en what have you to fear?"

The standard-bearers are falling. The Lord raise up others in the day of battle.

A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.

WALWORTH.—On October 4 and 25, lectures, illustrated with dissolving views, were given in the Board-school, Penrose-street, by Mr. J. Piggott, in aid of Sunday-school, the subjects being respectively, "Esop's Fables," and "Miners and Mining," the charge for admission being 1d. and 3d. On each occasion the room was filled to overflowing. On December 6, James Legg, Esq., of the Religious Tract Society, will deliver a lecture, entitled "The Land of Cakes," also illustrated with dissolving views. We trust that as many friends as can possibly come will do so, our object being to amuse and instruct, and also to raise some funds, of which we are sorely in need. The charge for admission will be 1d. and 3d., as on former occasions.—J. G.

CLAPHAM.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The meetings at Ebenezer chapel in September, when Mr. Bradbury and Mr. McCure preached for us, and also in October (our usual harvest thanksgiving services), when Mr. Hazelton and Mr. Anderson preached the sermons, were successful ones. Our brethren were helped of God in preaching the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and the people heard gladly. The attendance was all that we could wish, for which we feel thankful.—W. HALL.

HERTFORD.—Sunday-school in connection with Ebenezer chapel, held annual meeting October 23. Mr. W. Winters preached morning and evening, and delivered an address to the children in the afternoon. Suitable selections of hymns and anthems were sung during the day, which were much enjoyed. Mr. Bowles's ministry is blest to many; the cause over which he has so long presided as pastor continues steadily to prosper.

IPSWICH.—At the fourth anniversary of the recognition of Mr. W. Kern as pastor of Bethesda chapel, and commemorative of the pastor's birthday, tea was supplied to about 200 friends. At public meeting pastor Kern presided, and after Mr. E. Haddock offered prayer, Mr. Kern said they were met together to recognise God in providence and grace. He also alluded to their movements as a Church. During the past year, by baptism 12 had been received; five had been transferred from Churches of same faith and order, and six had joined from the "open" Church. Death had taken 11 from them, 13 had been transferred, and one withdrawn, thus leaving them in numbers, 282. Mr. Bland referred to one of the mottoes, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and made appropriate remarks therefrom. Mr. Houghton, in a very pathetic manner, encouraged praying parents, followed by a stirring address from Mr. J. Wilkins. Messrs. B. J. Northfield, Leggett, E. Haddock, and H. Last delivered Gospel words. The last-named speaker read some very excellent lines of advice, of which the following are a copy (author not known):—

A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, be prayerful, B humble, B mild;
B wise as a Solomon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;
B sure you make matters subservient to mind;
B cautious, B prudent, B truthful, B true;
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;
B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine;
B careful of conduct, of money and time;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm;
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just;
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith;
B active, devoted; B faithful to death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure;
B dependent, B Christ like, and you'll B secure;
B but half as perfect as these lines suggest,
And here and hereafter thou'll surely B blest.

After singing and prayer the friends separated, having, we trust, found it good to be there.

A CHEERFUL NOTE FOR CHRISTMAS.

[All through this 1881, death has been smiting down the tall cedars. Thomas Carlyle, Sir C. Reed, Punsion, Beaconsfield, the choice judge, and the good judge's wife, Dean Stanley, Garfield, Dr. Manning, Dr. Enoch Mellow, &c. Come into our section of the Churches, John Cooper, Samuel Collins, Israel Atkinson, John Inward, and many more. The foregoing were all busy last Christmas, and hardly thought 1881 would see them in their graves. But they are gone; yet

"JESUS CHRIST IS STILL ALIVE!"

With Paul may we honestly say, "For me to live is CHRIST, and to die is gain." "F. J. C." of Wimbledon, sends us the following on Luke ii. 8—20.]

THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS.

This remarkable appearance to the shepherds holds out to us one of the most sublime visions recorded in Bible history. At first the poor shepherds were sore afraid. Very natural was this, for what they had seen was supernatural; nor could their fear subside till the angel said,

"Fear not." In a moment they were restored and, believing what was told them, departed for the inn, where they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant Saviour, lying in a manger. On their return the shepherds sang,—

"With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high!
Goodwill and peace are now complete,
Jesus is born to die."

"Harp, lift thy voice on high! Shout, angels, shout!
And louder, ye redeemed! Glory to God,
And to the Lamb who bought us with His blood,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue;
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls;
And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns
Of life, and made us kings and priests to God.
Shout back to ancient Time! Sing loud and wave
Your palms of triumph! Sing, Where is thy sting,
O Death! where is thy victory, O Grave!
Thanks be to God, eternal thanks, who gave
Us victory through Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Harp, lift thy voice on high! Shout, angels, shout!
And loudest, ye redeemed! Glory to God,
And to the Lamb, all glory and all praise;
All glory and all praise, at morn and even,
That come and go eternally, and find
Us happy still, and Thee for ever blest!
Glory to God and to the Lamb. Amen.
For ever and for evermore. Amen."—*Pollak.*

ALL OF GRACE.

"And if by grace, then is it no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace; otherwise work is no more work."—Rom. ii. 6.

"Tis not by works that Christ and heaven are won,

And not by duties by the creature done;
If 'tis by grace, by works it cannot be;
If 'tis by works salvation is not free.
But 'tis by grace that man should never boast;
Save in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
My pride is strained, I lay low in the dust,
And unto all confess that God is just.
Whose ways, too deep for reason's eye to scan
God only wise, for ever blessed. Amen."

Rufus.

Deaths.

Miss Mary Moss, for many years a member of the Surrey Tabernacle, died at the long-known family residence, 186, High-street, Peckham, November 10, 1881.

Thomas George died at Bowlish, aged 86. As a shock of corn, fully ripe, he softly fell into the mower's hands, while many sighed, and said, "The grand old pillar of Bowlish chapel is gone at last."

Mr. John Inward, late pastor of the Homer-ton-row Church, died at Poplar (after a long and painful illness), on Thursday, November 3, 1881. The Sun of Righteousness did arise and shine, as his ransomed spirit was leaving its mortal tenement. He leaves a widow and family, deeply tried and sorrowful. At the same time the widow and the eldest son of the late Mr. Woodard, of Ilford, both lay in their coffins. Scenes of grief have been long experienced by that family.

On November 12, 1881, Rachel Crowhurst, aged 68 years, wife of William Crowhurst, 1, St. Philip's-road, Dalston. Went home peaceful and happy.