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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL
AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD
FOR
1883.

EDITED BY
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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THE EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

CHRISTIAN RECORD.

The Prayer of the Church and Her Arguments.

“ Wild passion is raging,
Dire warfare is waging;
Our brows are wrinkled with care;
Nevertheless, how consoling.
God is all controlling,
His children have *nothing* to fear.”

BY the merciful permission and help of the Lord I wish to open the door of another volume of *THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD* by a brief reference to that which I see and feel to be of the highest, the holiest, and the happiest importance in this life, which is the living soul's fellowship with GOD, in CHRIST, by the power of the HOLY GHOST.

When Bunstrode Whitlocke withdrew from the busy scenes of a public life, he said, “I have often thought there never has been but one TRUE RELIGION in all the world, and that is the work of the SPIRIT OF GOD in the hearts and souls of men!” This is called “a great mystery;” it is “CHRIST IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY.” And how can we speak of the spiritual earnest, this acquaintance with the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, the consummation of which is, being filled with the fulness of God? Man alone cannot define it.

A young married woman who had been made “a new creature in CHRIST JESUS,” was suddenly laid upon her dying bed. She was exceedingly restless; she was up and down, in and out of bed; in every way uneasy. At length, three times she cried out,—

“HE HATH FORGOTTEN ME!”

Then, having piteously cried out, “HE hath forgotten me,” she passed away. Her husband, in great trouble of soul (fearing, after all, she was lost), wrote to me to ascertain if any light could be thrown upon her case. The husband's letter contained a very pathetic account of his

wife's character, experience, and sorrowful end. As I thought upon her soul's exit, these words came strongly into me (even as though her spirit had spoken to me): "It was but a little that I passed from them: but I found HIM whom my soul loveth." Ah! I said, she had been secretly pining, panting, and praying for some manifestation of Him to her soul, but He was drawing her away from all creatures, from all means, from all lower experiences, UP to HIMSELF; and He would not stay to give her any indulgence here; she was to pass away from all these things; and then she found Him whom in her inmost soul she loved. "When self dies in the soul GOD lives; when self is annihilated God is enthroned." But what a hard death self often dies! I have seen many full of religious self; and I have felt so much of it within, that I am certain nothing but crucifying, or taking us clean out of self altogether, can bring this poor self down to death's door.

Oh, what a killing of self, what a long furnace of crucifying the late minister, Mr. R. A. Lawrence, passed through. Then suddenly,

"He was not: for God took him."

At the early age of 42 he is called to leave a weeping widow, a bereaved family, a sorrowful Church, a circle of relations and friends, and join that heavenly chorus,—

"Worthy the Lamb who died for us."

It was so with John Huss three centuries ago. While the Romish Pontiff, the Cardinals, and the tools of Rome were all in darkness, the LIGHT OF LIFE shone into John Huss's heaven-born soul, and all their threats and entreaties could not move him.

"Huss resolutely prepared to die, and wrote to bid farewell to his various friends. A tranquil yet determined spirit breathes through his letters; the charm of his personal character is seen in the tenderness and thoughtfulness of the messages which he sends. Repeated deputations from the Council vainly endeavoured to prove to him the duty, the easiness of recantation. At last, on July 1, a formal answer in writing was returned by Huss to the Council. He said that, fearing to offend God, and fearing to commit perjury, he was unwilling to retract any of the articles brought against him. On July 5, the Bohemian nobles accompanied the representatives of the Council on a last visit to Huss. John of Chlum manfully addressed him, and his words are a strong proof of the sturdy moral spirit which Huss had awakened in his followers: 'We are laymen and cannot advise you; consider, however, and if you feel that you are guilty in any of the matters laid to your charge, have no shame in recanting. If, however, you do not feel yourself guilty, by no means act contrary to your conscience, and do not lie in the sight of God, but rather persevere unto death in the truth which you know.' Huss answered: 'If I knew that I had written or preached anything erroneous, contrary to the law and the Church, God is my Witness that I would in all humility retract. But my wish always has been that better doctrine be proved to me out of Scripture, and then I would be most ready to recant.' One of the Bishops said, indignantly, 'Will you be wiser than the whole Council?' Huss answered, 'Show me the least member of the Council who will inform me better out of the Scriptures, and I will forthwith retract.' 'He is obstinate in his heresy,' exclaimed the prelates, and Huss was led back to his prison.

"Next day was a general session of the Council. During the celebration of Mass, Huss was kept standing in the porch with an armed escort. He was brought in to listen to a sermon on the sin of heresy from the Bishop. He was stationed before a raised platform, on which was a stand containing all the articles of a priest's dress. During the sermon Huss knelt in prayer. When the sermon was over a proctor of the Council demanded sentence against Huss. A doctor mounted the pulpit, and read a selection from the condemned articles of Wycliff, and the conclusions of the process against Huss. More than once Huss tried to answer to the charges, but he was ordered to keep silence. He pleaded that he wished to clear himself of error in the eyes of those who stood by: afterwards they might deal with him as they chose. When he was forbidden to speak he again knelt in prayer. Huss was aroused by hearing new charges brought against him—amongst others the monstrous assertion that he had declared himself to be the Fourth Person of the Trinity. He indignantly asked the name of the one doctor who was quoted as witness, but was answered that there was no need of naming him now. When he was charged with despising the Papal excommunication, and refusing to answer the Pope's summons, he again protested that he had desired nothing more than to prove his own innocence, and had for that purpose come to Constance of his own free will, trusting in the imperial safe-conduct.

"After this recital of his crimes, the sentence of the Council against Huss was read. First his writings were condemned as heretical, and ordered to be burnt. Huss asked how they could know that his Bohemian writings were heretical, seeing they had never read them? The sentence went on that Huss himself, as a pertinacious heretic, be degraded from the priesthood. When the reading of the sentence was over Huss prayed aloud: 'O Lord Jesus Christ, pardon all my enemies, for Thy great mercy's sake, I beseech thee. Thou knowest that they have falsely accused me, brought forward false witnesses, and forged false articles against me. Pardon them through Thy immense mercy.' The Bishops proceeded to the formal degradation of Huss. He was set on the platform in the middle of the Cathedral, and was invested in the full priestly dress, with the chalice in his hand. Again he was exhorted to retract. He turned to the people, and, with tears streaming down his face, said, 'See how these Bishops expect me to abjure: yet I fear to do so, lest I be a liar in the sight of the Lord—lest I offend my conscience and the truth of God, since I never held these articles which witness falsely against me, but rather wrote and taught the opposite. I fear, too, to scandalise the multitude to which I preached.'

"The Bishops then proceeded to his degradation. Each article of his priestly office was taken from him with solemn formality, and his tonsure was cut on four sides. Then it was pronounced, 'The Church has taken from him all rights of the Church, and commits him to the secular arm.' The paper cap, painted over with fiends, was put on his head, with the words, 'We commit your soul to the devil.' Sigismund gave him to the charge of Lewis of Bavaria, who handed him to the civic officers for execution. As the procession passed out of the church Huss saw his books being burned in the churchyard. He was led out of the town into a suburb, where in a meadow the stake had been prepared. When he was bound to the stake Lewis again begged him to recant.

Huss answered that the charges against him were false: 'I am prepared to die in that truth of the Gospel which I taught and wrote. As the pile was kindled Huss began to sing from the Liturgy:—

"O Christ, Son of the living God, have mercy upon us;
O Christ, Son of the living God, have mercy upon me;
Thou who wast born of the Virgin Mary'—

"The wind swept the flames upward into his face, and he remained speechless. His lips were seen to move for a few minutes, and then his spirit passed away."

See what a hot furnace John Huss passed through; but what a strong measure of grace upheld him! To me, we appear like little, proud, untried puppies, compared with those giants in the faith who loved but their souls unto the death.

THE CHURCH'S PRAYER.

While reflecting upon the hot fires some of Zion's children have passed through, and while looking at the bald, the cold, the lifeless state and condition of the Church now, the PRAYER of the Spouse of CHRIST came up in my soul; and it continued night and day repeating itself to me: "Set me," she cries out, "set me as a seal upon Thine heart, as a seal upon Thine arm."

Solomon's Song looked to me like a temple. I dared to call it, "*The Temple of Holy Communion.*" In this temple are many chambers; some down, some up. Each chamber represents some peculiar part of the saved believer's soul-travail. Every paragraph in this excellent poem opens up some distinct phase in the experience of the bride, "the Lamb's wife." But no man can ever understand the meaning of this deep

"SECRET OF THE LORD,"

except the HOLY GHOST, by divine teaching, leads him into it.

Nothing in the whole universe of the Lord God is a mystery so deep, so high, so sublime, so blessed as is the soul's coming to, and communion with the great High-Priest of our profession. If you can, dear reader, look here and see the Church (the Christian, the spiritual believer) standing, looking at CHRIST THE LORD; and she prays that His heart might be melted out in the flowings of His love to her; she desires a full baptism into His heart, that she might be fixed in and filled with the knowledge, the wisdom, the joy, the fellowship, and the most happy communion of the great God and her Saviour, JESUS CHRIST.

The New Testament illustration of this experience is seen in the case of the woman who has fallen at the feet of JESUS in Simon's house. She washes His feet with her tears, and wipes them with the hair of her head; to whom the blessed GOD-MAN saith, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee: go in peace." Thus, by the precious applied blood of His heart, He washes away all her sins, and seals home the promise of peace upon her soul. This is the individual, the personal, the powerful appeal of faith to the blessed Redeemer for acceptance, for deliverance, for purity, for pardon, for peace, for oneness with the Almighty Saviour. Reader, are we coming and appealing to CHRIST in this manner?

For one moment, now listen to the arguments with which the Church follows up her prayer. She says,—

"*For love is strong as death.*"

It has completely conquered and overcome her. She can only sing,—

" Sweet Jesus, every smile of Thine
Doth fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delights
From all Thy graces spring."

And when His love fills her soul almost to overflowing, she urges a more speedy movement, and exclaims,—

" *Haste, my Beloved, fetch MY SOUL*
Up to Thy blest abode;
FLY! for my spirit longs to see
My SAVIOUR and my GOD!"

Distinctly listen to the prayer of the Church and her arguments. She cries out, "SET me as a seal upon Thine heart, as a seal upon Thine arm: FOR LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH." What does she mean by "DEATH"? There is a *natural* death, which we all come into the world with. But the STRENGTH OF LOVE has lifted us out of that death. There is a *legal* death, by the just and holy law of GOD. The strength of Love has delivered us from the curse and condemnation of that death: "For the law of the SPIRIT of life (which is this LOVE) has made us free from the law of sin and death." Then there is

A death which would destroy the glorious TRINITY, THE THREE DIVINE PERSONS IN THE GODHEAD.

Oh, dreadful assertion! But much more dreadful delusion if I am correct.

Stand here! hold your breath! Am I declaring a falsity or a truth? I ask, Does not atheism presume to believe that we have only a dead God? To say, There is NO GOD! is as much as to say, Our God is dead. Popery, by her material and gaudy worship, by her man-mediators, her confessionals, her pretended forgiveness of sins, her praying souls out of purgatory, her Masses and unctions, by this man-made worship she as much as says, Our Advocate, our One Mediator, our One only and entire Saviour is dead! Then Arminianism (by telling men they can believe when they please, and be saved when they choose) says, inferentially, that the HOLY GHOST is dead, or, at least, is not of that essential and only soul-quickenng power which we know HE is. That "eminently gifted man" at Birmingham would take God's election clean out of the Bible; and other mighty intellects would render the atonement an absurdity. Almost universally now is the doctrine proclaimed that man can, at least, begin and help to save himself. But the voice of the bride-elect speaks as though she had almost been annihilated by these many deaths. She cries to be so sealed upon the heart and arm of the SON OF GOD that nothing may separate her from HIM; and her first argument is, that LOVE, His love for her, and His love in her, hath proved STRONG enough to overcome the death of deaths itself; for

"LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH."

The Pollakshields correspondent of our dear friend *The Christian Leader* has delineated the soul's travel through that corporeal death which nearly all my friends have passed through, which each of us are anticipating. In that valley may we prove that "Love is stronger than death," carrying us safely through. J. B. B. says:—

"And must I walk this gloomy vale?
What doubts and fears my mind assail!
And must I tread the way alone?
How dark the night around has grown!

What frightful phantoms scare mine eyes!
What noxious mists around me rise!
How shall I reach the dreaded end,
With none to comfort or defend!

There's nothing here that I can trust:
All things are crumbling into dust.

E'en kingly crowns can nought avail;
Oh, how my flesh and spirit fail!

These icy vapours chill my breath:
Soon shall I be thine own, O Death!

But through the darkness light does shine:
I see a form—a face divine!

A voice like music greets mine ear—
'Lo, I am with thee; do not fear!

'The valley soon thou'lt traverse o'er;
For thee I've gone this way before.'

'My Saviour! be my Friend, my Guide;
Oh, keep me closely by Thy side!'

For me He wears that prickly thorn,
For me that awful cross was borne.

How oft my sins have pierced His heart!
I must not, cannot from Him part.

'Lord Jesus, make me wholly Thine!'
His gracious hand is clasped in mine.

Death's terrors now are waxing dim,
Mine eyes beholding only Him.

We near the end—earth's shadows flee;
O'er Death we've gained the victory! "

The Church's second argument is—"Jealousy is cruel as the grave." What does she mean by jealousy? Jealousy is, sometimes, expressive of a SUSPICIOUS FEAR. I know it is a term, or title, belonging to the Almighty. But, in this case, we ascend not up to a theme so high. In the Scripture now referred to, it belongs to the experience of one who loveth the Lord most intensely, and who saith, "I sought Him whom my soul loveth: I sought Him; but I found Him not." I know Heaven's spiritual law is, that "the just shall live by faith;" and they shall "walk by faith." But the saved, the espoused soul, desires most especially some tokens for good; some manifestations of the Lord to the soul; some shinings of His glory in the heart; and when, as Cennick puts it, a child of God is a long time without anything more than the form of godliness, it will be filled with a suspicious fear, and to itself the silent whisper inside will arise, saying—

"I count it long since I received
A visit from the Lamb;
I feelsome fault the Lord hath griev'd,
For full of faults I am.

Oftentimes now, when I have err'd,
Thou hast in love reprov'd:

Instead of anger—which I fear'd—
Thy pard'ning love I've prov'd.

If faults had e'er permitted Thee

Thy mercy to remove,

Thou hadst, before this time, from me
For ever took THY LOVE!

But, O THOU Great UNCHANGEABLE!

In honour of THY name,

Return, and SHINE, and let me feel
Thou art MY GOD, the same."

When, after long sighings and seekings for the LORD to return, and to give an assuring smile; when, after many lookings, listenings and watchings, all remains dark and desolate, suspicious fears become deep and strong. A voice saith, "The Lord hath forsaken him! seize and take him:" then jealousy becometh "cruel as the grave." One of the most eminent of the Lord's servants, long since gone home, was, at one time, so tempted and distressed, that he cried out "he would give it all up and prepare himself for hell!"

"JEALOUSY!" The word personifies Satan himself. He was the first jealous spirit that ever existed. He was, from the beginning, full of enmity against the crowning glories of the Son of God; and I do believe wherever the heart is set affectionately upon the Person of Christ, against that heart Satan throweth all the spleen, and malice, and persecuting enmity in his power.

I do not wish to speak unduly, even of the prince of the power of the air! I am approaching the end of this life's conflict, and before the great white throne I (with all who have cast out my name as evil) must stand. With such an awful finality in view, I will declare that I have often thought that the adversary must have had a fierce jealousy

toward me. The early experience of Fletcher, of Madeley, unites with mine, when he says, after trying hard to justify myself—"When I saw that all my endeavours toward conquering sin failed,

"I ALMOST GAVE UP ALL HOPE,

"and resolved to sin on, and go to hell." Oh! the years, the months, the days, the nights, I have spent condemning sin as the most horrible, the most deceitful, the most destructive power in the world, and yet the world is full of it. It is now more than twenty-one years ago, having been misled by three or four apparently most respectable gentlemen, I lost, *in toto*, from three to four hundred pounds in cash. I set off to Staines to tell a ministering brother my trouble, and having seen him, was on my way to Reading, and while waiting at the old Maidenhead railway station for a train, there came over me a densely thick black cloud; that cloud appeared to be completely all around me and underneath me. I felt I had no power to resist it. It entirely enveloped me; an express train from London was rapidly approaching. A voice in me distinctly said, "I will throw you under that train, and you will be in hell in a minute."

Was not "Jealousy cruel as the grave"?

I was powerless. I felt doomed to destruction. I was as one lost for ever! The rushing train was just near, and under it I must go! But, as it began to enter the station, I cried out,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The cloud was scattered; I fled off the station as fast as I could run. Into the hotel garden I rushed in a dense agony of soul. There was an old gardener at work. I cried out, "Man! was you ever afraid of going to hell?" The man looked at me with amazement. He said, "Going to hell? No! I never feared that in my life." "Oh!" I said, "I felt sure on the station I was to be hurled down there, without any escape." Then I appealed solemnly to the man as regards the state, the prospect, the future of his soul. But he seemed unmoved. That was the beginning of sorrows to me, enough to drive one to madness. But out of all those troubles the Lord in mercy delivered me. Although the hue and cry has been perpetually pursuing me; and will, to the end—well do I know the truth of that little verse—

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His lovingkindness, oh, how good."

Alone, as I sit before the LORD, on this December 8, 1882, without any fresh unfoldings of His love, my soul in silent earnestness cries—

"O, may my last expiring breath
His lovingkindness SING IN DEATH."

If any man have Heaven's truth so burnt into his soul that no floods can drown it, he will feel jealousy against those ministers who preach NOT CHRIST'S GOSPEL, but rather pervert and deny it. He will have some sympathy with the following:—

"When that eminent lawyer, Sir W. Blackstone, left Oxford, to reside in London (A.D. 1770-80), he determined to hear every clergyman of eminence in the metropolis, that among them he might make his

choice. But he tells us 'that he did not hear a single discourse that had more Christianity in it than the writings of Cicero; and that he never could discover from what he heard, whether the preacher was a follower of Confucius, or of Mahomet, or of Christ.' Nor was this state of things limited to the Established Church. Dr. Watts, writing about the same period, said, 'There is a general decay of vital religion in the hearts and lives of men.'

Since that period there have been revivals following one upon another in rapid succession. I have seen them, and watched them, and I say, if the societies, and unions, and armies; if the advance of Romanism, the zeal of Ritualism, and the various efforts to evangelize the world; if these organisations be of the Lord, they will do their work; but the taunts they fling at the ancient Puritans, the contempt they pour upon what they term the Hyper-Calvinists, and the prevailing feeling there is against

GOD'S REVEALED TRUTH,

creates in my heart a jealousy which perplexes and pains me beyond description. What is our remedy? In what position are we safe for eternity? Only in each individual soul seeking to be "Set as a seal upon the heart, and a seal upon the arm" of our Merciful High Priest. "I am the Vine," saith the beloved Son of the Father, the blessed Saviour of the sheep, the abiding Friend of my poor soul—"I am the true Vine, and My Father is the Husbandman; every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit!" Oh, by that sterling verse, God help us to try and examine ourselves. CHRIST repeated it—"I am the Vine; ye are the branches; He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing."

CHRIST and the saved soul must be ONE, through the SPIRIT now; one in life, in faith, in fellowship, in death; then ONE IN GLORY! May this be our happy lot. Amen.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, Dec. 8, 1882.

MOTTO FOR 1883.

BY W. WINTERS, PASTOR, WALTHAM ABBEY.

"Fear not; for I am with thee."—Isaiah xliii. 5.

HOW suitable appears the motto, "Fear not," with which to begin this New Year, and especially if it be spoken to us direct from heaven. A motto so many times recorded by God through most of His prophets, and by Jesus Christ Himself; the savour of which two words, if appropriated by the Holy Ghost, will abide in the heart and memory the whole year, and longer, and will not leave us when walking in the dreary paths of soul sorrow or physical afflictions, changing the shadowy scene to that of brightness—

"In darkest shades if He appear
My dawning is begun,
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun."

The Scriptures are besprinkled with "Fear nots," like the blossoms on the hedgerows in early Summer, and the wild forget-me-nots by the brookside; and they shine most in the night of the soul's exercises, as the stars do when the sun has passed below the horizon. "Fear not" appears for the first time from God's own mouth to Abram (Gen. xv. 1), when, it might be thought by a superficial glance at the surrounding circumstances, he least needed it, having but just completed a mighty victory over the five arbitrary kings of the contiguous provinces, and in delivering Lot from their grasp. But lest the enemy should make a fresh attack upon Abram the "fear not" was given, and also to strengthen his faith concerning his forthcoming heir, which seemed a thing literally impossible to be fulfilled. Hence a *shield* against the enemy, and a *reward* of faith, respecting the heir of promise. The same Lord gave a "Fear not" to Hagar in her distress (Gen. xxi. 17), for He heard the cry of the lad Ishmael, and He has heard many other cries, natural as well as national, and has been present to help. On Isaac's discouragement respecting the Philistines filling up his wells, a divine "fear not" was presented (Gen. xxvi. 24), and "the well of the oath" was dug, and an altar of thanksgiving raised to God. To this same spot in after life came Jacob in great distress of mind as to his movements towards Egypt, till God came and decided the point with "Fear not to go down" (Gen. xli. 4). And like Jacob we are safe in going *down* as well as going *up*, if God be with us. And in Moses' perplexity, how apropos was the sweet "fear not" of Jehovah to "stand still" and witness the hand of His power congeal, as it were, the waters of the Red Sea into walls of crystal rock, while Israel passed safely through, typifying the redemption-blood of Jesus, through which all the chosen seed of God pass into Gospel liberty (Exod. xiv. 13). And very shortly afterwards God gave the children of Israel, by Moses, a warning that He was coming down to prove them with His commandments, but with the warning He provided for them a blessed "fear not" (Exod. xx. 20). How sweet to know when God comes down upon us armed with judgment, consequent upon a broken law, that Jesus is near as our refuge.

"But I'll retire beneath the cross;
Saviour, at Thy dear feet I'll lie
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by."

And by-and-bye the words will come to us, as to Moses, "Go up and possess the land: fear not."

"Fear not the want of outward good,
He will for His provide."

Isaiah's prophecies teem with encouraging "fear nots," to the lonely, the helpless, and the reproached ones, and to the lowly "worms" like Jacob. And in this evangelical order of blessings the spirit of the prophet is beautifully imitated by the New Testament writers, and especially by Him of whom the prophet mainly sang, even Jesus, who encouraged the apostles with a "fear not" at the outset of their divine mission, in case they might be called to lose their natural lives for the truth sake (Matt. x. 28—31); their hairs also were all numbered, and their souls beyond the reach of Satan. How timely and precious was the "fear-not" of Jesus to Jairus (Luke viii. 5), and also to Simon

Peter, who had been toiling all the night and had taken nothing; and after a successful "take" Jesus said, "Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men;" and how richly was this promise verified on the day of Pentecost! And have we not, as a Church, often felt the appropriation of the "Fear not, little flock," and the "Fear not, daughter of Zion"? Paul was greatly blest with a "Fear not" from the angel of God, which acted as a mighty prop to his soul when the ship went to pieces in the storm; and in that "Fear not" was a promise of the salvation of all on board, which, after much fear and fighting with the wind and waves, the promised blessing was fully realised. And the last sweet "*Fear not*" we have in God's Word appears in Jesus' autograph letter to John in Patmos: "Fear not: I am the First and the Last." And may we not hope for a cluster of "Fear nots" to carry in the hand of our faith through the whole of this bright New Year? Ye,—

"Till joined with saints above the sky,
We tune our harps with theirs."

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

"FEAR NOT."

OH, blessed "Fear nots!" with deep love o'erflowing,
Each needed one is suited to the day;
In every path of life I view them growing,
As scented flowers, they cheer life's roughest way:
By Him who gives them can I be forgot?
Ah, never, while to me He says, "Fear not."

"Fear not!" What, Lord, when I am most forsaken
Of dearest friends, whose love is growing cold?
"Fear not," Jehovah says, be thou not shaken;
Such may occur, but I am as of old,
The same, unmoved by changes cold or hot,
As when to Abram first I said, "Fear not."

Ah, Lord! when shall I live with Thee, and never
Pass from the radiance of Thy sweet face?
Yes, live! not as I now exist, but ever
Live in the full felicity of grace.
Yet would I live contented with my lot,
If Thou, O Lord, but give me one "Fear not."

Thy face seems distant oft, and clouds of sorrow
Veil this lone heart with dark foreboding fear;
Yet would I e'en stretch forth my hand, and borrow
Strength to believe that Thou art always near:
For where Thou comest, O how sweet the spot!
Yea, sweeter still Thy voice that says, "Fear not."

"Fear not!" Glad words, when by the Saviour spoken;
How few and short, yet O the joys they bring
To downcast spirits, when with sorrow broken,
Healing the wound, they make the heart to sing!
Come once again, O Lord, forget me not,
Speak to my timid soul Thine own "Fear not!"

And when I bow in death, and my full spirit
Longs to be gone, O Jesus, come again,
And whisper blest "Fear nots," till I inherit
Fully those realms of light, where, freed from pain,
I walk with Thee in white, without one blot—
Till then, sweet Jesus, come and say, "Fear not."

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

W. W.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MR. RICHARD ASPINALL LAWRENCE, AGED FORTY-TWO YEARS.

NOTES BY W. WINTERS, PASTOR, WALTHAM ABBEY.

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
He sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

SO sang, in mournful strains, Dr. Young, of one he loved; and we, with sincere regret, record the somewhat sudden departure of our highly esteemed and faithful brother, Mr. R. A. Lawrence, who was for many years pastor of Lynton-road chapel, Bermoudsey. Our dear brother was staying at Brighton for the benefit of his health, and only a very short time before his death, which took place on Lord's-day evening, November 26 (as was announced on the wrapper of the EARTHEN VESSEL for December), he, with a friend or two, walked on to the pier for a little fresh air, when he was soon seized with great drowsiness, and after a short but heavy sleep, he walked back to his apartments, and expressed a sense of numbness in his limbs, and thought he must go out again and "stretch his legs." He did so, but speedily returned, and spoke as he entered the room in his usual colloquial manner to a dear friend to remove from his chair. He sat down, suddenly fell forward, making a slight gurgling noise in his throat, and in the full prime of manhood, his saved spirit passed instantly to its eternal inheritance above. In his case the sweet hymn of Newton is correct:—

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

Our dear brother leaves a beloved widow and eight children entirely *unprovided for*. This unhappy circumstance is consequent upon his protracted illness; his earnings and savings when in health have all been consumed during his sickness. But alas! all is over now, and the bereaved living desire attention. Doubtless our beloved brother, Mr. Charles Waters Banks, will have a word to say on this head, as he has a large sympathetic spirit, and which he has always displayed in rendering much needed help to friends willing (if possible) to help themselves. This he has done numbers of times, in secret as well as in public, and oftentimes without the slightest thanks. He is, however, well aware that his reward is in heaven; thus he patiently waits, and silently, but ardently labours on.

The remains of our esteemed brother Lawrence were removed early from Brighton to the house of the sorrowing family at New Cross; and on Monday, December 4, they were conveyed to the chapel, and placed beneath that much-loved pulpit from which he had so long and powerfully sounded forth the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. The pulpit was deeply draped in mourning, and the beautiful coffin rested upon the platform, covered with a handsome pall. The chapel was well filled with loving and sorrowing friends, and many were the tears shed during the service there, which was conducted by Mr. W. Stringer, one of the respected deacons; his fellow deacons were also present and actively engaged. Mr. C. Cornwell opened with a hymn ("Denham's Selection"),—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!"

and we thought our hearts would break as we remembered the worthy dead and his loving attachment to Jesus when alive, and the raptures of his soul then before the throne of God. Mr. J. L. Meeres read Psa. xc., and Mr. Thomas Stringer offered solemn and fervent prayer. Mr. Robert Bowles, of Hertford, spoke a few words of loving sympathy to the mourners, and of his fond attachment to the deceased, and gave out,—

“Dear Refuge of my weary soul,”

and Mr. W. J. Styles delivered an appropriate address from Acts viii. 2: “And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentations over him.” After this solemn speech, Mr. S. Gray, of Brighton, gave out the immortal Toplady’s lines, “Rock of Ages” (the last verse of which was sung), and brother Cornwell concluded with prayer.

The corpse was then removed from the chapel to the hearse outside, and was followed to Nunhead Cemetery by a numerous train of mourning carriages, as also our brother James Lee, Esq.’s private carriage, containing himself, Mrs. Lee, and other friends, together with several cabs and other vehicles laden with friends who came to pay their last tribute of affection to the memory of one so much beloved. Many window-blinds were drawn down to show the great respect in which deceased was held. At the grave Mr. Cornwell gave out,—

“My hope is built on nothing less,”

and Mr. Gray offered a very suitable prayer, and our beloved brother, Mr. J. L. Meeres, delivered a lengthy but powerful address. The weather, however, being very inclement, it was thought best not to allow any other addresses to be delivered; hence we were deprived of hearing the noble voice of our highly venerated brother, Mr. Thomas Stringer, with the exception of the giving out of hymn 746, which could be heard by every ear present,—

“And may I hope that, when no more
These pulses beat with life below,
I shall the God of life adore,
And all the bliss of being know.”

Our warm-hearted brother, Mr. E. Beazley, concluded the solemn service with a pungent and soul-stirring prayer, and we felt a hope that the sacred occasion would be made an eternal blessing to the living that surrounded the gaping tomb.

The ministers and deacons representing the various Churches in the denomination were numerous. Amongst them we noticed Messrs. Thomas Bradbury, and his beloved deacon, G. Crutcher, Esq., and family; Thomas Stringer; R. Bowles; W. Beach, Esq.; S. Wadsworth, Esq.; J. Bennett; Albert Boulden, Esq.; —. Rundell, Esq., of the Surrey Tabernacle; J. Hand, C. Cornwell, G. J. Baldwin, E. Beazley, F. C. Holden, S. Gray, W. Hazelton, W. H. Lee, Mr. James Lee, Mr. Lovelock, J. Higham, I. Backett, T. Baldwin, —. Davies, Mr. King and Mr. Symes (of the Surrey Tabernacle), W. Stringer (deacon of the late Mr. Lawrence’s chapel), Mr. R. Fenner, W. J. Styles, W. K. Squirrell, R. Alfrey, John Waters Banks (of Speldhurst-road chapel), W. Debnam, and many others whose names we fail to remember. The firm of Messrs. White and Co., of Lime-street, was represented in the persons of Mr. Venables and Mr. Gunston, with whom our brother laboured many years.

Not since the burial of the remains of our honoured brother, Mr. James Wells, have we visited Nunhead Cemetery, and the first time of our entering that "God's acre" was when our brother C. W. Banks spoke over the grave of Areli, the beloved wife of Mr. J. W. Dyer, late of Harwich, which is now nearly twenty years since. From some lengthy poetical epistles which we received from the pen of our brother Lawrence in days past, we judge him to have been no mean scholiast, but believe him to have dipped deeply into classic lore at "a Northern university" prior to his entering upon the work of the ministry. A little book of poetry before us, on the "Tribes of Israel," was composed by him in 1876, and published by Robert Banks, Racquet-court. It is to be hoped his widow and children will be provided for, and the pulpit he has left be filled by one whom God shall send. Thus prays a hopeful mourner.

Churchyard, December 8, 1882.

[We do most painfully sympathise with the bereaved widow and family of our devoted ministering brother, Mr. R. A. Lawrence; and, if spared, we shall raise a small "Auxiliary EARTHEN VESSEL Fund" for their benefit. Surely, not one reader of our pages can withhold a trifle in such a case! A long, an expensive, a hopeful affliction, dried up the resources of the deceased, before the calamitous end came. Our Lord will use us as His instrument to help to comfort those who have lost their loving partner and parent. We have received from W. Turner, Esq., South Hackney, £1 1s.; from W. H. Smith, Manchester, £1 1s.; Mr. Pearson, Bethesda, £1 1s.; C. W. Banks, £1 1s. Let us be up and doing at once.—Ed.]

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The services at Lynton-road on Dec. 10 (the Sunday following the funeral) will not soon be forgotten by those who took part in them. In the morning, Mr. Cornwell, of Brixton, officiated, and read Matt. v. 1—16, and Rev. vii. 9, remarking how the first portion aptly described the state of the believer while in this vale of tears, whereas the latter viewed him after he had done with earth and entered into rest. Mr. Cornwell took for his text, "I am the Lord your God, which have separated you from other people" (Lev. xx. 24, last clause), and divided his subject thus:—1, Sovereignty; 2, Separation; 3, Severation (have severed you from other people—verse 20).

Speaking as to sovereignty, there was nothing, he said, in the earth, above the earth, or under the earth, but what proclaimed aloud the sovereignty of God. Did not the present circumstances in connection with that Church proclaim that He does what He likes with His own? In God's work of creation there was nothing to govern Him but His divine sovereignty. It were just as easy for Him to at once speak into existence unknown worlds, as it was to create them in six days, but He chose to take that time to do the work. Did not the very atom driven through the air by the March wind speak as much to the sovereignty of God as the thunderbolt? God created man and placed him in Eden on a conditional footing (He might have done otherwise), but He has placed the Church of God in Christ on an unconditional footing. The sovereignty of God was seen as much in minor matters as in larger ones, and shone clearly in all works of His hands, being written in plain letters on all existence. Separation. "I am the Lord *your* God." God before creation separated from among men; man was separated from all creation, and was made different to the beasts of the field. The sons of Adam were separated by the Most High God. He separates the nations, and while

some are blessed with His truth others are left in darkness. Jesus Christ was separated from sinners in the eternal purpose of God. In His birth, in every step He took in this world; in His righteousness as a scapegoat, when the sins of the Church of God were laid on Him at Calvary; in the grave, in His resurrection, and in His ascension, He was separated. God separates ministers and fits them for their work. He separated the late pastor, Mr. Lawrence, for the ministry, and made him a man of divine mould. One thing that caused him to be so respected in all the Churches, was his love for the doctrines of sovereign grace, and his determination "to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Although they mourned his loss yet they had the consolation of knowing that he is now separated from all pain, trial, and persecution, and is before the throne of God and of the Lamb, being amongst those who have gone out of much tribulation. The preacher closed by referring to the illness of the late pastor, and of the loss he felt he had sustained by his death.

In the afternoon, instead of the usual teaching, a special service was held in the Sunday-school, of which Mr. Lawrence was president, when several of the teachers engaged in prayer, and an address was given by the superintendent (Mr. T. Knott), who stated that the hand of death had been very heavily felt in the school during the year, for besides the death of Mr. Lawrence, two of the scholars had been called away within the last few months. Mr. Knott spoke from the words, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. vii. 17). He stated that Mr. Lawrence entered the school in February, 1862, since which time he had occupied the post of superintendent and of president, and dwelt upon the fact that, although he had known what sorrows were here, yet God had for ever wiped all his tears away. The hymn—

" Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls His own;
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown ?"—

was sung, and the occasion was felt to be a solemn and profitable one.

The funeral sermon was preached in the evening of the day by Mr. Thomas Stringer, on which occasion, notwithstanding the dense fog, the chapel was crowded. Mr. Stringer took for his text, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Phil. i. 21). At the commencement of his discourse, Mr. Stringer stated that he had received a letter from Mrs. Lawrence, stating that on going through Mr. Lawrence's papers she had found that he wished his funeral sermon to be preached from the words, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Before, however, hearing of this, the words he had read had been laid on his mind, and although he tried to dismiss them and to endeavour to speak upon the other portion, he had been unable to do so—in fact, the more he tried to get away from them, the more they seemed impressed on his mind. His brother Lawrence was very much like the apostle Paul, being in a strait betwixt two, whether to live or to die. He had no particular desire to die, having a dread of death; but on the other hand he had, like Paul, a "desire to depart and to be with Christ, which was far better." In taking him away suddenly, the Lord had dealt very kindly with him, for he had no time to think about death when it did come. Mr. Stringer divided his text thus:—1, The believer's birth; 2, The believer's life; 3, The believer's death; 4, The believer's triumph over death.

1. The believer's birth. "Ye must be born again." The believer, when born spiritually, at once begins to die to the earth and all connected with earth. There is a conflict continually going on between flesh and spirit, the old nature and the new, and it is only when he lays down his mortal life that the conflict ceases. Speaking as to those who were the objects of this birth, he quoted the words of the apostle John where he says, that "everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God" (1 John iv. 7). Life in the soul was the first step to eternal glory.

2. The believer's life. "A life of faith upon the Son of God." It was to live and long after spiritual things. Sin, although no part of this life, is ever an unwelcome intruder, causing many a groan, many a pang, and many a tear. How well their late pastor knew this. The very fact of his wanting his funeral sermon preached from the words, "God be merciful to me a sinner," showed how he felt sin to be a burden. The believer's life was a dignified life, and an exalted life, a life manifested by confidence in him, for notwithstanding all his misgivings, there were times when he could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "I know in whom I have believed."

3. The believer's death. The cross laid aside, the conflict terminated, the victory obtained, the exchange of earth for heaven, the laying aside of the things of this world for the possession of that crown of righteousness spoken of by Paul when he said, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

4. The believer's triumph over death. The believer triumphed over death by his interest in Christ, and his union to Him. Death is swallowed up in victory. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory (the triumph over it), through our Lord Jesus Christ." When he (the speaker) last saw the late Mr. Lawrence, he was in a very low, desponding state, but now he had laid all that aside, and was with that Christ whom he so delighted to extol and talk of while here on earth.

At the close of the service, by request of his widow, the following well-known hymn, which was a great favourite of deceased, was sung:—

" And am I blest with Jesus' love?
And shall I dwell with Him above?
And will the joyful period come,
When I shall call the heavens my home? "

In Memoriam—Mr. R. A. Lawrence.

By W. WINTERS, OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

O THOU eternal God, Thy solemn dealings
Alarm us! Yet we would rebellion shun;
And with half-broken hearts, and stifled feelings,
Devoutly bow, and say, "Thy will be done;"
And learn from this great shock—though hard to scan—
The deep, mysterious ways of God to man.

But can we rest without one sigh? Ah, never!
Did not our loving Lord weep o'er the grave
Of him He dearly loved? though He had ever
O'er death, and hell, omnipotence to save:
O then, we'll vent our fullest grief, and share
The ardent tears of His bereaved ones here.

Send needed help, O Lord, to sad hearts broken !

The widow help, and heal her sore distress ;

Forlorn she waits for some substantial token ;

O hear her cry, and her lone children bless ;

To her a husband be—her wants redress,

And be a " Father to the fatherless."

On the great themes of truth his soul delighted ;

And from his pulpit warmly would unfold

Their beauties, while the God of truth indited

His own blest word, which made the preacher bold ;

And as to those glad oracles declared,

Many weak hearts waxed strong, and sinners feared !

How oft in prayer we've mingled with each other,

And often with each other praised as well ;

O how we loved him as a faithful brother ;

Ah ! you that loved him only now can tell :

A heart he had that felt another's woes,

And often would that heartfelt love disclose.

Stern fact ! yet how unreal it seems—his vision

Flits o'er our mind, as though his face we saw !

We fail to realise the great transition,

And that his form our eyes shall see no more

Till that grand morn when angels trumpets sound,

And the blest dead shall burst the hallowed ground.

By " one fell stroke "—O deadly dissolution—

The soul was ousted from its house of clay !

And to the worlds of light beyond pollution,

On Jesu's breast it calmly passed away :

Fears of the grave oft made his spirit mourn ;

But when death's season came, all fears were gone !

And now above the stars, with raptured spirits,

His full soul joins the orchestra, and sings

Of bliss infinite, fruit of Jesu's merits ;

And with immortal harpers sweeps the strings

Of his celestial lyre, and takes his seat,

Casting his blood-bought crown at Jesu's feet !

Churchyard, December 7, 1882.

DEATH SOUNDING HER TRUMPET ; OR, NOTICES TO QUIT.

BY THOMAS STRINGER.

" This year thou shalt die."—Jer. xxviii. 16.

THIS weighty sentence is verified in the demise of millions annually ; and, my reader, it will shortly be executed in your dissolution and mine. What a noble piece of divine mechanism is the human frame ! How beautifully arranged, associated, ornamented, and completed in all its parts ! " Fearfully and wonderfully made " (Psa. cxxxix. 14) by the all-wise Architect and skilful Builder, Jehovah. 'Tis a sweet mercy to have a well-built, rightly-formed, strong and healthy body ; more so if associated with an enlightened, spiritual, and happy mind. How superbly beautiful, pure, and perfect its symmetry when the great Creator formed it of the dust of the ground, and breathed into it the breath of life. Morally the image of God, free from sin, sorrow, sickness, misery, mortality, disease, and death. But alas ! Satan envied man's happiness and holiness, and hated Him that made him so. He, therefore, made

an invasion upon our first parents, besieged the noble structure, and injected his lying poison into the building. The image of God was defaced, sin infected the entire fabric, mortality and death took full possession. And now from that period "the earthly house of this tabernacle," our well-constructed, well-built bodies, has become sinful, polluted, depraved, weak, frail, vile, sickly and dying. "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin" (Rom. v. 12), so that the regenerated people of God feel and say, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened" (2 Cor. v. 4) with a body of sin and death. There is a plague in the house, and will continue there until the house is "broken down and carried out of the city into an unclean place" (Lev. xiv. 35—45), the grave. Now let my old friend, that matchless poet, Dr. Watts, speak, whose Psalms and Hymns (to me) are unequalled throughout the world.

"Behold, I fall before Thy face,
My only refuge is Thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
No hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away."

Psa. li., part ii.

"Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine."

Hymn 110, book ii.

The believer's emancipated soul, pent up in the earthly house, frequently longs for a deliverance from "the body of this death," and is a tenant at will, liable to be ejected every moment. It is usual for landlords to give their tenants notice to quit at a time specified, and sometimes the notice is repeated. So in general, all the sinful human race receive various notices that the soul is quickly to quit the body, and the body to quit the world. The ungodly take but little or no notice of the matter; but the people of God specially regard it. Although it is true that some of our fellow creatures have not a moment's notice, but are cut off suddenly, whether ready or unready; but this is an exception to the rule generally. Notice, or notices, are given by the Most High God of the certainty of speedy dissolution; and all believers may daily say with dear Dr. Watts:—

"Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

Dangers stand thick through all the
To push us to the tomb: [ground,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home."

Job said, "For I know Thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living" (Job xxx. 23). The daily dissolution of friends and foes, the shutters closed, the blinds lowered, the funeral *cortège*, the tolling bell, the open grave, are all notices of our own removal from time to eternity. The cemetery, with its grassy hillocks, tomb-stones, and epitaphs, say to us, "Be ye also ready." Yes; the grave has lectures; and its silence teaches much louder than divines can preach. The various diseases, disorders, complaints, infirmities, and weaknesses to which this polluted clay-built tabernacle is subject, and is frequently besieged and attacked thereby, are so many notices to quit and give up possession of the premises.

“Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and years increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.”—*Watts.*

As I advance in years I like to be familiar with these notices, and with various parts of the Word of God which speak of human frailty and mortality, so as not to be entirely taken with surprise (as thousands are) when the final summons cometh. Reader, “Go thou and do likewise.” In that anatomical chapter (Eccles. xii.) the Holy Ghost, by Solomon, gives us a long list of notices of our departure. Let us just glance at them. Verse 3: “In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble”—the arms and hands; “The strong men shall bow themselves”—the legs; “And the grinders cease because they are few”—the teeth; “And those that look out of the windows be darkened”—the eyes; “And the doors shall be shut in the streets”—the lips generally closed; “When the sound of the grinding is low”—through loss of the teeth; “And he (an aged person) shall rise up at the voice of the bird”—a little noise awakes him; “And all the daughters of music shall be brought low”—the musical voice and singing powers become weak; “Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high”—through weakness and dizziness; “And fears shall be in the way”—of calamities, dangers, and accidents; “And the almond-tree shall flourish”—the hair become grey and white; “And the grasshopper shall be a burden”—little things become great troubles; “And desire shall fail”—for earthly things and carnal pleasures; “Because man goeth to his long home”—the grave; “And the mourners go about the streets”—relations and friends in mourning attire; “Or ever the silver cord be loosed”—the spinal marrow; “Or the golden bowl be broken”—the skull, or its inward membrane; “Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain”—the right ventricle of the heart; “Or the wheel broken at the cistern”—the left ventricle of the heart; “Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was”—moulder and decompose in the grave; “And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it”—to be blessed in heaven, or cursed in hell. Then he affixes the great label on the human system and all earthly things. “Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity.” Oh! for grace, and its invincible, majestic, conquering reign in our hearts, as a sure pledge of eternal glory. Oh! for more faith in knowledge of, and love to, that all-glorious Person, the Lord Jesus Christ, with a clear prospect and bright evidences of that “Far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,” when and where mortality, with all its accompaniments, whether pleasant or painful, shall be swallowed up of life; and where, without a veil between, we shall gaze upon the full glories of the Lamb, world without end. Reader, may you and I be on the watch-tower, for the last notice to quit the present world, and have within us that blest assurance of “for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord’s” (Rom. xiv. 8). Peace, power, and prosperity be with all “the saints of the Most High.”

We have received the copy of a sermon by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn having reference to Mr. Lawrence's death, but we must hold this over till next month.

THE ROBES THAT ARE WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—Under your Suffolk head of announcements, "*Phylogonius*" is made to say, "The robes of the saints (Rev. vii. 14) require no washing in the blood of the Lamb to make them white." No doubt he is quite right if those robes are supposed to mean the righteousness of Christ Jesus, in which the glorified saints shall appear. The righteousness of our Lord is usually spoken of as a *robe*, and not as robes; so that, whatever the passage may mean, it evidently does refer to *robes* that did require washing, because it is plainly stated to John by the Elder, "They *have* washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Some of our Suffolk friends, who think on these matters, ask for the mind of the Spirit on that mysterious text; and they ask it through the medium of the *VESSEL*. I am not presumptuous enough to suppose I can, with certainty, give the mind of the Spirit on that subject to the satisfaction of the inquirers, but will state a fact in my own experience. During the space of between thirty and forty years, although a "*Layman*," I have preached the Gospel in about half the counties of England, from Kent to Northumberland inclusive, and I can say that in no part were my feeble labours more appreciated than in Suffolk, so I am encouraged to address our Suffolk friends thus.

More than thirty years ago I was preaching at the old Baptist chapel, on Bexley-heath, in Kent, the only Baptist chapel there at that time. After the evening service, when I came out of the chapel, I saw that the congregation had not dispersed, but were in little knots discussing the sermon, or that part of it in which allusion was made to these white robes, proving that those Kentish friends had not been asleep, but were like these Suffolk friends—thinkers. As well as I remember, the remarks were to the following effect:—John in vision saw the Church of Christ in its glorified state, as it will appear after the resurrection, for he was to see "things that must shortly come to pass." He saw the saints in their glorified bodies as well as their glorified souls. Christ Jesus purchased both body and soul by giving Himself, both body and soul, as the price. Hence the declaration, "Ye are not your own, but are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your bodies and your spirits, which are His." The body is the clothing, or robe of the soul, whilst here below, and shall be so in its glorified state after the resurrection. Although sown in the grave in dishonour, it shall be raised in glory and become a suitable blood-washed robe for the already glorified soul. As the soul of every believer is washed, made white or pure in the blood of the Lamb, so also shall the body be. He "bath washed us (both body and soul) from our sins," &c., thus making "us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

At present, this body is a vile body, and is not in sympathy with the regenerated soul, but by virtue of the glorious atonement of the Son of God, "He shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, and that according to the working of His mighty power, the result of predestinating mercy." "Having predestinated us to be conformed to His image," "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Like Him as to our souls, like Him as to our bodies. Wondrous mystery! but delightful to contemplate. John therefore saw, when in the isle of Patmos, the saints in their glorified bodies, or robes, which had been washed and made white, or pure, in the blood of the Lamb.

It is said, however, "*They have washed their robes.*" How can this be ascribed to them? I would suggest in the same manner as in Rev. xix. 7, where it is said, "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and the bride (or His wife) hath made *herself* ready." It is an act of faith on the part of the bride to put on the robe of righteousness, which the Bridegroom hath provided.

God grants unto His people an appropriating faith to use the blessings provided for them by grace divine.

The saints, then, may be said to have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, or to have done that in a way of experience which Christ alone could do in a way of merit. We are exhorted to "work out our own salvation." Here is an act of faith on the part of the child of God in a way of experience, whilst salvation is entirely of the Lord. "For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His own good pleasure." Faith is a working grace, and works out in obedience what God works in the soul in a way of power. "Thou, O God, hath wrought all our works in us."

The apostle John (1 John iii. 3) speaks of the man who hath the hope of being like Christ at His appearing, and says, "He purifieth *himself* even as He is pure." How can a sinner purify *himself*? Is it not by faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ, which only can purify? The act is attributed to the believer, whilst the power is of God. I have suggested that the bodies of the saints are the robes in which they appear in glory, and these have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Is there anything in this idea inconsistent with the general teaching of Scripture truth? The apostle Paul seemed to regard the body as the clothing of the soul: "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life" (2 Cor. v. 4). The poet also speaks of Jesus in His glorified state as being "clothed with a body like our own." The foregoing is submitted, in all humility, for the consideration of the thoughtful, by their willing servant,

Gravesend.

I. O. J.

[We shall be glad to know that our Suffolk inquirers are edified—yea, satisfied—with the excellent (we think indisputable) exposition, for which we thank our brother, Mr. I. C. Johnson, most sincerely.—Ed.]

THE LATE MR. JOHN THOMAS KEAST.

MY DEAR MR. C. W. BANKS,—It is with deep regret that I write, informing you of the death, on Wednesday, December 6, 1882, of my dear father, Mr. John Thomas Keast. Although he had been unwell for some considerable time, it was only within the last three weeks that we had any idea he was so seriously ill; the doctor at this time giving us no hope of his recovery; but my father still seemed to think he would get better. I am thankful to say that he suffered but little bodily pain, but each day his weakness rapidly increased. The Monday previous to his decease was the first time that he seemed to think that he would not recover; and when my dear mother wished him "Good-night," he said, "It will soon be good-bye;" and, after making numerous requests that should be carried out in the event of his death—among them being the wish that his dear friend, Mr. Rundell, should speak at his funeral—he said, "When I have to say, 'Farewell' to you and the children, how I shall feel it!" The day following he kept his bed. I saw him in the evening, when he seemed so much better, that I felt persuaded he would live some days. On the following day—which was his last—my mother read to him the first chapter of Ephesians, which he appeared much to enjoy; at the close of reading of which, he triumphantly exclaimed, "I am safe! safe!" Shortly afterwards, he became much worse.

Mr. Rundell—who has been to all of us "a friend indeed" in our time of trouble—was with him. After spending a few minutes in prayer, he left, promising to call again in the evening. During that day, my father lay in an almost unconscious condition, only speaking when directly spoken to. When asked if he was in much pain, he shook his head, replying, "No, only so weak." At 9.30 p.m., peacefully, without a struggle, he sweetly "fell asleep in Jesus."

My father was first made concerned about eternal things by the words darting into his mind, "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. xvi. 26). He was led in the providence of God to hear Mr. James Wells, and was baptized by him about forty-three years ago, during the whole of which time he was a constant attendant and an earnest well-wisher to the cause at the Surrey Tabernacle. Nearly the last time he was able to attend,

Mr. Forman was the preacher. His text was Rom. viii. 28. This sermon was greatly blessed to his soul; and I remember him speaking of different portions of the sermon at the dinner-table. The last time he attended chapel was the first Sunday in November, when he also went to the ordinance in the afternoon. He was always kept in a very humble frame of mind; and although at times he had many precious promises brought home, when the savour had passed away, he would doubt if the Lord had applied them; one Scripture in particular was very sweet to his mind, "He will come and save you" (Isa. xxxv. 4). Also the following verse was greatly blessed to him—

"Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary's tree;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me."

The funeral took place at Nunhead, December 14, 1882. Mr. Rundell read a Psalm, and a portion in the New Testament. After offering up prayer, he spoke a few minutes from the words, "If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death" (John viii. 51). He said he occupied a solemn position, and one that he naturally shrank from; but as it was the wish of his dear departed brother that he should speak, he would, by the help of the Holy Spirit, say a few words. The Scripture he had read was very applicable; for the believer would never "see death;" the Saviour had come and died, had descended into the tomb, had risen again, and had swallowed up death in victory. The Scriptures, in referring to the departure of a child of God, always called it "a falling asleep." The Saviour said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth;" and, again, "Stephen fell asleep." He then referred to the blessedness of being "a waiter" upon the Lord; for there were many precious promises spoken to them. "I will not leave you comfortless;" "Because I live ye shall live also;" concluding by saying how he mourned the loss of his departed brother; and, speaking of the widow, said that she did not sorrow as one that had no hope, for, although her earthly husband had gone, her heavenly Husband would never leave her; and she had been enabled at times to sing—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

They were now about to lay in the tomb the dust of the departed; but that poor weak body that was sown in corruption would, at the archangel's trump, be raised in incorruption on that glorious resurrection-day. We then proceeded to the grave, Mr. Rundell again praying for a divine blessing to rest upon the mourners.

Among the many letters of Christian love and sympathy we have received, was one from Mr. and Mrs. Pells, full of encouragement to the bereaved ones. The following verses were sent by Mr. Thomas Edwards, of Salem, Tunbridge Wells, who was a dear friend of my father's:—

A TRIBUTE OF CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCE.

Farwell, dear friend, and brother Keast,
Of sinners chief, and saints the least,
(For this we heard him say),
Thy Christian warfare now is o'er,
Within, without, thy sin no more
Shall vex thee day by day.

Decided now is every strife,
Thy spirit's entered into life—
A life no more to cease.

In Christ we see the perfect Man;
In Him we see redemption's plan;
In Him our end is peace.

Soon, brother Keast, thy flesh shall be
As herbs on which the dew we see;
For that shall rise again.

Awaking from the sombre sod,
Through It thy soul shall see thy God,
And thy Redeemer claim.

Thy body, soul, and spirit, too,
Shall thy redeeming Saviour view,
And His own likeness wear.

Then will thy triumph be complete,
When with His saints caught up to meet
Thy Saviour in the air.

This blessed hope doth, by the way,
Prepare us for our dying day;
It is our anchor good.

We are assured it cannot fail;
It's hold is firm within the veil,
In righteousness and blood.

On Christ, our Surety, all was laid;
He has our ransom fully paid;
His children all go free—

Through Him, who has their sins forgiven,
They hope alone to enter heaven,
And all His glory see.

Through death we bid a short farewell
To friends on earth, that we might dwell
With Christ and saints in light.

Of sinners chief, of saints the least,
Yet still we hope, with our friend Keast,
With Christ to walk in white.

Trusting you are better, believe me, yours very sincerely,

WALTER KEAST.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A LOSS TO OUR CHURCHES.

"He that pondereth in silence crowdeth the storehouse of his mind." This proverb was cheerfully illustrated in the speakings and ministrations of the lately deceased Mr. R. A. Lawrence, a young man who anticipated an upward, an onward, a successful, and a useful course in the Gospel for many years; but alas! "the subtle leech hath anatomised soul from body;" "the rigid lord hath claimed the heriot clay, while joyously the youthful soul hath gone to take his heritage." A bereaved Church may speedily find a successor; but who can step in to solace, to comfort, to assuage the grief of a sorrowful widow and a half-orphaned family of dear boys and girls? "The household" is broken, a breach is made, a calamity has befallen them which only the faithful providence of God can in time lift up.

Old Snows-fields church has a history, the different pages of which we have read for about forty years. When William Huntington was falling into the arms of death in 1813, seventy years since, Snows-fields Baptist Church began to become a truth-witnessing organization; most of the members were seals to the valuable ministry of the instrumental founder, the late Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS, of whom it is said, "the doors of his soul were thrown open under the preaching of that eminent man of God, the late William Romaine." I have sat in the empty gallery of Snows-fields "meeting-house," and seen Mr. Francis sitting in the pulpit. I stood by his bed-side when he was passing out of time; his soul took wing January 5, 1848. Then the grace of God lifted up that bold and eloquent young man, THOMAS STRINGER. I saw the beloved JAMES WELLS baptize him; I heard John Foreman give him his "charge." When Snows-fields meeting-house was taken down the Church removed to Bermondsey-new-road, and Mr. THOMAS CHIVERS was chosen pastor. I was at his ordination. He removed into the country, and the Church was left without a pastor. But the Lord raised up young Mr. Lawrence, who was the means of carrying the Church into a new and commodious tabernacle in Lynton-road, near the Grange-road, in Bermondsey. I saw the late William Crowther lay the corner-stone. For some years the ministry of dear Lawrence was much honoured of God; he was quite an original in manner; he was interesting, exciting, and profitable. In the Surrey Tabernacle, and in many of the Churches in the metropolis, his presence, his quick and edifying ministry, was very attracting. He was a pioneer in the new generation of London Strict Baptist Churches.

It becomes us to gratefully acknowledge the mercy of our Lord in continuing to raise up a succession of young men to fill the vacancies made by the going home of the aged pastors. I never considered myself as

belonging either to the old men, who are gone, or to the new ones, who are every day coming to the front. But I have looked a little at both generations, and if this natural life is quietly lengthened out long enough, I might give sketches of them all. The painful removal of the Lynton-road young pastor, when in his manly and ministerial prime, is a cause of grief; and its voice to all of us is, "Watch and pray."

C. W. BANKS.

"NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

By THOMAS STRINGER.

DEAR brother Lawrence is no more:
He's gained the port on Canaan's shore:
His soul, redeemed by Jesu's blood,
Now lives before the throne of God.
Of late his sufferings have been keen,
And days of sorrow he has seen:
His grief, and groans, and pains all cease,
And now he rests in perfect peace.
Grace made him valiant: held him fast
In truth eternal to the last;
His tongue delighted to proclaim
The glories of his Saviour's name.

But lo! a voice—the voice of death—
Demands our brother's mortal breath:
One gentle touch called him away
To regions of eternal day.

No more on earth we hear his voice,
Which often made his flock rejoice;
No more behold his smiling face,
Nor hear him sound the notes of grace.

Oh, what a glorious change for him!
Released from sickness, toil, and sin,
Array'd in robes of spotless white,
And fill'd with infinite delight.

We hope with Him ere long to sing
The triumphs of our glorious King;
To bask with him in seas of bliss,
And ever dwell where JESUS is.

Great God, his mourning widow bless,
Sustain her in the wilderness;
His children from all harm defend,
Be Thon their true and constant Friend.

For his bereaved flock appear,
And let them prove Thy constant care:
Send showers of blessings from above,
Keep them in union, peace, and love.
Lord, keep Thy faithful servants firm,
While from Thy truth so many turn;
Preserve Thy Zion far and wide,
Till all with Thee are glorified.

HADLEIGH.—MR. GEORGE SEWELL.

An account of the dealings of the Lord in the life and death of Mr. G. Sewell.

The Word of God informs us that "the memory of the just is blessed;" and the declaration is sweetly applicable in the case of the subject of this memoir. Mr. George Sewell was born at Hitcham, Suffolk, on November 14, 1824, and at the early age of about 4 years lost his father by death. He was favoured with a God-fearing mother, who, it is said, was the first person the late Mr. Cooper, of Wattisbam, baptized. Of our brother's early days much cannot be gathered, but what may be stated is of a very favourable kind in regard to morality. From

a child he was attached to the house of God, belonged to the Sabbath-school at Wattisham (a distance of about four or five miles from his home), and attended the ministry of Mr. Cooper. In the simplicity of childhood he would sometimes say, "I should like to preach like Mr. Cooper, if I were a man." Before he arrived to manhood he left the scene of his birth-place, and went to London, where he resided only for a short period, and, returning to his native place, he learned the trade of a miller (which was his secular occupation to the close of his life), and again attended at the Baptist chapel, Wattisham. After settling down in married life, and being removed in the providence of God, at the age of a little more than 30, he was brought into deep soul trouble, wondering what was to become of him, and knowing not what to do. His trouble was indeed so great that he was tempted to put an end to his existence. At this time he attended the Baptist chapel, Hadleigh, where the late Mr. Matthews then preached (who was connected with the Wattisham Sunday-school when Mr. Sewell was a scholar there), through whose instrumentality our deceased brother was brought into Gospel liberty by his preaching from a text in Solomon's Song. The set time to favour our brother was come and now his joy was in the Lord Jesus as his Saviour and Friend. He joined the Church at Hadleigh in 1857, and was chosen deacon in September, 1865, thus being a member 25 years and a deacon over 17.

Some time after joining the Church he attended the conference classes, which were held under the presidency of Mr. Matthews, and with others expressed his ideas on various portions of the Scriptures, and thereby his pastor perceived in him a gift for public speaking, and informed him of the same. His pastor generally called him his son Timothy. He was regular in his attendance at the prayer-meetings, and these he often led, and was subsequently called more into public life by preaching the Gospel. He was often tried as to whether right or not in thus speaking in the name of the Lord; and on one occasion, when travelling to a certain place for that purpose, he wrestled hard with the Lord to manifest His will to him, and this the Lord was pleased to do by giving him a seal to his ministry on that very occasion. He will doubtless be long remembered in many places, for he preached at village stations connected with the Hadleigh cause, in the pulpits at Wattisham, Somersham, Ipswich, Blakenham, Hadleigh, Hadleigh-heath, Sudbury, and others, besides at several cottage meetings.

He had rather a weakly constitution, and about 10 or 12 years ago his health seemed to fail him greatly, which was a hindrance to his public speaking; but he frequently observed that he always found the Lord faithful to His promise, verifying His own word that "as thy day so shall thy strength be." His temporal trials and anxieties sometimes weighed him down, for he had a large family to think of and care for, and natural anxieties with spiritual conflicts made him

low, but the Lord applying many sweet promises at these times of depression caused him frequently to rejoice. On one occasion he was speaking to a friend of the promises of the Lord, and said how sweet this one had been to him: "In the Lord Jehovah is *everlasting strength*," putting great emphasis upon the word everlasting.

His attacks of disease were rather frequent during the last few years of his life. About a month before he died, after a complete rest and change he appeared much better, to the joy of his relatives and many friends; but shortly after he suffered a relapse, and on account of his difficulty in breathing his sufferings were great, his complaints being asthma and bronchitis. On the Thursday morning before he died he said to his wife, "I cannot rest much, I will try and sing." He then sung the verse, "Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb," &c.; and on the following morning, making almost the same remarks as on the previous morning, he sung the verse, "When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come," &c. His mind at times wandered, and at other times, though unable to speak much, his meditations were sweet, though to some extent, as he said, his sufferings disturbed his spiritual comfort. On Sunday afternoon one of his brother deacons (Mr. F. Hitchcock) with his pastor (Mr. B. J. Northfield) went to see him. In answer to their inquiries, he said he was not so well, but Jesus was very precious; that there was no end to perfection in Christ, and here was all his stay; the Lord had done all things well. He said he had tried to resist the adversary with the promises of the Lord, and many other precious utterances he made as far as able. His brother deacon left him, bidding him good-bye for the last time. What a solemn parting! He requested Mr. Northfield before he left to pray with him *once more*; and this was complied with in sentences almost choked with grief at the thought of this being the *last time*, as our dear brother Sewell expressed it. Upon Mr. Northfield leaving, his wife and others came downstairs, leaving one friend with him, to whom he said, "God moves in a mysterious way," &c. He said, "The Lord has carried me over a good many storms, and He has always kept me above His feet. Bless His dear name!" His friend, Mr. Northfield, called to see him again after the evening services, and found he was a little revived, but felt continual inclination to sleep. One of his sisters came to see him on the Monday, to whom he said, "We have much to be thankful for; the Lord has saved your soul and mine." He prayed twice in the afternoon with those in the room with him; and in the evening he offered his last solemn verbal prayer (but not his last secret one) in the presence of most of his family, with another friend or two. Feeling that his end was drawing nigh, he kissed his dear children, and bid all present good-bye, commending most lovingly and earnestly his dear wife and family to the care of his covenant-keeping God. Shortly after this (about 9 o'clock) he partook of a little food

given to him by his sister and daughter, and remarked, "I shall soon have done taking this literal bread." He passed through the night with but very little change; but the last few hours of his life his strength rapidly failed. Soon after 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning he fell in his last sleep, and awoke no more in this world, and thus at five-and-twenty minutes to nine on the same morning, November 14, he calmly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on his birthday, at the age of 58.

On the following Monday, November 20, his mortal remains were consigned to their last resting-place in Hadleigh cemetery, in the presence of a large number of people, Mr. B. J. Northfield reading and offering prayer, assisted by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Wattisham, who gave a solemn and appropriate address, concluding with an earnest petition at the throne of grace. On Sunday afternoon, November 26, a funeral discourse was delivered by the affectionate pastor of our departed brother from Job. i. 21: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord" to an overflowing congregation, who by their presence thus testified their high esteem of one in whom his bereaved wife and family have lost a praying, loving, and kind husband and father, the Church at Hadleigh a real lover of Zion, and spiritually-minded member, the Sunday-school an affectionate superintendent, and the pastor an intimate, sympathising, and beloved friend. How often will the language occur to our minds, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." Yet would we pray for grace to enable us to rejoice that "our loss is his gain." Well may we say, when we consider the peaceful end of our dear departed brother, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

NOTE FROM MR. D. ALLEN.

Sydney, August 1, 1882.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS AND KIND EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL,—Love, mercy, and peace be unto you from our most precious and most dearly beloved Lord Jesus; to whom be all glory and everlasting gratitude and praise. I have just received your brotherly, fatherly, and very acceptable letter of June 5, 1882, for which accept of my sincere and heartfelt gratitude. The long distance between us gives a painful sense of a great sea of separation between us, yet distance adds some charms to indissoluble love, which overleaps the loftiest mountains, and outreaches the widest seas, and defies death itself, and still sings:—

"Blest be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart."

1. I send you another account of one of our number being launched into eternal glory in a moment by a train accident, as it is called by men.

2. I send you an account of our Churches, as set forth in the tenth report of our Parti-

cular Baptist Association in the colonies, with the note of Brother Edwards.

3. I send you a description of the movements of the pernicious Darbyite Plymouth Brethren here in Sydney. They seek to disturb our Churches very much.

4. I send you a letter from the dear brother Eagle, of whom you have so very affectionately written in yours to me. You propose to take him on board in July.

5. I send you an account of my visit to Shoalhaven, about 150 miles on our Western coast, which I was invited to visit for the 12th of July. In this I had an open door for the Gospel.

These five packages, I fear, will bring your vessel down to water-mark, but they will not sink her, no, never. She is too well sustained with undergirders of everlasting arms.

"How can we sink with such a prop,
Which holds the world and all things up?"

No, my dear brother, I have not forgotten the land of my birth, nor dear old Laxfield and Horham, where I first went to Sunday-school, a child in Suffolk, 44 years ago. Forget her? Oh, never, never, until my hand shall forget her hold of the pen. I would love to see the crowslips, violets, and primroses of a Suffolk meadow once more. Yes; but I would love to tell, in dear old Laxfield, what Jesus Christ has done for my soul.

With a love inextinguishable by seas, and indissoluble by age,

I remain, yours in Christ,
DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor*.

[All will come in as fast as possible.—ED.]

"THAT I MAY KNOW HIM."

Jesus only! no one near,
Earthly friendships passed away;
None to wipe the briny tear,
Or a kind word now to say.

Jesus never from me roves.

Jesus only! world, farewell;
Boasted friends, whose smiles were vain,
Of your treachery I could tell
Harrowing tales of grief and pain;
Jesus only faithful proves.

Jesus only! what is all
The wealth of worlds to Him compared?
Dagon must before Him fall,
Dagon once my heart ensnared;
Jesus only set me free.

Jesus only! what are men?
At their best estate but dust;
Compared to Him, He is, I ken,
Chiefest now, and ever must.
Jesus only now for me.

Jesus only! woman's love,
Man's esteem all fade away;
He, the morning Star, above,
Brighter than the brightest day.
Jesus is my chief delight.

Jesus only! let the world,
Sin and sorrow do their best;
He is Captain, all unfurl'd
Is His banner—peace and rest.
Jesus wipes away the tear.

Jesus only! when the billows
Of the waterflood surround me;
And when 'neath the weeping willows
He will come to set me free.

Grave, where is thy victory?
G. H. M. READ.

"READY TO BE OFFERED."

A few notes of a funeral sermon by Mr. S. Cozens, delivered in Zoar Chapel, Ipswich, for the late Charles Threadgall, who died on October 14, and was buried on October 19, 1882, in the Ipswich cemetery, in the presence of a large number of mourning relatives and friends. The text was Psa. xxiii. 4. The notes are only notes. The sermon was too long for a full report.

Brother Threadgall was a man of great simplicity. His prayers were as simple as the language of a child to a loving father in whom he confided. There was no multiplying words, no rush of irreverent verbosity, no vain repetition of formal phraseology, no straining after fine expressions, no pausing to construct sentences. No! it was simple prayer, in language of great simplicity. He was truly converted into a little child. He was a man of *godly sincerity*. He was not a double-minded man. He had a mind of his own, and we believe he was true to his own convictions. If he believed a thing was right, he would stick to it and contend for it at all hazards. Some who did not see with him might have thought him stubborn and perverse; but it is our impression, though we did not always see with him, that it was fidelity to his conscientiousness. He was, as you may expect from what I have said, a man of sterling integrity. Those who had dealings with him tell us that he was scrupulously just. I am not exalting the man, but the grace of God that made him what he was. For one of our poets says, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." He was a man of very *decided opinions*. He did not believe in any religious system that made man a partner in the great work of salvation. No half-and-half law and Gospel; no mixing of grace and works; no salvation partly by Christ and partly by human merit ever found favour with him. He did not believe that the two tables of the law were stepping-stones to heaven, and the Ten Commandments the ladder to glory. Salvation by grace—the Gospel that made Christ everything, and the sinner nothing; the grace of God that saves without the works of man, was the testimony that was in harmony with his own experimental knowledge of the deep things of God. We have seen his countenance shining with joy when we have been enabled to exalt the Lord as the sole Author of our salvation, and as the Author and Finisher of that faith by which we realise salvation unto eternal glory. It is a pleasure to know that he was firmly rooted and grounded in the faith of the Gospel, and that nothing could move him from the hope of his calling. He loved the truth of "Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding," and nothing but the truth had his approval.

The last time I saw him he was very calm and peaceful. He had been in conflict with the enemy, who presented a long catalogue against him. It is said that when a man is in a drowning condition that the scenes of his whole life are pictured before him. It

would be a sad and solemn thing to carry the picture of our sins with us into eternity. But in the case of the departed that picture was blotted out, that catalogue was cancelled with blood. "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb." The blood of the Lamb completely obliterated the catalogue, relieved his heart of the guilty past, and delivered him from the tempter. He told me how those words, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb," delivered him from the accuser, who stood at his right hand to resist him. I was about to say the last time I saw him, he said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." I thought, what a mercy to walk through the valley. Some rush through it with impetuous haste. They live a fast life, and make a speedy exit. "A short life, and a merry one," is the fool's paradise. Some in the madness of despair rush away into eternity with the crime of self-murder upon them. It is a mercy to "walk through the valley," to wait all the days of our appointed time, to wait patiently for Him.

This world is the valley of dry bones; we are travelling to eternity over the graves o' ages, and the dust of our ancestors. We are in the valley of death, we are dying while we live. The moment we began to live, that moment we began to die; and every pulse beats but the number less. True, we are journeying to the house appointed for all the living; but if we are believers in Christ we are not in the valley of death, only in the valley of the *shadow* of death. Our bodies may be travelling to the tomb, but we are not travelling to death. Believers shall never die. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord" is not death. The shadow is not the substance. The shadow of a tree is not a tree, the shadow of a man is not a man, the shadow of death is not death. Death itself is dead. By death He destroyed death, and what we call death is to the believer deliverance from death. Death is the door of life. Hence "to die is gain." Paul had a desire to *depart*—not to *die*, but to *depart*. You are thinking about dying and are troubled. Paul was thinking about his departure, and longing for it. He thought more of the crown than of the headsman's axe. Though he knew he was to die a malefactor's death, a violent death, it was a mere shadow to him. "I am ready to be offered." An object comes between us and the light, and casts its shadow upon us; but we move on and the shadow passes away, and the light of glory is upon us. And then see how the presence of God delivers the soul from the fear of *evil*. "I will fear no evil." There is not much that a child fears in the presence of a father. I recollect how secure I felt when walking with and held by my father's hand. Those were the happiest moments of my childhood, when my father took my hand and led me with him in his walks. I was not afraid to go anywhere with my father; and we are not afraid of anything when we have the presence of God. "I will fear no

evil." Not the *evil of sin*, for that is put away and forgiven; not the *evil one*, for he is a conquered foe; not the evil of death, for that is but a shadow that passeth away. And then the shepherd's rod was a great comfort to him. The crook of that rod was used to catch those who had gone astray, and for restraining those who would go astray. David and our friend were brought back to God by the rod of His Word. The rod was used for urging on the flock in the way they should go; and David said, "Thy Word hath quickened me." It was used for beating off the enemies of the flock; and our friend had experience of this use of the rod. But it was also used for counting the sheep. They shall pass under the rod of Him that telleth them—that is, they shall be counted one by one under the rod. The Psalmist knew, and our friend knew, the blessedness of the man whom God chooseth, and His electing love was the staff of their support in the fords of Jordan. By the guiding hand of the shepherd, and His supporting rod, our brother reached the shining shore, and is now with the justified spirits, singing, "Hallelujah!" I once heard a man sing "Hallelujah!" in death; and he passed into eternity singing "Hallelujah!" Heaven comes to meet some saints in the swellings of Jordan, and they are in heaven before they have quite left the world. That is not dying, but going home.

CLERKENWELL. — MOUNT ZION, CHADWELL-STREET. This cause originated about thirty years since, at Bath-street, City-road, where C. W. Banks preached every Sunday afternoon, and obtained supplies. By this means the cause was held together till the advent of Mr. John Hazelton, whom the people heard gladly. This "Little Mount Zion" soon became too strait. The present place of worship was taken, and on December 10, 1854, was opened. The editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* preached in the morning, from Exod. xv. 27, "And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water," &c. Mr. John Bloomfield, in afternoon, from, "For lovingkindness is better than life." Mr. John Hazelton in the evening, from, "But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams," &c. From that time to the present our esteemed brother John Hazelton, has lived in the hearts and affections of his people, and has experienced no small measure of prosperity in the Gospel ministry. On Sunday, December 10, 1882, the anniversary was held. Mr. Shepherd preached in the morning, and the pastor in the evening. On Tuesday, 12th, a public meeting was held, when W. Hazelton prayed for a blessing on the services. Mr. J. Hazelton presided, and the following brethren spoke as under: J. S. Anderson, Rom. ix. 26; J. L. Meeres, Phil. iii. 20; Shepherd, Heb. xi. 13; Styles, Rom. ix. 23; Burrell, Mal. iii. 17. Brother Griffith gave a few congratulatory words to pastor and people; and the benediction brought the service to a close.—J. W. B.

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL AT TERRARA, AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS.—On July 12 I was invited down to Shoalhaven, a splendid farming district on our Western coast, with a broad river (running at the foot of a magnificent range of mountains. Just out of the smoke and dust of the city, everything added beauty to the enchantment of the charm, which held me spell-bound in rapturous admiration of the adorable wonders of our God. All things around me seemed to say,—

"The hand that made us is divine."

"The meanest pin of nature's frame,
Marked out some letter of His name."

Whom my soul loveth and adores. As I was waiting for the chaise of mine host, I wrote upon his saddle-horse block, in view of this scenery, the following stanzas, under the heading, "From the Front of the House of John McArthur, Esq., Terrara, Shoalhaven:—"

"The mountains rise before our eyes,

And seem to point to heaven;

May we adore Jehovah more

For what His hand has given.

The waters flow in vales below,

So beautiful and grand;

The plains stretch out all round about,

How pleasant is this land!

The scene is good, preserved from flood,

And blest with fruitful rain;

The fertile field fine corn will yield,

The country to sustain.

Lord, bless our friend, his house defend

From sorrow all his days.

Oh, bless his store as heretofore,

And prosper all his ways.

"DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

"Terrara, July 13, 1882."

Some ladies soon took my *muse* from the boards to the drawing-room album, where, washed and dressed, my poor child looked as well as any poetic child that has been born in the bush there. Well, I arrived at 5 p.m., and was very heartily and kindly received. All were strangers to me, and I to them. The hall was filled with 300 or 400 people to tea, with evergreens and flowers adorned. Twelve ladies and gentlemen, singers, opened with a nice hymn. The chairman's speech in favour of the Protestant religion, and in protest against the Papacy, followed; then a nice hymn again. Then my first address upon "England before 1688;" then a hymn; then my second address upon "Scotland before 1688;" then a hymn; then my third address upon "Holland before 1688;" then a hymn; then my fourth address upon "Ireland in 1689, 1690, and 1691;" then a hymn again, &c. Before I had done my second address, gentlemen were appointed to ask me to give them a lecture the next night upon "666," in Rev. xiii. 18. To this I agreed, and we had two hours' unabated attention upon that number in the name of the beast—a beastly old beast it is, too. Well, before I had half done my lecture it was resolved that I should stay over Lord's-day, and preach in three of the largest churches in Terrara and Nowra, their two towns. I wired to Sydney

and obtained permission, and on the Lord's-day there came people by a large number of chaise (100) and saddle-horses (50, or about that). A large church full of people. In the morning we had John iii. 7; afternoon, Acts ii. 17; night, 1 Pet. i. 18, &c. Well, it was a very glorious day. The Gospel flag was hung out that day in royal colours, and glorious array, in Jesus' holy name. Love, mercy, and peace, through precious blood, were in high esteem in my soul on that blessed day. Many others felt the Lord to be great and glorious by the mountains and the river-sides that day. Oh, how sweet is the sound of mercy from the mountain of His holiness. Oh, how melodious are the notes of love floating upon the river, flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb!

Never did I feel the dignity and majesty of the truth of the Gospel more than I did that day. Oh, my brother, no man can be ashamed of the Gospel when he sees it in God's light, and feels it in God's power. Then it lifts a worm into higher dignity than any earthly monarch. It makes its messenger pity kings, because their things are trash compared with the treasures we have in earthen vessels by the excellency of the Lord's power, love, and grace. I composed a song to finish my sermon on John iii. 7 for the morning service. This they would have in the newspaper of their town, Nowra. I send you a copy to hang up in your VESSEL if you wish. It can be sung to the tune, "Missionary" (160, "Bristol Tune Book"). "A Bush-song from Shoalhaven, New South Wales." Oh, that God may soon send the Gospel tidings to earth's remotest bounds and bid the dying live. In much affliction,

I remain, yours in the truth,
DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.
Sydney, August 1, 1882.

COGGESHALL.—REMARKABLE! In taking up the EARTHEN VESSEL, the account given of the late James Lawrence, of Coggeshall, arrested my attention. It brought before me the remarkable dealings of God, with not only the deceased, but of his sorrowing widow, during my ministration at the Old Baptist chapel in that town. Mrs. Lawrence had been a regular attendant at the Independent chapel, and had no desire of going elsewhere for religious instruction, but, like many more, prejudiced against the Baptists. It would appear she was in a distressed state of mind, and, preparing to start to her chapel on a Lord's-day morning, a voice within said, "Go to the Old Baptist chapel." Her answer was, "I am not going there," and started to go to her own place. Arriving at the entrance leading to the chapel, the words came again with greater force, "Go to the Old Baptist chapel." She felt unable to proceed another step towards her own chapel. She must go to the Old Baptist chapel. I believe for the first time in her life she came, she heard, she found, she rejoiced, and from that time continued to go. Very soon after this her husband made his first appearance. He came a most

miserable sinner, on the verge of despair. He took his seat in the gallery, in the front of the same, directly facing me. I knew nothing of him. I gave out my text with emphasis, "I have blotted out thy sins as a cloud, and thy transgressions as a thick cloud." The Holy Ghost at once carried home the word with its gracious import. The effect produced was such, he fell forward as one shot. From that instant James Lawrence became another man; the lion turned into a lamb. Very shortly after that I had the pleasure of baptizing him and his dear spouse. When they came up out of the water, they embraced each other in the most affectionate manner, in the presence of the many spectators. The wife would say, "I have a new husband, and a new home." "Old things had passed away," indeed, with them, and all things became new. These were by no means the only seals I had there or the only special manifestations of abounding grace and almighty power, although I was accused by some of building up a dead cause; but there are those to this day who can bless God for sending me there. I rejoice that there are still in that town contenders for the faith once delivered to the saints.—Yours faithfully, H. BARTHOLOMEW, the Manse, Matfield Brencbley, Kent, November 9, 1882.

NORWICH.—Mr. B. Taylor, of Pulham, wishes me to send you a few particulars as to the late Mr. Robinson. He was the son of a soldier, who was quartered at Oswestry, and was born in 1811; died at 73 years of age. When very young, his widowed mother brought him back to her old home in Norfolk; and her William was apprenticed to the printing business, the principal of which was Josiah Fletcher, a gentleman who was highly esteemed by the people of Norwich. The business has for some time past been carried on by his son, in Davey-place. Mr. R. continued with the firm fifty years, when Mr. B. E. Fletcher, in the goodness of his heart, made Mr. Robinson a handsome present, and likewise the workmen; and for nearly three years past, by the generosity of Mr. Fletcher, he has lived in retirement; but not so far as his Lord's service was concerned. Three weeks ago last Sabbath, amid the great storm of the day, he went a distance of seventeen miles, to his usual place, Great Ellingham, to break to the people the Bread of Life. He returned home on the Monday, apparently with a cold, took to his bed on Thursday, November 2, and, notwithstanding every attention, he passed away on Friday, November 17, 1882. His sufferings were intense, but no murmur ever escaped his lips; and the writer once asked him if his mind was easy, and his reply was, "Quite easy." Just prior to his death his acute pains ceased, and he laid quiet as a little child; one more look on the writer, and he gently breathed his last. My prayer is, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his."—A. CANHAM.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—In the new and somewhat picturesque part of Addison-park, called Bolingbroke-road, Blythe-lane, stands the Baptist chapel, over which Mr. P. W. Williamson is the respected pastor. The chapel is a noble building, and occupies a splendid position, with a good frontage to the road, and will eventually be surrounded with a number of respectably-built villas, which will doubtless add much to the interest of the cause. Being our first visit to this sanctuary, we were struck with the magnitude of the building and the taste displayed in every part with the view of making the congregation comfortable, nothing out of place or unnecessary. The massive gallery in the front, and a double row of square columns supporting a number of pointed arches, and double aisles, with open, sloping roof, present a bold and imposing appearance, not unlike an ecclesiastical structure of a mixed style of architecture. And considering the immense size of the edifice, it is very easy to speak in, the voice does not rebound as in some lofty chapels we have visited; this, we presume, is owing to the gallery and the aisle arches. On Tuesday, December 5, two special services, of a very interesting character, were held in this sanctuary. Mr. Williamson, the pastor, presiding, read a portion of the Word of God, and offered prayer. Brother J. L. Meeres was the first speaker, and treated very fluently on the glorious Lord, as found in Isaiah xxxiii. 21, showing the beauty of the broad rivers of Gospel peace, and was followed by brother John Box, who dwelt in a loving and able manner on the glorious arm (Isa. lxiii. 12), and opened up very sweetly the true meaning of glory, as also the glorious arm of Jehovah displayed in the salvation of sinners. W. Winters endeavoured to say a few words on the glorious conquest achieved by the hand of Jehovah; and brother W. Hazleton spoke some suitable words on the glorious apparel of our Lord, as seen by Isaiah (lxiii. 1). The friends afterwards adjourned to the commodious schoolroom annexed the chapel, where an excellent tea was provided. In the evening Mr. Williamson opened the meeting with a hymn, and a portion of Scripture being read, Mr. Williamson called upon Mr. J. Freshwater to engage in prayer. Mr. E. Langford addressed the friends on the glorious name of God, dwelling mainly on the appellation, character, and renown of Jehovah. Mr. J. H. Dearsly dilated with considerable feeling and power on the glorious rest of the saints in Christ. Mr. James Clark treated warmly on the glorious body of the believer on its transformation from the corruptible to incorruptible state at the resurrection; and Mr. J. H. Lynn spoke well on the glorious work of the Lord (Psa. iii. 3). The subjects and the occasion were indeed glorious, and we believe the pastor's heart was cheered, and the souls of many made to rejoice. We are glad to learn that the ministry of Mr. Williamson is greatly blest to souls; also the Sunday school Band of Hope and Dorcas Society in connection with

the chapel are progressing; and that efforts are being made to clear off the building debt, which at present amounts to about £380. The Lord has done great things for this Church, and we hope soon to hear that all its liabilities are liquidated.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

ZION LENGTHENING HER CORDS.

[We joyfully call attention to the following truly good report.]

CHATTERIS.—It must be gratifying to lovers of divine truth to hear of fresh ground broken up, and the Gospel proclaimed in new localities. It was laid upon the Church at Zion, Chatteris, in the Winter of 1881, to endeavour to extend its usefulness by opening mission stations at Primrose-hill and at Horseyway, both districts about three miles from Chatteris. Our pastor, Mr. A. B. Hall, and brethren from among us, each week opened up the words of eternal life. The services, by God's blessing, were highly successful; so much so, that the rooms we occupied became too small for us. We have to record the great goodness of God toward us this Winter as regards these mission stations, that we have now two comfortable chapels to conduct our services in. In the largeness of his heart one of our deacons, Mr. T. C. Smith, who is well known to the ministers of our denomination for his affability and generosity toward the cause of God, has built for us, on his own land at Primrose-hill, a neat, comfortable chapel, which will seat about 120, at a cost of over £100, leaving it for the friends to provide seats, stove, and lamps. For this purpose the opening services took place on Wednesday, November 27, 1882. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by our pastor from Zeph. iii. 17: "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty," to a good company. About 130 friends partook of tea. A public meeting was held in the chapel, which was crowded to excess; chair was taken by Mr. C. T. Smith; interesting and profitable addresses were delivered by our pastor, by Messrs. Smith, Willepin, Payne, Pratt, and Fuller. The proceeds amounted to over £12, which about covered expenses of seating the chapel. On the following Sabbath afternoon a school was commenced, with between sixty and seventy scholars. There is every indication of the Lord's blessing resting upon us in that place. At Horseyway we have hired a small chapel, and we have been much encouraged by good congregations meeting together to hear the Word of life. This has been a year of mercy to us at Zion; eighteen have made a public profession of faith in Christ Jesus, having testified at the Church meeting of the power of sovereign grace in their hearts. Our pastor at times feels as if the work of the Lord is too heavy for him; but he is surrounded by good workers, and sustained and maintained by the Lord. He is helped to exalt a precious Christ, and describe the footsteps of the flock.

A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.

OUR CHURCHES IN READING.

DEAR FRIEND BANKS,—My attention is drawn to a statement by J. Clinch, in which he advertises himself as desiring to be fully engaged in the Gospel ministry; then follows a remark that our Close Communion causes are low in Reading; he then refers to the anniversary of Providence chapel; his professed sympathy with it, and speaks of our heavy debt, signing himself, "A Well-Wisher."

I feel sorry you should be misguided by such statements; and I feel bound to direct a few words—not for controversy, but to lay a honest statement of facts before the Churches. First, As to the present state of the Close Communion causes at Reading. Our friends at Zoar, who adhere to that line of teaching advocated in the *Gospel Standard*, have built themselves a chapel, and paid for it years since. In the last two years they have established a Sunday school; the cause is very well supported by godly men, and they have this year chosen a settled pastor, with a fair congregation. "Providence" is, as you know, a good freehold building, in a main thoroughfare. The chapel has cost about £1,600, and it reflects credit to the Strict Baptist denomination. Mr. Clinch opened a third cause in the town. It existed about twelve months, and was then abandoned. This did the Close Communion causes much harm. Subsequently, Mr. C. came to Providence, and sought to be united to us. He was, in Christian charity, received in as a member; his wife was also baptized and became a member. He preached at different village stations, and remained a member with us up to August last. He communed with us in the afternoon, then went to the Wycliff chapel and communed with them in the evening. Then the minister of said chapel applied to us for the transfer of Mr. Clinch to them, as he wished to be a member with them, so that Mr. and Mrs. Clinch stand members with the Open Communion causes, yet seek invitation from Strict Communion causes to the ministry. Does not such conduct speak for itself?

With reference to the anniversary of Providence, Mr. Clinch has spoken a good word for the preacher, but he was not correct as to the congregation; for it is a remarkable fact that seven mothers (members with us) were absent on the Lord's-day, through illness in their families; and on the morning of the anniversary day, Death stepped into my house about 8.30, and took my dear wife's father. What must be the state of our minds, think you? When dear brother Box came down, the weather was unfavourable, and affliction abounded on every hand. He was my guest. He preached two good sermons; gained the Christian esteem of those who had the privilege to hear him. We all look forward to another opportunity, when we hope to hear him under different circumstances.

As to our present state, brother Thomsett has laboured amongst us about four years. His kind, genial, cheerful spirit, with his

faithful testimony, backed by a consistent life, has been blessed of God. Our Sunday schools have much increased; a very good Bible-class, and the Church is united one with another. Providence has been more settled and quiet than I have known it for years. Brother Daniels and two other friends joined us this month; and with our united efforts the finances are well sustained; the small balance due to treasurer last quarter-day was immediately made up.

In 1878 the debt was £500. The Baptist Building Fund kindly lent us £200, to be returned by half-yearly instalments of £10, which has been kept paid, leaving the sum of £300 on mortgage, of which sum £50 has been paid off, leaving our mortgage debt £250. We have good congregations, and warm-hearted prayer meetings. I feel justified in stating both causes are far better sustained than in many towns through the country.

I trust you will see your way clear to publish this information, in the interest of the Strict Communion denomination.

Yours, in Gospel bonds,

ABIJAH MARTIN.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—Kind E,—To your question, and to others, I wish to reply. On Sunday, December 3, 1882, our brother, Mr. Garnham, of Bournemouth, preached a new covenant sermon, with sacred feeling and fulness of divine truth. Our people heard well; the fog and damps kept many away. In evening I was enabled to go through the whole of the service; much of that freedom, which, I think, cannot come from nature, was given me in preaching from the words, "WE ARE THE LORD'S." At our communion service afterwards, fifty-two brethren and sisters sat down. My own soul was deeply affected with the words, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow," &c. I cannot think I ever felt like it before. It was to me a service more imbued with a spirit of fellowship with Christ in His suffering than is usual. Subsequently, a hint of the vehement spirit of persecution against me by those who never knew me, much cast me down. How dreadful appears the enmity of those who are influenced by malice and falsehood. I took up my Bible; it lay open upon these words, the first my eye fell upon, "All thine enemies have opened their mouths against thee," &c. "The Lord hath done that which He had devised," &c. Enough, I said; and my old friend Micah's resignation came to me, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord," &c. Thus, between the continued forty years' roar of adversaries and the sanctified chastisement of the Lord, I am held up to this moment. It may not be long. From a child I see and remember how there has ever appeared to be some secret power aiming to destroy, but another unseen hand delivering and providing. Of that marvellous escape from the express train at Maidenhead, I may tell you next, if I live.—Truly, C. W. B.

TAKEN HOME IN A CHARIOT OF LOVE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I send you a short account of the life of one of the Lord's watchmen, now sweetly laid to sleep in eternal covenant bonds in Christ Jesus. Our brother Joseph Field lived in the wilderness near 80 years. In the last week of his mortal life he fully realised the firm foundation of all the Father's covenant love in His well-beloved Son. To use his own words, he was as happy as it was possible for man to be in this body. It had long been his prayer that as he had been a living testimony the Lord would grant him grace to be a dying testimony. His prayer was granted in a glorious fullness.

While conversing with brother Elliott, he said, when quite a youth he came to live in Norwich, and, as the son of a praying father, he led a quiet, moral life; but on obtaining a lodging with some unsteady youths, he was led into the paths of sin. He became the leader in works of iniquity. About the age of 20 he heard a sermon on, "All flesh is grass." He did not think much about it till one evening he was sweeping the lawn; and as he swept the loose grass together the words of the sermon flashed in his mind thus, "I am flesh; I may soon be cut down." It troubled him much for a time.

When he sought the company of a young woman (who afterwards became his wife), she said she would not walk with him unless he went to chapel with her. After about four or five years attending the house of God, the arrow so pierced and wounded him that nothing but Christ and His blood would heal. Those words, "Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him" (Isa. iii. 11), made him keenly feel his lost state. He had sinned against God, his father's good advice and prayers, and his own conscience. He uttered that prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Great was the change wrought; indeed, "old things passed away, and all things became new."

In the course of time he was (with five others) baptized in the name of a Triune-Jehovah. Years after he was led to speak here and there of the rich Gospel of the grace of God. The last thirty years of his life he was always engaged in the Lord's work. He had seals to his ministry at Saxlingham, where he laboured steadily for thirteen years; and at Brook in his last days.

A few weeks before he died he preached his last sermon at Brook, from "Handle me, and see" (Luke xxiv. 39). He often preached for me at Orford-hill, when I was away. His last text in September was Psa. xix. 14. He often feared old age; but God provided for him in a way he did not expect. A sister in Christ asked him if he had any regret as to the Gospel he had preached. He said, "No; he had always asked God to help him to preach the truth, and on that eternal truth he found (now in his dying moments) a sweet resting-place." Of the last few days no tongue can tell it out. He really

passed from earth to heaven in the chariot of everlasting love. May our end (if the Father's will) be like his. W. E. PALMER.

16, Cambridge-street, Norwich.

POPLAR.—Bethel Baptist chapel is now undergoing a thorough restoration, the exterior has been re-pointed and cleaned, and the roof made good. The interior is so altered, modernised, and beautified, that, comparatively speaking, it is like a new chapel. In the place of the old pulpit is a very pretty pinewood platform, with open rails and steps at each end. The body of the chapel is filled with entirely new benches, with closed backs, in the place of the old pews, so that friends may sit as comfortable as in their own parlours. This is a great boon indeed to the worshippers; and the whole has been carried out by Mr. James Lee, builder, at a very moderate cost. There has been no outlay for architect's plan; Master Lee designed it gratis. We hope this dear youth in years to come will be as wealthy, generous, and useful in the Churches as his father, Mr. James Lee, and his uncle, Mr. H. Lee. On Tuesday, December 12, special services were held. W. Winters preached in the afternoon; and a good number of friends partook of tea in the schoolroom adjoining the chapel. In the evening, Mr. Henry Lee presiding, gave out a hymn, and brother Fowler offered prayer. Mr. Lee congratulated Mr. H. F. Noyes and his friends on the success achieved in renovating the chapel, and blessed God for the honour conferred upon brother Noyes' ministry in that place. The friends have a harmonium, which was well played, and the psalmody rendered pleasant. "The Lord's Prayer" was the subject for the evening's meditation. Mr. John Box dwelt sweetly on the relationships inferred by the words, "Our Father;" Mr. F. C. Holden was eloquent on the "Name," so hallowed and blessed; Mr. J. H. Dearsly, on the "Will" of God, was masterly and pathetic, showing its decretive and relative aspects. We followed with a few words on the *super-substantial* bread. Mr. W. H. Lee was equally forcible and truthful on the important subject of "Forgiveness;" and Mr. T. Steed spoke on the lofty and sublime "adoration" of God expressed in the prayer. Mr. H. F. Noyes read a very concise report, shewing that £65 had been paid already off the building debt, and that the Metropolitan Association had granted the friends £15 to help off the burden. Mr. James Phillips, an old Sunday school scholar, presented a very beautifully-bound Bible for the pulpit, and Denham's hymn book, just the thing we asked for in the EARTHEN VESSEL a short time ago; and Mr. W. Debnam, another old scholar of Bethel, presented also for the pulpit a well-bound Dr. Watts' hymn book. With the Bible was presented a large embossed card, with an inscription upon it, and a list of donors. We may now consider our brother H. F. Noyes the pastor of Bethel, as was predicted years ago by the late pastor's wife, Mrs. Davis.—W.M. W.

PLYMOUTH.—The true Christ and the power of the Holy Ghost in man's soul have had faithful witnesses in Plymouth and around for some centuries. Near 300 years ago Abraham Chere, a Baptist minister at Plymouth, was imprisoned five years for holding what was then an unlawful conventicle; then he was banished to the rocky island of St. Nicholas, and kept in bonds until he died in 1608. He was a laborious and faithful preacher. George Hughes, a Fellow of Pembroke College, was also cast upon the same island for nonconformity, but when sorely persecuted he wrote to one saying, "Be not discouraged on account of suffering. The cross is the way to the crown. If we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with Christ. Salvation shall come to the Churches." In Stillman-street, 1804, John Kitto was born here. Low, and poor, oppressed, and afflicted, but God made great use of him in the study and publication of Biblical truth. He died in 1854, saying, "My Lord is calling me up higher, that I may more closely understand the inner mysteries of His kingdom." Dr. Hawker, Arthur Triggs, and other ambassadors for Christ, have lived and laboured here. A correspondent of the present date says: "I think it a misfortune that your correspondent from Plymouth is not sufficiently aware that there are, and always have been, discerners of the truth as it is preached in Jesus still here. You will be glad to know that Trinity chapel, though at present without a pastor, is out of debt; mainly through the efforts of the senior deacon, Mr. James Chambers, who still is kept to us through many rough winds. Had it not been for the zeal of this esteemed man, Trinity chapel, for the Truth, would have ceased to be. Probably some will read these lines of esteem with but little regard, yet it has been seen, and will be, God has supported him. I am, sir,—An Old Member of Trinity Chapel, York-street, Plymouth." [We thank our correspondent for this note. With all our soul we would praise God that Trinity chapel in Plymouth still has THE TRUTH preached in it. O, our God, gather in, build up, meeten for glory, many of Thine own in this once-favoured house of prayer.—ED.]

ENFIELD.—In the neat little chapel at Putney-road a meeting was convened on November 29. Pecuniary help was necessary to clear incidentals, and it is gratifying to relate that the needed help was mainly realised. Mr. R. Alfrey is a persevering man, and is useful to troubled souls (by the Holy Ghost). A tea awaited the friends. Brother Alfrey opened the evening service; Mr. Wild prayed; Mr. Alfrey spoke precious truths on the work of the Holy Spirit in the revelation of Jesus Christ to the soul; we endeavoured to express a few thoughts on the distinction between law and grace; brother William Hazelton took us all into heaven, and there left us awhile, full of wonder, love, and praise, till eventually we found ourselves in the body again, and the happy meeting terminated.—W. WINTERS.

GRAYS, ESSEX.—EBENEZER. DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I was much interested in reading the account, "Growing in Essex." I am glad to find the Strict Baptists are not all dead in Essex. I have no doubt you will rejoice with us at Grays to hear that two believers in the Lord went through that much-despised ordinance, immersion, on December 6, in connection with the newly-formed Church here. The baptizing services were held at Zoar chapel, Gravesend (kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. F. Shaw, the pastor). Our brother S. T. Belcher preached from Romans vi. 4, and then had the privilege of baptizing for the first time. I thought, when looking at the water, of our forefathers, the martyrs, going through the fire for Christ's sake. Surely we can follow Him through a little water after doing so much for us. Some of us can say with good old Ryland—

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
We'll follow where He goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose."

Praise God, the Baptists are still in existence in this part of Essex, and are increasing. We trust others will be constrained to follow their Master. When we commenced the cause the Church was formed of three females; now we number something like eighteen. To His great name be all the praise, is the desire of your humble correspondent,—W. HEXMER.

HOW TO SAVE THE WORLD IN TEN YEARS!

Ah! but we shall not see it. Long before that we shall be out of this world. At a Sunday-school Union meeting, held recently at Rothwell, near Kettering, one Mr. C. Percival said, "If they called forty years a generation, and each teacher had a class of ten, and in each year converted one soul to Christ, in ten years the whole world would be saved." That was a singularly illogical calculation. Messrs. Lewin, Thomson, Spence, Hocker, Towner, especially Mr. Wilson, the chairman, as well as secretary Chambers, were all "struck" with the suggestion. "We" said, "According to that, it is possible for the Sunday-school to outrun the noisy army in this much and long talked of victory, the salvation of the world." How blind men are to the revelation God has made of the work of His salvation!

WALWORTH-ROAD.—November 28, the Excelsior Junior Band of Hope held the usual tea-meeting in York-street chapel; upwards of 200 children had a bountiful meal. At public meeting Mr. Thomas, the efficient conductor, presided; W. Beddow prayed; Mr. John W. Banks gave a brief address. The children recited and sang thoroughly well. Mr. Dobson, the active and loving president and treasurer, spoke well, as did also Mr. Preston. The hall was literally packed with parents and friends. This Band of Hope is growing so rapidly that the place is too small, and funds are greatly required to obtain a more commodious building.—W. BEDDOW.

GOWDHURST, KENT.—Cuddesden-green Sunday-school was formed in the Summer of 1861. It commenced with twenty scholars and two teachers; it soon grew to a hundred scholars and twelve teachers. At the present time it numbers a hundred and sixty scholars and eighteen teachers. During fifteen years nearly six hundred scholars have entered and passed through the school, receiving religious instruction, which, in many cases, has proved to be the salvation of their souls. One writing from a foreign land says, "I never knew how much I loved the Sunday-school till after I left it." 'Twas there I first learned to love the Saviour." Another, on his death-bed, said: "God bless the school, bless it for what it has done for me. I found me lost and ruined, it has led me to the Saviour, and I am now going to be with Him for ever." Another writing says:—

"'Twas here I found the pearl of price,
Oh, great, oh, lasting bliss,
To know that Jesus Christ is mine,
And I am ever His."

These instances might be multiplied on every hand, but eternity alone will tell the full and blessed results arising from the Sunday-school labours here. A Church has been formed, and some sixty souls have been converted and added to the Church. Three preaching stations have been opened, where the Gospel is carried to the "regions beyond."—**MATTHEW BRANCH.**

GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—Grace and peace be unto you. You may have thought me un mindful of you, as I have not informed you what way our eternal Father God has been pleased to open a door for me to again labour in His good cause of eternal truth. It gives me soul comfort to tell you He has heard our prayers, after I had by His grace been enabled to labour in this part of His Church for seven years and three months, as I have said to you before. I could not see how to stay with them to pay my debts in an honest way, so I gave up my pastorate. The Church at Well ingborough saw your kind notice in the E. V., and sent for me for three Sabbaths. The Church have since then given an invitation for the months of January, February, and March, 1883. To this kind request I have (subject to the will of our covenant God) agreed to comply. I look at this request of the people as of the Lord, and as an answer to prayer, so I hope to go in the life of grace, and see that the hand of Jacob's God is with us. With Christian love.—**A. BALDER.**

NOTTING HILL GATE.—**BETHESDA CHAPEL.** On Wednesday evening, December 13, a service of song was held by the children and teachers of the Sabbath school, entitled, "The Birth of Christ." The pastor (Mr. H. Brown) took the chair. Brother Pavey (deacon) opened with prayer. After reading a portion of Scripture, several hymns and pieces were sung, the connective readings being supplied by our esteemed superintendent, Mr. C. E. Green—his own composition. The musical arrangements

were under the guidance of brother James Rowley, and reflected great credit on his ability to coach up the children in the short time at his disposal. The chairman, after a few well-chosen remarks to the children, concluded with prayer a very enjoyable occasion.—**W. C. B.**

THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

THIS fair and pleasant world one day,
Shrivell'd by flame will melt away;
Its green-clad fields will lose their glow,
Its crystal rivers cease to flow;
Then will the bright resplendent sun
Call in his beams, their errand done,
Will yield his light to God who gave,
And sink in some inglorious grave.
The moon, her borrowed lustre gone,
Will topple from her silver throne,
The sky will wear a funeral pall,
The stars like blighted berries fall.
Thus nature and her works will die,
Quenched in thy wave, ETERNITY!
But vain 'gainst man thy power will strive,
He shall, 'mid all thy threatenings, live.
The soul which Godhead breathed at first
May never mingle with the dust.
Eternal years will roll along,
And find it vigorous, fresh, and young.
'Tis a great thought! but seek to know
Thine home, while these long ages flow:
Death opens to a double road—
Downward to hell, or up to God.
Should thy freed soul attain to heaven,
The mansion and the crown be given:
The stream of ages rolling by
Will witness still thine ecstasy.
But should thy tortured soul in hell
Join the loud shrieks, which myriads swell
Then, through the periods lagging by,
Thou'lt curse thine immortality.

REZENED.

FRIEND TO FRIEND.

THE precious Word—the Word of God—
Saith of a man that hath a friend,
He must, whatever be the road,
Shew himself friendly to the end.
Oh, may this spirit guide my aim
While travelling in this thorny path;
Mention the name of Jesus slain,
To save us from the coming wrath.
As we would wish our hearts were cheered
With the sweet smiles of His dear face;
So would I ask the Lord, indeed,
To bless you with His changeless grace.
Before Him may you always stand
In humble and blest confidence;
A herald of His own right hand,
Till He shall sweetly call you hence.
Led by His own almighty truth,
May bread be given, and water sure;
Death be no more a frightful foe,
And heaven in sight appear secure.
Won by the Gospel's joyful sound,
May sinners flock the cross around.
Immanuel's name be All in all,
And loved ones snatched from Nature's fall;
Now may our triune covenant God
Bless what's consistent with His Word.

T. FRENCH.

Marriage.

At the Baptist Chapel, Mendlesham Green, by Mr. William Tooke, of Bury-St.-Edmunds: William Edgar, second son of Mr. William Clover, to Elizabeth (Betsey), eldest daughter of Mr. Jabez Hart, of Mickfield.

The Eternal Smile that Resteth on the Covenant of Grace.

“TURN US AGAIN, O LORD GOD OF HOSTS,
“CAUSE THY FACE TO SHINE,
“AND WE SHALL BE SAVED.”

THREE times in the eightieth Psalm is the above petition poured forth, and each time with an additional force. Not three times only, but constantly during the many nights and days in which I have been laid down, has my soul silently, earnestly cried, “Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, *cause Thy face to shine*, and we shall be saved.” No sensible answer have I received. Down in physical weakness; down in a kind of dungeon of darkness; down in a feeling sense of uncertainty as to what would be the issue of all this, my mind was led to a four-fold view of what appeared to me to be the four bulwarks or strong towers of the covenant of grace.

But, before this, I went down again, in measure, into the belly of hell. Our Benjamin, of Pulham, tells us, in his “*Beatitudes*,” if a man is thus tried, it is because of some dreadful thing he has done. So Job’s friends thought. Isaiah said, “I stand continually upon the watch-tower in the daytime, and I am set in my ward whole nights.” When it is so; when you cannot read, cannot hear, cannot see, let no untried, no unbroken professor laugh if a poor prisoner have some vision or revelation, such as he never had before; neither can many believe that such things are worthy of the least notice. I have thought for years, the people professing truth live almost entirely upon external excitement. They go, week after week, and hear most beautiful sermons upon all their iniquities being laid upon Jesus, they believe one doctrine, and on they go.

Well, see sirs, the Lord never did deal with any two men alike, either in the Old or the New Testaments. I mean, not in a way of Providence; not in external things. Hence, it becometh every new-born soul to examine itself before GOD, in the Word, by the SPIRIT, and by the different exercises it passeth through. It is not safe to depend upon the mere testimony of the best man in the world.

In this long affliction, which I am now in, and which may be my last—I cannot tell. In this season I have been under a dark, a heavy, a miserable cloud. Yet in the midst of it, almost in the worst of it, a view of divine things, such as I never read or heard of, came to sustain me. A silent whisper said, “*The smile that resteth upon the four bulwarks of the covenant of grace.*” That MY SOUL WAS LOST one night appeared all but certain. It appeared that my soul was driven out of the body, out of this world; and something said, “From the presence of the LORD, and from the glory of His power.” You ask, “Did you see your soul thus driven out?” Oh, yes, quite plain; not in a dream; all appeared plain to sight and to sense. You will ask again, “What was your soul like?” It was exactly to be seen, as an

unclothed skeleton; every part of the frame complete; but only a skeleton, and all unclothed. "Where did you see your soul?" Out in a dark, waste howling wilderness: a most terrible desert, full of rocks, caves, and indescribable distances on every hand; there was no end anywhere. "What appeared to be the state of your soul?" Poor thing! she was scared and alarmed by the sight of other such skeleton souls who appeared coming to torment her. The sight so alarmed me, that I came to myself. The words of the apostle, in *Thess. i. 9*, have ever since conveyed to my mind a terrible significance. Concerning the wicked, Paul says, "They shall be PUNISHED with EVERLASTING DESTRUCTION from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power."

Oh! to be a "LOST SOUL!" Driven out where death and devils dwell for ever! Saul of Tarsus came to be a lost soul sensibly; so did the Philippian jailor, and those who cried out on the day of Pentecost, "What must we do to be saved?"

It has occurred to me since I saw my soul driven out as an unclothed skeleton—as a perfect man, but only a skeleton of a man—that it answered exactly to the thing Paul so vehemently desired to avoid. He says (2 Cor. v. 3), "In this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our HOUSE, which is from heaven (then hear him); if so be that being clothed

"WE SHALL NOT BE FOUND NAKED."

Oh! oh! for a soul to be driven out without the garments of salvation is to be driven into hell, into despair, into a wilderness of wild fiends and lost souls. Oh, tell me not you are "the pastor," or you are deacon, or you are member of some eminent minister (himself and people, it may be, as proud as can be). No! the question is, can I say,—

"And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

Charles Kingsley wrote the following lines of his spiritual downfall and recovery. He says:—

"I had built myself a Babel tower, whose top should reach to heaven,
Of poor men's praise and prayers and subtle pride
At mine own alms. 'Tis crumbled into dust!
Oh! I have leant upon an arm of flesh—
And here's its strength! I'll walk by faith—by faith!
And rest my weary heart on Christ alone,
On Him, the all-sufficient."

Some one would ask me, "When you saw your poor soul thus cast out, did you despairingly and horribly feel your

"SOUL WAS LOST FOR EVER?"

All I can recollect is, that my soul ran back (as she always does when she is frightened) to that Sunday morning, fifty-four years ago, when, out of a deep sleep Jesus said, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light;" and when I ran over the Dane John, in Canterbury (not knowing whither I was going), into a chapel, and a tall gentleman, in a black gown, came up, and said, "Being confident of this very one thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perfect it unto

"THE DAY OF JESUS CHRIST."

My soul has always hoped in the Lord Christ since that bright, blessed morn; and I have thought, if I could have died then, what a mercy! Instead of which I have had over fifty years of such sorrow (with intervals of peace) as never can be written. While these things were rolling over my soul, there came the singular sentence whispering to me, "The smile that resteth upon the four bulwarks of the covenant of grace." I cried out, "Will someone write down these lines for me?" But no one took any notice of me. They thought I might be going wrong. But I found the things I saw were engraven on my heart, and I must lose my mind before I can forget them. The elder sons may laugh at me, but they will have all that to themselves. The scene I saw was in accordance with divine revelation. When the new covenant arrangements were completed between the FATHER and the SON, wherein the salvation and glorification of the Church were everlastingly secured, then the HOLY GHOST saith (as is recorded in *Psa. lxxxv.*), "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." There is the result of the covenant of grace as completed between the ETERNAL GOD and the ETERNAL SON. In the fulness of time TRUTH did spring out of the earth, and now righteousness doth look down from heaven. And the Lord our righteousness will continue to look down from heaven until all He hath redeemed with His own precious blood shall be for ever with Him in glory. Meanwhile, I saw MERCY standing, and smiling upon the four bulwarks of the covenant of grace. There is no salvation out of the covenant of grace. Of the covenant of grace, the learned divines and the fashionable pastors say nothing now. New commentaries are continually coming forth from the press. Men are busy in trying to mend the Bible. A great reviewer says, "*We live in an atmosphere of intellectual unrest and of scornful unbelief.*" This fact cannot be ignored." The "scornful unbelief" is against the whole system of the covenant of grace. The eternal union which binds Christ the Head to the mystic body is scorned. God's predestination, His Personal election of the given ones to Christ, and their safety in CHRIST: these heavenly laws are scorned and derided as dangerous hyper-Calvinistic doctrines. No wonder there is unrest; hence, we have new schools of thought; every man is coining and inventing his own interpretation of the revealed will and Word of God. When men of natural intellect look at Pusey, at Manning, at Newman, and all the groups of well-paid professors of religion, and when they examine their opposite creeds and forms, they turn away, concluding it is all a mistake, all a delusion.

Let me bear my humble testimony; then, if the will of God be so, I will cease from adding any more. Do read this small note; and by it may the good SPIRIT of the LORD lead the wavering and bewildered heirs of glory to rest alone in HIM, and to sing,—

"JESUS, my God, I know His name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."

I saw MERCY, with her smile of unshaken confidence fixed upon

THE ETERNAL BOOK;

and, as she pressed her hand upon the Book—"the Book of the

covenant"—she rejoicingly exclaimed, "*For ever, O LORD, Thy Word is settled in heaven.*" The heathen have raged; the people have imagined vain things; yet hath GOD "set HIS KING upon His holy hill of Zion;" and all the oppositions of men, all the wild efforts to take THE KING down from His holy hill, will never alter one jot or tittle of JEHOVAH'S Word, which, ere time its mysterious course began, was

"SETTLED IN HEAVEN,"

beyond the reach of all the powers of devils or of men. As MERCY reads the title of the eternal Book ("My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure") she smiles with a satisfaction as firm as the attributes of Deity itself.

The Roman Catholic papers are boasting of the immense increase of their priests, their places of worship, and their people—not only in the United States, in Australia, in India, but in England. The Church of England, the multitudes of Arminians and free-will people, are helping on the coming trial; but "the Word of our God shall stand for ever." The means to the accomplishment of the end are *settled* as much as the glorious end itself.

THE GOLDEN TRUMPET,

the whole course of the Gospel ministry is, instrumentally, a bulwark of the covenant of grace. And MERCY smiles on the golden trumpet when it is put into the hand of the minister by the LORD Himself; but, otherwise, no smile of Mercy falls on the soul of the hireling.

Old Dr. Herrick Johnson asks a preacher the following question:—"Have you been led into the pulpit by a desire for the ministry itself or for something in the ministry that suits the taste? The ministry furnishes a splendid opportunity for the exercise of oratorical gifts. The ministry is favourable to the indulgence of a taste for literature. The ministry assures of social standing and of association with the most intelligent and refined. But these are only things incident to the ministry. They are not the ministry. If the sole or the chief desire be for these things, or things like them, better a mill-stone were hanged about each candidate's neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea. The ministry is the divine business of rescuing souls and building them up in Christ to the glory of God. It is this we must desire, and which we will desire if our consecration to the ministry be the work of the Holy Spirit." MERCY will surely smile on Christ's own ministers, so that the work shall have some heavenly sweetness about it. The origin of the Gospel ministry is heavenly—"THE LORD gave the WORD: great was the company of them that published it." In the coming of CHRIST GOD "gave the Word," the Word of truth; and when CHRIST had fully completed His mission here He gave the Word to His disciples; and during the last eighteen centuries or more, a great company, an immense army, has been successively raised up, and Mercy smiles upon the Word, and opens it up by the Holy Ghost in the minister's soul. Mercy smiles upon His ministry, and makes it pleasant, powerful, and profitable to real earnest seekers. With what dignity and beauty Paul declares what this smile on the ministry is, where he says, "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts." What for? "To give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." This

smile from the Saviour's face hath, in private meditation, cheered and strengthened my soul. There is no joyful smile of Mercy outside of the covenant of grace.

The invincible power of God in the souls of men, in carrying the Word home, is another bulwark of the covenant of grace. Alas! the sinner-saving work of the SPIRIT, through the Gospel, is not extensively known in these days in our connection. But Mercy smiles on the work of grace wherever it is begun; and that soul shall live in glory for ever. And in God's time the great harvest will be gathered in, when in the glorified kingdom all the promised blessedness of the heavenly Jerusalem will be realised by the ransomed of the Lord.

Some few may be anxious to know how this poor scribe passes out of time into an eternal world. Whether that be now or presently, I believe my faith in the eternity, in the divinity, in the complexity, in the all-sufficiency, and in the ultimate glorious victory of the SON OF GOD, will continue in me, by me, and with me, firm to the last. And my hope of a full salvation is in that positive and precious declaration, "This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord; I will put My laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." God's holy laws of soul-saving truth have been deep in my heart and mind for years; and this experimental writing in the heart *now* is the Lord's pledge that, much as we may mourn over our sins here, God will not see nor remember them against us in the great day. Oh, what a mercy that will be!

Earnestly praying the Lord to fit us for that ingathering, I close this poor little paper, penned in much weakness, and remain still the hopeful, anxious,

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, January 18, 1883.

ONE EDITOR TO ANOTHER.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I sympathise deeply with you in the affliction with which the Lord has seen fit to visit you. For you to be laid aside and rendered powerless, accustomed as you are to running here and there on the Master's errands, is a trial the which those alone can understand whose faith has been similarly exercised. I doubt not you will agree with me that the longer you are permitted to remain in the work the more you *love* it. Hence, to be interrupted in it makes it the greater privation. Well, that in itself is a mercy—to feel that you have grown old in the service, and yet by no means to have become weary of it, but the very reverse.

I trust it may be the will of the Lord to raise you up again, and permit you to return to your loved employment. As far as we poor, short-sighted creatures can judge, these are not the times when those who have borne the burden and heat of the day can be spared. Not that the Lord can ever be at a loss for men or means to carry on His work. No sophistries of the creature, no new-fangled notions of the inexperienced and untried, can ever interfere with His divine authority or

control. "He will work, and none shall let," or hinder, in spite of all that men or devils can do. Blessed be His name for that great and glorious verity, "My counsel *shall* stand, and I *will* do all My pleasure."

Dear brother, in proportion as the Holy Ghost is pleased to apply this precious truth to our hearts, we shall know what it is personally to realise dear Toplady's words,—

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

"When He giveth quietness, who then maketh trouble?" "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

The Lord, of His great mercy, give you to experience this now, in your time of retirement and prostration. Oh, may He prove afresh to you that He is both Physician and Nurse! May He solace you with His precious "Fear nots!" and His "I am with thees." Then, in blessed response, your cry will be, "It is the Lord; let Him do with me as seemeth Him good."

There is one remark you make in your article for the present month which I felt very much: it is where you speak of that awful temptation to self-destruction with which, in a time of trouble, you were assailed. I question, dear brother, if any have been more tried and tempted in this respect than the poor sinner that now addresses you. Do we not become thereby the greater debtors to His preserving care and His delivering mercy? Oh, how astounded I am, in looking back and retracing all the way by which He has led me. The many hairbreadth escapes I have had, the marvellous rescues, the wondrous interpositions of His Almighty arm; oh, how they amaze me, as they come up in review, under the power of the Holy Ghost, as the Remembrancer, especially in the wakefulness of the midnight hour. And then, in spite of present darkness, gloomy forebodings, and the failure of heart and flesh in connection with advanced years, I cannot help exclaiming,—

"And can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?"

I thought it rather remarkable, dear brother, that just after reading of your illness, with your soul-exercises under the same, I should casually open upon the annexed remarks upon mercy in the volume of the *Gospel Magazine* for 1880. I doubt not you will personally fall in with what I was then led to write, which was as follows:—

"Sure we are that the more a sinner is led by the Holy Ghost into a personal knowledge of sinnership, and the longer he remains in the school of Christ, the more intense will be his felt need of pattern, proof, and example that the Lord has had, in all times, to do with such a poor, wayward, guilty, ill-and-hell-deserving wretch as he feels himself to be. Yea, and he will discover, too, that the longer and the larger he, as a recipient of mercy, has been and is, the greater debtor to that mercy he is, and the more he will still have to draw upon the bounteousness and the blessedness of mercy! As he journeys on, and as he draws homeward and heavenward, the more emphatically will he sing,—

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing."

"Reader, we know not what your views upon these all-important matters may be, but daily experience more and more confirms us in

them; and, whilst day by day we realise our need of mercy, we rejoice in the fact that the more we examine the Word, the more clearly and blessedly do we discover in that Word provision for meeting our state and condition in a way of mercy. Take, for example, the precious verities contained in the fifty-fourth of Isaiah, and do observe how it immediately follows the chapter in which the ground of mercy is so richly and blessedly developed; yea, in which the storehouse of love, blood, and salvation is unlocked, and its doors opened for the admission of every poor Spirit-quickenened and blood-redeemed sinner. Now, mark the seventh verse of the fifty-fourth chapter: 'For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with *great mercies* [observe this] will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid My face from thee.'

"Of course, this is speaking after the manner of men, because, strictly speaking, there is not, nor can there be, the very semblance of wrath in the loving heart of Jehovah towards one of His blood-purchased people. Moreover, His hiding His face from *their* sins is one thing, but His hiding His face from *themselves* is quite another. Again, His speaking of hiding His face from them is according to *their* apprehension. He meets them upon their own grounds, for in reality they are ever open to His omniscient gaze, aye, and to His ineffable delight, too. Mark His words, in reply to Zion's exclamation, 'The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me;' 'Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands; *thy walls are continually before Me.*' Reader, does that savour of either forgetfulness or forsaking? But to return. 'In a little wrath I hid My face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For this is as the waters of Noah unto Me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wrath with thee, nor rebuke thee. For 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.*'

"Here, therefore, you see, beloved, the lasting and perpetual bestowment of *mercy*. Mark the wording, 'that *hath* mercy on thee;' not that '*had*,' past time, but the ever-present now: 'that *HATH* mercy on thee;' and so, rest assured, it will be down to the very end of the chapter—aye, to the latest moment of the time-state. Well does the poet say,—

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath.
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer."

"Upon what, then, we ask, is prayer grounded? Undoubtedly, upon mercy! His last breath, in substance, if not in so many words, is, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner!' We contend that the longer he lives the greater sinner he feels himself to be, and the deeper his sense of the need of mercy. Why? Because he feels what a debtor to that mercy he is; and the more he has drawn from the storehouse of mercy the deeper in debt he feels himself to be, and the more heinous his sin and unbelief, in that he should ever call in question the continuance

and the consummation of that love, and goodness, and mercy by which he has been upheld and brought on and on, day by day, week by week, month by month, and year after year, throughout a lengthened pilgrimage. Oh, how humbled he is, when, some fresh lesson set before him, or some new trial awaiting him, he finds himself at his old work again of calling in question the wisdom, and the love, and the faithfulness of his gracious Leader, Guardian, and Guide. He is humbled in the very dust before God—and well he may be—when he finds himself, probably just at the end of his pilgrimage, calling the whole in question as to its reality and its blessedness, because he cannot *see* nor *feel his way*. Fool that he is, notwithstanding all that he has been taught as to ‘walking by *faith*, and not by *sight*,’ he is seeking at last to walk by *sight* and *sense*, instead of adhering to the old line of things, and being content with Jehovah’s own great and gracious assurance: ‘I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them’ (Isa. xlii. 16). Reader, does not this ‘not forsake them’ embrace the condition and circumstances attendant upon the testimony, ‘Ye have not passed this way heretofore’? Undoubtedly it does; but mark, it is ‘the blind’ led by an Almighty hand, in connection with simple *faith* and *trust*, up to the very last—not by *sight* nor *sense*! No, in no wise.

“The prophet, however, after the strange medley of feeling of which he had been the subject, giving at least mental expression to the distressing exercises of his poor perturbed spirit and agonised heart, exclaims, ‘Unto Thee have I opened my cause.’ As much as to say, ‘However appearances may be against me, and notwithstanding the enemies by whom I am surrounded, and the difficulties and dangers which beset me on every hand, still, Lord, Thou knowest I have appealed to Thee. By Thee have I been led. At Thy bidding I have spoken. Under the constraining of Thy power I have acted. “Unto Thee have I opened my cause.” I have consulted Thee. I have sought wisdom from on high. I have adhered to Thy direction, “Acknowledge Him in all thy ways, and He will direct thy paths.” What I have said or done, I have not said nor done of myself. The Lord Himself has been my Guide and Counsellor, and with Him I leave myself and cause.’

“Ah! reader, this is a blessed state of things to be brought to. Void both of sight and strength. Not a particle of power left. Not a ray of light upon the path. Not a gleam of hope apparent. Dense darkness, dismal fears, gloomy apprehensions. ‘What—what—what is coming?’ Ah! now is the time to ‘stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.’ Forget or forsake under such circumstances? Impossible! His covenant—His conquest—His character—are at stake!

“Ply the Lord, reader, if such be thy condition, with, ‘And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good;’ and see if thou dost not realise the preciousness of the declaration, ‘For the Lord shall judge His people, and repent Himself for His servants, when He seeth that their power is gone, and there is none shut up, or left’ (Deut. xxxii. 36).

“The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He'll never, no, never desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never, no never, no never forsake.”

I doubt not, dear brother, that you will readily endorse what I have said in the foregoing; and now my hearty prayer is that the Lord may be pleased, in His own good time, to restore you to a measure of health and renewed activity. Finally, when He has done with us here, may it be our mutual mercy to "finish our course with joy, and the ministry which we have received of the Lord Jesus." So prays,

Yours affectionately in Him,

D. A. DOUDNEY.

St. Luke's, Bedford, January 4, 1883.

[No words can tell how blessed our dear brother's communications have been to us in this long and distressing season of affliction. The Lord doth and will for ever bless him.—ED.]

THE GREAT GIVER.

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A FUNERAL DISCOURSE DELIVERED

BY BENJAMIN JOHN NORTHFIELD,

At the Baptist Chapel, Hadleigh, Suffolk, on Lord's-day, November 26th,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. GEORGE SEWELL, WHO FELL ASLEEP
IN JESUS, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1882, AGED 58 YEARS.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—Job i. 21.

IT is with feelings of grief, my dear friends, that I stand before you to-day, to speak with special reference to one whom the Lord hath seen fit to call to Himself; yet while we grieve, it is with glorious hope, for our brother has only gone on a little before. Seeing such a very large number of people, I am reminded of the day when, in the providence of God, I was ordained as pastor amongst you, and also of those occasions when souls have come forward to declare themselves on the Lord's side, by passing through the ordinance of believer's baptism; those special occasions which were amongst the brightest days of our dear departed brother's life; yes, they were some of his best and most joyful days in the house of God, when he could see by a public declaration the fruits and effects of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Some people object to funeral sermons. I consider they have their objections and advantages. It is well to guard against too much harrowing-up the natural feelings, whilst on the other hand many gather together on such occasions, and the solemn character of the service has left lasting impressions. We know that our brother, if he had expressed his wish, would have desired that but little should be said of him, but we are also certain that if he had thought any spiritual good would arise from this special opportunity he would not have raised objections to it. I have dreaded to-day in some respects, knowing that I should have to speak of one whom I loved, and with whom I have enjoyed sweet fellowship. In fact, I do but speak the feelings of a great part of this congregation now assembled when I say that we find it hard in some senses to say, "Thy will be done." I have wondered what I should select for my text. I thought of the words of Holy Writ, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," and felt

how applicable were the words to our departed friend, whose life was so exemplary, and whose end was so peaceful; then the record of Stephen's end very forcibly occurred to my mind, who was stoned, "calling upon God;" for although some hours previous to our brother's death he uttered his last verbal prayer, it was evident to those who saw him that he was enjoying secret communion with God frequently afterwards.

The words that I have chosen were impressed upon my mind on Tuesday morning last, and have remained with me since, yielding me comfort; for I was thereby enabled to feel more resigned to the will of the Lord. We need much of God's grace in the midst of troubles, afflictions, and bereavements, to bring us into that submissive frame of mind in which we find Job, who, though one trouble upon another came upon him, exclaimed the beautiful words of our text. It is a most encouraging and consoling truth that the Lord has promised that "as our day, so shall our strength be." Job found it so, and thus have all God's children experienced the same; and may it be our happy privilege to realise its truthfulness this afternoon, whilst we take a threefold view of our text, and notice—

I.—THINGS THE LORD GIVES AND WILL NOT RECALL. The first truth we may here assert is that *He will not take away His lovingkindness*. It is a great favour to be interested in the love of Jehovah, and it is of God's sovereign will and good pleasure that fallen man has any share therein; for it is not according to our deserts, but of His own abounding grace. He hath loved His people with an everlasting love; and how sweet the thought, it is also an unchangeable love. Having loved His own He loved them to the end. The Lord has said by the Psalmist, that He will "visit His children's transgressions with the rod and their iniquity with stripes; nevertheless His lovingkindness will He not utterly take from them." He corrects His own because He is their Father, but all His corrections proceed from covenant love, and are for their good, issuing in His own glory. Various are the methods of His corrections, and rather than manifesting displeasure in us they are but proofs of His love. Mistake me not, He loves His children but hates their sin. Even if we feel a desire to love Him, it is a proof that He loves us.

If He has given us His Son He will never recall that wonderful gift. The Lord gave His Son to die for all His chosen family, and thus has His love been manifested. This is the greatest of all the gifts of the Lord; so great that we cannot comprehend its vastness; it is an unspeakable gift. Those for whom Christ was given, and for whom He resigned His life, are brought in time, according to the purposes of God, to receive Jesus as their salvation and eternal life, and this being so, He is God's gift to them experimentally. We may say that our thought upon this point is well supported by the Saviour's own words wherein He has said, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand;" for it follows that if we are in possession of eternal life, Christ is that life, and has been given to us; and as none can pluck us out of His hand or take us from Him, so is it impossible for Christ ever to be taken from us. However we may be robbed of our spiritual comfort and joy, we can never lose the Source of them.

God's Holy Spirit once bestowed will never be taken from us. It is the Spirit's work to quicken into spiritual life, and to maintain that life in the souls of all the regenerate family of God, and hence it is recorded, "He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." The Spirit is promised as the Comforter of God's people, and as such to abide with them for ever. There is such a thing as grieving the Holy Spirit, and this in various ways, but never can this blessed Person be taken away from the soul where grace is implanted. The Spirit's sweet and precious influence may not be experienced, but if the child of God should sin, the very fact of his mourning on account thereof is an evidence that the Holy Spirit is still at work within, leading to spiritual contrition and repentance. Was this not the case with David when we find him under the hidings of God's face, with the joys of salvation withheld from him, crying, "Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me"? It was the Spirit leading him to offer the sacrifice of a broken spirit and a contrite heart, for he had sinned against the Lord.

Good hope through grace can never be taken from the child of God. I have often observed in the experience of God's children that, though they may and do very frequently get low and distressed, they are never able, nor even desire, to abandon hope in God; nay, rather, hope carries them through many storms and dangers, and enables them to bear with trials and adversities, and will most certainly remain with them until it gives place to the experience of eternal bliss and glory; and, therefore, is it declared, "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness." Now, these blessed things of which I have been speaking, our dear departed brother well knew, and by God's grace (as he himself would often say), he possessed that spiritual knowledge, and I can but feel a degree of joy mingled with my sorrow, in the persuasion that he is now proving the truthfulness of our utterances before his Father's throne.

II.—THINGS THAT THE LORD GIVES AND DOTH TAKE AWAY. He gives and takes away *temporal blessings*. It is well to recognise God in His providential benefits, for it is He alone that confers these mercies upon His creatures, and however much we may attribute our prosperity and success in life to our prudence and discretion, yet the Lord Himself is the origin of it all. Whether He gives more, or takes away what He has already bestowed, it is well for His children to say, in the exercise of precious faith, with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." How well it is for us in the midst of the withholding or taking away of temporal blessings, to realise that we are in possession of those things which the Lord will never take away.

He gives and takes away *earthly friends*. How keenly do we feel this truth on the present occasion. We see the sorrowing widow, who has lost a most loving husband. To you, my dear friend, this loss naturally is great, but to him who had been your partner in sorrow and joy for many years, this stroke from the hand of the Almighty is everlasting bliss. May God strengthen and support you, and the thought that he is only "gone on a little before" console you. You, the bereaved children, have lost a real father, one who sought your temporal welfare, and with earnestness prayed again and again for God to have mercy on you. His prayers are ended, but I trust that they may yet be more

fully answered, for I rejoice that he lived to see that they were not all in vain. O that your father's God may be your God, and then the home to which he has gone you will also enter. The Church here has lost a friend who was a beloved deacon for many years. May He who, by death, is pleased to thin our ranks bring in others to fill the vacant places. The Lord gave me about two-and-a-half years of sweet friendship with our brother, and now He has taken him from me. It is His grace alone that can sanctify the bereavement to us all. What a mercy to be enabled to say and to feel,—

“And though our dearest comforts fall
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself He gives us still.”

The Lord gives and takes away *natural life*. He gives life and sustains it; and in His own good time calls us to resign it. As sure as we are born in this world, so surely must we die. We are dying mortals, and how long we have still to remain here is uncertain. We know not who may be the next called to exchange worlds. To you who know not God death is an awful reality, but to those prepared to die, it is but falling asleep in Jesus. O, blissful end! triumphant close! Will death find me in my sins, or saved by Jesus' blood? is the weighty question that should concern us. Our dear departed brother found Jesus precious to the last. May it be so with us.

Some statements were then made with reference to the life and death of the deceased, being the substance of what appeared in January No. of the EARTHEN VESSEL; and these statements afforded a consolatory reason in the case of our departed brother, why the preacher should announce the third point in his subject:—

III. We notice SUBMISSION TO GOD'S DEALINGS, as expressed in the language of Job, “Blessed be the name of the Lord.” The ground of this submission may be recognised in the fact that the Lord ever does that which is *right*. However mysterious the dealings of the Lord may be to us they are always right, and hence the language of one of old, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” Rightful are His doings, whether He withholds, gives, or takes away. He knows what is best for us; and, therefore, we observe another truth which affords reason for submission to His will, which is, that His dealings are *kind and good*. How often we have proved that crosses have been to us blessings in disguise, for God knows how to deal with His own dear family: “Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.” One of our poets truthfully sings:—

“When troubles like a gloomy cloud,
Have gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His lovingkindness, O how good.”

He will never leave His own, although He may severely try them. Kind and good are all His ways. It becomes those who have tasted of His grace to speak the language of our text, as uttered by Job in his heavy affliction. Lord, grant us grace so to do.

The Lord's dealings are for *His people's benefit and His own glory*, which also gives us reason for submission before Him. We may not

conceive, perhaps, under the pressure of the trial, how it can be for our good, nevertheless the Word of God declares, "All things work together for good to them that love God," and many of His dear children have already set their seal to the truthfulness of this declaration. He seeks His own glory in the very trials of the subjects of His grace, for they being tried as gold is tried, do reflect the honour and glory of that grace which upholds and preserves them.

In this our present trial we have to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." Here is one thought that strikes us with joy and pleasure, "*The Lord hath taken*" (mark, not driven or sent him away) our dear brother away from his family circle and the Church militant, and also from this world of sin and death; yes, hath taken him to Himself. What a sweet truth that "Our loss is his gain." O for grace to bow submissive to His will who always does right and well. When we die, my dear friends, will it be the Lord only taking us to Himself? or will it be the solemn experience of any of us to sink lower than the grave, even into the pit of hell? What a favour to you and I, if God by His grace has made these things of the greatest importance to us, and brought us to a knowledge of Himself as our portion and salvation. If this is the case with us, we soon shall join the glorified host, and there, with our departed friend, sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. May the Lord command His blessing. Amen.

[Since the delivery of the above sermon it will be seen in our Deaths column that another beloved deacon has been called away from the Church at Hadleigh, being Mr. F. Hitchcock, who entered his heavenly rest on January 16, 1883, having served in the capacity of deacon for about 30 years. May the Lord mercifully sustain pastor and people.]

THE LATE MR. HENRY HANKS.

BRIEF OUTLINE OF A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY W. OSMOND, AT CARMEL CHAPEL, ANGLESEA HILL, WOOLWICH, UPON THE SOLEMN OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF MR. HENRY HANKS, THE FORMER PASTOR, JANUARY 7, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—How changing is time. It is but a few months since that your pastor used to visit the vestry on Wednesday evenings, when he has spoken a word of commendation to your humble servant, who is now about to address you. Little did I think that it would fall to my lot so soon, or ever, to engage in such an important matter as the present service. But in humble dependence upon the grace and help of the divine Spirit, I will endeavour to lead your minds to the words of Paul, as recorded in 2 Timothy iv. 7, 8, "I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day, and not to me only but unto all them also that love His appearing." The language of the servant of God and apostle of Jesus Christ. After a long experience of the goodness, mercy, and love of a covenant God, guided by the Holy Ghost, he is brought down to the brink of the river and does not fear to launch away. He leaves behind him a good testi-

mony of the wonders of redeeming love and mercy; and what a divine assurance is here expressed. He is perfectly ready to depart and be with Christ. At verse 6 he says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

There is something very blessed in sitting at the bedside of a dying saint—a true and faithful follower of the Lamb. Every sentence which falls from their lips we are anxious to hear, and of the glory of Christ and heaven which they have in their souls. And we long and desire that our end may be like theirs. Death must be awfully solemn to the ungodly, but it is sacredly solemn to the believer; and although it steps in and separates our loved ones from our bosoms for a short time, yet we look forward and hope to rejoin their company again in the better world. It is an unspeakable mercy to be prepared as the apostle was, and as our beloved brother Hanks was. It was the grace—free grace and sovereign grace of the Spirit of God, through the love, blood, and power of the Lord Jesus Christ, that gave the preparation. It was not good thoughts, words, or ways that commended them to God and heaven. No. Brother Paul and brother Hanks could say, "By the grace of God I am what I am. Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given." And when a poor sinner is thus humbled before God, it is an evidence sure that such are saints, saved sinners, fitted and prepared for the abodes of bliss. Our text is the Christian's triumph over sin, death, and hell, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb." Standing on the "Rock of Ages," with an exulting faith, let us seek to join the apostle, and by the Spirit's aid notice (1st) the apostle's work, (2nd) the soldier's warfare, (3rd) the Christian's victory, (4th) the saint's rest. Every faithful servant of God must be called to His work. Paul had a special, personal, and powerful call—a call by Christ. He was obedient to the call, constrained by love divine, willing, being made so in the day of God's power. Formerly he was found in the service of Satan and sin, but now he delights in the service of God, and all his powers are engaged therein. The work—arduous, special, incessant, and needing divine aid—the work consisted of preaching the Word, Jesus, and the Resurrection. Teaching by conduct and character, Gospel proclamation, "work of faith and labour of love," seeking the glory of God, salvation of souls, and the edification of the saints. Our brother's work bore some resemblance to the apostle's. The Lord honoured the instrument and the work by calling many through their faithful testimony of divine truth. The work was successful as the Lord honoured it. Therefore says Paul to the Corinthians, "But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God in much patience, in affliction, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours," &c. (2 Cor. vi. 4—10). 2nd. Warfare. The apostle was a good soldier of Jesus Christ. There was a needs-be for training and discipline by various exercises and trials; a needs-be for courage and strength to be imparted for contending, struggling, striving, conflict, battling against enemies; not with carnal weapons, but spiritual weapons. Having on the armour, "the whole armour of God," a spiritual warfare against sin, Satan, and all the powers of darkness, a good fight, the fight of faith and endurance to the end. So our departed brother waged a war, a good warfare and a successful warfare, by the upholding grace and

mercy of God, and was faithful to the everlasting Gospel of the ever blessed God, being strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. 3rd. Victory. Promised and ensured by the Leader, Commander, and Captain of our salvation. Hope inspired by the promise and direction of the Spirit. Jesus the Forerunner prepares the crown—not a wreath of flowers, nor a crown of gold, but a crown of life, light, joy, and righteousness, which He places upon the brow—not because it has been earned, but because of His favour; a reward of gift, of grace—not of debt, but of grace, love, and mercy. The apostle exulted in the thought that he was not alone, but that all who loved and served the Lord should enter into the same joy, glory, and honour. Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, all ye the armies of the living God. The crown awaits all who love His presence. “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Lastly, The saint's rest. It is never ending rest from war, labour, and conflict; rest with God, with Christ, with all the holy angels, and all the redeemed, unsullied, unceasing, unchanging, perfect, everlasting, and eternal rest on the green pastures of eternal life and love, “beside the still waters” of everlasting peace and felicity.

In conclusion, a word or two about our departed brother. It appears, from what I have gathered, that our beloved brother has been living in this vale of tears the time allotted for man. The Lord was pleased to call him by His grace and to the ministry more than forty years ago. Twenty-six of that number he has dwelt amongst this Church and people. The Lord honoured His Word as proclaimed by His servant in an abundant manner. Hundreds have heard from his lips the saving, life-giving, and soul-comforting Word, to the joy and rejoicing of their hearts. Many were brought to weep at the feet of Jesus through his faithful testimony of the Gospel. The son of godly parents, prayed for, and remembered in the love-thoughts of our heavenly Father, he was by the grace of God an able minister of the everlasting Gospel. He was very prayerful, very studious, very anxious for the glory of God, the exaltation of Jesus Christ, and the salvation of immortal souls. We bless the Lord for his last experience, uttered a short time before his departure. Jesus was precious to his soul. In ecstasies divine he longed to enter into the rest of which he had had such a glorious vision, with the prospect before him of being free from pain, sorrow, and sin, and to dwell for ever with the Lord. His happy spirit took its flight December 26, 1882. His end was peace.

“FAINT, YET PURSUING.”

A NOTE OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

THIS was true of Gideon's three hundred valiant men, and it is equally true respecting the Church of the living God. Another period of time reached, and the last mile-stone will soon be passed. Thus we journey on. On the hill-top, now in the valley; dark at times, with “scarce a glimmering ray” to cheer the gloom. Yet onward we press, forward we go, until, the conflict over, the din of battle hushed, we lay our armour down, and go up to possess the crown. May this be

the reader's happy experience, through grace. The text suggests two thoughts—viz., THEIR WEAKNESS and THEIR STRENGTH.

I. THEIR WEAKNESS.—May we not gather first that they were faint by

(1) *Their continuance upon the field of action?* Some time must have elapsed between the time of routing the Midianites, taking the two princes, Oreb and Zeeb, and now their coming to Jeddar. It is no wonder they were faint. So with the spiritual warrior. He has been now many years engaged in his Captain's service; he has endured the "burden and heat of the day," and now there steals over him a faintness. He longs to get home. Not that he is tired of the service. No, no! but there is a secret longing as he cries, "Oh, when will the night be ended, and the morning break!"

(2) May they not have been "faint" *through the opposition they met with?* Though famishing, the men of Succoth and Penuel refused to give them any bread to eat, but the rather jeered at Gideon, as they said, "Are the hands of Zeba and Zalmunna now in thine hand that we should give bread unto thine army?" (ver. 6). And how often has the Christian looked for encouragement, and, lo! discouragement; for smiles, and lo! frowns; for comfort, and lo! sorrows. The Master well said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." We shall never—

"Be carried to the skies
On beds of flowery ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas."

"The world, the flesh, and the devil," are three terrible guns to face, and we shall never be beyond their range until we enter the palace of the King.

(3) May they not have grown "faint" *in contemplation of the future?* Though they had much to encourage them as they looked at the carcasses of the Midianites, yet the fact that the two kings remained to be taken might have filled them with dark forebodings. And how often *we* forget the past! Truly, our covenant-keeping God has wrought deliverances for us! How many times He has cleared our way! What distinguished favours He has blessed us with! And yet we are fearful respecting the future! What!—

"After so much mercy past,
Will He let us sink at last?"

No, never, blessed be His name. What need have we, then, to fret about that which lies ahead? Is not the future in His hands? So that, whether it be cloud or sunshine, joy or trouble, health or sickness, life or death, ALL IS WELL; since

"Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit."

(4) Was it not manifested that, though "faint," *yet they were strong?* They were as weak as they could possibly be, opposed, cast down, and dejected; but yet out of their apparent weakness they were made strong. How often this has been our individual experience! The apostle Paul exclaimed: "When I am weak, then am I strong." It is when self has done her utmost and failed that the Lord is pleased to work in and through us. There are many things which *we* attempt to do, but how soon our utter helplessness is displayed! To be "strong in the Lord,

and in the power of His might," should be our greatest desire. Only as He makes us strong are we enabled to do service for Him. It is consoling to know that "Our Father" uses for His own glory "the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence" (1 Cor. i. 26—29).

II. **THEIR STRENGTH.**—We cannot fail to see that though they were weak their strength was seen; inasmuch:—

(1) *They pursued.* They dared not go back. What laughter and ridicule they would have been the subjects of from their comrades left behind! What contempt would have poured upon them! No, there was a power within which enabled them to hold on, and hold out until the end of the conflict. And is there not in the heart of every believer in Christ a principle and power which enables him to overcome? They are actuated from within. Grace reigns triumphant there. And where our God has planted His grace in the contrite sinner's heart there will be holy, jealous fear attending it. They shall persevere: for the apostle says to the Philippians: "He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (i. 6). Peter likewise says: "Kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation." How often we hear it said: "Yes, they are gone back again into the world." But may we not ask the question, "Were they ever brought out of it?" Truly, the believer can sing at times, though often cast down because of doubts and fears:—

"Yes, I to the end shall endure—
As sure as the earnest is given:
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

(2) *The object of their pursuit.*—The two kings, Zeba and Zalmunna. These two kings were their enemies, and they *must* take them. The two princes, Oreb and Zeeb, had been taken, but these two yet remained. And may not these two kings be figurative of our sins? May there not be in us a Zeba or Zalmunna? God's grace has enabled us to overcome in the past, but yet there remaineth, it may be, a greater conflict to battle with. The apostle to the Hebrews writes: "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, looking unto Jesus" (xii. 1). I am sure as we see more and more the heinousness of sin, and the "deceitfulness of sin," as we think of Gethsemane, and the mocking, the spitting, and the shame of Pilate's hall, and the dying groans of our blessed Lord Jesus, we shall be led to say with the poet:—

"'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear."

(3) *Still they pursued, for had they not a good leader?* Though Gideon could not boast of parentage, pedigree, or title, yet God called him and made him valiant in His service. And here let us notice that, whoever the Lord calls, He also equips. He alone can call us into His service, and He alone can arm us for the fight. And does not Jesus lead on the hosts of His redeemed? Who better fitted than the

“ Brother born for adversity ” ? The path He trod was strewn with sorrow and privation. He goes on before; our generals remain behind. He knows how to attack, and thus we follow on. Our strength is in Him, and our abiding trust. Who shall fail with such a leader ? Be of good cheer, ye weary veterans of the Cross, the Captain of your salvation has been made “ perfect through suffering,” and He will lead you right.

(4) They still pursued, for *were they not sure of victory?* Gideon said to the princes of Succoth: “ When the Lord hath delivered Zebah and Zalmunna into mine hand,” &c. (Judges viii. 7). And to the men of Penuel: “ When I am come again in peace, I will break down this tower.” Was not faith here triumphant? Gideon felt sure that God would deliver the two kings into his hands. And was he disappointed? No; read verses 11, 12, and 21. Gideon might have trembled for the issue, but we do not read that he did.

Surely, then, this is encouragement for us! What though Satan rage! What if infidelity stalks with giant steps through our beloved country, and through the world at large! What if Arminian temples be raised, and “ the faith once delivered unto the saints ” be denied! What though Popery raise again her brazen face, and rekindle the fires at Smithfield! Yet God lives; Christ the Intercessor lives; the Holy Ghost lives and works in the hearts of the “ one family.” What! shall not the “ Lion of the Tribe of Judah ” prevail? Yes; for “ He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death ” (1 Cor. xv. 25, 26). May the Lord encourage each of us still to pursue, though faint, is the sincere desire and prayer of
W. P.

Bath, January 8, 1883.

THE WARRIOR'S EPITAPH.

“ I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith.”—2 Tim. iv. 7.

ZION sustains another loss—
Dear Hanks—a soldier of the Cross,
His breastplate, helmet, sword, and
shield,
Has laid aside, and left the field.
He firmly stood on Gospel ground,
And blew the trump with certain sound:
He fought with error, sin, and hell,
Victoriously the warrior fell.
He lov'd the truth, he held it fast,
And preached it to the very last.
Through Christ's obedience, and His
blood,
His tongue proclaim'd “ *the way to God.* ”
Contingencies he never knew;
No free-will notes he ever blew;
Firm on the Rock his soul did rest—
And now he's number'd with the blest.

Dear Brother Hanks, thy work is done!
Thy conflict's ended—race is run;
Thy weapons all are laid aside;
Thy soul for ever glorified.

O Zion! cast thine eyes around;
How few such valiant men are found!
Wolves in sheep's clothing multiply,
Which makes poor Zion sad and sigh.

Still, truth eternal shall prevail,
Though earth and hell that truth assail;
Erroneous systems all must fall,
God's glorious truth will conquer all.

Great God, Thy Zion still defend;
More faithful pastors make and send;
Let truth sound forth from shore to
shore,
Error and falsehood be no more.

So prays—T. STRINGER.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

The Battle Bow. A sermon by Rev. J. Battersby. Moorgate-street: C. W. Stidstone. In our chamber of affliction we read the sermon through carefully, and can declare it to be a laborious and masterly exposition of Zechariah's prophecy, especially of those great words, "Out of Him came forth the corner; out of Him the nail; out of Him the battle bow; out of Him every oppressor together." It will do any heaven-born believer good to read this discourse, and hereby see how Mr. Battersby proves CHRIST our LORD to be all and in all, in the salvation of the Church of God. Mr. Battersby is no random pulpit prater, no arrogant presumer; he studies the Word, and opens up its rich veins more correctly and carefully than many. It is true he does not frequently go down into the darker depths of some of the conflicts of God's very tried people; but Mr. Battersby preaches "THE WORD," he proclaims "the Truth;" and to a beautiful degree his character and work answer to the man described in the first Psalm. The Lord long spare and bless him. Mr. Battersby's photograph forms the frontispiece to the

"CHEERING WORDS ANNUAL,"

which pretty, neat, and pleasing volume is now publishing by R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.

Mrs. F. T. Bryan's Memorials. London: J. Galsby, 18, Bouverie-street; and of Mr. Perrett, Chapel-house, Evington, Leicester. This testimony of convincing, converting, confirming grace is self evident, it is comparatively pure, and an excellent argument in favour of the great fact that the Lord secretly draws out some of His children from all erroneous forms, and leads them, and strengthens them to walk in the way of His commandments. It is intensely comforting to read so sweet a record of the holy grace of God in the soul of an educated and deeply-taught heir of glory.

Joseph Hart's Life, his Experience, and Hymns. With an introduction by David A. Doudney, D.D. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge, Aldersgate-street. All for sixpence. We regret to find Hart's hymns are much excluded from public worship in these days. But this cheap edition places it within the reach of millions of the people; and a frequent study of the little volume will prove a blessing to the exercised followers of our Lord. Joseph Hart was a monument of mercy. A sinner SAVED BY GRACE.

"The sleep of quiet confidence." *Life and Light*, edited by Robert Edward Sears, is a monthly portion of invitable and instructive pieces. Here is one: "When Bulstrode Whitelock was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind, as he rested at Harwich the preceding night, which was very stormy, as he thought upon the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said: 'Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?' 'Certainly.' 'Pray, sir, do you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'And pray, sir, do you think that He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?' 'Certainly.' 'Then pray, sir, excuse me, but do not you think you may trust Him to govern it quite as well as long as you live?' To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, but turning about soon fell fast asleep—the sleep of quiet confidence."

In a Cottage on the Common. Dickleburgh is the name of a parish not very far from Pulham-St.-Mary, where for about forty years our friend, Mr. Benjamin Taylor, has preached the Gospel, where a large chapel has been filled with seekers after salvation, and where, up to the present time, special blessings have been enjoyed. "In a cottage on the common" (as the Dickleburgh clergyman tells us in a circular he has issued) brother Benjamin Taylor has often preached the Gospel, and "a respectable party of Baptists" have gone from Dickleburgh to Pulham to worship the God of their fathers. This Dickleburgh must be a very healthy parish, for the clergyman says, "Medical men have come and taken houses," but the inhabitants required no doctor; hence, they have had to walk off; and some Dissenting chapels have been opened in times past, but they were soon closed again. In fact, Dickleburgh, and five parishes around it, were all free from Dissenting chapels. Now, the Diss Baptists have taken pity upon poor Dickleburgh, and are erecting there a new Baptist chapel. The clergyman is rather alarmed at the threatened invasion. If this new enterprise be of man it will not be of any saving benefit. The clergyman evidently is in the dark respecting the creed of New Testament Baptists, for they only believe and practise the teachings of the

glorious Son of God and of His own apostles. They "know the truth, and the truth has made them free." This poor parish priest tries to scare his villagers by a painful representation of Calvin's theology. That is pitiable; but the most lamentable features in the clergyman's appeal to his parishioners, are these: first, he asserts that "among the clergy there is every variety of opinion (about religion), and most of the laity never think about it at all." The same is true of nearly all professors: their ministers have no divine faith in the matter of salvation; and the people are all in the darkness of a spiritual death. Surely this is very dreadful; but the clergyman seems not so to feel it. Then, secondly, he declares, "that our salvation is, as yet, only a thing of hope." Thus he contradicts the whole tenor of divine revelation, and leaves us all in a fearful uncertainty. Have the true ministers who are sent by the Holy Ghost "so learned Christ"? Certainly not.

Boy Life; or, Notices of the Early Struggles of Great Men. By William Winters, F. R. Hist. Soc. London: Elliot Stock, and of the author, Churchyard, Waltham Abbey. When we opened the parcel containing this thoroughly well-done volume, and found it proceeded from the ever-driving pen of our friend Mr. Winters, we were astonished. "What ever will he do next?" we involuntarily exclaimed. How some of the greatest of men were, in their origin, poor, almost friendless and without any prospects of ever arising to any degree of eminence; yet some special providences, some inherent powers of perseverance, some moral courage, and a natural determination to go found them in due time on the top of the hill. Ah! of the "boy life" of a gentleman now in a useful position in connection with the Corporation, we could thrill the hearts of not a few. But we forbear. Literature will be Mr. Winters' sphere. As one small sample of the information Mr. Winters has given in this respectable volume we select the following note on the venerable John Gill: "That most wonderful prodigy of human learning, Dr. John Gill, was, to a degree, of humble origin. When quite a child he showed a predilection for learning, and by his unwearied application at school he quickly mastered those of his seniors. At 11 years of age he mastered the principal Latin classics, and made great progress in the Greek, through which he obtained marks of distinction from several of the neighbouring clergy, who condescended occasionally to examine

and encourage his progress, when they met him at a bookseller's shop in the town, which he constantly attended on market-days; and so regular were his visits to the bookshop that it became quite proverbial. When speaking of anything certain the neighbours would say, 'It is as certain as John Gill is at the bookseller's shop.' With all the obstructions thrown in the way of his becoming a scholar, such was his thirst for learning he not only acquired, without much help, a sound knowledge of Latin and Greek, but at length studied logic, rhetoric, as also natural and moral philosophy. He likewise learned Hebrew without any living assistance, by the help of Buxtorf's Grammar and Lexicon; and the late Dr. John Cummings pronounced John Gill to be 'the ablest Oriental scholar, perhaps, that ever wrote a commentary on Scripture.' Dr. Gill became pastor of the Church in Southwark in 1720, and held it for 51 years; and was succeeded by Dr. Rippons who was pastor 63 years. Charles Haddon Spurgeon is the present pastor.

Of small publications we have—*Twenty-first Annual Report of Strict Baptist Mission*, full of foreign and home news.—*The Garden Oracle and Illustrated Floricultural Year-book for 1883.* By that favourite author, Shirley Hibberd, conductor of the *Gardener's Magazine*. Being 25 years old, and a general favourite, this oracle requires no eloquent commendation of ours.—*Footprints on the Sands of Time.* By R. Steele, Secretary of the Evangelical Protestant Mission. To be had at 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. Mr. Steele herein shows us the way he had to walk to reach his post of incalculable usefulness.—*The Voice and Its Echo.* By Mr. P. Reynolds, the pastor of the Strict Baptist Church, Islington. We are really gratified to find this interesting and literary young minister coming forth by the press, advocating the great principles of the covenant of grace. Let us all encourage him in these efforts to do some good to the world.

The Confessional: Its Treachery and Tyranny. By Dr. Doudney. To be had of W. Mack, 4, Paternoster-square. The Confessional is the most revolting, seducing engine ever set up in this sinful world. Husbands and fathers who allow wives and daughters to go to priests to confess, cannot care anything about them. O cry out against the Confessional. Dr. Doudney is a bold champion for righteousness, for sacred truth, for the welfare of society, for the glory of God.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MR. H. HANKS.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Psa. xc. 12.

Henry Hanks has gone home. For about one month before his end he was laid aside. On December 26, 1882, about seven in the morning, he gently and quietly rolled off the stage of time, and stepped on the shores of the eternal world.; "left dull mortality behind," and his soul took possession of that crown, that place prepared for him "before the foundation of the world."

As one sat thinking of the many who have occupied high positions in the Gospel ministry, and of others who, though not preachers, have been useful in numerous ways in supporting and sustaining the cause of God, who have recently been taken away, the above text came to our mind; and the thought occurred that, cold and callous must be that heart who observes these various removals from the Church militant to the Church above without asking themselves the question,—

"When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
To fetch Thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?"

Henry Hanks' voice will no longer be heard in this world; thousands have heard it, to the joy and rejoicing of their heart, in different parts of this land. In Cambridgeshire, Lancashire, and Woolwich, he severally occupied a pastorate. Near about the last twenty-eight years of his life in Woolwich did he preach the Gospel, with no small amount of honour and success, as the Lord's instrument. Twenty-six years ago on the day of his funeral, "CARMEL" chapel, Woolwich, was opened, where he laboured, with some intermission, until within the last two or three years of his life.

On January 1, 1883, his mortal remains were consigned to the custody of the grave, in the cemetery at Wickham, near Plumstead, Kent. The funeral and the services were of the most unpretending and unostentatious character. The cortege left the residence of the deceased at 2.30, and proceeded direct to the cemetery. After the corpse had been placed on the bier, in the centre of the chapel, and all had taken their places, Thomas Bradbury and Thomas Stringer stood side by side in the reading-desk. These two noble champions of the truth, with their grey and silvery hair and patriarchal semblance, rendered such an impressive effect to the scene, that, had they not uttered a word, their very appearance was so *appropos* to the sacred circumstance as to make it sufficient to solemnise every heart with the importance of the occasion.

Mr. Thomas Bradbury commenced by reading the latter half of Job v. and Psa. xc.

Mr. T. Stringer followed by reading a part of 1 Cor. xv. Mr. Bradbury then referred to his first acquaintance with deceased in a Baptist chapel, Oldham-street, Manchester. "From the first of our knowing each other, till the close, there was but one feeling existing between us," Mr. Bradbury said. "Two weeks before his departure, brother Josiah Crutcher and myself went to see him. He then seemed away from earth. We sat by his bed-side. He told us that 'that faith which, by God's grace, he was the subject of more than fifty years ago, he now felt to be a reality.' 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for.' A blessed privilege to have this faith in Christ, which is so beautifully set forth in Hebrews xi. Peter calls it 'like precious faith.' Henry Hanks is now in the full enjoyment of that faith which he so earnestly contended for here. Almost his last words were, 'Christ is my only comfort; I shall be with Him soon.' This confidence was only influenced by the Spirit of God. Do I share such a glorious privilege? May it be ours to follow in his path. Henry Hanks' faith was often tried—an untried faith was worthless. His path was much tried during the latter years of his ministry." Mr. Bradbury closed his brief but comprehensive address by saying, "Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm."

Mr. Stringer then engaged in prayer, and all went to the grave to witness "the commitment" of his remains to their resting-place till the resurrection morn, where Mr. Bradbury read very impressively two or three of those solemn sentences from the "National Burial Service" which brought the proceedings to a close.

The commodious chapel was full to the doors. The numerous company comprised friends from the Grove, Camberwell, Bloomsbury, Commercial-road, E., Peckham, and other parts of London, the railway bringing down about one hundred from different Churches. There were also present Mr. Osmond, Mr. Brain, and several others from Cammel, Woolwich. The funeral procession comprised a hearse and four mourning coaches, and upwards of a dozen private conveyances and cabs. J. W. B.

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IVINGHOE.—Our Christmas services were cheerful. Brother Cable gave excellent sermon from "The Word was made flesh." It was a good time. We then sat down to a beautiful tea. In the evening teachers and scholars gave a service of song called "MOSES." Mr. Cable read the portions in a workmanlike way, which gave brilliancy to the service. [The friends complain bitterly about an article in the VESSEL, in which the chapel is spoken of as a barn. We cannot understand this. We esteemed Mr. Collyer, his place, and people, and helped him to the last. Where has any such reference appeared?—Ed.]

MR. JOSIAH MORLING'S NOTE TO HIS IPSWICH FRIENDS.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—May grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, richly abound towards you each under the gracious enlivening influences of God the Holy Ghost, who is the infallible Teacher, Testifier, and Comforter of all the true Israel of God. All *true* Israelites have been made so by covenant love, choice, and adoption; the obedient life, redeeming and atoning blood of our precious Immanuel; the quickening, regenerating, and converting operations of the ever-blessed SPIRIT, leading the soul into earnest, heartfelt, holy wrestlings at the throne of grace, and favouring it to obtain the much-needed blessing from the mouth of Him who cannot lie, but is faithful to all that call upon Him in truth. What an unspeakable mercy that you and I have been so favoured, blessed, dignified! How deeply indebted are we to the sovereign, free goodness, mercy, grace, of our covenant God for leading us to put our trust in Him as the *living God*, and He only is the *God of salvation*. He is the Help, Shield, and Portion of all such.

If you will just take that good old Book of yours, that has so many of the corners turned down, and turn to Psa. cxv. and cxvi. (perhaps you have them turned down already), you will find some of your religion beautifully set forth. How many times have you exclaimed before the Lord, "Not unto us, O Jehovah, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake." How often have you laughed to scorn all the idols of merit-mongers and free-willers, and pitied the poor creatures that have no better gods than such as are subject to the creature; but never did, will, nor can help a living soul? How wonderful are God's ways of grace! God's people have ever considered them so. Hear the testimony of good Isaiah, "O Jehovah, Thou art my God; I will exalt Thee, I will praise Thy name; for Thou hast done wonderful things; Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth." Oh, for more of that spirit of *praise*, that we may be more constantly engaged in so holy an exercise before the Lord, for His wonderful acts of free, sovereign, omnipotent grace. Depend upon it, we are never better employed than when rendering heartfelt, grateful thanks and praise to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The spirits of the just who are made perfect and are before the throne praise Him. True, they are more happy; but they are not more secure than the saddest who still are plodding through the wilderness.

"Then let our songs abound,

And all our tears be dried:

We're marching through Immanuel's land,
To fairer worlds on high."

PSA. cxi. is also very precious. It is a *hallelujah* Psalm. "He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered." Ah, there are times when the blessed Remembrancer graciously favours us to look *back*, to look *upward*, to look *within*, around,

before, and say, "Truly, God is good to Israel." And is it not good to look back to the wonderful covenant transactions of the adorable Trinity, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost? to the doings and dying of the dear Lord Jesus Christ? Are not the manger, Gethsemane, Pilate's Hall, Calvary, the sepulchre, and Bethany sacred spots to the believer? What wonders has our Jesus wrought! Aye, and if we look *upward* is He not still doing wonders? Does He not wear our names upon His sacred breast, and constantly make intercession for us at the Father's right hand? How can the humble suppliant fail to have his needs supplied? Let us look *within*. There we see what a wonderful change has been wrought, our enmity has been slain, the heart has been broken and melted into contrition; thousands of sighs and groans for mercy have come welling up, and in answer to them, mercy has been bestowed, peace has been granted, causing our songs to abound to the Lord. "Thy mercy is great toward me, and Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell."

But do not let us forget to look *around* us, and see what God is *now* doing for us in His kind providence and grace. Surely, the "angel of His presence is still with us." On this first day of the new year would I gratefully raise my Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." He is still a wall of fire round about His people to protect them from ravenous beasts. He still encamps round about His Israel to supply them with the good manna. "Lord, evermore give us this bread." "Feed us *now* and *evermore*." Amen.

But we must also look *forward* to see what the dear Lord will do by and bye. And what will He do? Yet a little while, and the Lord shall come to fetch His ransomed Bride to Himself. Oh, what a coming will that be! Accompanied by all His holy angels to receive for ever and ever to Himself all those who love His name and His appearing. Then shall we know what we are not capable of knowing now. "Beloved," by God. In Christ, the great covenant Head and Representative of all the election of grace, "now are we the sons of God," by adopting grace and the quickening operation of the Spirit, and *evidentially* by the fruit of the Spirit. "And it doth not yet appear what we shall be;" we know a *little* of what we are as poor, guilty sinners before Him, and as pardoned through the bloodshedding and sprinkling of a precious Christ. "But we know that when He shall appear" the second time, without sin unto salvation, "we shall be like Him;" unto this were we predestinated by the Father. And, oh, what a likeness will it be! for we shall see Him as He is—not as He was, the Man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs; but as the Man of glory at the right hand of the Father. This, this shall doubtless be your position. I cannot wish you anything better. In the holy meditation upon your prospect, may you have a happy and prosperous New Year.

I am, yours in the hope of eternal life,
St. Ives, Jan. 1. JOSIAH MORLING.

NEW CROSS.—Nineteenth anniversary of Mr. J. S. Anderson's pastorate was held on January 2. Mr. J. Hazelton preached in the afternoon from the words, "He shall bear their iniquities." The preacher said:—It is a very interesting fact, Christ's disciples believed their Master; they were unanimous in reference to the Church of God; all had the same views of the work, the salvation and doings of Christ; all preached the same Gospel "unto you who believe He is precious." Peter and Paul lived beneath the cross; both equally anxious to exalt their loving Lord and Master. He was precious to them; He is precious to all believers. If you are a believer He is precious to you. CHRIST is sneered at in the present day; but no theme, no object, no power, nothing in this world is so precious to the believer as the name and blood of Christ. David speaks of secret sins, some of which he was unacquainted with. He cried out, "Cleanse Thou me from my secret sins." "I am a sinner, and deeply mourn over the fact." We shall notice (1) the glorious, suffering Victim. "He shall bear their iniquities." There was only one sinless man; in Him *was* no sin, in Him *is* no sin. He is perfect. His perfection is necessary to the salvation of His redeemed family; His life was perfect. There never was but two perfect men in this world. Adam was perfect; he was fallible, and fell. Christ was perfect and infallible. He committed no sin, but bore the iniquities and sin of the whole Church. He stood between God and man. What responsibilities rushed on the shoulders of our Immanuel! He did bear them, and bore them all. What an amount of guilt has been transferred to Him. "He bore their sins," bore them all. He is the only Person that could. One solitary Being stood and bore all the iniquities of His people. If I go to heaven it is by the Person, and sacrifice, and work of Christ Jesus our Lord. We are all unworthy, but one poet says,—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arm I fall."

(2) Engagement indicated in the text. It will do you good to consider the work carried out for your salvation. It was a mutual agreement between Christ and His Father to bear the sins of His people. It was a sovereign arrangement, a combination of wisdom, love, and justice. The couplet expresses it,—

"All is settled,
And my soul approves it well."

(3) The act itself. "The Lord hath made to meet on Him the iniquities of us all"—all, past, present, and future, were poured on our Victim; such a junction between Saviour and sinner was never before known. He bare our sins on the tree. He took away every stain, bore every sin and cried, "It is finished." (4) Simplification implied. "He shall bear," &c. Matchless in power; millions and millions of sins borne by One. "He," how grand! "He," how simple! All I require is to be found in Him. Nothing so simple as God's method of salvation; it simplified all things. (5) Result. "He shall

bear." Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. Salvation is a human impossibility. He has obtained eternal and everlasting redemption. He sorrowed for sin. (6) Revelation. Not in providence, not in circumstances, but in the Word, we have a revelation of the Redeemer's work. (7) Realisation. It is a spiritual work. "He shall take of Mine, and shew it unto you." It is something to know I am a sinner; it is something to know I have a Saviour. His blood cleanses the heart, and He who realises the fact exclaims, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The sermon from beginning to end was full of Christ—what He did and suffered for His people—and was listened to by a large and attentive congregation. In the evening a public meeting was held, Mr. J. S. Anderson presided, and said he was glad to see so many present; some from distant Churches; and he cordially thanked all for this manifestation of Christian regard by their personal attendance. He (Mr. Anderson) had no special report to read; as a Church they were at peace. During the past year seven had been baptized, and some added from other Churches; he would rejoice to see the work of conversion, but all must be left in the Lord's hands. Looking at our position as a Church all round, there is great reason to thank God and take courage. The subject for the evening meeting was "The whole armour of God." Mr. Meeres, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Dexter, Mr. Squirrel, and Mr. W. Hazelton, spoke.—J. W. B.

READING.—Providence New Year's meeting saw the members and friends in a good cluster, cheerfully enjoying their tea. That genial Christian gentleman, Mr. Wakelin, of London, was our president. He had sound and useful words for the aged and the young. I think it was brother R. Daniels Mr. Wakelin sent to the mercy-seat, whose heart and mouth, on wings of faith and fervent prayer, cried unto the Lord. Then came Mr. Robert Bardens, of Hayes. After giving us a few loving looks, he rolled into Psal. xxlii., and he took some of us with him. We were comfortable; I cannot fully describe it. No! It was not the thunder of his eloquence. It was—

"Something secret sweetens all."

Mr. Mitchell, of Guilford, with gravity and grace, told the tale of salvation. The chairman, on behalf of the ladies, presented the pastor with a new year's gift. We expect to have baptizing service in February. Ah, Reading! thou hast seen the true saints suffer for conscience sake. John Frith, for denying the Real Presence, was burned to death in 1533. Reading was the birth-place of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. The brutes cut his head off in 1645. Now, proud Reading, you do, and speak, and profess, as you please. Such men as are getting into power now will show the Pope's toe some day. Soft Cennick, Charles Simeon, and the celebrated evangelical Dr. Marsh, were all born in Reading. No mean place in history is this noble Reading.

MR. HENRY FLATMAN, OF LAXFIELD.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Will you kindly put a few words into the VESSEL in memory of the blessed who die in the Lord? Our excellent brother, Mr. Henry Flatman, of Laxfield, Suffolk, was a member of the Church at Horham; greatly beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. He was a lover of the truth as it is in Jesus, a succourer of the needy, and a friend to the servants of Christ. He was also a great lover of Sabbath schools, and took an active part in teaching the young. Our brother's suffering was intense, borne with amazing patience and fortitude, commencing in November, 1881, and continued till September 7, 1882, on which day he departed this life, at the age of 70 years.

The following is a letter I received from the widow of our deceased friend; and considering that the righteous ought to be had in remembrance, I take the liberty to send it to you, hoping it will meet your approbation, and find a place in the EARTHEN VESSEL. I will only add, our deceased friend was interred in the burying-ground of the Baptist chapel, in Laxfield, the funeral service being performed by his pastor, Mr. Debnam, of Horham, assisted by Mr. Marsh, the pastor of the baptised Church of Christ, at Laxfield. A large number of friends assembled on the solemn occasion; the Sabbath school children also being present, to show the high esteem in which they held their late respected and much-loved teacher.

Pulham-St.-Mary, Dec. 4, 1882.

TO MR. TAYLOR.—DEAR SIR,—Well knowing the friendship that existed between you and my late dear husband, I feel prompted to address a line to you. You have always proved yourself a sincere friend and brother in the Lord, through all the years of my dear husband's pilgrimage from the first of your knowing him. Poor dear! his pilgrimage is ended; and although I daily mourn his loss, I dare not wish his return; but through my tears I try to adore the grace that was so manifestly bestowed upon him through the long and severe affliction which he was called to endure with patience and resignation to the will of his covenant God. He walked in the good way, finished his course, and, in the end, became victorious. His sufferings were great; but in his sharpest pains not one word of murmuring dropped from his lips. When he obtained a little ease, his mouth was filled with praise and thanksgiving. He used to fall on his knees, and exclaim, "O Lord, I cannot be half grateful enough; 'bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.'" During the last month of his life his nights were spent in prayer and in repeating favourite texts and hymns. I sometimes remarked to him what a comfort and blessing it was to see him so resigned and happy. He would reply, "Yes, dear, it is all of the Lord's goodness and mercy, and we will praise His name for it, for I could not give myself patience and submission,

under such severe agonies; I can leave all in His hands; He will never leave me nor forsake me." At the commencement of his illness, the Lord gave him a precious text for his consolation—namely, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee" (Isa. xlii. 2). This sweet portion continued with him to the end of his days. I may add, Isaiah xii., and also Psalms xliii. and xxvii., besides John xiv., xv., xvi., and xvii., were his daily delight and meditation. To say no more, he was blessed with a peaceful and triumphant death; his heavenly rest was in full view; the good Shepherd was with him through the dark valley, and his end was perfect peace. When utterance failed him, he was continually pointing upwards; and for the last half-hour he moved his hand triumphantly in the fullness of faith and joy, with the prospect of beholding in open vision the Triune-God of his salvation, whom he had loved and served so many years in this lower world. I feel happy in the assurance that he is now before the throne clothed in spotless purity, and singing the new song of salvation and praise unto Him that loved him and redeemed him unto God. Hoping soon to join the heavenly choir, I must try and resign him to the joy of his everlasting rest and blessedness. He was thankful for your last kind note to him, and very much wished me to answer it; but the nature of his affliction, and his extreme sufferings, demanded all my time, and so you must excuse me.

Believe me, ever to remain,
Yours sincerely in Jesus,
F. FLATMAN.

Laxfield, Suffolk, Nov. 25, 1882.

[On every hand the Lord is calling home His ransomed; and even to the end of their journey they witness the truth of His promise. We have more testimonies than we can immediately insert; but they are blessed who in the Lord do live and die.—Ed.]

HOMERTON - ROW. — Annual New Year's meeting was on January 9. The pastor presided, and in the best sense wished all a happy New Year. The subject selected for meditation was James ii. 5, which was spoken to as follows: J. Clark (Honoured Relationship), "Beloved brethren;" C. Cornwell (Manifested Mind of God), "Chosen poor;" F. C. Holden (Infallible Evidence), "Love Him;" W. H. Lee (Present Possession), "Rich in faith;" T. Stringer (Future Exaltation), "Heirs to promised kingdom." The speeches were savoury, and the congregation much enjoyed the service; at least, some said so to—J. W. B.

BROADSTAIRS.—At our Sunday school annual meeting, in Mr. Carter's chapel, we were pleased to see T. H. Perry, Esq., of Margate, as president. We had a variety of parts to fill up the service.

WILLENHALL. — GOMER STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.

[After many changes and years of anxious waiting, this cause is reviving under the ministry of Mr. George Banks. Illness having befallen him, the following communication has reached us.—ED.]

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Sunday, December 3, was a very special day with us at Gomer-street, as it was the second anniversary of Mr. George Banks' pastorate, when he preached special and very appropriate sermons. On Monday, the 4th, the Church members and a few of the congregation who are much interested in our beloved pastor's ministry, met together in the chapel, and after partaking of a nice tea, several addresses and recitations were given by members of the Church and congregation. Hymns were sung, and prayers offered, all with a view to strengthen each others hands, and bind each others hearts together in love. All things were in order, and those persons who were present appeared to thoroughly enjoy the meeting. All things are peaceful and pleasant with us, so that we can say with the Psalmist, "Behold, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." But, alas! after we had been at the height of pleasure in reviewing the past and talking of the goodness of God to us, and looking forward to the future with such bright prospects, having so faithful and so consistent a pastor, with a Church all at peace, our happiness was somewhat marred by the hand of affliction being laid upon our beloved pastor; but in order that we should not be over much troubled, I received the enclosed letter, which I read to the Church and congregation, and thinking perhaps it might be useful to others, I enclose it for you to insert.

With kind love, I am, yours most faithfully,

JANEZ BEDDOW.

Willenhall.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS,—This is the first time I have been absent from the pulpit through affliction since I have preached unto you the Word of Life; and I would much rather occupy my usual position than the one I do now. But submission to God's will must appear equally in passive obedience. My indisposition, which I hope is but temporary, has caused me to limp, and so reminded me of Jacob, who "halted upon his thigh." I have often wondered why the old man of God should have had his physical system interfered with in the night of his wrestling. Perhaps a conjecture may help us to solve the question. Jacob, for his prevalent prayer and powerful faith, was made by God a prince on the battle-field. The knowledge of this would probably have exalted him above measure, had not his limp been given to him as a thorn in the flesh to remind him that he was still human, and therefore liable to err. Hence it acted as a weight to keep him humble. Those things which afflict us physically, mentally, and spiritually, are intended to keep us in an

even place. The rapturous ecstasies of the soul which we are permitted to enjoy at times teach us the great glories and the blissful heaven grace will confer upon us by-and-bye. But the failing of the flesh so painfully apparent admonishes us to give ourselves continually to prayer.

May you, my brethren, by my absence be led to cry most vehemently unto God for His blessing upon the unswerving, for the disciples of Jesus, and the Church in all its aspects and work. Dear brethren and sisters, with whom I have prayed and laboured in the kingdom of Jesus, and for whom my most ardent desires are now laid before the throne of our Father, I make this one request of you, *pray for me*. But I feel sure you have already done this. I have been sanguine enough to believe that for a long time past I have had a good share in your private as well as public devotions. This has encouraged me in my darkest hours. You will be pleased to hear that my mind has been happily sustained by the Lord during the brief hours I have been able to do nothing but read, pray, and think, when pain has subsided in a measure. Be of good cheer, be strong in the Lord, and all shall be well.

Before I close I have a word for any that may be present who have not the witness of the Spirit assuring them of their acceptance in Christ. Many of the Israelites perished through unbelief. I trust that will not be your condition. I advise you to give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. Grace and peace be with you all in the prayer of your pastor, for Christ's sake.

GEORGE BANKS.

PIMLICO.—Special services were held at Rehoboth, Princes-road, Tuesday, December 26. Mr. Langford gave an almost exhaustive discourse from the expression, "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints." Tea was provided. In the evening Mr. Hand presided. Mr. Cole prayed. Mr. Nightingale, in his address, showed that empty professors were the greatest enemies to religion. Mr. Benzley was on the sentence, "That Thou gavest them they gather;" W. Beddow, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given;" Mr. Balls, a member, told us a little how they were going on, and said supplication was greatly needed. Mr. Hand gave an address, and F. Wheeler closed.

PETERBOROUGH.—I was in this cathedral city, where they are levelling the old tower, like many stout old men, who stood as pillars in Zion, but must come down. "What is man?" "Come with me," said —, "to the Baptist Tabernacle. You will see and hear two venerable and honourable Puritans. John Sturton, Esq., sen., will give 'Remembrances of a Voyage From London to Dublin;' and Mr. Kitchen will conduct a service of song." Both these truly God-fearing men sought to edify us; and a serene, in some sense solemn, service was realised.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—On Boxing-day special services were held at Providence chapel. A sermon in the afternoon was preached by Mr. Hazelton, of Lewisham, from "For He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him." While it is not possible for any to comprehend all the blessedness included in the fact that "He is our Lord," we may seek to enter into it to our spiritual profit. It is a point on which the Lord's family are all more or less tried, and we still often hear the hymn,—

"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?"

While to realise it in its fulness is joy unspeakable. He is thy Lord *by divine and covenant right*. He is thy Creator, and we owe our existence to the fact that He is Lord. "All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord." "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall shew forth My praise." The Lord has infinite claims on His people as their Lord, and they can only feel a degree of comfort, and realise their safety as children of God when they can in some humble measure grasp the truth that by a covenant unalterable and eternal He is *their* Lord. He is thy Lord also *by an acquired right*. The Psalmist speaks here of Christ in His complex character, and *He* in all His mediatorial glory is thy Lord; worship thou Him. His goings forth were of old, and in the eternity past He undertook to stand Sponsor for them, to represent them; entered into the solemn contract to take upon Himself our nature, and suffer, bleed, and die, and to win salvation for His Church, to redeem them from under the curse; and having gloriously finished the work, He ascends to His Father's throne, and He now says, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by My name; thou art Mine." Thus He is thy Lord by an acquired right. *Worship thou Him*; bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all. By a glorious conquest and thy ready submission to Him, He is thy Lord. The glory of Christ outshines all other glory, while He can listen to the noblest song of the highest archangel, and receive the song as something that He has a right to have; that same great Being that can listen to all the songs in heaven can listen to the weakest desire of a spiritual character of the weakest believer. He is as much thy Lord, poor, weak, trembling sinner, as He is the Lord of that archangel. He who controls the tempest, and directs the rattling thunder through the air, is He who issues thy pardon, and looks well to your goings. He is thy Lord, worship thou Him. All things are yours, for God is yours. Tea was provided at five o'clock, and a good number sat down to it. At the public meeting in the evening, the chair being taken by Mr. H. Clark, one of the deacons, the following subjects were taken by the speakers named, and were dealt with in an earnest and profitable manner, and the warmest thanks of the friends at Providence are due

to the ministerial brethren who took part.—Testimonies and Songs of the Incarnation. (Gabriel's) "Call His Name Jesus," Mr. Steed; (Matthew's) "Immanuel," Mr. Parnell; (Mary's) Song, Mr. Hazelton; (Zacharias') Song, Mr. Cornwell; (Angel's) Song, Mr. Copeland; (Simeon's) Song, Mr. Clark. The collections were also very encouraging.—G. C.

POPLAR.—BETHEL. Through the praiseworthy efforts of Mr. Noyes and his friends, this chapel is now legally secured to the Strict Baptists, free of any but a nominal rent. Mr. Winters reported in our last month's issue the entire renovation of the building, rendering it almost new, and a comfortable place of worship. The re-opening services commenced on Sunday, January 14, when sermons were preached by Messrs. Clinch, Langford, and Noyes. On the 16th, a sermon was delivered in the afternoon by Mr. J. S. Anderson; and a public meeting was held in the evening, presided over by Mr. West, of Erith, who read a portion of Scripture, and called on J. W. Banks to pray. The speakers were Messrs. Meeres, Shaw, P. Reynolds, Holden, Bennet, Brittain, and Steed. During the evening Mr. Noyes said: "In making our statement on this special occasion, we desire gratefully and publicly to acknowledge God's goodness to us here in preserving and helping us, and inspiring us with confidence in Him from whom comes every blessing. In the name of the Lord have we set up our banners; in Him we trust; to Him we look, and Him we hope to serve. We are very thankful to be able to say that the congregation and Sunday school are rapidly increasing, and that, financially, in carrying on the cause, we have been enabled to pay our way. We desire, also, to thank the ministers and friends for their presence and encouragement. Others would have been here, but are prevented from causes over which they have no control; among them I would mention our dear friend and brother C. W. Banks, who is prevented through affliction; also brother Henry Hall is absent, but has sent a letter of apology. We also thank the numerous friends in different parts who have so kindly aided us, a full account of which will be printed in due course. A lady has given us a cushion for the pulpit; the teachers and scholars of Bible-class have presented us with a Bible and large edition of Denham's hymn book, and Mr. Debnam a copy of Watts' hymns, for the same. Altogether we are greatly encouraged to go forward. Near about half the amount for the alterations has already been subscribed. Mr. Noyes concluded his remarks by craving the influence of the Holy Spirit, to pray through Jesus to the Lord, "Let Thy kingdom come," and help us also earnestly to seek its interest. Having regard to space, I have considerably compressed this account; but it will be sufficient to show what a deal has been accomplished in the short space of three months.—Faithfully,—J. W. B.

CHATHAM. — ENON, NELSON-ROAD. The Lord, in His all-wise providence, having laid His afflictive hand on our dear friend and brother, J. Bonney, of Guildford, he was unable to be with us, as announced, on Jan. 14. As we were unsuccessful in obtaining a supply to take his place, we met together for praise, prayer, and reading portions of the sacred Word, &c., and found it good and profitable to be thus employed. We pray that our brother may soon be restored to health and strength, and that he may go forth again to proclaim the glorious Gospel of the blessed Lord. We have to record his kindness in sending us a donation of £6 towards liquidating the debt on our new chapel (in addition to £25 already given). On Monday, Jan. 15, our New Year's meeting was held. After tea, to which many sat down, the public service commenced by singing and prayer. Brother Webb, of Maidstone (who, with Brother Shaw, of Gravesend, preach at Enon on alternate Thursday evenings), was enabled to give us a good and savoury address from Psa. lxxxix. 15, 16, speaking of the certain and joyful sound of the Gospel trumpet, the blessedness of the people interested therein (see Matt. v. 3-11), and their privileges. Brother Dalton, of Sutton-at-hone, took for his subject, "My grace is sufficient for thee," tracing the way whereby the Lord had led us, although a thorny, tribulated path, grace had been sufficient for every trial and sorrow, and would be so in every future scene through which we may be called to pass; the promise being, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," that dying grace would be given when needed in a dying hour, and at last grace would be crowned with eternal glory. We are sorry our kind friend and brother, C. W. Banks's illness prevented him also from being present. The Lord grant him suitable and gracious supplies from the fulness of Jesus, and spare him a few years longer to labour in His vineyard. Ebenezer, hitherto the Lord hath helped us, hath been mindful of us, and will bless us.—J. C.

HIGH WYCOMBE. — ZION. Again we have to record the goodness of God to us as a Church. On the last day in the year, Mr. Herring baptized five more, making sixteen since June, and five from other Churches have been received during the year. We have to deduct seven from deaths and removals, which leaves us a net increase of fourteen. On New Year's-day we had a thanksgiving meeting. Our brother Herring took the chair, and several brethren gave us words of cheer. We had a large and profitable meeting, long to be remembered. The Lord has owned and blessed our various efforts, and heard our prayers, and given us prosperity. Parents have seen their children putting on Christ, having testified to the Church the power of grace in their hearts. We are making an effort to purchase the schoolroom; we have had the free use of it for sixteen years, but want to put it in trust for the Church. Any friends who can and will help we should be very thankful to.—R. COLLINS.

MIDDLESBORO'. — To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.—Knowing your solicitude for the little tree you planted at Middlesboro' in 1880, I thought it would contribute to your pleasure if I let you know we celebrated our third anniversary on New Year's day, and we never had a more successful meeting. Some of our artistic friends decorated the meeting-room most elaborately with 20 or 30 banners; Mr. Haggerty (of London) contributed several mottoes of artistic workmanship, which made the place look beautiful. The children of the Sunday-school recited several pieces of poetry, to the entire satisfaction of the large company present. Deacon Oliver gave a lucid report of the state of the Church; Mr. Summerfield, the excellent superintendent, did the same for the Sunday-school. The pastor delivered a speech on the Scriptures: (1) What are they? (2) Where did we get them? (3) What are their uses? Mr. Haggerty gave encouraging and instructive address on "My peace I leave with you." Then the pastor delivered prizes to the children, accompanied with a few appropriate words; after which we sang, and the benediction followed. But the people would scarcely disperse, although the meeting had lasted upwards of three hours. One of the deacons whispered in my ear, "If Mr. Banks could only step in now it would complete the joy." Since the meeting we have received the VESSEL, containing the very sad news of your illness. Oh! we pray, for Zion's sake, to spare you a little longer. We know God is sufficient for all things, but "little faith" mourns when the pillars in the house of God tremble. While on a sick bed may the consolations of Israel be yours, is the earnest prayer of yours—IN HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

WEST CROYDON. — DERBY-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Our annual tea meeting of teachers, scholars, and parents was January 3, 1883. Above 180 scholars, parents and teachers about 70, total 250. At public meeting each scholar was presented with a handsome book, through the generosity of our dear friend who loves the little ones so much. We had good public meeting; Mr. Thurston spoke kind words both to scholars and parents; the superintendent also spoke. A very happy season! The Lord is good! He supplies our every want. Our labour of love is not in vain! The Lord has blest the work, and He is still blessing the work.—J. E. ROWE.

COGGESHALL. — DEAR C. W. B.,—You and myself have known the Baptist Church in Coggeshall over thirty years. I have been down there. The East-street chapel is closed. The one you opened is the place where all meet now. Mr. Powell is too ill to preach much, but Mr. E. P. Brown is fully up to the mark. He is young, strong, zealous, intelligent, devoted, well-behaved in every way. They have now a Sunday-school; they are looking up hopefully. They require help to renovate the chapel; we must give them a lift.—W.

HARWICH BAPTIST CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Such has been the prosperity attending this new institution in connection with the Baptist interest in this town, mainly through the indomitable courage and persevering efforts of Mrs. Cowell, that the managers were enabled to give New Year's prizes to the 107 children now in attendance at the school. This pleasing feature of success was carried out on Wednesday, January 3, when a public meeting was held in the chapel, attended by both its superintendents and eleven of its faithful and zealous teachers. The meeting was opened by the minister, Mr. Josiah Cowell, offering a few words in prayer. Mr. Joseph Grice, deacon, then gave out that appropriate hymn,—

"Shine on our Sabbath school,
Thou God of mercy, shine," &c.,

at the close of which the minister commented upon the several striking points contained in that fruitful and prayerful hymn of praise. The prizes were then given, accompanied by salutary and encouraging remarks from the minister to each child as they passed by the book-laden table and severally received their rewards. This ceremonial was interspersed by the singing of suitable hymns, that new and beautiful one commencing,—

"Perish every human story,
Every system taught or tried;
God forbid that I should glory
Save in Jesus Crucified."—

being given out by Mr. W. Lay, deacon, and which was sweetly sung by the well-trained children to Mozart's sympathetic tune, "Wriington." Another hymn beginning,

"A Happy New Year to you all,"

being heartily rendered, and the remainder of the prizes given, this very enjoyable meeting, commencing at seven o'clock and ending at nine, was brought to a close by singing the Doxology.

CARLTON RODE, NEAR ATTLEBOROUGH, NORFOLK.

I went to see the late Richard Snaith's grave in the chapel-yard. One person said, "The minister, Mr. Agar, has been quite ill; one friend has died, and the chief deacon has been near death." "Is there no preaching about here?" "Yes, in the Gospel burn one James Lock preaches every Sunday; and one man told me Mr. Lock's ministry was a blessing to many."

[We are comforted to find James Lock continues to be God's mouth to feed the poor flock who worship in the barn. James Lock is a poor, tried, but honest and truthful man. We will help him, if the Lord permit. We had the blessing in our soul when to crowded gatherings we were permitted to speak the truth five successive anniversary services; and, if Mercy opens the way, we shall see them again.—C. W. B.]

SWALLOWFIELD.—Brother Daniels is happy in preaching the Gospel here.

BRIXTON.—Mr. J. Hazelton preached on Tuesday, January 16. The friends in the schoolroom enjoyed a refreshing tea. Joseph Beach, Esq., presided at the evening service. J. Parnell, of Carmel, Pimlico, offered prayer. The meeting was in celebration of the Sunday school, being now in its ninth year of existence. The secretary of the school read the annual report, which was brief yet encouraging. One source of regret was that the school had lost an efficient secretary in the person of Mr. McDonald, who had removed. He had nobly sustained his office for upwards of six years. The indefatigable pastor, Mr. Charles Cornwell, is the superintendent. Mr. James Clark spoke grandly on the Name of Jesus; Mr. T. Higham on the practical work attending Sunday school teaching, its pleasures and difficulties; Mr. T. Stringer unfolded some glorious truths from the eloquent introduction of St. Luke to Theophilus "of those things which are most surely believed among us;" Mr. W. H. Lee was encouraging; we followed him with a few thoughts on the varied gifts of the servants of Christ in the Church and in the school. The pastor, Mr. Cornwell, concluded, expressive of thankfulness to God and to the teachers and friends who had rendered help at the meeting. The children sang several hymns. Collections were better than they had ever been before, the total amount being £14. The school is in need of Bibles and Testaments. Will any friends help in this direction? "All hail the power of Jesus' name," terminated this happy meeting.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

COLCHESTER.—We have reports of the opening of a new Sunday-school Hall in connection with John's-green new chapel, and the Church under the pastoral care of Mr. Walter Brown, whose steady success as a minister of "*All-Christ's-Gospel*" is remarkable. We feared for Walter when he left all in London, and went to poor St. John's Green, at Colchester. If truth must be told, we had no faith in the movement. Now, it is demonstrated, the Lord had appointed and directed Walter there, and a great and good work has there been done. At the new school opening, on January 10, 1883, the Mayor of Colchester presided, and the opening speech was delivered by W. Willis, Esq., Q.C. and M.P., and a well-balanced oration it was. We think some portions might be useful to our friends, as Mr. Willis speaks from his own experience of the immense value of truth.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—On last evening of the old year a refreshing meeting for prayer was held at Ebenezer; the pastor, Mr. W. Winters, presiding. Tea and coffee were provided in the schoolroom. It is pleasing to note that during the month of December five persons were added to the Church; and it is the heartfelt desire of every member that God would abundantly crown every effort for good by His overflowing mercy during this new year.

THE PLACE OF HIS FEET GLORIOUS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Your correspondent J. W. B. has made a mistake respecting the opening of Mount Zion chapel, Chadwell-street. It is there stated that the place was taken and opened on December 10, 1854, on which occasion yourself, Mr. Bloomfield, and Mr. Hazelton preached. That was the first anniversary of the opening, and not the day of the opening.

I enclose the account, as recorded in my diary, of that auspicious day, the day of the opening, which may not be uninteresting after the lapse of nearly 30 years. I have attended every anniversary in those rolling years, during which great things have been done in that place, hundreds added to the Church, many born there, and scores of matured old and young believers ripened and taken home to glory from thence. This last anniversary I met with only one present who formed the original Church at the beginning of 34 members. The present day everywhere I find is a trying one where the truth, in its purity, vitality, and practice, is proclaimed and upheld, without having resource to the foolish and sinful novelties and fleshly excitement of the times. O how true are the words of the holy apostles, as verified in this day of darkness, blasphemy, and error! "They shall turn away their ears from the truth, and be turned to fables," &c. It is something while the black flood of plausible error is carrying so many away, to stand fast in the truth, if we cannot and do not make much progress. What we all really need, I trow, is "power from on high." Who and what can be a substitute for the Person, Power, and Grace of God the Holy Ghost in and with the Church?

Grace be with you to fit you for the remainder of your long and laborious life, and for the great last and blessed change from grace to glory, prays yours in covenant truth and Gospel bonds,

GEORGE BURRELL.

4, Maldon-road, Watford, January 4, 1883.

Memorandum of opening day.

Lord's-day, December 11, 1853. Opening of Chadwell-street chapel. We met for special prayer at 9.30. Mr. Hazelton preached to a full house in the morning from Exodus xxxiii. 13, 14, "Now, therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in Thy sight, show me now Thy way. And He said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." He showed, 1. What it is to find grace in the sight of God; 2. Interest pleaded at the throne of grace; 3. The plea made use of; and 4. The gracious promise. The glorious doctrines of sovereign grace were proclaimed; grace in the heart of God, and grace as it operates in the heart of the recipient of grace sweetly described. O to be an interested party, and to make use of that interest always! May the gracious promise be fulfilled in us as a people. Afternoon, the place was filled to overflowing. Mr. John Foreman preached a powerful discourse from the words recorded in Isaiah xlv. 32, "What shall one answer then the mes-

senger of the nations? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of His people shall trust in it." In the evening Mr. G. Wyard preached a good sermon from Psalm lxxxix. 15, 16, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound." He pointed out in several particulars, 1. The characteristics of the blessed people; 2. The promise made to and of them. Collected after the three sermons, £27 3s. It was, blessed be the God of providence and grace, a very wonderful opening day. The Lord has begun to bless us indeed.

[It grieves us to find correspondents giving erroneous reports in "E. V." Having dwelt "without the camp" nearly half a century, we never attempt to enter inside; but all are not so reticent as we desire to be. If friends will send notes of the high places, pray be correct.—ED.]

WARE.—Annual public meeting was January 17; pastor John Sampford presided; called Mr. Winterton to address the throne of grace. Mr. Sampford spoke of the difficulties he had to encounter consequent upon the apparent absence of the sunshine of divine prosperity. Many friends had left the neighbourhood, and others had passed away to their eternal rest. The remains of Mr. Smith were buried by the pastor a few days since. Mr. Robert Bowles spoke well on the leading points in the history and experience of the children of Israel as parallel with the experience of God's Israel of today. Mr. Bowles also made some excellent remarks on the "I Am," the mysterious name of Jehovah. Mr. Chapman, a loving and well-trieved deacon, next spoke on the "Fear not's" of Scripture, which we gave as a motto for the New Year, and supplemented his remarks with the presentation of a purse to the pastor, containing £5 17s. 6d., as a token of love from the friends. Mr. Sampford received the gift with many expressions of thanks. A few words from us, on what constituted a prosperous Church, brought the happy meeting to a close. "At eventide it shall be light."—W. WINTERS.

HADLEIGH.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.—

On Wednesday, December 27, we held our members' annual tea meeting; a good number partook of tea; then a well-attended public meeting, under the presidency of the pastor (Mr. B. J. Northfield). The divine blessing was implored by Brother Double, and, after introductory remarks by the chairman, the meeting was further well sustained by appropriate addresses from Brethren F. Hitchcock, R. Keen, and W. Watson, each speaker making reference to removal by death of one of our beloved deacons (Brother Sewell) since the last annual meeting, and also alluding to the peace, prosperity, and unity experienced by the Church. The singing of that beautiful hymn, "For ever with the Lord," &c., and prayer by Brother Keeble, brought a happy and profitable meeting to a close, much to the satisfaction of—A LITTLE ONE.

HADLOW.—*Good News.* Our New Year's meeting on January 11 was interesting and encouraging; yea, I think it was a God-glorifying meeting. Mr. Beecher, our esteemed and beloved minister, very ably conducted the meeting. He related that through the year the Lord had dealt very bountifully with us. At the commencement of last year there appeared to be a dark cloud hanging over this little cause of truth. There was a debt of some considerable amount, which had been a burden for some years past, but, through the tender mercies of our God, and the kindness of a few persevering friends, we can and do rejoice and give thanks unto our God that we have been enabled to bring this sanctuary out of debt, and we trust never to be involved again. Also, another feature we have cause for gratitude is, that, through the efforts of Mr. G. Tyler, the trust has been renewed. To Mr. T. we are obliged. Also, there has been four members added to the Church during the year. Therefore, you see, C. W. Banks, we have great cause to bless God and take courage. Mr. Cattell, of Bessels Green, spoke upon the good things that pertain to the everlasting kingdom; Mr. Grigg, of Dorman's-land, warmed our hearts by wishing our minister and the cause at Hadlow success in the name of the Lord. Mr. G. Webb, in his kind-hearted manner, ably expounded the Word of Life, interspersed with appropriate Gospel poems with which he is so familiar; Mr. Beecher concluded with a suitable prayer, giving thanks unto God. Thus concluded one of the best meetings for more than twenty years past. The Lord hath dealt bountifully with us; to His great name be all the praise.—**H. BANFIELD.**

STAINES.—The anniversary services of the Baptist Sabbath-school, Staines, were held on January 14 and 15. Suitable and solid sermons were preached by Mr. T. Boxell (of Brighton); the morning text from Exod. xiv., "Go forward;" the evening text Psal. lxvii. 2. In the afternoon an interesting service was held by the children reciting portions of Scripture, hymns, &c. Our brother, W. Cooper, who is actively engaged in the Sunday-school, addressed a few encouraging words to the teachers and friends. After the evening sermon one of the scholars recited Hart's wonderful hymn, "Gethsemane;" and another Heb. xi., which was listened to with solemn stillness. On Monday, 15, after a refreshing cup of tea, a public meeting was held, Mr. Boxell in the chair. After some very stirring, encouraging remarks to the teachers and friends, also mentioning the condition of the school, and of the tea given on New Year's-day to the children and parents, when Mrs. Staniland, the superintendent of the Dorcas meeting, presided, in distributing to the scholars useful garments, &c., also books to some. Messrs. J. R. Wakelin, T. Voysey, J. House, and S. Walters, delivered instructive and encouraging addresses from the subjects given, "The Soil, and the Preparation Needed;" "The Seed;" "The Sower," and "The Success." The singing of the children, the attendance at the

services, and the collections, were all good. Great credit is due to Messrs. Staniland and Allen for the pains they have taken with the children in the singing. Our brother Boxell was delighted with the children, and we have indeed cause to be grateful to him for his kindness to us, and for the stimulus his visit has imparted. We have much cause to sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

A NOTE OF GRATITUDE FROM AUSTRALIA.

TO MR. BANKS.—DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly insert the death of my dear mother in your *VESSEL*? She was the widow of my dear father, Mr. John Nichols, 40 years editor of *Zion's Trumpet*. She died September 26, in peace, at the age of 85. Her last words were, "All is well," waved her dear hands, and was gone to gaze for ever on the Lamb who shed His precious blood for her. She was called by grace under the ministry of the late Mr. John Stevens, and was baptized by him the same time as dear father, and they were honoured members for many years.

Your *VESSEL* is a very great comfort to myself and husband. It speaks of so many we know, and it is so interesting to read of the various Churches in dear old England. Our dear pastor, Mr. Allen, we much love for his work's sake; he has been here nearly seven years. The dear Lord, in His tender and amazing mercy, met with me under the ministry of dear Mr. Thomas Stringer, 25 years ago. I dearly love him, and am truly grieved he has not a Church of his own. It is a mysterious providence; but "God's ways are not our ways." I have heard you many times at different anniversaries, and your writings I much enjoy now. It is so refreshing to read yours and other dear men of God's tit-bits of Gospel truth.

The Lord bless you much in your last days, and cause His face to shine upon you. So prays dear Mr. Banks, one of the Lord's little ones.

ELIZABETH GRISE.

2, Victoria-terrace, Paddington-street, Paddington, Sydney, November 27, 1882.

AS THINGS ARE!

A friend says: "I hope the Lord will patch up the old house a little longer. Spring is coming. Who can tell, you may have something else to do or say for your Master before you depart? We know our times are in His hand. Zion is under a cloud; many of the standard-bearers have fallen asleep in Jesus, and the young recruits are not like the old ones. We have many deserters in the army; God help us to stand by the cross to the latest moment, and hold it fast with our dying breath. Cheer up, my brother, 'The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee.' His lovingkindness, His merciful kindness, the kindness of His eye, the kindness of His hand, the kindness of His heart, shall never depart from thee.—W. C."

WOOLWICH.—The friends of Carmel held, on January 9, a New Year's meeting after a public tea. Mr. Henry Hall presided. He spoke affectionately to the pastor, Church, and people, on Thankfulness. We understand several are seeking fellowship with the Church. Mr. J. L. Meeres entered into some of the precious thoughts of God and their happy results in the eternal salvation of believers. Mr. E. Langford treated of the precious promises of God; Mr. J. Griffith led us into the various distinctive features of true evangelical faith; the pastor, Mr. Osmond, dwelt on the value of Christ. We said a few words to God's exercised people on the efficacy of the blood of Christ, which Peter shows as precious in happy contradiction to gold and silver and traditions of men. Mr. Hall pleaded for a good collection, which he himself handsomely supplemented with substantial help. We hope brother William Osmond will realise this year much spiritual increase and happiness.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

CROWFIELD.

BETHESDA is the house of bread—
There God's dear saints are sometimes fed
With manna from on high;
The Word made flesh is often found
Sweeter than honey in the sound
Of Deering's ministry.

With power and unction from above,
With zeal, and faithfulness, and love,
The Gospel he'll proclaim.
And God His witness bears to this,
Soaling poor sinners hearts of bliss,
Who show they love His name.

'Twas on the first Lord's-day this year,
Two were baptized in water clear,
When many were assembled:
This was a happy New Year's-day,
While they, rejoicing, went their way,
Others—fearing—trembled.

With aching hearts they heaved a sigh,
And tears flowed to their wistful eye.
Showing they do possess
Some love to Christ, and some desire
To walk the way which they admire—
The way of righteousness.*

Now, if your readers, one and all,
Turn to the narrative of Saul,
They'll see the pastor's text:
When, as if scales fell from his eyes,
Saul saw, and rose, and was baptized,
Without one vain pretext.

As Deering spake his heart wax'd warm,
Showing effects in gracious form
Of such a heavenly light—
How, in the street that is called Straight,
All praying souls must be, and wait
Till they receive their sight.

Then, by the grace of God, may rise,
And be immediately baptized,
According to His Word.
This was like precious, savoury meat,
Of which both young and old could eat,
Who know and love the Lord.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-three,
Lord, grant we many times may see
Refreshing days like this.
May many publicly declare—
Being baptized at Crowfield—their
Poor souls are born for bliss.

J. FREEMAN.

* "Baptism is the way of righteousness."—Matt. iii. 15.

HOXTON.—Special services were held in Bethel chapel, Newton-street, on Lord's-day, Jan. 14, 1883, when two sermons were preached by Mr. F. Green. On the following Tuesday a tea and public meeting was held, at which Mr. Green (now supplying the pulpit) occupied the chair. Brethren Archer, House, Belcher, Beddow, and Sanders, discoursed very sweetly and blessedly on the subject of "The Glorious Gospel." This very cheerful and profitable meeting was brought to a close by singing, "All hail the power of Jesu's name."

Notes of the Month.

DR. PARKER ON THE "EARTHEN VESSEL," THE "CHRISTIAN WORLD," &c.—While we have been near the grave, as we thought, for several weeks, the great men of the day have incidentally referred to us; but, as they have made a mistake here and there, we are disposed to correct them, if we may be permitted. As we have read some of the chapters of highly-flavoured flattery, we remembered those words in the Book, "Men will speak well of thee when thou doest well for thyself." Dr. Parker left Manchester for London expressly, as some say, to lift the poor old Poultry chapel out of its obscurity, and set it on the Holborn Viaduct, calling it the City Temple. Of course, Dr. Parker is highly commended for a work so noble. Sir Morton Peto thought C. H. S. was raised up to sweep out all the Strict Baptist Churches, and when that is done, the popular voice will more than ever applaud the good man; although, if we lived to see that day, we should be found (where we have been for more than forty years) outside the gates of Zion, in sackcloth, and weeping bitter tears, because we know our Lord Jesus was a Strict Baptist, and He commanded all His disciples to be the same. No doubt the *Christian World* has powerfully aided to remove the old landmarks; and the "new school thinkers" applauded the accomplishments of such removals as the most wonderful men the world ever saw. We cannot write now. We often think of the much-despised Dr. Gill, who says: "There must be a Judgment day to put things right; for there is nothing right in the world." We are concerned, with agonies most intense, to be on the right then! We often feel wrong enough here.—CHARLES WATKINS, BANKS, 9, B. nbury-road, South Hackney, January, 1883.

THE "EARTHEN VESSEL" AUXILIARY TO THE FUND FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW AND EIGHT FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF THE LATE MRS. R. A. LAWRENCE.—When I was invited to join the committee for raising this fund, I felt a heavy responsibility devolving upon me to use all the influence I possess, through the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, towards this most necessary and desirable object. Our duty is clear and plain. Mr. Lawrence had given all his zeal and strength for several years in removing the old Church to a more eligible locality. This he effected. A new and commodious chapel, with school-rooms, &c., were erected, and a large sphere of labour was opened before him. Mr. Lawrence held a very important position in the City, which demanded all his mental and physical strength. But the love of Christ constrained him to devote his leisure hours and days to the cause of his Lord; and while thus successfully promoting the best of all causes, he fell fatally, leaving a much beloved wife, with her eight young and helpless babes, &c., penniless, and dependent upon the providence of Him who is "the Father of the fatherless, and Judge of the widows."

When we were about to enter practically into the matter, a heavy fit of bronchitis laid us prostrate; and since December 3 we have not been able to leave our chambers. Nevertheless we have, up to January 20, collected the following, which we announce entire, seeing a printer's error in the last list given in the EARTHEN VESSEL might lead to some misunderstanding. We refer to the name of *Snell*, of Manchester, being given instead of Mr. Smith, junior, the young Baptist minister of Manchester. The following we believe to be the correct amount we have collected and paid in to the committee up to January 20, 1883:—

	£	s.	d.
C. W. Banks	2	2	0
Robert Banks	2	2	0
B. F. Banks	0	10	6
"Walbrook"	2	4	6
A Friend at Bunnymead	0	2	0
Miss Nunn	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Peskett	0	5	0
Mrs. Day (formerly of Oxford-st.)	1	1	0
W. Turner, Esq., South Hackney	1	1	0
Mr. Smith, jun., Baptist minister, of Manchester	1	1	0
Mr. Pearson	1	1	0
A Friend, one of the Ten Most Needy	1	1	0
Mr. Fred Green	0	2	0
Mr. D. B. Garham	0	5	0
E. Greenbough, Esq., Longsight, Manchester	1	1	0
C. W. Banks, from his General Fund	1	1	0
G. S. Woodford	1	0	0
J. C. Kingsly, Hitchen	0	2	0
Norwich Friend	0	2	6
S. N., Forest-gate	0	5	0
Miss Emily James	0	5	0
Miss Stringer, Brighton	1	1	0
Mr. Alderman John Osborn, Banbury	2	2	0

£20 6 0

I ask every reader of this VESSEL to collect in their own circle, if it be only a penny from each. I will receive and acknowledge the smallest sums collected, even if it be only 6d. Not less than 10,000 persons will read this appeal. Let no one be afraid of the smallness of the sum they can raise. I want to add at least one hundred guineas to the fund. God have mercy on us, and help us. The widows and fatherless, the aged ministers, are especially the care of—CHARLES WATERS BANKS, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

RICHMOND.—Salem, Annual New Year's Meeting. Mr. Shepherd preached in the afternoon. In the evening Mr. Anderson presided, and was supported by brethren Box, Meeres, and Shepherd, who spoke on the ark of the covenant. The meeting was well attended.

DR. LLANDELS is announced to leave London for Edinburgh. This is ominous. He has just issued a white, little, delicate book, called "The Marriage Ring." It is only 6s.

Birth.

On January 13, 1883, at 53, Warner-street, New Kent-road, S.E., Annie, the wife of T. W. Faucett, of a son.

Marriages.

On January 10, at the Baptist chapel, Sittingbourne, T. G. O. Armstrong to Miss M. Grout, of Ashford. The pastor, J. Doubleday, officiated, and there was a large number of friends present to witness the ceremony.

On January 6, at Artillery-street, by Mr. T. Stringer, Henry Turnpenny to Florence, daughter of Widow Steward, of 51, Auckland-road, Old Ford.

Deaths.

In loving remembrance of Catherine Nichols, widow of the late John Nichols, forty years editor of "Zion's Trumpet," of London, in the 85th year of her age. Her end was peace. She died on September 26, 1882.

On October 2, 1882, after six months of much suffering, borne with Christian resignation, passed peacefully away Ann, the beloved wife of Mr. William Ludlow, of Hampstead-road, aged 90 years; the loving mother of Mr. Samuel Ludlow, of Colney-hatch. She was one, with her husband and eight children, that helped to form the Church at Old Zion, Goldington-crescent, under the pastorate of the late respected Mr. James Nunn.

Died, on December 27, 1882, aged 69 years, Mr. G. Ridley, of Willesden, late of Bury-St.-Edmund's, Suffolk. For many years, both in Suffolk and at Providence, Kingston, a faithful preacher of the Gospel. His end was peace. He was buried on January 1, 1883, at Kensal-green, near the remains of the beloved J. Foreman and Mr. Palmer.—F. C. HOLDEN.

Mr. W. Sack departed this life, at Walham-green, on January 13, 1883. His widow says he went up-stairs on January 6, and never came down again. All the time most calm and patient. On Thursday he waved his arm to a friend, and said, "Victory! blessed Jesus;" and many times to me he said, "My dear, it is all right." I don't think he suffered much pain, God bless you, and accept my greatest gratitude for your past kindness. Yours in the best bonds,—E. SACK. [Our brother Sack was esteemed by many for his honesty to the truth.—Ed.]

Died, on January 15, 1883, Mr. John Bottrill. He was the senior deacon of St. Peter's-lane Strict Baptist Church in Leicester. He was in his 89th year. Most affectionately remembered.

On January 18, 1883, Mr. Thomas E. Silk, aged 68, at his residence, 11, Denmark-hill. For many years a member at the Surrey Tabernacle.

On January 10, our dearly beloved brother, Freeman Hitchcock, of Layham-mills, Hadleigh, entered his eternal rest after a brief illness. He was for a great number of years a highly-respected deacon at the Baptist chapel, Hadleigh, and his death is very much lamented.

Mr. Walter Henry Oliver died suddenly, recently, at Hereford, and was buried at White-stone, leaving a widow and young family. Of all the literary acquaintances we ever formed, Mr. W. H. Oliver was the most pleasant. It is impossible to describe the amiability of his character. All who knew him, like ourselves, truly loved him. As a sub-editor on the leading Hereford journals, he was universally honoured. But, at 35 years of age, he is taken from this world of perpetual toil and anxiety to one, we hope, of rest and peace. We are prayerfully concerned for the bereaved family.

Mr. William Higgs, the builder of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has been called home. A great loss. While they were burying him, Mr. Mills, another deacon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was taken off rather suddenly. The Baptist says Mr. Mills was a deacon with us at Unicorn-yard, before Mr. Spurgeon came; but our Mr. Mills was not the same. Out of the many called by God through us, the most of them are now either in heaven, in the Surrey Tabernacle, or in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. We hope they are all in Christ.

Died, at Two Waters, December, 1882, the faithful wife of our venerable friend, John Roberts, so many, many years a member at Salem. Mrs. Roberts was 78. Her husband is still living, at 89. May the Lord make all his bed in his affliction, when the departing hours shall come.

The Irresistible Love of Christ!

Who Are its Special Trophies?

"THE PRESS" is an amazingly powerful telephone. It has come of late from the Australian Colonies, from the United States, from the pulpit in Westminster Abbey, from the study of a Christian lady, from numerous sources, and it has brought me the echoes of utterances of thoughts, of sacred poems, and of oratorical speeches, which have astonished me. Not only astonished me, but some of them have cheered my somewhat disconsolate spirit; and if I refer to them they may be useful to souls as sad as mine has been prone to be, when I found myself shut in week after week, and no visible prospect, no special pledge that I should either be soon called away or raised up again to any sphere of work in the Lord's service. It becometh me to be very adoringly thankful to the GIVER OF ALL GOOD that, with the help of my family around me, the work of administering to the necessities of the saints has never stood still. Each day, as my helpers have borne away the many letters to the numerous bed-ridden, aged, and afflicted brethren, widows, orphans, bereaved, and distressed children, who are still left in the midst of our Churches, as every day the despatches of sympathy have gone forth, so has my heart been lifted up in thankfulness to the Lord, and my soul has realised a hope that the one section of Psalm xci. has therein been verified, where the Lord so emphatically says,—

*"He shall call upon Me :
And I will answer him;
I will be with him in trouble:
I will deliver him, AND HONOUR HIM."*

I could not CALL upon the Lord as I desired. My soul was not drawn out, drawn up, nor favoured to "take hold of His strength," as I felt I ought to do. Still, in the silent moments, she sighed unto the God of her salvation; some deliverances were wrought, some hopeful tokens indicated; that centre promise was verified:—

"I WILL BE WITH HIM IN TROUBLE;"

and as the many letters came daily from the receivers of the helps, teeming with grateful praises to the FOUNTAIN of all MERGIES, the thought suggested that this was no small honour to be the Lord's almoner to the deep necessities of His children in times of poverty and of pain.

But my soul inly cried out for the LIVING GOD. Job's words came up as though they were made on purpose for me; they exactly fitted my case, when he cried out, "Oh, that I knew WHERE I might find HIM, that I might come even to HIS SEAT." GOD'S SEAT is in HIS SON. The Almighty hath sat down in CHRIST, and in CHRIST, the Ransomer, the Redeemer, the Reconciler, the Justifier, the SAVIOUR! In Him is God to be found, and my soul longed to come even to HIS SEAT.

Mr. Middleditch (that man of God who has been through the furnace again and again) says he never heard his long-afflicted wife express the shadow of a doubt of her safety in CHRIST. I do not know that I ever spoke about my fears or doubts of interest; but there is a something very painful when you are shut in the sick chamber, when heart and flesh all fail you, and you cannot come, experimentally, to GOD'S SEAT, to GOD IN CHRIST, to GOD in communion, to GOD in confidence.

As I sat in my bed-room one evening, in this low-down state, my son JOHN came in and brought me the new book the Religious Tract Society have published for "Mission Services." Many books, papers, letters, and so on, continually came in; but in none, of none could I say, "It is the voice of My Beloved; behold, HE COMETH." No; not a sound in anything; and if HE does not come there are plenty of voices will come, and none of the most welcome either. When I was left alone I turned to the index of the said Tract Society's "Mission Service Hymn-book," and the first line that met my eye fell softly on my heart, and I turned to find it. It is a hymn by Mrs. Cousin; a hymn full of the espoused soul's faith and fellowship in the Gospel. Oh, how sacred, how certain, how full of the soul's knowledge, and how rich in the soul's assurance it is. I read it as the experimental language of a truly happy soul, who was ever at God's seat, and looking the great High Priest in the face. She says:—

"O CHRIST! what burdens bowed Thy head:

Our load was laid on Thee;

Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,

Bearing all ill for me;

A Victim led, Thy blood was shed:

Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup:

O CHRIST, 'twas full for Thee!

But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,

'Tis empty, now, for me;

That bitter cup, Love drank it up,

Now a blest draught for me.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—

O CHRIST! it broke on Thee;

Thy open bosom was my ward,

It braved the storm for me.

Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred—

Now cloudless peace for me.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,

And I have DIED IN Thee;

Thou art risen—bands all untied,

And now THOU LIV'ST IN ME.

When purified, made white and tried,

Thy glory I shall see."

Ah! I was becalmed. It was the voice of faith "looking unto JESUS," and bringing home the full benefits of His substitutionary work.

I cannot tarry here. A silent echo from Westminster Abbey woke up the latent passion of my soul to no small degree of TRUTH, confirming joy and gladness. In a discourse by one of the most popular authors and canons of the present day my eye fell upon the following sentence,—

"WHO ARE THE SPECIAL TROPHIES OF THE IRRESISTIBLE LOVE OF CHRIST AND THE IRRESISTIBLE POWER OF THE CROSS OF CHRIST?"

"What!" said I, "does the great Canon preacher admit, declare, and

prove the love of Christ is *irresistible*?" Most certainly he does, and gives the statement a most demonstrative confirmation.

I have been reading a letter from one of the most devout, intelligent, and long-standing pastors in all England, a man who has honourably filled the office of pastor over one Church for about forty years. Of him instrumentally, in the hands of God, it may be said he has been its planter, its builder, its pastor, its village preacher, yea, in every sense, its servant in Christ; and no mean scholar, no inefficient preacher, no fiery ranter, but a godly man. Last Summer he came to London for the benefit of his health. Contrary to Boaz's direction our country pastor resolved to go and glean in other fields; to ascertain *what* and *how* the leading Open Baptist pastors did preach. His verdict of them was, "*The worst of Arminianism; taking the work out of God's hands altogether.*" This is so general now that to find a Canon of the Church of England preaching "*The irresistible love of Christ,*" and "*The irresistible power of His cross*" in the eternal salvation of sinful men, comes blooming with hope that THE GOSPEL is not yet quite banished from the nation.

The sermon I refer to was upon that awful war in the inward parts, of which so little is heard in these days. The sermon was founded upon those words in Psalm xci., "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." No words can more strongly describe the powers of sin, of Satan, of the flesh, of the world, of false and fierce spirits of every kind which are in the man where "the strong man armed keepeth the palace: and where the goods" (the conscience, the passions, the mind, the heart, yea, all that actuates and moves the man both from within and from without) "are in peace;" as they were in Cain, until they broke out; and then, oh, a fearful slaughter occurred; so in Manasseh; yea, in millions of cases. Really, sirs, it requires but a brief review of the ravages of sin, of the delusions of Satan, of the deceitfulness of the heart, of the treacherous glosses of which this world is full; it is only necessary to contemplate the world's history and the Church's sore conflict for a little season, and you must tremble from head to foot, unless it is your happy privilege to know that you "dwell in the secret place of the Most High," and that now you "abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Unless you know, by the ETERNAL SPIRIT'S gracious teaching, that God hath given "His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways," and that, instead of the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon trampling you down, you have, by the irresistible love of Christ toward you and in you, overcome them, and that every master and monster sin has been cast out, every wound healed, you are now clothed in your right mind, and sitting at the feet of JESUS—unless this is so with you, dangers and destructions may soon overtake you.

Now, stand a moment. Consider the serious question, "Who are the special trophies of the irresistible love of Christ?" He has shown that where an internal and spiritual victory has not been gained, where the soul has not been quickened into life, where the heart has not been made right with God, where the conscience has not been purged from dead works, where Satan has not been cast out, the state of such sin-bound and Satan-led souls is terrible. But, now comes the question and answer; and I will give the question and the answer in the Canon's

own words; for but seldom, I think, is the Gospel—I mean seldom is

THE GOOD NEWS OF SOVEREIGN MERCY

so freely proclaimed as in the following sentences.

“Taking all things into consideration,” the preacher said, “the best of us is but scarcely saved. Who, then, are the special trophies of the irresistible love of Christ and the irresistible power of the cross of Christ? In whose case does He on His cross make an open show of principalities and powers? Not in Enoch, the immaculate; not in Abraham, ‘the friend of God;’ not in John, the Nazarite; not in John, the divine; not in Stephen, with his face ‘like the face of an angel;’ nay, but in the Son who was dead and is alive again, who was lost and is found, in the Prodigal rescued from the rocks of the far land, and the husks, and the swine; in the pure rejoicing home; in the Magdalen out of whom He cast seven devils; in the harlot who washed His feet with her tears, and dried them with the hairs of her head; in the publican whom He transformed into an apostle; in the demoniac seated at His feet, ‘clothed and in His right mind;’ in the adulteress who, as she sobbed on the Temple floor amid her tangled hair, heard these healing words, ‘Neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no more;’ in the leper cleansed; in the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda bidden to, at last, arise; in the cursing, swearing, denying apostle, whose heart He broke with one tender word. These are the trophies of the cross, these are the lost, torn sheep over whom the good Shepherd rejoices; these the repentant sinners over whom the angels strike their harps of gold.”

These proofs are not the raving of some wild one, they are the divine, the inspired testimonies left on record to show that even to the uttermost, even to many sunken low down by the lion and the adder, even to the poor weary and heavy-laden, CHRIST cometh, sovereignly and savingly, to call them to Himself. After this the Abbey preacher broke out in his passionate appeal to all before him. “Oh!” saith he, “are not you one of these, the redeemed, the ransomed of the Lord, coming back from exile and from Babylon with singing into Zion, and everlasting joy upon your heads? You may be weak, you may be bad, you may be corrupt, you may be a defeated man; all your life may have been wasted, you may have sunk deeply into evil habits and the mire of sin, yet I would fain kindle your courage, I would fain kindle the courage of the most helpless, the most hopeless, the most melancholy, the most despondent of you all. I would fain first waken that courage into a spark, and then fan it into a glow, and then into a clear and leaping flame upon the altar of your hearts those dying embers which lie cold under the white ashes of your hopes. ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’ Do not let the devil make you listen to these words as though for you individually they meant nothing. Nay, they are God’s voice to you, Christ’s message to you, the Holy Spirit’s appeal to you. Are you a drunkard? Have you sunk by imperceptible gradations through many years into that shameful vice? Are you dishonest? Have you for years been making profits by frauds and lies? Is your heart burning with evil passions? Are you an adulterer, or a fornicator, or laying waste by any unlawful indulgence in the inner sanctities of your life? Is some sin smouldering like Etnian lava, black by day and

lurid by night, in the dark places of your agonised conscience? Well, now it is a part of you; but if you can repent, if you can put away the unclean thing, if you seek God on your knees, if even you will summon together the shamed, routed, scattered, weakened forces of your life, summon them together to the battle of God, He will so help you that, 'As far as the East is from the West, so far will He put your transgressions from you.'"

Oh, sirs! if by the HOLY GHOST'S power we could thus appeal to the hearts, to the sad conditions of many (who are bound by unbelief, by sin, and self-condemnation), surely the LORD would give us to see many a poor sinner plucked as a brand from the burning. Would the Enochs be offended? Would the "friends of God" feel themselves insulted? We cannot say. Multitudes of most holy professors have never known the depths of Satan as some have done. Nevertheless, that Gospel that comes out of a Saviour's heart in heaven, and, by the power of the Spirit, flows through the living preacher's heart into the bruised hearts of any of our Lord's poor sheep, it will surely turn Satan out, it will make a Saviour precious to their souls, yea, it will land them safe in glory, or JESUS never would have said, "This is the will of HIM that sent ME, that every one which seeth the SON (as the only Way of salvation, as the only Friend of a poor seeking soul) every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and

"I WILL RAISE HIM UP AT THE LAST DAY."

Mere tautology preaching, brain and memory pumping, may please those who are settled on their lees; but if ever our Churches are to witness the scenes they have done thirty or forty years ago, there must be a baptism of spiritual agony, of soul travail for the ingathering of the ransomed to Christ. Oh, to feel and see this once more is the gasping desire of

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, E., February 1, 1883.

"One hour of bliss in heaven
Were worth long years of pain:
Happy to whom 'tis given,
Through troubles, rest to gain.
Then though the path be dreary
That leads thee to thy home,
Sing, when thy heart is weary,
'Lord Jesus, quickly come!'"

THE LATE MR. HANKS ON THE MINISTRY.

THE following is an extract from a letter written by Mr. Hanks some time previous to his death:—

The people of God who are favoured to listen to a man Sabbath after Sabbath whom God has raised up and qualified with greater or lesser gifts, as His righteous sovereignty may dispose Him, know but little of the fears, the anxieties, and the troubles which he experiences in the first of his days, and much more in the last, in connection with the ministry. He may look well so far as health is concerned when he rises to address them; his appearance may give no indication of the exercises of soul which he has gone through. Some of his hearers may even think that preaching, to him, is as easy as hearing to them. And I believe it is so with some men; but this I can say, if it were the last of my sayings, it has never been so with me. If weakness and fear, and much trembling, characterised the feelings of an apostle, it is no marvel that a man like myself should be affected in the same way.

"THE COMING IN OF THE YEAR."

A Sermon delivered on Lord's Day morning, January 7th, 1883,

BY MR. W. CARPENTER, AT SHOULDHAM-STREET, W.

"And Elisha died, and they buried him, and the bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year. And it came to pass as they were burying a man, that behold they spied a hand of men, and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha, and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood upon his feet."—2 Kings xiii. 20, 21.

AND this was at the coming in of the year. We have buried the old year, 1882, with all its story of mercy, privilege and sin; the book is closed until the great day. We have commenced another year, a new book with 365 pages. God help us to write in it that which shall be pleasing in His sight. The present season is a time of great joy with many; there have been great gatherings, but they have had their drawbacks in many cases; there has been many a vacant seat and aching heart. Father has been missing, mother missing, &c., &c., which has thrown a gloom over many gatherings, and some will begin the new year, no doubt, with great anxiety and responsibility. Trade is dull in many quarters, rent is due, doctors' bills will come in, and many will be driven to their wit's end, and wonder how the crooked is to be made straight. But, brethren, things are not so bad and gloomy as with Israel when Elisha died. They had not only lost a faithful ambassador, but the Moabites invaded the land. Thank God, we have no invasion—not of that kind. We have many enemies that are saying concerning Zion and the holy doctrines of the Bible, Raze it, raze it. But we hope to continue in the good old way. It was a sad loss when they lost Elijah. The young prophets followed him, and he passed through Jordan, and they stood a great way off and saw him ascend. He departed in faith, and he passed Jordan in faith. Remember how he folded up his mantle and divided the waters. He remembered how God divided the river for Israel to pass through dryshod. Now, with all their loss, there was something pleasing for them to reflect upon, that he was not lost, but gone before, and that he had done his work, and done it well, and the prophetic garment was now fallen on Elisha. They said, Where is the God of Elijah? We answer, In heaven. Where is the God of Elijah? On His throne. Where is the God of Elijah? He sitteth on the floods. Where is the God of Elijah? Where two or three are gathered together in His name. God help us to resolve with holy David, I will go in the strength of the Lord, and make mention of Thy righteousness, and Thine only. There was a contrast between the two prophets. The one a man of the desert, the other a man of the city. The work of Elijah was preparatory, like the plough for the seed. Elisha's was to build up the small still voice.

We shall first look at this eminent type of Christ, Elisha. Secondly, the prophet's death. Thirdly, his burial and the honour that attended it. Fourthly, the period when this occurred—at the coming in of the year.

I.—This eminent type of Christ. His name strikes our attention "Salvation, the health of my God." We cannot help thinking of him whose name is called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. He engaged to save, He came into the world to save, He died to save, He

lives to save, and the saying is "worthy of all acceptation." Elisha had a double portion of Elijah's spirit, and our Elisha had the spirit without measure. He was anointed, and grace poured into His lips. Let us glance at some of the miracles of Elisha, and see how beautifully he set forth Jesus, and Solomon's words were truth: "A faithful ambassador is health." His first miracle was that of healing the naughty waters at Jericho. The waters were naught and the land was barren, which set forth the fallen condition of man. The corrupt fountain sendeth forth poisonous streams, and the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The ground is barren. There is nothing heavenly can grow in nature's soil, and it is all labour in vain without a new cruse and salt. Now look at the miracles. "Bring me," he said, "the new cruse, and put salt therein." A new creature, and grace, as our Lord said, changing the words, a new bottle and new wine. Elisha cast in the new cruse with the salt, and said—I have healed the waters? No, he said no such thing. "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed the waters." It was God's deed, and not man's; he was only the instrument. What a change! "Thus saith the Lord, There shall not be any more death nor barrenness in the land." Oh, that we had more salt!

The second miracle was the increase of the widow's oil. Here we have, first, the widow's extremity. First, her affliction; secondly, the death of her husband; thirdly, a debt and nothing to pay with, and only a little oil. It was a trying day for her, but God sent the prophet with the interrogation, What hast thou in the house? And now comes the command, Go and borrow vessels, and not a few. And the vessels were all filled. Now he said, Go and pay your debts, and live upon the rest. So she had a fortune given to her by the God of Elisha.

The third miracle was the deadly pottage. The young prophets were unskillful in botany, like many in the present day. They gathered wild gourds and put them into the pot, and there was death in the pot. But Elisha had a discerning eye. He saw it and knew the remedy, and he cast a handful of meal into the pot, and now, he said, There is no harm. Oh, that we had more Elishas that would bring forth the handful of meal.

The fourth miracle was the twenty loaves of barley for a hundred men. Give the men, For thus saith the Lord, They shall eat and live thereof. This reminds us of the five barley loaves and two fishes.

The fifth miracle was the healing of Naaman.

The sixth miracle was the raising of the dead child.

But where am I going? Let us proceed to our second branch.

II.—*The prophet's death.* Let us enter the prophet's room; you need not be afraid, Solomon said, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth." It is a humble apartment, a room in the wall, a table, bed and candlestick; but it is the death of an ambassador of the most high God. His work is done; he has fought a good fight, he is going home; to depart is far better. The battle of life is over, he is about to sing the victor's song. There is nothing gloomy here, nor fearful; his Shepherd is with him, he had no cause for fear; but, behold, Joash the king of Israel is here, leaning down over him and weeping, and exclaiming, "What shall I do, my father, my father; the chariot of Israel and horsemen thereof?" Who would have thought that he would have said so much in honour of God's prophet?

But he is afraid. Many have done the same when fathers have been about to depart, and ministers about to depart this life; they have repented. Should we not have thought, had we been there, that the king of Israel was converted? but it was only like Ephraim's goodness and morning dew. But he returned, like the sow that was washed and wallowed again in idolatry, and forgot it all.

III.—Let us look at the *prophet's burial*. They buried him, not in a coffin, but in a winding-sheet. Well, the prophet is dead and buried, now, say they, it is all over. No, it is not all over; his ministry is not done with, his sayings are not dead, and his God is not dead. No, said David, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be the Rock of my salvation." Friends may die, relatives may die, and ministers depart, but the Lord liveth and takes an interest in His people. He lives to fulfil His word, and His people never can be forsaken. He lives to supply all their needs; and though many are dead, yet they speak; their works speak, their books speak, their tombs speak. Ask the days that are passed; many have done much good, not only in life, but after death. What a blessing some have been to the Church after their death; some have erected places of worship for God's name, and hundreds have been born again there; and many have helped God's ministers to preach the everlasting Gospel to thousands of their fellow men after their death by their benevolence; for God puts an honour on their labours in their life-time, and after their death. This miracle of letting down the corpse into the grave of Elisha, and its touching the bones of Elisha, and rising into life was designed of God to make an impression on the minds of Israel. They were in a depressed condition; Elisha prophesied of victory over Syria, and this was the main support of Israel's hope, and which fostered religion and their national life; but Elisha's voice had been silenced by death, and Syria was as threatening as ever, and Elisha's sayings were likely to be forgotten, and a miracle performed at his grave like that in the text, would have the effect of drawing the eyes of his countrymen to their departed prophet, and adviser. It would assure them that his words were still living, and that his God had power over all; it would assure them that his warning, his encouragements, and promises, had not died away with his dying breath when God put such signal honour on him after his death. In the same way God honoured Peter's shadow, and Paul's apron and handkerchief. (See Acts xix.). It is written, God wrought special miracle by the hand of Paul and Peter, for the confirmation of the doctrines which they preached, so the sick were healed; the virtue was not in Paul's handkerchief, Peter's shadow, or Elisha's bones, but in the power of God; and it plainly showed that Elisha's God was the God of the living and not of the dead; but we see that miracles are not sufficient alone to convert men, for what Abraham said to Dives in hell, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets; neither will they be persuaded though one rise from the dead."

IV.—*The period when this occurred*. At the coming in of the year there are several things which this revolution of time remind us of. First, Our history; for we all have made a history. It is the story of our life. We have not all, brethren, it, but God has a book of remembrance. Sometimes He reads it to us. There are two parties in it—God and ourselves. It is good sometimes to look back and to remember the way

He has led us. We have our hill Mizars, and favoured spots where we set up the pillars—Bethel and Ebenezer. We are called upon to redeem time. This we can only do by review.

There are several things in connection with our entering upon this New Year. First, Ignorance. We know not how it will go with us—that is, with regard to health, adversity, prosperity, life or death. But our times are in His hand, and we know that He forsaketh not His saints. They are preserved for ever, and all things work together for good, &c. Secondly, Dependence. We shall need His hand, His eye, His heart, and tender compassion, and we shall have it. Thirdly, mark, He is the same. The prospect that opens to us is delightful. His perfections are the same, His offices, His engagements, His promises. Therefore the sons of Jacob are not consumed. God help us to trust Him for all the future. Amen.

THE CHIEF CORNER STONE.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. HENRY HANKS, PREACHED AT NUNHEAD GREEN BAPTIST CHAPEL, PECKHAM.

“Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded.”—1 Peter ii. 6.

THESE words, as most of my hearers are aware, are a quotation from Isa. xxviii., where Jehovah proclaims from heaven, saying, “Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation-stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste.” A stone, a corner-stone to signify the strength and durability of that foundation on which the one chosen, the called, and the ultimately to be glorified Church of the living God permanently and immoveably rests; and the Lord goes on to say, “A tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste.” Now, my hearers, it is well known that the first thing to be seen to in reference to any material building is the foundation, that it be solid, and that it be suitable and adapted in every respect, both to the weight, the dimensions, and the order of the structure which is destined to rest upon it; for unless the foundation be firm, and solid, and durable, so as to resist the influence of the atmosphere which is likely to bear upon it, it is likely to topple and be removed from its site and to be destroyed. If, then, in the erection of material buildings such precaution is necessary, I ask you to-night, what care, what caution, what circumspection should that man observe with respect to the strength and solidity of the foundation on which he is building all his hopes for a glorious immortality, on which he is building his soul for an eternal world! how should that man be careful with regard to the foundation on which he is building! and yet there is nothing concerning which men have been so deceived than with regard to the foundation on which they are to build their hopes for an eternal world. One will tell you that this is the foundation, and another will tell you that that is the foundation; but God has said there is but one, and hence the Saviour, in the chapter we have read, says, “On this rock I will build My Church;” and of all building, my hearers, there is none so important to you and me as soul-building.

Now, in the language of my text, which we have here cited from the prophet, we have to notice, first, that that which it contains is contained in the Scriptures, and that which the Scriptures contain cannot be broken. "Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded." We notice (1) the foundation; (2) by whom that foundation is laid; (3) the safety of every poor sinner that is led to build for an eternal world on this one basis, the Rock of eternal ages; and, lastly, the consequence of a man building on this foundation—"he shall never be confounded."

First, then, the foundation; and that foundation is none other than the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ; hence in the Scriptures it is said, "There is no other name given under heaven whereby men can be saved." God arranged the salvation of His people as the result of the outcomings of His everlasting love; and for the salvation of His Church He selected not angels, He has selected nothing out of Himself, and nothing out of Himself would constitute the foundation on which He intended to erect His Church.

And of what is this Church composed? Lost sinners! These are the materials which constitute the Church of God. "On this Rock I build My Church," says our Lord. We have nothing to do with the Church of England, or the Church of Rome, the Latin Church or the Greek Church, or any other Church. God's Church is distinct and wide apart from all these political associations and combinations. God's Church is emphatically a spiritual Church, made up of spiritually-trying, sin-sick, guilty sinners; made up of those whom His Word calls "the poor and needy;" these are those who constitute the living Church of the living God; and hence, while many of the Lord's children are often cast down with a sense of their unfitness to unite with the Church of God, which deprives them for many a year from casting in their lot with the children of God, because, as they say, "I am not worthy." Why, in the language of the poet you may say,—

"All the fitness He requires
Is to feel your need of Him."

This stone, then, was laid in Zion for a foundation, this tried-stone, this corner-stone, elect and precious; and in reference to the word, "tried," by whom was He tried? God tried Him, His justice tried Him, His judgments tried Him, the world tried Him, hell tried Him, devils tried Him, man tried Him, death tried Him, the grave tried Him; but He was equal to all the trials which befell Him, to all that came upon Him, and in the ultimate He went to the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth.

When I sometimes think of what He suffered as the great Foundation-stone on which my soul's everlasting bliss rests, when I think of the Father's visitation on Him of the sins of His people, when I think of the heavy wrath that fell upon Him, when I think of His agony and bloody sweat, when I think how God tested Him and His justice tested Him, and when Satan tested him, and temptation tested Him, and when the wrath of God gathered around Him, and the lightnings of God's justice played upon Him, yet in the infinitude of His Godhead, in conjunction with His glorious manhood He outlived the storm, and conquered when He fell. When I think of this I am overwhelmed; and, blessed be God, I have tried Him, and some of you have

tried Him, when you, with your weight of guilt, and under a sense of your sinfulness, went first unto Him with a "Lord, save, or I perish." What is your testimony as well as mine? Was He and is He not equal to all your guilt, to all your sins, to all your distresses and sorrows? Yes. And how you have tried Him since you have known His dear name. How often I have tried Him. I have tried His faithfulness again and again: and one of the wonders of my soul until this day is the patience He has shewn towards me; I have wondered again and again He has not cut me down, such has been the evils of my heart, such my forgetfulness of Him, and such my carnality, and, I may say, such the devilism of my nature, I wonder He has borne with me until this day. He is a precious corner-stone; and it is by virtue of our trials of Him, and acquaintance with Him, that He becomes so precious to the souls of His dear people, to you who believe in His majesty, in His mercy, and in His power to save, is He not precious?

"Behold, I lay in Zion a foundation." Where, then, hearer, art thou building? I see before me a number of my fellow dying sinners, who are hastening on to the eternal world; and I thought to-night, before I arose to speak, what solemnity, what earnestness, and what faithfulness should characterise and mark a man when he addresses his dying fellow-sinners; and my heart said, Lord, make me earnest, make me faithful, make me to tell my dying fellow sinners that this is the only foundation on which they can build for safety; and it is your mercy and mine to be brought to build here. And they shall never be confounded, nor be ashamed of this foundation; no, He will not put that soul to shame, nor ever let it be lost. Thus God laid this foundation with His own hand, in the Person of His dear Son; His own hand, if I may so speak, cut out this eternal Rock on which His Church is built, and there will be additions made to it until time shall be no more. He knew well what the weight of the superstructure would be; and knowing this, He knew that none but Himself could constitute a foundation upon which a poor sinner could rest.

"Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect and precious." Then God's hand laid it, and that which He laid was His own dear Son; He let Him come from the glory which was essential to His deity, as we read, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; who, though He was rich in all the attributes of His essence, yet He associated with His Godhead our humanity." There we see Him as a Man of poverty, with nowhere to lay His head; and as the Shepherd who was smitten for the flock. There we behold Him as one whom justice had marked for her own; but one from whom justice expected all its honours and glories. There we behold Him who was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him, seven hundred years before He appeared in the likeness of flesh were these prophecies written; but God had written it, and therefore it must have come to pass; if it had not come to pass, how could the Scriptures be fulfilled? those Scriptures which had predicted all His sufferings and sorrows, His death and triumphs; if these were not sustained and undergone, how could the Scriptures be fulfilled?

I was speaking on this subject the other day, and applying it to the experience of the people of God in this world. I was saying, has not God declared other things in the Scriptures? and having declared them

they must come to pass. Has He not declared that "in the world ye shall have tribulation"? Well, that must come to pass. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth them out of them all," and that must come to pass. The providence of God is simply the interpreter of His will concerning you, so that thy call by grace was only the unfolding of God's plan concerning thee; and all their troubles and afflictions, and all their sorrows, they come to pass as the result of God's decree and will concerning you. Nothing transpires by chance. We see by what we have read to-night that even the sufferings of Christ and His death were only what God had before appointed should be done; and here only, believer, is thy safety. So there is nothing so important to you and to me as the strength and durability of the foundation on which we are building for an eternal world. Are you building on your own works? If you are, you are like to the man to whom the Saviour refers when He used that similitude of the man who built his house upon the sand, and the man who built upon a rock. Oh! how many sandy foundations have men devised on which to build their hopes for eternity! and all to be doomed like the house built on the sand. It could not withstand the floods and rains and the fierce elements that were brought to bear against it, and it fell; but the house that was built on a rock stood firm, the same floods and rains beat against it, but it fell not, because it was founded upon a rock. And I must tell you, as a dying man, that if Christ in His Person, blood, and righteousness, constitute not the foundation on which you are building, your foundation will fall away; you will find, to your soul's everlasting cost, that the devil has deceived you.

There is, then, no name given under heaven whereby a man can be saved but this great, this everlasting, this wonderful name, this name which is above every other name; in which centres all the perfections of Jehovah; in which centres all that is omnipotent, all that is omniscient and eternal, and all that makes up the heaven of God; all is to be found in this Rock on which the Church of God is built; none can build with any virtues of his own on this Rock; none can build unless assisted by grace; no man by nature ever found space on this Rock of eternal ages; none but those who were led to it by the power and teaching of the Holy Ghost. The language of a man by nature is, "We will not have this Man to reign over us, or bow to His control." The Jewish builders rejected this stone, a stone of stumbling to them. They stumbled at His declaration that He was God as well as man, at His claim of coequality with God His Father. These were hard sayings which they could not bear. Well, you and I, through mercy, can glory at His having made such a foundation, that we were ever brought by mercy to build on this Rock.

The materials, then, which are built on this foundation are saved sinners. There are no old materials used in building up the Church of Christ; but all new-born souls which are added to this glorious edifice where God has said, "Here will I dwell." His presence is not confined to that "house not made with hands;" He dwells in the heart of every saved sinner. "Here will I dwell," He says, "they shall be My people, and I will be their God." God says of the poor sinner, "He shall be Mine." He does not say, He shall be Mine if He chooses me; no! He will draw every member of this Church unto

Himself, as I was saying this morning when referring to that child of God, poor Muckle Kate, "not a hoof shall be left behind." The veriest wretch who has gone to the extremity of human sin and guilt, yet having once brought her unto Himself, He could not, would not let her go.

There may be a mother here to-night who may have a wayward son for whose salvation her heart has gone up to God; but the conduct of her son continues such as almost to discourage her at the throne of grace, and she feels sometimes that her prayer will never be answered; but if that mother knows what sinnership is her prayers will still be sent up; and what a pleasure for her to know that if he is interested in eternal love, he will be brought to the knowledge of it sooner or later. I may never live to see the fulfilment of the prayers which have been wrung from this heart for my offspring; but I have this belief, that God never inspired a prayer in the heart which He does not intend to answer; but that every prayer which God has inspired will be answered. Life cannot pass away from the object of my prayers before the prayer has been answered. I will not put him back and say, "You have gone too far." I will not put him back and say, "You have come to Me in the last of your days to give Me the refuse and dregs of your life; why did you not come to Me in the strength of your youth?" God never talks like that. I have sometimes heard men talk like that; but it is very unscriptural talk.

"Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth shall not be confounded." You see it is, "he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Now, then, faith, you see, in Christ, as the foundation, is a necessary element in the salvation of a poor sinner; and without it he cannot be saved. You and I believe in Him as our only Refuge; believe Him to be the only Foundation, the only Rock on which we can build. You and I believe in His power to save. Well, say you, I have reason to believe in Him; for if ever there was a sinner far-off from God, dead in trespasses and sin; if ever there was a sinner who carried a high hand against the God who made Him, who despised the mention of His name, and who despised and ignored everything appertaining to the worship of God, it was me; and having been brought by His infinite mercy to believe in Him, I know there is nothing too hard for Him to perform; and having been brought by the riches of His grace to rest on this foundation, my soul is eternally secure.

"They shall never be ashamed nor confounded." God's Word has said it; the Scriptures have declared it, and I am sure it would be for us to be put to everlasting shame, if, after all we have experienced, we were at length to be disappointed, or come short of the glory, or be shut out from the blessings of salvation. Well, say some, "Oh! that I could feel that He was my salvation! Oh! that I knew that my soul was based, as by an act of Jehovah's grace, on this Rock of Ages! Oh! that I knew that when He shed His blood, that blood was shed for me!" Poor, anxious sinner; is it such a matter of moment for you that you cannot rest upon any mere form of religion, you cannot be satisfied with merely meeting with His people on the Sabbath; no, say you, I want a home application. What is it you want? Oh, I want Him to say to my soul, "I am thy salvation," to feel that on the Rock of Ages my soul has a constant place. I want to feel sure of my everlasting salvation. Ah! poor

sinner, if I were to say, Read your Bible, be as good as you can, feed the poor, and practise every laudable and every good work, depend upon this, I should deceive you; this would never constitute a foundation; it must be Christ, His perfect atonement, His everlasting righteousness, His complete and everlasting salvation, on which you can rest and build in order to secure your everlasting salvation; and I am not in any apprehension of any child of God building on anyone else—and why? Because the Holy Ghost never leads a sinner to any but Jesus, or to build on any but on the Person of Jesus Christ; and the Holy Spirit is the Teacher, and will lead you into all truth.

Has the Holy Spirit shewn you this? Has He led you to aspire to these realities which are beyond the skies? Has He led you to this Jesus, whom the glorified hosts around the throne now praise? Are your aspirations resting upon this Rock, on Jesus, on precious Jesus, on this precious Rock, on this precious hiding-place? On this Rock stands immovable and for ever the one united and complete Church of the living God. There may be some here to-night who have not thought of soul-building, or what may become of their soul hereafter. You may have indulged in the delusion that with your repentance, and a few good works, you could make all straight. Never, never! if a sinner could ever save himself without this Rock, then God laid it in vain; if a sinner could be saved without the cleansing blood of Christ, then Christ shed His blood in vain; if a sinner could be saved without the righteousness of Christ, then Christ wrought out that righteousness in vain. But rely upon it, everything that was done was necessary to secure the everlasting salvation of a sinner, and they who are brought to build upon this foundation shall never be confounded, or be put to shame, or make haste, indicating trepidation and instability of mind; he shall not make haste with this foundation, but shall keep to it, as some of you have been kept to it for thirty or forty years. This has been your Rock of refuge and strength, and your hiding-place; and bless His dear name, what He has been to you He remains to-night.

A few days ago I was visiting the death-bed of a dear friend whom I knew as a child, and whom I have known ever since, through his youth and manhood, to his dying-hour, in the week that is past. As I sat by his side, I questioned him as to his hopes for eternity. He said,—

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

As I had known him from his early childhood, and had a sort of paternal regard for him, it cheered my heart to hear that man, who was leaving a wife and child to mourn his loss, say, “On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand.” If the Lord, he said, ever did anything for my soul, it was when I was a boy, when you addressed us one Sunday at the school, you took for your text, “Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.” These words sank into my heart, and I have never forgotten them; and though I have loved my enjoyment of the world, yet the day came, as you then said it would come, when I should have no pleasure in them; and in a few hours that soul went to his Creator whom he had been led to remember. Here is a Rock, here is a foundation, and here is a hiding-place; and if you forget all I have said to-night, do not forget this: that if you are building for an eternal world on any other foundation than this, I must tell you, in all solemnity, you are lost for ever and ever.

THE LAST DAYS OF MR. HENRY HANKS.

IN our February issue we gave a short account of the death and funeral of the late Mr. Henry Hanks who, for a period of about 28 years, was a faithful preacher of the Gospel at Woolwich, having previously ministered at Dry Drayton, Cambridge, and elsewhere. In August, 1880, he resigned the pastorate of "Carmel," Woolwich, and for the following eight or nine months did not preach at all. It pleased the Lord, however, in the month of May, 1881, to again call him to take an active part in the work of the ministry, and from that time until a few weeks prior to his death, he supplied at the Grove, Nunhead, Lynton-road, Limehouse, and other places, his testimony being greatly blessed to those who heard him, many of whom will hold his memory dear for years to come. Towards the end of last autumn, owing to ill health, he was unable to fulfil all his engagements, which was a source of grief to him. Not, however, until about a month previous to his death was he entirely laid aside, and then it was his privilege to realise much of the presence of that Jesus whom it was his delight to extol; and to enjoy the blessed realisation in his own soul of the blessedness of those things which it had been his happy privilege to tell to others. On being visited by Mrs. Dann, one of his former members at Carmel, who attended him during his illness, he seemed overcome, but after a short time recovered and spoke very sweetly about his dear Lord, and of what he had seen and enjoyed that morning of the beauties and glories of His Person, stating that the sweetness was almost more than his poor body could bear, and that he failed to find language to describe them. Then referring to the many years he had been enabled to bear the glad tidings of salvation to poor sinners, he said "he had been favoured to realise them in his own soul before telling of them to others." He felt quite passive in his Lord's hands, knowing that he had a good home to go to. Looking back at his ministerial labours, he had much to thank the Lord for, for the use He had been pleased to make of him. On another occasion he said, "I know in whom I have believed. I have not followed cunningly devised fables; but for many years I have committed my all into His hand. I have no fear to launch away. All I want now is, whilst lying here, to realise the sweet manifestations of His love." On another occasion, on Mrs. Dann's stating she did not like to see him looking so sad, he quickly answered, "Sad! why, my dear sister, I am not sad; I lay here as happy as I can be;" and began to speak of the preciousness of the dear Lord, and of the worth of the dear Redeemer to His people, in such a strain, as to make the eyes of those who heard him run with tears of joy and thankfulness. For a day or two after this his friends all thought him a little better, and he said himself that he thought he should be raised up again to say a few more things in his dear Master's name, but his disease soon returned with greater violence, and he became much worse. In answer to a friend who enquired how he felt, he said, "I am very ill. The Lord is about to take me home a little while before you, but never mind, it won't be long. You may have your trials and difficulties, but they will soon be over, and then we shall meet again where neither sin nor sorrow can mar our happiness; then we shall be for ever with the Lord." On another occasion, on waking out of a doze, he put out his hand and said, "Good-bye, good-bye, I am going." A friend said, "You don't think you are

going just yet, do you, Mr. Hanks?" He answered, "O yes, I cannot stay here now after what I have seen of that glorious world, and of its brightness and blessedness. Why the earth is as nothing, the sun, the moon and the stars appear as nothing. They are all gloom. It seems as though an extinguisher had been put upon them. Oh, the blessedness and the glory that has opened to my view, and that is where I am going; but for nothing I have done, mind that: it was all settled in eternity." He said he had often thought of a remark made by a friend many years ago when he asked her if she was dying, she said, "If she was, it was blessed dying." And now he could himself realise the truth of it, for what could be more blessed than to lay there and hear Him whisper, "I am His." He then told those who were with him that they must remember his words were the words of a dying man. "I know what I am saying," he said, "I shall see Him as He is, for I shall be like Him. I am going now to realise to the full what I have so often spoken to you of." He then talked for about 20 minutes with great delight and joy of the things he should shortly realise. And afterwards had his family (those who were there) to his bedside and arranged his family matters, and gave directions as to his funeral, and wished them all good-bye, thinking his end was very near. It pleased the Lord, however, to lengthen his stay for some days longer, and a few days after this he remarked to a friend, that he did not think he could have stayed so long in this world after what he had seen of the glories of that better land. Later on he said, "Come, come, come." Mrs. Dann said, "You seem as though you were waiting for the chariot." He replied, "Yes, I am; it seems so long in coming." On nearing his end he was asked how he felt in his mind? He answered, "Sweetly stayed; not a ruffle." He seemed perfectly indifferent to all things earthly, anticipating his loving Saviour's call. Almost his last words were, "Christ is my only comfort; I shall be with Him soon." On Tuesday morning, Dec. 26, 1882, his happy spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

A. G. B.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.—WHO ARE THEY THAT COMMIT IT?

BY W. WINTERS, PASTOR, WALTHAM ABBEY.

PART I.

"Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—Matt. xii. 31, 32.

GREAT are the fears of many sincere Christians, both young and old, respecting the unpardonable sin, lest they should have committed it again and again; and consequent upon their knowledge of its awful results are tempted betimes to despair of eternal salvation, which salvation they, at the same time, are the real subjects of, and which neither sin, Satan, nor the world can rob them of, although they may have a thousand fears and misgivings about their personal interest in it,

which fears generally rise from a sense of indwelling corruption, the infinite holiness of God, and the want of a right knowledge of the Gospel of Christ. Several sorrowing and distracted persons have come under our immediate notice, burdened with this tormenting fear, and invariably we have found them to be, like John Bunyan and others, eventually liberated from it, and made to feel and to rejoice in the efficacy of the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse the foulest sin, even the sin they thought to be unpardonable.

"And still, though black, deserving hell,
On Christ for help I call;
And O, astonishing to tell,
His merit covers all."

For a whole month after the Lord had warned Bunyan of Satan's desire (as he tells us in his autobiography), the words, "Simon, Simon," rang in his ears, and for which he could not account, until a storm of blasphemous thoughts with great darkness seized his mind. He was tempted "as to whether there were in truth a God or Christ, and whether the holy Scriptures were not rather a fable and cunning story than the holy and pure Word of God?" Shortly after, he was greatly harassed in mind about the unpardonable sin, and, as he says, "then would the tempter so provoke me to desire to sin that sin, that I was as if I could not, must not, neither should be quiet until I had committed it. Now no sin would serve but that; if it were to be committed by speaking of such a word, then I have been as if my mouth would have spoken that word, whether I would or no; and in so strong a measure was the temptation upon me, that often I have been ready to clap my hands under my chin to hold my mouth from opening. At other times, to leap with my head downward into some muck-hole, to keep my mouth from speaking. Now again I counted the estate of everything that God had made far better than this dreadful state of mind was; yea, gladly would I have been in the condition of a dog or a horse, for I knew they had no souls to perish under the everlasting weight of hell or sin, as mine was like to do." And, says Bunyan while in this state, "My heart was at times exceeding hard. If I would have given a thousand pounds for a tear I could not shed one; no, nor sometimes scarce desire to shed one." But out of this state of mind the Lord mercifully delivered him, after a considerable period had elapsed, from Jer. iii. 5, and specially from 2 Cor. v. 21.

These points of soul-trouble are worthy of a niche in these columns, as they may help to relieve, by God's blessing, some poor soul labouring in spiritual darkness, who may yet shine as bright in God's Church as Bunyan did, if not, perhaps, be so highly useful to others as he was, and still is. Much of these conflicting circumstances we have, in the past, had to contend with, and our exercises of soul are not even now always free from the perplexing influence of Satan. But how essential it is to know by divine grace that we have not robbed someone else of their experience and taken it as our own, and that our religion is not from the light of nature merely, nor from that moral culture only which our parents instilled into our mind from our infancy, and which often affects the intellect without the heart undergoing a radical change by the powerful operation of God the Holy Ghost.

A friend sends us the following appalling note, which in a thousand

other cases we fear is too true: "Some time since the directors of a missionary college, at the end of the probation period of one of their students, wrote to his friends: 'We have had opportunities of closely observing Mr. M——; we do not know what to do with him. His mind is enlightened, but his heart is not converted.' Shall I shock you (continues the writer) if I express a mournful but fixed belief, that of thousands in England filling our places of evangelical worship, the same report might be made, 'Their minds are enlightened, but their hearts are not converted'?"

It is not, however, our aim at this time to dilate further on the vanity of a nominal religion, with which so many seem to rest satisfied, but to pursue the point at issue relating to the nature of sin against the Holy Ghost; and in writing on so important a topic we do not presume to determine the exact nature of the sin to the satisfaction of every curious reader, but suffice to show, if possible, its true Scriptural meaning. The circumstance which gave rise to that portion of truth on which our subject is based shows that our dear Lord had just performed a double miracle in delivering a man from a blind and dumb spirit; and many who saw it testified to the Messiahship of Christ, expressing that He was the Son of David. But the Pharisees standing by, who were inveterate haters of Jesus, vilely attributed the casting out of the devil to the agency of Beelzebub, the prince of devils, which assertion must have been extremely hurtful to the tender, loving heart of Jesus; and it is verily marvellous that He did not strike these bold revilers blind and dumb! This He did not do, as He is more merciful than man; but He at once defended Himself from the grave charge of being in league with Satan, and speedily showed up the illogical nature of the argument couched in the evil suggestions of the Pharisees; and at the same time positively declared the solemn consequences of blaspheming against the Holy Ghost.

"O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love!"

By the kind permission of the worthy editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* the concluding part of our paper will probably appear next month; meanwhile, with the godly reader, we feelingly and frequently sing the annexed language of Dr. Watts:—

"O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy book
Where my salvation stands."

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

WE find God's revealed will in the Bible, and only in the Bible. To that Book we must fly in every emergency, and in every difficulty, to learn our way. Before its sublime and authoritative revelations our own mere "impressions" must fade away like mist before the rising sun. If, however, our impressions harmonise with God's Word, so far so good, but no farther.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Gospel Gems is the title of a little work edited by Mr. W. Wileman. Every minister ought to have it. It consists of "a collection of notes from the margins of the Bible of John Berridge." I have seen the original Bible and the autograph notes of dear old Berridge. It is to be hoped that a second edition will soon be published, containing all the grammatical notes on certain passages of Scripture written by Berridge's own hand. The first note given by Berridge on the Colossians came as a flood of light on my mind as I read it—i.e., "*Image of the invisible God*—that is, the Father, who, in His own Person, dwells in light unapproachable, hath exhibited to us the glorious properties of His nature in the Person of His Son." The book is full of good divinity, and will stand as a lasting memorial to the honour of its author. Printed by Robert Banks, and published by the editor, price one shilling.—W. WINTERS.

A BAPTIZING IN BEDFORD RIVER, AND
A BAPTIZING INTO THE SPIRIT OF
ADOPTION.

We have read with mingled feelings of *Sorrow and Joy the Declaration of God's Dealings with Ellen Taylor*. Published in Oxford by J. C. Pembrey. There are singular points in which poor tempest-tossed Ellen and we should agree. Brought up in the Church of England, and in a mysterious way brought out of it; led to see baptism by immersion from the Word; her painful temptation after the first time she sat down to the Lord's Supper in a chapel; and in many other experiences we realise such a similarity as to produce a sympathy and a oneness of feeling; but, as Mr. Frederick Marshall observes in the preface, poor Ellen frequently "destroyed her own peace," &c. We have for years observed with what assurance many writers of their own experience charge Satan with saying so-and-so to them, when it may be an active and an anxious mind, together with some degree of memory, would bring Scriptures up in the thoughts, without Satan's interference at all. A weak mind will imagine many things which are better forgotten than kept on record, because they have little or nothing to do with the salvation of the soul, or with the Scriptural obedience of faith. There is the danger of weak-minded men in the pulpit. How presumptuous they often appear to be in their irreverent ascribing to the Deity,

and also to the prince of the power of the air, many scenes, sayings, and seasons which appear to stand on doubtful premises. There is much taking the name of God in vain in the pulpit. Blessed be the Lord, while Ellen Taylor writes of some experiences, very doubtful as to their origin, she testifies most confidently, comfortably, and joyfully of what were indeed "God's dealings" with her soul; and we enjoy a feast while reviewing such precious mercies, which none but the Holy Ghost could have made known unto her. Oh, how *certain* the living soul feels when it comes on the work of God! Whether it is by a revelation of truth in the soul, or in hearing God's preachers, in reading the witnessing of the Lord's people, or in listening to their vital testimony—when the soul that hath the Holy Spirit in it hears the voice of the Beloved, even through the testimony of another, then, like the Samaritans, it can exclaim, "Now we believe, for we have heard Him ourselves: and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." The whole of the work of saving grace on the soul may be called, as Holland says,

"THE INNER PHENOMENA OF MIRACLE
AND PRAYER."

And surely it is a miracle. When a sinner, by the life-giving grace of the SPIRIT, is carried down inside of himself to know himself, and to be intently concerned about the present and the future state of that mysterious part which must exist forever. It is too painfully evident that millions never go downstairs inside of themselves, down into the mind, conscience, heart, will, motive, yea, into that mysterious continent called

"THE SOUL."

Of the many professing to be worshippers of the God of Israel, how few, we fear, have any *inside* religion, any true spiritual or God-wrought knowledge of themselves. Does one come forth to tell us what "God hath wrought" in them? Let us by all means listen, and, if we can, learn something of this "phenomena of miracle and prayer," which leads to praise here and to glory for ever. It is noteworthy how the sacred rite of baptism by immersion is laid on the consciences of God's children, at least, of some of them. Ellen became uneasy about baptism. She says: "I knew that I had been christened as an infant, and I thought that another bap-

tism could not be right. I begged of the Lord to remove it from me, for I thought that it came from Satan, and greatly feared this was the stumbling-stone. But I could not put it away, for if I opened my Bible I usually saw something about baptism. I now searched the Prayer-book with the Bible, but could not make them agree. I then cast the Prayer-book aside, and kept only to the Bible, begging the Lord to teach me. Then these words came to my mind, 'Baptized into His death,' and, 'Put off the body of our sin.' I thought of baptism being spoken of in the New Testament as a 'burial;' that the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, the waters as a wall on each side, and the cloud to cover them must in some way set forth baptism, which was in after ages to follow." While baptism was exercising her thoughts, she tells us: "I was on my knees, and had not been so more than a minute or two, when these words came with power, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' I said, 'Lord, it is enough;' and had no more doubt about it; but had it been through flames of fire I could have walked through them, and felt much pleasure in looking forward to it; and it was a most blessed ordinance to my soul. I was baptized in Bedford river on April 7, 1850. There was something in the evening delightful, the birds were warbling their last song of praise. I thought of the Lord's baptism in Jordan, and I felt it a great honour to be permitted to follow in His steps, who said, 'If you love Me keep My commandments.' Whilst standing in the water, before being immersed, the person said, 'Jesus says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."' It was as though something divine was communicated to me, which I cannot describe, but which was truly blessed. 'Lord,' I said, 'do let me feel like this when I come to die.' I only felt this divine life, or whatever it was, for a minute or two. When we came up out of the water they sang, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' Oh, how I did praise and bless Him, and in my very soul felt to call on the heavenly host to praise Him my feeble breath did not seem enough! While looking upward it was as though, by the eye of faith, I saw the Lord Jesus with a sweet smile looking on, and His hands in the attitude of blessing. I went home blessing and praising God." After this Ellen Taylor had the sentence of death written on all things, on all past experiences and privileges. But by degrees the Lord

delivered her soul; and her "declaration" is so clear that we cannot withhold or curtail it. It is a declaration of gratitude to the Lord; but truly penitent and faithful believers must not write bitter things against themselves because they have not obtained the same freedom; for, "Whosoever believeth that JESUS is THE CHRIST is born of God;" and His love in their hearts will carry them home to the mansions of love in His good time. Here is Ellen Taylor's own statement of the work of the Lord in delivering her soul. She says: "I will now, as in the sight of a heart-searching God, try to record my soul's blessed deliverance. On the morning of May 15 the words came to my mind, 'Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise,' &c. I felt that I was an heir. In the afternoon, when I was out with the dear children to whom I was nurse, I was thinking of the palaces of monarchs, and what an honour it is esteemed to be invited to the presence of royalty. I begged of the Lord that I might banquet with Him in His kingdom. The Lord led me to see that though but a weakling I should share with the strong, and receive the prize. Then came to my mind several portions concerning chastisement, as, 'Ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,' &c. By these I saw that I was a child of God; and my mind was led back to the time, in the year 1858, when I was reading the thirtieth chapter of Jeremiah, which took such hold of me. The words were: 'I will correct thee in measure, and will not leave thee altogether unpunished.' Thus did my tender, compassionate heavenly Father prepare me by degrees for the full deliverance. O how humbled and melted I felt under this! How He seemed to show me that He had been dealing with me as a child, and that He chastened all whom He received. O ye dear chastened children of God, do not think that God means to destroy you, whatever sore trial you may be in! 'He will turn again; He will have compassion.' I have thought whether I could have borne a sudden deliverance. The blessed Physician knew best how to cure souls. How by degrees did He prepare me for this! I was putting the children to bed when the words on chastisement were still on my mind; when I had laid them down I felt near to a blessing. I said, 'Now, Lord, do come! O do come

and bless me, even me!' And immediately the Father seemed to draw nigh by these words: 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee. Ye shall suck the breasts of consolation and be satisfied.' Now I experienced the spirit of adoption. I wept, I sobbed aloud tears of love, not of sorrow. I said, 'O my dear compassionate Father! my long-suffering Father! what earthly parent's comforts can compare with Thine!' for I felt to lay my soul on the bosom of my heavenly Father, and He to be pouring into my heart His rich consolations. O the love of God! I felt what I can never describe—but what I shall never forget: such a strange feeling came over me, with these words, 'Through sanctification of the Spirit.' It sent a thrill through me; I felt such love to the blessed Spirit. It seemed as if He hovered over me. I then thought of the Son of God, and felt what is beyond expression. O the precious Lord Jesus seemed so full of love! Now I seemed to be in the presence of the sacred Three. These words came: 'To the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved;' 'Justified freely from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses;' 'Who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification;' 'For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified;' and other Scriptures. Also these lines:—

"O my Jesus, Thou art mine,
With all Thy grace and power:
I am now, and shall be Thine
When time shall be no more."

"Scriptures and hymns kept pouring in. I was lost in wonder and astonishment. In looking back I could see that the Lord had led me by the right way. I could now sing with Newton, which I dared not before,—

"Thus, though a sinner, I am safe:
Christ pleads before the throne
His life and death on my behalf,
And calls my sins His own."

"And with Toplady:—

"The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do:
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view."

"Thus I, a sinner, not worthy of a crumb, was fed by this strong consolation." At Gower-street Ellen Taylor was known to the end of her life, a saved soul.

Episcopal Perfidy: Plain Words for the People. The late Archbishop, the Bishop of London, and the Mackonochie transfer are clearly opened by the curate of Drybrook in a penny pamphlet. Sold by W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie-street; of

whom also may be had another penny tract, carrying the title, *Waves of Error: A Review of Salvationism, Revivalism, &c.* After more than fifty years watching the rolling in of (not the waves only, but) the *floods* of error in this and other countries, and having reached the margin of my earthly existence, I am not warmly disposed for much controversy. I was, by the grace of God, brought into the happy knowledge and fellowship of the Lord Jesus Christ before the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed. Being in the newspaper offices I read the prophecies of great men, who believed that by that Act of Parliament England had flung open her gates for Popery to come in and possess the land. I was a witness to the gentle appearance at the first of the Tractarian enterprise. Oh, what a bonfire there was! These tracts were to be burned and buried. But they increased, and filled the nation, and other nations too. The enemy was come in, having great power. Away went Manning, Newman, and a large company, over to Rome's embraces. Into England came Cardinal Wiseman. They said, We will never endure his existence here. But he did his work. I published the *Anti-Popish Review*. It was patronised by a few. But the Protestants were very sure England would never suffer Ritualism, nor Romanism, nor even Arminianism to reign in her Churches. Arminian giants have arisen in multitudes! What tabernacles, temples, halls, and mission-houses they have erected! What works they are promoting! And, in a moral, in a benevolent way, temporal good is effected. But when you come to read the great man's talk about building up a theology upon bad grammar, and his audaciously declaring the falseness of certain solemn parts of divine revelation, you can but pity both the pomposity of the preacher and the duplicity of the people who can listen to such jargon. Then that steam-engine intellect who has been all round the world with his lectures (and certainly he is a clever gentleman); but take his talk about every man having a fair chance, and his "historic Christ," all of which is offensive to those who know the truth. Let me say, I was on my knees this morning, pleading, and one Scripture sternly spoke in my soul: "Ever learning, yet never able to come to the KNOWLEDGE of the TRUTH." Silence possessed me, while a light upon the present state of things came with those prophecies of Paul. First, "Peace and safety." That is the text of the preacher: "We offer

you salvation! accept it! Make your peace with God, and you are safe!" (2) "The mystery of iniquity" has long been working. The Priest tells the man going to the gallows he has absolved him, and the deluded wretch declares he is innocent. (3) "He who now letteth will let, until the mystery be removed. Then shall that WICKED be revealed," &c. Witnesses to the truth of the Gospel are still on the walls. O Lord, stand by them, for Thy mercy's sake. Amen.

DR. PARKER AND THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

We never expected to find the EARTHEN VESSEL up in that gorgeous corporation pulpit which stands in the City Temple; but a sermon preached by Dr. Parker has come to us, in which we find the following paragraph. The preacher is on the diversity of the ministry. He is opposing the common saying that the same cause will always produce the same effects. He proclaims (what everybody knows) that, "The same preacher cannot minister to *all* people." Then he says, "I have seen something within the last ten days that has greatly instructed me. I have read in a paper, written by a Christian minister perhaps, that he would as soon think of hearing the Gospel in the Secularists' Hall of Science as hearing it in the City Temple! That wonderful speech was written in a paper which I find is called the EARTHEN VESSEL. Never was a vessel, I should say, more *earthen*! But men must know things by the spirit that is given to them. A man may dislike this ministry, or that ministry, solely because he may not understand it, or be in sympathy with it, but to another man it is the very breath of heaven. So, then, let us have the larger outlook, the nobler charity, that says, 'God's chariots are twenty thousand in number, and you cannot tell in which one of them the King will ride forth—it is the King, never mind the particular chariot in which He goes abroad.' The Gentiles understood Paul and Barnabas; the Gentiles said, 'This is a true word; oh, that there were seven Sabbaths in the week, and that we could stay and hear this wondrous sound, this music of the heavens.' Thanks be unto God, every true Paul, every true Barnabas, has Gentiles who understand and love him." From Dr. Parker's way of alluding to the EARTHEN VESSEL his hearers would come to the conclusion that the Editor of the said EARTHEN VESSEL had said, "He would as soon think of hearing the Gospel in the Secularists' Hall of Science as hear it in

the City Temple." We believe that Mr. Benjamin Taylor, the honourable and devoted minister of Pulham, Norfolk, made it plain to Dr. Parker that the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL had no more to do with the insertion of the sentence referred to than had Dr. Parker himself; and how the Doctor could put it before his people, as the reported sermon declares him to have done, is a mystery to us. The truth is this: 1. Last Summer Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham, came to London for the benefit of his health, and he several times heard Dr. Parker preach in the City Temple. 2. Good Benjamin wrote a letter to the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, expressing the pleasure and profit with which he heard the Doctor in the City Temple, which letter the Editor of E. V. inserted. 3. Some gentleman wrote to the office of E. V. a letter, reflecting upon Mr. Taylor, and upon Dr. Parker. 4. That communication was NEVER SEEN by the Editor of E. V. until he saw it in the printed and published issue of the said most "*earthy*" publication. The fact is, for several months the Editor of E. V. has been out of health, and the printers received and inserted the offensive letter without the Editor's knowledge or consent. In the fifth place, it is only just to notice that Mr. Benjamin Taylor wrote to Dr. Parker, explaining to the Doctor the whole history of the insertion of a paragraph so denunciatory in its spirit, which explanation Dr. Parker acknowledged to Mr. Taylor. How, then, the Doctor could lay the matter before his people as he did looks strange to us. As to the earthiness of the publication, it is a Scriptural term. The Apostle Paul would assert that Dr. Parker is himself an "*earthy vessel*." But we will add no more until we have Mr. Benjamin Taylor's judgment upon the aforesaid sermon, published January 28, 1883.

The Messiah King. By James Withers. London: Partridge & Co. If we understand the author's motive, it is to honour the CHRIST of GOD that he has produced this rich volume. But only those who are much in love with Jesus as their Saviour will travel through a work on which Farrar, Gekie, and so many are writing now.

On "The Kingship of the Son of God," the new Alie-street pastor, Mr. R. E. Sears, gives a discourse in the February issue of *Life and Light*.—Joseph Cook talks irreverently of *The Historic Christ*, as though the Head of the Church had no standing but in history. Every day we are more and more surprised.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. F. HITCHCOCK, OF LAYHAM MILLS, HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.

For very many years the name of Hitchcock has been associated with some of the Churches of the Strict Baptist order in Suffolk; Wattisham especially might be mentioned, for it was under the ministry of Mr. John Hitchcock (grandfather of the subject of this memoir) that this Church arose, and who was abundantly blest and honoured of God. He died February 21, 1800. The mother of our departed friend was also a member of the Wattisham Church. A very small book was published by a former pastor of that Church (Mr. W. Reynolds), containing an account of the life and death of this godly person, in which it is stated that she triumphantly fell asleep in Jesus on September 7, 1824, in the 35th year of her age.

Mr. Freeman Hitchcock was born December 14, 1816, at Wetherden Hall, Hitcham, Suffolk, and was thus left motherless before he was eight years old. He served a term of apprenticeship with Mr. Clover, miller, Buxhall, during which time he attended the Baptist chapel, Rattlesden. The mighty and sovereign change of heart was experienced after his removal in providence to Glemsford, when he attended the old Baptist chapel, the late beloved and honoured servant of the living God, Mr. Robert Barnes, being the pastor. Having under his ministry been greatly blest, he went before the Church, and gladly told them what the Lord had done for his soul, and how Mr. Barnes' ministry had been owned by God to his joy and comfort, being publicly baptized by that good and gracious man on August 16, 1840. Many times has the writer of this brief sketch of our dear friend heard him feelingly testify to the blessing of the Lord realised under Mr. Barnes' preaching.

On August 31, 1845, he was transferred from Glemsford to Stoke-green chapel, Ipswich (which was then a Strict Baptist, but has since embraced the principles of the General Baptists). Our brother's removal from Glemsford was much regretted, for he was highly esteemed as a man and a Christian brother. He did not remain at Stoke long, being removed in the providence of God to Layham, near Hadleigh.

For a time after this removal he attended the Congregational chapel, Hadleigh; but (as he at a meeting not long since himself related) he went to hear a minister at the Baptist chapel, and this led to his going there always afterwards, leaving his books, cushions, &c., at the Congregational chapel, which he said, for aught he knew, might be there still. In July, 1852, he was received into Church fellowship with them, being shortly afterwards chosen deacon. Since his connection with the Church they have experienced a great many changes, but he always stood by them, ready to share their sorrow and adversity as well as participate in

their joy. Our brother in former years enjoyed a fair share of good health, but the last few years had suffered from rather severe attacks of liver complaint; yet having been restored on former occasions, though brought very low, friends hoped that such might be the case this time, but were disappointed, and thus painfully reminded that the last must come sooner or later. When the death of our dear brother Sewell took place, Mr. Hitchcock, at the week-night prayer meeting, said he had been inclined to ask the question, Why was he left, whilst two junior deacons had been called away by death within a year or so of each other? Not long after this, his pastor asked him whether he had ever written any account of the Lord's dealings with his soul, to which he replied in the negative; but the sum of all he could say was, "By the grace of God I am what I am." He attended our members' annual tea, held on December 27, 1882, and his address was very appropriate and experimental, which will not soon be forgotten. His health about this time seemed to fail partially, and he complained sometimes of much pain. The united prayer meetings of the various denominations of Hadleigh were held the second week in January; and our dear friend attended the one held at the Baptist chapel, on the Wednesday (January 10). He walked from his home, a distance of nearly two miles, thinking the same might do him good, but, arriving at the chapel, he felt no better, and during the evening grew worse, having to leave before the service was concluded, and was conveyed home. On the following day Mr. Northfield called to see him, finding him in bed, but much better. He said he felt as free from pain as ever he had done in his life, and also spoke of the meeting held on the previous evening, which he enjoyed as far as illness permitted him. Upon thus leaving him, our hopes were raised in the expectation that he would soon be in his usual health, but during the day he suffered a relapse. He endeavoured on this and the day following to get about a little; but on the Friday his weak and ill state compelled him to desist, and from this time he was confined to his bed. On Saturday afternoon Mr. N. called again to see him, and stayed with him some considerable time; and during much sweet conversation, he spoke of a former illness, and wonderful recovery therefrom, expressing hopes that in a day or two he should recover. After spending a few minutes in prayer with our dear friend (little thinking for the last time), upon taking our leave of him, he asked to be kindly remembered to the people at the chapel on the coming day, and said that he felt he loved them all alike. On Sunday, his pastor saw him again, and said to him, "We miss you to-day; I don't know how we should do if we lost you altogether," to

which he replied, "Well, that's a poor Christian that's not mis-ed, isn't it?" Although his sufferings during the day were great, he repeated portions of hymns and Scripture, among them being,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," &c.

"Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power."

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

"There we shall see His face," &c.

"Christ is All, and in all."

On Monday morning, Mr. Northfield went to see him once more, but he was too ill to speak. At this our grief was great. The parting was very affecting, as he grasped, as tight as his enfeebled powers permitted, the hand of his pastor, and in only a whisper bade him "Good-bye." His brother (Mr. J. Hitchcock) also called to see him during the day, who wished to have him speak, but the only recognition he gave was that of a smile. On the following morning (January 16), at half-past six, he entered his eternal rest, to be for ever with the Lord, in the 67th year of his age, much to the grief of his sorrowing widow and other friends, whose loss is his gain.

On Saturday, January 20, his mortal remains were interred in Hadleigh cemetery, in the presence of a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends, Mr. B. J. Northfield, assisted by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Wattisham, conducting the funeral ceremony.

The pastor preached a funeral sermon on Sunday afternoon, January 21, to an overflowing congregation, from the dying language of our departed brother, "Christ is All, and in all." Some of the hymns which were in part repeated by our dear friend were sung. The service was very affecting throughout, much emotion being evinced by the congregation, who, with the preacher, felt that they had indeed lost a valued and deservedly respected friend and lover of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Our brother will be greatly missed in many respects—in the family circle, in the Church of God, and in the social position which he honourably occupied, for he was justly esteemed a peacemaker, a man of sound judgment, and a practical Christian.

THE GOSPEL IN ESSEX.

"Ah! you think you have preachers now! Well, I know in Dedham, in Dovercourt, in Harwich, there were some of CHRIST's valiant men in years gone by. No doubt, our present '*men of truth*' (as you call them) do the best they can; but would you let me faithfully declare to you the history, the boldness, the zeal, the sufferings, of such men as Samuel Ainger, with Dr. Owen, and John Rogers, who was silenced by Laud, in 1621, who was the earnest and exceedingly popular incumbent of Dedham. But, Where is Dedham, in a Gospel sense, now? John Rogers, sir, was a blazing furnace preacher. It was a common saying with the Lord's folk of that time, 'Come, let

us go to Dedham, and get a little of John Rogers's fire!" and not a few had the fire so strong in them that it brought them, and all their creatureship, down to ashes; and some have left the record that the Lord gave them the '*BEAUTY*' when Rogers reduced them to ashes. Get out of the way, and let me tell you it is hard to find any brought to ashes now. Come, C. W. B., try and wake them up! John Rogers's monument tells me he died in 1636. He has some sheaves to bring home. William Burkitt, the commentator, endowed a lectureship here, to secure evangelical preaching. I wish you would enquire about this endowment and lecture. In 1532, Robert King, Robert Debnam, and Nicholas Marsh, were hung in chains for burning the wooden idol, the image of reputed sanctity, at Dovercourt."

[We cannot travel further with our "*Antiquarian Essex Traveller*" this month, but his "survey" may be continued. The following, from

"HARWICH BAPTIST CHURCH,"

may be of interest to old Harwich friends, now "over the seas and far away."]

The year 1882 has been marked by many mercies to this revived cause. An earnest spirit of hearing has been stirred up, and the Holy Spirit has made the Gospel to become "the power of God unto salvation." Many weak ones have been strengthened in the faith, and the more established built up in the truth. Congregations have increased, and the house of God has become a quiet resting-place to many a weary soul. Our public meetings have been occasions of rejoicing; the well-attended prayer meetings refreshing, and Church meetings of salvation and peace; whilst those for conjugal ties have married, and those for death (numbering 7) been buried. Although some, whom we expected would have "put a cheerful courage on," and come forward for baptism, have not yet done so, others are now added to the hopeful list, which gives increased earnestness to prayer. Nevertheless, the transfer of two from another Church at this time, with former increase, gives us an addition of nine members during our pastorate.

In looking back upon the way He hath led us to this corner field of His vineyard, and now upon the confirming testimonies of His good pleasure concerning us, we are led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" For truly the penman lives under the consciousness that, "Except the Lord build up the city they labour in vain that build it." But this very persuasion inspires hope in the labourer, that God, by His Spirit, would build up His Church and people. And again, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." This also necessitates the wakeful eye of the watchman to be fixed upon the "Keeper of Israel." And so long as "the rain filleth the pools," he trusts ever in passing through the valley of Baca, to make the house of God "a well," looking to the "Fountain of Israel" for the springing up of "the waters of life."

To give a few details by the way, I would observe that, busy as the breadman has been casting abroad from his grain basket the seeds of divine truth, the enemy has been equally busy sowing tares; but this has not prevented the good seed—which is the Word of God—where received into good ground, from growing up and bringing forth fruit to His praise. Of this we have many witnesses.

Our anniversary sermons were preached in July, by Mr. S. K. Bland, which were marked by the meditative mind and thoughtful spirit of our tried and trusty friend. The next day we held our Congregational tea meeting, followed by our annual public meeting, on which occasion the pastor of the Church presided, and Mr. Bland addressed the assembly. Mr. W. Houghton, minister of Blakenham Church, also gave us a few solemn words, followed by Mr. John Cordle, pastor of the Chelmondiston Church, who, of a willing mind, came over the "Orwell" waters to spy out the land. He was at once put into harness, trod out some good corn, and went home with a full heart, carrying a bunch of Eschol grapes to his people. This led to our inviting Mr. Cordle to preach the anniversary sermons on behalf of our Sunday schools, which he did in August last, addressing the scholars in the afternoon, when several of the children repeated well-selected portions of Scripture, and suitable hymns, that reflected great credit upon both the teachers and taught. This Sunday school at our chapel is not only a novelty but a marvel, the superintendent's "admission book" shewing that in eighteen months 207 children have been received; but that for want of room, reasons of discipline, and removals, this number has necessarily been reduced to 130, which at this time are under religious instruction, and we are not without hopeful signs that the teachers' labour of love is being signally blessed of God.

Our collections during the year have amounted to £101 1s. 10d., which has enabled us to pay £45 off the chapel debt, thus in two years reducing it from £180 to £35. Our poor, also, have been well cared for, not only by the increased resources of the Church, and from private funds, but by participating (through the minister) in the annual gift of tickets from Sir Henry W. Tyler's bounty, to the value of five guineas.

Truly, ours is a God "doing wonders." May he long continue His providential blessings and grace bestowments to the poor of the household of faith at Harwich and elsewhere, prays His devoted servant,

Esplanade house.

JOSIAH.

CAMBS.—Anniversary of pastor W. White, Baptist chapel, Bottisham Lode, was held January 23. A sermon was preached by Mr. Wilson, from New Chesterton, from "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." A good tea was enjoyed by 120 friends. Public meeting commenced by singing that beautiful and well-known hymn, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing;" Mr. Durrant,

chairman, read a portion of Psalm cvii.; brother Ashman implored the divine blessing. The chairman made a few remarks respecting our pastor, and called upon him to give us some account of the Church, and what progress had been made during the past year. Mr. White stated that he had baptized twelve; others had returned to the fold, making sixteen added to the Church. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Mr. Ewen spoke of the Lord's goodness towards himself, and us, as a Church, wishing for the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace. Mr. Wilson addressed the friends, taking for his motto, "Over you in the Lord," and invited us to esteem our pastor very highly for his work's sake. Mr. Wilson was pleased to meet his old friends, and to find the Lord had sent a man of truth amongst us, one that preached Christ and Him crucified. Brother White is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; he never keeps back any part of the price. His ministry is well received about this part; the Lord has blessed his labours to many souls, and many hearts have been made glad. The chairman presented our pastor with a purse of money, in the name of the Church and congregation, showing their appreciation of his services. Our pastor seemed quite overcome with emotion, and said he could not express his feelings.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Pastor White loves to encourage the Lord's family, especially the weak ones, for he is a very loving, kind-hearted man of God. Brother Ashman addressed the friends from "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and said, He that has helped us hitherto will help us in the future. The chairman gave out that hymn, "Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious." The Lord is still in our midst; we are at peace among ourselves. Meeting closed by prayer; the friends departing thankful, glad of heart, praying that many such meetings may be enjoyed at Bottisham Lode.—**AN EYE WITNESS. ONE OF THE LORD'S LITTLE ONES.**

WINSTONE.—We read, with surprising pleasure, that Mr. Joseph Flory is the settled and recognised pastor of the Church at Winstone, in Gloucestershire. For many years he has been preaching in different parts of the kingdom, and we know some who testify of his usefulness. On January 24 public services were held to commemorate the divine blessing on the cause. We wish, with all our heart, that Mr. Joseph Flory may have power to plead with his God, on his knees, and there drink in full draughts of the Spirit of Christ; also, in studying the Word of God, may he find the Spirit unfolding the deep things of God in his spiritual mind; in the pulpit may he be favoured to preach the **LORD CHRIST**, and be instrumental in bringing many out of the pit, and setting their feet on the Rock. Thus may his latter years be better than all the former. Amen.

WOOLWICH.—ENON.—The readers of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** will rejoice to know that the Church and congregation at this very ancient sanctuary, under the pastorate of Mr. W. K. Squirrell, is gradually growing. Mr. Squirrell, in a loving and commendable way, contends earnestly for the distinguishing doctrines of grace. The Word, as preached by him, has been the means, in the Lord's hands, of gathering many, so that it may be said there is a true revival at Enon. No wonder, then, at the first anniversary of the present pastorate, which was held on February 6, there was such a large and genial assembly. The service took the form of a tea and public meeting. There must have been over two hundred to tea; and at the evening meeting the chapel, with its three galleries, was full. A more cheerful, welcome company of officials could not be. We were glad to see our brother Osmond (who is now preaching at Carmel, in the same town) present. Mr. Squirrell presided, and after reading and singing, called on Mr. West, of Erith, to pray. The chairman then said it afforded him unspeakable pleasure to see so large a gathering, and told them that he had enjoyed much liberty in preaching the Gospel at Woolwich. The Lord had touched the hearts of some, and during the past year eight had been added by baptism, and 14 who had been previously baptized, in all 22; others were waiting. Mr. Squirrell said he was a Strict Baptist from conviction, and hoped to be kept in the good old paths and New Testament principles; he endeavoured to preach the Gospel in a plain and simple way, and was much averse to uncouth language in the pulpit. Mr. J. S. Anderson then spoke on "Christ as our example;" Mr. Meeres, "Christ our peace and substitute;" Mr. Osmond, "Lo, I am with you always;" Mr. Dalton, from Sutton-at-Hone, Jude 2. Each speaker heartily endorsed the pastor's determination to use plainness of speech, congratulated and wished him "God speed." Mr. Abrahams, the senior deacon, on behalf of the Church, thanked those ministers and friends who had come from neighbouring and distant Churches for their countenance. A few words of good counsel from Mr. John Hunt Lynn, and the Benediction, brought the happy meeting to a close.—J. W. B.

IPSWICH.—Brother S. Cozens says:—"We are all in the valley of humiliation and affliction. I have been dreadfully ill, suffering at times intense agony. My dear wife has been confined to her bed for some weeks. We had but little hope of her last week. The doctor has just been, and thinks her better. She is perfectly passive, and serene as the calmly setting summer sun. She seems to have no wish to live, no fear to die. She looks like a well-trimmed craft, keeping up to the wind, making for the port. Thank you very much for dear Dr. Doudney's savoury letter. It was as savoury meat to my sorrowing and afflicted soul. God ever bless you."

PECKHAM.—The friends at Heaton-road chapel held special services on Tuesday, February 20. Our brother Joseph Wilkins, of Wattisham, Suffolk, preached a sound Scriptural sermon in the afternoon, based upon the apostle's testimony to Agrippa, and others (Acts xxvi. 22, 23). Mr. Wilkins having given the historical surroundings of his subject, spoke of the text as expressed in the form of a rebuke to the enemies of God, who had placed Paul before their bar; and having treated of the varied memorial-stones erected by Old Testament saints, the preacher divided his discourse mainly in three parts—(1) The secret of Christian power; (2) the secret of active continuance in the service of God; and (3) the grand theme of the Gospel of Christ, concluding with some special notices of the channel through which help flows in its timely course, and the sufficiency of it by the Holy Spirit. Tea was served in the vestry, after which the public service commenced. W. Beech, Esq., presiding, called upon Mr. W. K. Squirrell to offer prayer. Mr. Beech made a few introductory remarks on the Christian character and the work of grace in the soul, as also of the happiness of meeting together now, before we reach the home above.

"If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be?
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Immediately from Thee."

Mr. J. Slate Anderson spoke intelligently and lovingly on the girdle of Christ, and that of the Church. Mr. W. Carpenter treated of God as the Christian's Sun and Shield, with force of illustration. Mr. J. Wilkins was pointed and encouraging on the Christian warrior's sword and helmet, and the writer spoke a few words on the Christian's crown. It is to be hoped that God will speedily grant the desires of this people in sending them a pastor. We do not profess to claim the spirit of prophecy as ours, but the man for the pulpit is in view, "For the coming events cast their shadows before." May God prepare the way, and crown the hopeful union, prays—W. WINTERS.

MEOPHAM.—On Monday, January 22, the teachers of Meopham Baptist chapel Sunday-school gave the scholars their annual Christmas treat. There was a plentiful tea for children, parents, and friends, practically appreciated by the large number present. At 6.15, Mr. Dexter (formerly the beloved pastor of Meopham Church) took the chair, and opened what proved to be an interesting meeting with the hymn entitled, "Protection," after which J. Copeland entreated the divine blessing. The children recited such pieces as entered our hearts, and led our thoughts heavenward. Hearty congregational singing was no small nor mean feature of the programme. Perhaps the most delightful part to the children was the distribution of parcels of clothing and books. It is as pleasing and joyous to see the dear children with happy faces and sparkling eyes as it is painful to see them with old, sad, careworn faces. The distribution suggested this

prayer, "May their names be found written in the Lamb's book of life, and their souls clothed with the righteousness of Jesus." The meeting was full of encouragement to the teachers. The report showed an increase of ten scholars this last year, making a total of 103; also an increase of two teachers, making a total of 25. The chairman and J. Copeland spoke to their encouragement, and the large number of friends present, expressing their sympathy with them in their arduous work of love, will, we hope, stimulate them to go on preaching Christ to the young; and may God bless them.—J. COPELAND. [Meopham Baptist Church dates from 1828. More than fifty years has the Gospel here been proclaimed. Five years after their commencement William Pope (a Wiltshire man, baptized by the late John Warburton) was ordained pastor. He continued in that office for eighteen years. On March 22, 1851, in his fifty-eighth year, he fell asleep, saying, "A guilty, weak, and helpless worm." "Pope, of Meopham," was "a standing line," implying a man beloved and honoured of his God.]

MR. WM. WEBB AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, NEWARK-ST., LEICESTER.

A very interesting meeting was held in the schoolroom adjoining the above, on Tuesday, February 6. When Mr. Webb became our pastor, he instituted a week-night Bible-class for adults, conducted by himself, which has been attended by a goodly number of young people. On Tuesday, Mr. Webb invited his class to a social tea in the schoolroom, extending his invitation to the choir and the Sunday-school teachers. The result was a good round number sat down, but the interest chiefly centred upon the after proceedings—namely, the presentation to Mr. Webb of a handsome and costly inkstand, containing drawer filled with stationery, silver-mounted ivory penholder, ivory paper knife and other accessories, as a memento of the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday, which he attained on February 5. Mr. J. Underwood, jun., on behalf of the class, begged Mr. Webb's acceptance of the inkstand in the following terms: "It is with great pleasure I rise to-night to perform the duty which has been entrusted to me, that of thanking you, on behalf of the class, for your exertions as our teacher. One of the advantages arising from having a settled pastor amongst us has been that of a Bible-class, which has been held here once a week during nine months of the year. The attendance has been well sustained, ranging from twenty-five to thirty each night, which is very satisfactory, considering the number of the congregation. This is due, in great measure, to the way in which the class is conducted, your desire having evidently been to make it as interesting as possible; and we believe that, in order to do this, a considerable amount of preparation and thought is involved. Such being the case, it was thought by all that the present opportunity should not be allowed to pass without expressing our feeling in some tangible form, and accordingly it was resolved that it should take the shape of a birthday

present; and we now ask you to accept this inkstand, etc., together with an address which has been drawn up, embodying the sentiments of the whole class, as a tribute of respect from every member of it, our desire being that you may keep it as a memento of this occasion, and also as one of the reminiscences of the sixtieth anniversary of your birthday. Hoping you may long be spared to carry on the work in which you are now engaged is the earnest wish of us all."

The present was then handed to Mr. Webb, along with the address, which reads as follows:—

"To Mr. William Webb, pastor, Providence Chapel, Leicester, 5th February, 1883.—We, the members of the Bible-class in connection with the above place of worship, being desirous of expressing our appreciation of your labours in forming and conducting this class, and also of commemorating this, the sixtieth anniversary of your birthday, avail ourselves of the present as a fitting opportunity. We therefore ask your acceptance of this small present as a token of the value and esteem with which we regard your exertions on our behalf, and sincerely hope and pray that you may long be spared to occupy the position you now fill as teacher, and that you may see the reward of your labours by the instruction imparted from time to time being, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, owned and blessed to our souls."—Signed, on behalf of the Class, by the Committee.

Mr. Webb, who seemed surprised at the element suddenly introduced into the meeting, after cordially thanking his friends for their handsome present, remarked that this was one evidence of the truth of the word, "In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not." He should, when he looked at the inkstand, remember who gave it to him, and why it was given, and the thought that his labours had been thus appreciated would prove an incentive to further efforts.

Mr. J. Underwood, sen., Mr. H. Norman, Mr. Baker, and other friends, gave short addresses, the substance of their remarks consisting of advice to the young people of which the class is chiefly composed, to avoid all kinds of light literature, as being detrimental to their happiness and soul's prosperity, and urging them to adhere to the Word of God, and to make it their guide in all their undertakings.

The speeches were interspersed with hymns, etc., and altogether the evening proved a happy one to all concerned. We are pleased to state that a feeling of unanimity and cordiality still exists among us as a people, and that the affairs of the Church are proceeding happily and satisfactorily.

H. W. B.

BOW.—The fourth anniversary of the opening of this sanctuary was celebrated on Lord's-day, January 28. Sermons were preached by pastors W. H. Lee and F. C. Holden. On Tuesday a God-honouring sermon was preached by Mr. John Bennett. It is rarely that our friends attend afternoon sermons, but brother Bennett was highly

favoured by the presence of parsons, ordinary persons, and, above all, with the presence and blessing of Jesus. Tea was much enjoyed. At public meeting W. H. Lee presided. Mr. H. Lee conducted the psalmody. The subject for the evening was "The Word." Brother N. Oakey offered prayer. Mr. Lee spoke, in his opening remarks, of the changing scenes of all things here below, and of the solid comfort for the soul in a precious Christ. Mr. Lee's ministry is more and more acceptable. Friends are coming forward for membership, and it is our certain belief that the better brother Lee's ministry is known, the more it will be appreciated by souls who would not be deceived by a *yea-nay* Gospel. Mr. T. Stringer made some noble remarks on the Author of the Word; Mr. Cornwell on the substance of the Word; Mr. Dearsly was on the use of the Word; Mr. Steed led us into the power of the Word; we spoke of its figures; Mr. J. Clark handled well its literal teaching; Mr. Holden was sound and sweet on its spirituality; and Mr. J. Bennett treated excellently of the durability of the Word, which terminated the happy meeting.—W. WINTERS.

DACRE PARK, BLACKHEATH.—The second anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. Dexter was held on February 13th. The chapel, which has been recently altered and renovated at a cost of £150, looked exceedingly enticing; its very appearance, interior and exterior, with the kind Christian courtesy manifested by Mr. Whittaker and his co-officials, must certainly prove a great aid to the pastor in his labours and pushing on the various institutions connected with this place for worship. On this occasion Mr. Shepherd, of Dorset Square, preached in the afternoon from Philippians ii. 9, "Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given him a name which is above every name." It was from beginning to end a most Christ-exalting sermon, delivered with much feeling and emphasis. After tea had been served the public meeting commenced. Mr. Dexter presided. Mr. W. Hazelton prayed, and the pastor, in his opening remarks said, "During the past year God has granted some degree of blessing, for which we, pastor, deacons, and members are very thankful. We have not descended to any sensationalism, but have, and still mean to adhere to the simple mode, as God the Spirit shall enable us, of telling the grand 'old, old story' of redeeming grace and dying love. Last year our number of members stood at 110; this year they stand at 117, six of whom have been added by baptism." He then thanked those from other Churches who had favoured them with their presence that day, and called on Mr. Meeres to address the meeting, who gave a warm-hearted address on the pastoral office; was thankful to see so many coming up preaching and contending for New Testament principles. He (Mr. M.) was not one of those who thought when he was gone the Gospel would die out. In his address, which was doctrinal and experi-

mental, Mr. Meeres urged for practice, not merely by paying for the pew, but by filling it, morning, evening, and week day, especially at the prayer-meeting, and concluded by saying, "Pray at home as well as in public." Mr. Cattell made some good remarks on the words of the Psalmist, "My heart is fixed, O God." Mr. Sears delivered a quite graceful and telling oration on "The Gospel of the grace of God." Mr. J. S. Anderson spoke of the grand and glorious reality of vital religion, founding his remarks on Heb. ix. 24. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, on the cross of Christ, observed that the greatest honour a man can attain who has served in her Majesty's cause is to have the Victoria Cross placed on his breast by the Queen. The greatest honour any poor sinner can have here is to be brought to the foot of the Redeemer's cross. Mr. J. E. Cracknell, Mr. Teall, and Mr. Squirrel gave words of encouragement to the pastor and injunctions to the people, and all united in singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—J. W. B.

PIMLICO.—The pastor, Mr. Parnell, and friends at Carmel, held special services on February 6. R. E. Sears preached an impressive sermon. Tea was served; evening meeting presided over by Thomas Barratt, Esq. Mr. Charles Wilson addressed the throne of grace. Mr. Barratt referred to the previous pastors who had faithfully stood before the living and the dead at Carmel, preaching Christ and Him crucified. Mention was made, with honour, of Messrs. Stenson, Wise, Ward, and others; and having given a few words of encouragement to Mr. Parnell, the present pastor, Mr. Barratt called upon Mr. Charles Cornwell to speak, his subject being "The Author of Salvation." Mr. W. Hazelton on the agency of the Holy Spirit in creation and in salvation, was in good order. Mr. R. E. Sears addressed himself to the work, as Bunyan would say, of speaking on the righteousness of the saints, and which he accomplished in a marked manner. W. Winters dwelt on the adaptability of the Gospel; H. Brown, with sound judgment, on the greatness of the promises of God, and of their validity through the death of Christ; and J. Parnell made some well-timed remarks on the safety of the Church, its foundation, existence, numbers and fruition. We hope Mr. Parnell will long enjoy the presence of his Master in the work at Carmel. The chapel requires renovating, the cost of which is estimated at £70; that God would satisfy his heart on this point, and bless him and his Church with lasting success, is the sincere prayer of—W. WINTERS.

HERTFORD.—Mr. Robert Bowles, the Hertford pastor, his friends, and several ministerial brethren, held a New Year's meeting in Ebenezer chapel. Mr. Bowles has presided here as under-shepherd nearly a quarter of a century. Tea was served in the school-room; the place was well filled. Preceding the tea, Mr. E. Casey, of Walkern, preached a good sound sermon. At

public meeting Mr. G. Lovelock occupied the chair. Mr. Winterton, a deacon of Mr. Bowles' Church, offered prayer. Mr. Lovelock referred, in his opening remarks, to his long intimacy with Mr. Bowles, who was instrumental, by God's grace, in bringing him out from under the yoke of Arminianism. Mr. Lovelock's soul fed with delight on the Word preached by Mr. Bowles in his early career at William-street, Poplar, and the savour of which abided by him unto the present day. Shortly after the Mana-street chapel had been erected, Mr. Bowles resigned his charge and removed to Hertford, where he has laboured hard and successfully ever since. Mr. Lovelock was much pleased to meet his old pastor once again, whom he dearly loved for the truth sake. The senior deacon, in a few appropriate words, presented the pastor with a purse containing £17 11s. as a token of Christian love, from his warm-hearted friends. Mr. Bowles acknowledged the gift with expressions of thankfulness. Some excellent words of Gospel truth were given during the evening by brethren Bowles, Tucker, Casey, Sampford, Alfrey, Salmons, and Winterton. We hope the friends, with their beloved pastor, will enjoy the continued smiles of divine love, and that many souls may be gathered into the Church this year; that all may heartily rejoice, and God have all the glory.—W. W.

LYNTON-ROAD, BERMONDSEY.

On Thursday, January 25, 1883, in connection with the fund now being raised for the family of our late brother Lawrence, Mr. Styles preached in the afternoon from Phil. iv. 9, "But my God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." (1) *The fact*, "God shall supply your need." (2) *The rule*, "According to His riches in glory." (3) *The medium*, "By Christ Jesus." The preacher clearly showed the difference between wants and needs. We want and wish for many things; but God knows best what we need. Jesus Christ, our antitypical Joseph, has the keys of the stores, so that none of His brethren will need anything but what He will supply. God gave in covenant love Himself, saying, "I will be their God." God gave His only begotten Son, and also God gives us His Holy Spirit. I am glad the apostle did not say the medium was angels, but by Him that had taken our nature, and knew what infirmities we were subject to. He alone could be the Medium through which these riches could flow to us.

A public meeting was held in the evening. Mr. Thomas Carr, of Surrey Tabernacle, in the chair. On the platform were the deacons of Lynton-road, Messrs. Cornwell, Meeres, Levinsohn, Boulden, Pells, Rundle, Syms, and others. The chairman gave his recollections of Mr. Lawrence, and also the laying of the foundation-stone of the present chapel.

Mr. Meeres: This is the day on which is generally held the anniversary of the pastorate of our late brother Lawrence. While we miss him here he is before the throne, among those that have come up out of great tribula-

tion, and hath entered that rest which is of an eternal character, tuning his harp to celebrate the praises of Him that made him priest and king. We have missed him as a neighbour, and I lament his loss as much as any one of you. That voice that you now miss, you have heard as the voice of God with power, bringing you to feel your need of salvation. Perhaps you have been tempted to go up to the House of God no more; but eventually you have come, and the Word has been sealed home with atoning blood.

Mr. Rundle: I sincerely mourn the loss of our highly-esteemed friend, the late brother Lawrence. It appears to us a great mystery why God should remove his servants from their sphere of usefulness. How truly the poet helps us when he says,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Mr. Cornwell: If a person did not love our late brother Lawrence it was because they did not know him. When I came in this afternoon, I found Mr. Styles had taken the same words I intended to speak from; but without trespassing on the ground he took, I take it as a word of inspiration, now is the time for you to believe "all things work together for good." It is also a word of confidence, and it is also the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Levinsohn: I appear here to-night with great pleasure, mixed with pain. Although my people tried hard to keep me this evening, I felt I must be doing my duty here to the memory of one I loved so much. I very much grieve to lose a brother like him. Though his loss is painful to us, it must be well, because our God hath done it. There is a command among the Jews, if a man die and leave his widow and children in needy circumstances, there is to be sufficient collected to place them beyond want, and bring them up respectably. The speaker illustrated God's mysterious ways by referring to the chemist in mixing the draught which contained several drugs, it taken alone, would be instant death, but being mixed, they work together for the good of the patient. So our heavenly Father knows what is best for us. If He permits poverty, there is a need for it, and He will supply all our needs.

Mr. Hurst (the treasurer): You know, my friends, that I am the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It will be much more difficult to deal, in this case, with a small sum of money than a large sum, as our wants are so extensive. We really need a large sum to complete this fund.

Mr. Boulden: I will just say a few words, lest you may think that I do not sympathise with the object of the meeting. I have often thought, while hearing our brother Lawrence preach, This is one of the young men that will preach the Gospel when I am gone. We loved him sincerely while here. He preached the Gospel in a clear manner, set his mind to the work, and the Lord blessed him; and this Church will stand as a lasting memorial to his memory. We have determined to have a collection at the Tabernacle.

The Secretary stated the funds had progressed equal to their anticipations, the amount brought in making a total of £370.

Mr. Knott (deacon) proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was carried unanimously, and the meeting closed by singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

THE WEATHER, THE WHEAT, AND THE WANTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Very doleful leaders are written in most reliable papers, complaints in the markets are all but universal, and on the farms the masters and the men are almost in despair owing to the sodden state of the land. What wheat has been sown is rotting in the ground, or is slug-consuming; where it has not been sown the prospect is against its being sown to advantage. Surely the continued clouds of adversity call every man—every true child of God—to be low in the dust of self-abasement and earnest in supplications. *GOD only can SAVE US FROM FEARS OF FAMINE.* Education goes up, science vaunts herself, training ministers elegantly, building temples sumptuously, calling for the people's money to convert the masses, vociferously. These gilded efforts are busy; but, really, God's eternal Gospel and the glory of Christ the Lord are more and more ignored. God is not well pleased, but who bears the rod? who? C. W. B.

KENTISH TOWN ROAD.—CAMDEN HIGH SCHOOLS.—Annual recital of pieces and distribution of prizes to our scholars at our Sunday-school, 168, Camden-street, took place Wednesday evening, January 24th. Our pastor, Mr. J. Dawson, prayed, and, called upon the scholars to receive portions of Scripture and pieces of poetry. This they did in a manner which reflected credit upon themselves and their teachers. A prize in the shape of an interesting book was awarded to each scholar that recited. The teacher of the young women's Bible class, Miss R. Sanders, was the recipient of a handsome inkstand, which was given by the members in recognition of her kind services. Several sweet hymns and anthems were rendered by the scholars during the evening. Our pastor appealed to the friends for a collection to augment the school fund, which was responded to most liberally. A few kind and appropriate remarks from our pastor closed another happy meeting with our school.

DALSTON.—FOREST-ROAD. The 19th anniversary of this comfortable little "Ark" was held on Tuesday, February 20. In the afternoon, our genial brother Dearsly (the former pastor) preached from Gen. xxxii. 9, and presided in the evening at public meeting. Never before have we seen such a cheerful, happy, and in every sense, so good a meeting. One seemed to feel a wish that Mr. D. still retained the office of pastor, or that he would return to it. Among those who spoke were brethren Meeres, Bennet, Dawson, J. Hall, Moxham, and Osmound. Good company took tea. Collections were good and all were encouraged.—J. W. B.

CHELTEMHAM.—BETHEL CHAPEL, ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE. This venerable mother church, nearly 150 years of age, has been often very ill, quite weak, and low; still she lives. Poor old soul! she has had some naughty children; some sad nursing, but several good pastors; many faithful friends. We first visited the dear old lady when John E. Bloomfield had the care of her. We have in former years sent to her, not a few excellent helpers, but the new fashions, the popular and gifted, and numerous other institutions have much tended to keep her far from an external flourishing. We understand that sober, godly minister, William Piggott, of Burford, Oxon, commences in April next one year's probationary supply with a view to the pastoral office, with the purest of desires. We pray the Spirit of all life so to bless William Piggott's ministry that the sound may thrill through the souls of the people, "Arise, anoint him; for THIS IS HE!" We hope to be at the joyful gathering when William is recognised. Ah, Cheltenham! Religion has made some grand marches through thee since 1768, when the Countess of Huntingdon asked in vain for the use of the church for George Whitfield to preach in. An immense concourse assembled in the churchyard. Whitfield mounted a tombstone, and he cried aloud, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" Venn was there. He says no words can describe the scene. The mass of people were so pierced, so cut to the heart, their cries were so spontaneous and general, that Whitfield had to stop twice while the people gave vent to their sorrows and supplications. Oh, promised Spirit of Power, when on sinful souls wilt Thou come down again?—C. W. BANKS.

LEICESTER SQUARE.—17, ST. MARTIN'S-STREET. Friday, February 9, first annual meeting was held. A sermon was preached by Mr. J. Hand. After, a number sat down to tea. At evening public meeting Mr. J. E. Flegg, sen., was in the chair. He gave a statement, and the secretary read the report, as follows:—"Dear Friends,—By the goodness of God we are spared to see the first annual meeting of the prayer meetings held here every Friday evening. On the 12th day of May, 1882, a public meeting was held, that it might be known what our movements are. We had very comfortable meetings, a sermon being preached in the afternoon by Mr. C. W. Banks; and in the evening brethren Hand, Beasley, Baldwin, C. W. Banks, Beddow, and Read took part in the proceedings. Since then we have been going on very favourably, increasing in numbers, and the blessing of God resting upon us. The meetings on the whole have been very homely and enjoyable, a spirit of unity dwelling among us. We have been able during the past nine months to give the sum of £1 7s. towards helping cases that we considered required our attention. As the meetings are carried on entirely by voluntary contributions, we desire to lay before you a statement as to how the money

has been expended since May 12, 1882. Receipts, £4 0s. 1½d. Payments: Rent and cleaning, £1 8s.; Cases of need, £1 7s.; Printing, 3s. 6d.; Stationery, 3s. 5½d.; Sundries, 1s. 7d.; Balance in hand, 16s. 7d. Total, £4 0s. 1½d." We have been kindly assisted by brethren Hand, Beazley, Baldwin, C. W. Banks, Boulton, J. W. Banks, and Noyes, to whom we render our hearty thanks. Thus the Lord has led us through one year.—J. E. FLEGG, jun.

GRAVESEND.—The friends at Zoar Chapel held their Sunday-school anniversary February 8th. A good company assembled to hear Mr. W. K. Dexter. Tea was provided. In the evening the pastor, F. Shaw, read Psalm viii. and offered prayer. As chairman, he also read the annual report, which showed encouraging progress. The school was blest with a good supply of competent teachers, and an excellent superintendent and president. The chairman said that the Tract Society in connection with the cause was working very satisfactorily, and a new preaching station had been recently established at Swanscombe, a village about four miles distant, together with a Sabbath-school, which was yet in its infancy. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. F. Shaw, W. Winters, Adam Dalton, and W. K. Dexter. Select pieces were sung by some of the scholars at intervals. Our heart's prayer is that pastor and people may long live in sacred peace and usefulness, and that the present may prove the best of any preceding year.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

Silent Breathings of the Heart.

NOTES OF PRIVATE CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM THE VENERABLE ISAAC DIXON.—MY DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD—I read carefully "The Eternal Smile that Resteth on the Covenant of Grace," and I felt how encouraging it was to know that Jesus is an unfailing Friend, one that never leaves nor forsakes His own, which the Father gave to His Son. After I had gone over your experience in the midst of suffering, I rejoiced that the Lord had led us in our home daily to bear up our dear brother before the throne of grace. May the Lord bless and spare you still. I am sometimes lost in wonder, love, and praise, that such a creature as I should be an object of Jesus's immense love and grace. I do praise the Lord for all His goodness, mercy, and grace.

ONE OF THE LORD'S AGED ONES.—[Sometimes, in sending help to the afflicted, we try to ascertain the prospects, the hopes, the experiences of those to whom we send. The following is a confidential testimony. As we give no name, we violate no confidence.—ED.] MR. BANKS,—I received your kind letter. What shall I say for so much kindness? 'Tis so much more than I expected. You ask me a very important question, "How is it with your soul for eternity?" That has been a very solemn matter with myself. I feel I am drawing very near to the end of my journey, and I have not had that bright shining of late I could desire. The words of the poet have been much on my mind lately,—

"Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear Thy witness to my heart,
That I am born of God."

And again.—

"Thou Friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify Thy grace divine:
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to Thee resign."

Oh, "that I may know Him," and be "found in Him at last." I could say much more; but the nerves of my head get so bad. They throw me into great confusion of mind; but, bless the Lord, I am not without hope, though much tried by the father of lies.—January 4. Just received the parcel; with my very grateful thanks to you and the Father of all mercies, who mostly gives me more than I can ask or think. The flannel and the underclothes so good. Thank you. May the God of all our mercies spare your lives for some time to come. I am 82 years and three months old, and have been preserved and kept till now.—Swansea, South Wales.

"EVEN TO OLD AGE."—Our friend, Mr. Edwin Arnold (who was once a useful member of the late John Stenson's Church, then pastor of the Baptist Church at Cuckfield), in his note, with a cheque for the poor, says: "I hope the afflicted can testify with me that it has been good for me that I have been, and am afflicted. I am in my 84th year, have lived with my dear wife 56 years, and trust, through the great love of the Father, the precious blood of the Son, and the power of the Holy Spirit, that in death we shall not be separated, but live eternally together in glory, praising the Three-One Jehovah, with all the ransomed who are and shall be safely landed on the heavenly shore, where their inhabitants will be free from sin, sorrow, grief and pain, being for ever with the Lord."

GRATITUDE.—"I feel I must write a few lines to you to thank you so very much for the handsome present you sent. My dear pastor came and brought it to me on Saturday morning. He was as pleased to bring it as I was to receive it. How very acceptable to me! How good the dear Lord is! What a blessing to know that our inheritance and destiny is not earthly, but heavenly! We seek a city that is to come, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and to which, at any moment, we may be caught up. I can say, since the Lord took my dear partner to Himself, I have proved that word true again and again, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' Bless His dear name! I have to work very hard; I pray that the Lord will give me my health and strength while my children need me. I have much to be thankful for—a home up to the present, an earthly home, and then a heavenly one in store."

Note of the Month.

"THE EARTHEN VESSEL" AUXILIARY TO THE LAWRENCE FUND.—We have collected £12 10s. up to February 15, making our total, as yet, over £32 16s., a long way from One Hundred Guineas. Our friends have not considered the urgency of this case. We know further contributions and collections are in contemplation. Let it not be said that the Strict Baptist Churches will leave the widow of a worthy, zealous, and honourable minister, with eight children, without provision.—C. W. BANKS, 3, Banbury-road, South Hackney, Feb. 15, 1883.

Deaths.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED BROTHER BANKS,—Kindly insert the death of my dear wife, Ann, who died on the 13th inst., at five minutes after 12, midnight. Her age was 77 last May; she has been to me a faithful, loving wife over 56 years, and a kind and affectionate mother. The Lord has in mercy left us three out of eleven to weep and deplore her loss. Her patience and resignation to her God and Saviour under the most

agonising affliction of body for some months past, shows how very endeared the Lord Jesus was to her soul. Though she mourned under excessive pain, yet she never murmured; she had abscesses on her right and on the left side of the lower part of the spine, so that, turn which side she could, she suffered extreme pain; dropsy fell into her legs, and the left was swelled to a frightful size; but in all her sufferings she never lost sight of her blessed Saviour. Up to the last quarter of an hour before she went, her theme was, "Jesus, Jesus! glory, glory, glory, Lord Jesus!" and with her hand locked in mine until a few minutes before she expired. She was sensible to the very last, and knew all her dear children and grandchildren, and repeated all their names. She lived to see her third generation. I was, I believe, the Lord Jesus excepted, her chief object: as we had spent many happy, happy days and hours together speaking of His precious love who had snatched us both as brands out of the burning. She said to me once, when I was speaking of His immutable love to His people, and showing from Scripture who these people were, and the evidence of the new birth, "O, Richard, I wish I had your faith!" "My dear," I said, "you have it, though in a less degree; but at evening time it shall be light (and so it was). If the Lord had not loved you, you could never have loved Him, nor had a desire to love Him. Does it not say in His holy Word, 'We love God because He first loved us'?" and again, 'Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained that ye should go forth and bear fruit, and that your fruit should remain'?" I bless His dear and holy name that the fruits of regenerating grace have been in your soul for forty years, and now that fruit—which is love to God, and His dear and blessed Son, Jesus Christ, and His dear people—shines brighter in your soul than ever, and this would not have been had it not been the faith of God's elect in your soul. It has worked by love to Him who saved you by His blood, and to me, His humble instrument, and to the Lord's people." Thus I have spoken to her, and her soul has drank it in. The first impressions of her state as a sinner were given her at Merton-road—a little chapel on the right; and she sometimes went to the evening lecture to hear Mr. Goode, at Clapham church; and it was there she got a little hope and comfort; and, soon after my baptism, she made an open profession of her faith, and was baptized at Lessness-beath, and joined a little band at Cranmer-court, and after at Rehoboth, in Bedford-lane, and remained until age and infirmities prevented us going out anywhere. I shall not be long before the Lord will let me join her in the everlasting hallelujahs that shall burst forth from our souls when we see Him as He is, and be like Him. Dear brother, farewell; a long and loving friendship has existed between us, but a longer one will soon take place. So believes

RICHARD EVE.

P.S.—I was 80 last August. She, as well as myself, was baptized in 1849 by Mr. C. Graham, who is now in America.

Feb. 15, 1883.

Died suddenly, at Barrow-in-Furness, January 25, 1883, Jane Eliza Betts, the beloved wife of Mr. James Betts. She was formerly a constant bearer of the late Mr. James Wells, and much she loved the Gospel he preached. Her bereaved husband says, "You remember she found you a prophet's room when you came to Barrow and preached in the theatre." [We remember the journey to Barrow, the services there, and the kindness of the deceased well.—C. W. B.]

To the heart-rending grief of a devoted husband and bereaved family, Catherine, the beloved wife of William Lovegrove, jun., of Camberwell, passed away February 6, 1883, aged 52.

Died, at Mount Grove, Hampstead, February 9, 1883, Mr. James Harvey, the treasurer of the

London Baptist Association. Many of the laymen of the Churches are called away. Mr. Harvey was a zealous promoter of all philanthropic efforts for the temporal good of the people. He was approaching his threescore and ten.

Hannah Fincher of 34, Canonbury-road (late a member of Mount Zion, Chadwell-street, and formerly of Bethesda, Lever-street), on February 10, entered triumphantly into rest. Her last moments were happy, and, though speech had failed, when the question was asked, "Is Christ precious?" gave an animated indication that He was indeed so, and then through the river, which the Master had made shallow for her, she stepped on the coast of Jerusalem's city, at the ripe age of 76. She was deeply and deservedly respected by all her relatives and Christian friends for her loving disposition and practical godliness. She was buried at Abney-park cemetery on Friday, February 16—Mr. Brown, of Notting-hill Gate, officiating as minister, at the express wish of the dead, to whom she was an attached friend.—H. B.

Died, on January 19, at London House, Buckingham-road, Stratford, William Francis Fowler, deacon of Forest-lane chapel, pastor J. H. Lynn, after a fortnight's illness, of congestion of the lungs, aged 47 years. He was the subject of serious impressions early in life, from the time of the death of his father, when he was 11 years old, and his anxious mother had the pleasure of seeing a wild, reckless boy changed into a mild, studious youth. He was a regular attendant at chapel and Sunday-school in the Congregational and General Baptist denominations, but, being thrown into the society of Free-grace Christians—from the fact of his eldest sister being a member at Zoar, Great Alie-street, where also his parents attended—he evinced a love for the doctrines as preached by their ministers. After being baptized by the Rev. Charles Stovell, at Commercial-street, he was led to the ministry of George Abrahams, Regent-street, City-road, of which Church he became a member, and continued with them about nine years, and till after the death of Mr. Abrahams, which circumstance caused him great grief, as he was to him a spiritual father and instructor. In the order of Providence, he removed to Forest-gate, where he became connected with the Baptist Church at Forest-lane, under the pastorate of Mr. Gray, and latterly as deacon with John Hunt Lynn, where, to quote the language of his pastor, his quiet, consistent, Christian walk, and his close walking with the Saviour, as evidenced in his conversation, endeared him to all with whom he was connected in Christian work, and his sudden loss creates a gap which apparently will not be easily filled. He was buried at West Ham cemetery on Saturday, January 27 (see postscript), and although the weather was most inclement the chapel was more than filled with sorrowing and sympathising friends, while pastor Lynn impressively read the solemnly grand portions appropriate to the service, with its glorious climax of thankful joy through Christ, and his comments affected many to tears. Reference was also made to our dear departed brother in the sermon by J. H. Lynn on Lord's-day evening, January 28, when he preached from the words, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." May the Lord, in His great mercy, soften the blow to the mourning widow and children, and appear for them temporarily and spiritually, and sanctify his loss to all who knew him, is the sincere prayer of his loving brother, JAMES J. FOWLER. P.S.—The following brother members insisted on carrying the departed to his last earthly resting-place: Webb, Thompson, Crouch, Grover, Norman, and Wire, assisted by deacon Cannings.

The widow of the late Mr. John Stevens' brother, who resided so many years in Kingston, has recently gone to her much-desired home.

Christ Emptying Himself.

NOTES OF A SERMON DELIVERED BY W. WHEELER ON LORD'S-DAY
MORNING, FEB. 25TH, 1883, IN PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, SHIRLEY-
STREET, CANNING TOWN.

"He hath poured out His soul unto death."—Isaiah liii. 12.

THE former part of this verse reads, "Therefore will I divide him *a portion* with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong." INDIRECTLY it tells of conquest—*i.e.*, we should infer Him to be a conqueror with whom the Sovereign divided "*a portion* with the great," and who Himself divided "the spoil with the strong." EXPRESSLY it sets forth the greatness and the strength of Jesus, His glory and exaltation on the ground of a full and perfect atonement which He made for His people, "Because He hath poured out His soul unto death."

Consider—I. Who the Person of the text was. II. What He did. III. The power by which He did it. IV. The purpose FOR which He did it. And lastly, the effect WITH which He did it.

I.—Enquire *who the Person of the text was*. This already anticipated in opening remarks—"Jesus of Nazareth." Whole chapter forms a prophecy concerning Him. It was from parts of 7th and 8th verses that Philip, in reply to the eunuch's question, "I pray thee of whom speaketh the prophet this: of himself or of some other man?" "preached unto him Jesus." Jesus, Son of Mary, called Himself "Son of man," having a human body and a human soul; "Son of God," being possessed of a divine nature. Here see complexity of His person, both human and divine; the human and divine natures blending sweetly in His one person as the colours of a rainbow blend, or the Trinity in unity. Proof, *transfiguration*, "When His face," &c. See in Jesus also the attributes and perfections of Deity as set forth in His utterances and acts. "He taught them as one having authority;" "Never man spake like this Man." He who could turn the water into wine *saw* Nathanael under the fig-tree, and called Lazarus from the death and darkness of the tomb. There dwelt in Him, as there ever has done and ever will do, "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." All the fulness of the Father's love, all the fulness of the Son's grace, all the fulness of the Spirit's power. So that even to the thief upon the cross, He dealt in the perfect love, grace and power of Godhead when He said, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

II.—Consider *what He did*. "He hath poured out His soul unto death." "*He hath*." That which *was* written prophetically *is now* on record as a fact accomplished. The four Evangelists give us the circumstances, and Flavius Josephus writes, "This was CHRIST, who, being accused by the princes of our nation before Pilate, and afterwards condemned by our people and punished with crucifixion." "He hath *poured out*." The words "poured out" are translated from the

Hebrew word *ARAH*, to make *naked*, *bare*, or *empty*. *Naked*: He unclothed Himself, laid aside the robes of His glory. *Bared*: "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm," &c. (Isa. lii. 10). *Empty*: This same idea of emptiness is conveyed in Philippians ii. 7, "But made Himself of no reputation." Was of the very highest repute before, sat on heaven's throne, was Lord and Creator of the universe, was worshipped by angels and men. But now at His birth He was OF NO REPUTE. "There was no room found for Him in the inn." Though angels had sung His praise and the shepherds had been directed to Him, though the wise men had seen His star, and had come from the East to Jerusalem seeking Him, though Herod when he heard it "was troubled and all Jerusalem with him," though Matthew is honoured in his Gospel in giving an account of His going down into Egypt, returning and dwelling in Nazareth, He was truly of NO REPUTE among men. "He came into the world, and the world knew Him not; He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." We hear of Him at the age of twelve astonishing the doctors in the Temple, but from that time to His baptism and ministry, about the age of thirty, He seems to have been taken no notice of. During His ministry of three years, frequent were the disparaging remarks, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Joseph?" &c. "Behold a man gluttonous and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." "Search and look, for out of Galilee cometh no prophet." Put to death on the cross as a man of *no repute*. Observe in all this how *He emptied Himself*. Indeed, the Greek word "*Kenoo*," translated "reputation," conveys this idea like the words, "poured out" of the text. *Kenoo*, to empty, to make *void* or *empty*. The same word is respectively translated "void," "none effect," and "in vain," in Romans iv. 14, 1 Cor. i. 17, 1 Cor. ix. 15, 2 Cor. ix. 3. The same word occurs no where else. The New Version has it, "He emptied Himself." Those commentators I have been able to refer to on the subject are unanimous in but one interpretation. Albert Barnes, Dr. Gill, A. R. Faussett, Mathew Henry, Tract Society's Commentary, William Birkitt, Trapp, McKnight, these all unanimously set forth the essential idea of the Greek word "*Kenoo*," interpreted reputation, as that of *emptiness*. Hence bringing to *emptiness*, *vanity* or *nothingness*, as set forth in the life and death of Jesus; for if Christ's body did not actually die, and if His soul never left His body, how could He have risen again? "and if He be not risen" (*i.e.*, from the dead) "our preaching is vain, ye are yet in your sins." But that He did die for our sins, and that He did rise again for our justification God's Word is most emphatic upon. Indeed, these are the fundamental truths of the Gospel. Any teaching short of this does but *vitate the whole doctrine of the atonement*. Unnecessary here to defend them further. See in them the emptying of Himself, the laying aside of His glory, taking the lowest station among men, "being numbered with the transgressors," crucified between two thieves as though regarded the worst of the three. They had desired the seditious Barabbas, the robber and the murderer, before Him, refusing the help of Peter's sword; aye, far more important, that of twelve legions of angels, choosing that His own divine power to save Himself, as they mockingly taunted Him to do, and so to come down from the cross, choosing *that even that should stand in abeyance*, preferring to drink to the very dregs the bitter cup of woe, though "He

trod the winepress alone, and of the people there was none to help," though the Father's face was hidden, and the legions of Satanic powers awaited His defeat, so *emptying Himself* of all honours and preferments, of all glory and renown, of all might and strength, aye, of life itself, pouring out His soul unto death. In Psalm xxii. 14 He says, "I am poured out like water." "He hath poured out *His soul*," His life, His blood, so little accounting it in His concern to save His people. "*His soul*," so that when His body died his soul left it, He poured it out as water. This His human soul, not His divine nature. Where did His soul go to? He needed no longer to stand in the place of the sinner. His substitutionary work was completed. He had cried, "It is finished," but He had yet to arise from the dead and to ascend into the heavens in all the splendour and glory of the complexity of His person. When He should arise His human soul would be re-united with His human body, just as the souls of saints will be re-united with their bodies when they arise. Where then did His soul go to? Remember His word to the dying thief, which was spoken with emphasis, "VERILY, I SAY UNTO THEE, to-day shalt thou *be with Me* in Paradise"—*i.e.*, the place of the blessed. "He hath poured out His soul *unto death*." On the cross death awaited His bidding. He cried, "It is finished," He bowed His head, the sign for death to advance, "and gave up the ghost."

III.—*The power by which He did it. Divine.* Hence, "I have power to lay down My life, and I have power to take it up again."

IV.—*The purpose for which He did it.* To atone for the sins of His people. "He bare the sin of many" (same verse as text, also verses 4 and 5). That in thus emptying Himself His people might be filled—*i.e.*, with all grace here and glory hereafter. That in thus unclothing Himself His people might be clothed—*i.e.*, with His righteousness. That in thus making Himself *bare* His people might be covered—*i.e.*, by His blood and righteousness. "When I see the blood I will pass over." That by His death they might have life.

LASTLY.—See *with what effect He did it.* Twofold. 1. His own exaltation (Acts v. 31; Phil. ii. 9; Heb. i. 3). Exalted to intercede (Heb. vii. 25). 2. The eternal salvation and final and everlasting exaltation of His elect people (John x. 28; xiv. 19, last clause; xvii. 24; Rev. iv. 21). It is then such truths as these that God the Holy Ghost makes precious to believers as He applies them with power to their hearts in times of felt need, and when by the powerful application of Gospel invitations, promises, and encouragements He makes them to rejoice in sin forgiven, guilt removed, the realisation of sweet communion with Jesus and glad anticipation of glory. "In His presence where there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore."

FOR CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHER WRITERS.—*The Fireside* furnishes a good piece of advice.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let it be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long;
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

We have had many years of "condensing"—making three columns come into one. Many words are written and spoken altogether useless. Take the hint.

SOME OF THE LESSONS THE LORD TEACHES
HIS CHILDREN.

BY C. MASTERSON.

"And they shall be all taught of God."—John vi. 45.

IN this truly expressive chapter we have an account of Christ's feeding five thousand people with five loaves and two fishes. The supply was enough in the hands of the great Housekeeper of the world—the all-sufficient God—to meet the necessities of this vast multitude. Let us learn to look up and lean upon Him, who has promised to supply all our need (spiritual and temporal) according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus. Christ, after reproving the fleshly hearers of the Word, speaks of Himself as the Bread of Life, which came down from heaven; at which many murmured, and could receive no such doctrine. To the carnal mind the discriminating spiritual teachings of the Word are still distasteful and hateful. That no man can come to Christ in a saving way except the Father draw him; and it is written in the prophets, "And they shall be all taught of God; every man, therefore, that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto Me."

It will be our prayerful concern just now to point out some of the lessons the Lord teaches His children. But before we come to state these we might observe how that the Lord teaches *externally* by His Word. Said the Psalmist, "Thy Word is a lamp to my feet." Those who pretend with inflated pride to possess a light above the Word, or contrary to it, never sat at the feet of *Infinite Wisdom*, nor received their teaching from a divine source. The Lord teaches *internally* by His Spirit. In this way the sacred mysteries of the Word are revealed and made known to the children of the King. "The natural man receives not the things of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." To know, understand, appreciate, love and live upon spiritual things, we must have the Spirit, whose office it is to take up Christ and glorify Him in the renovation, sanctification, and salvation of His people. O Holy Spirit, evermore be our Instructor, Guide, and Comforter; now discover to us some of the lessons the people of God are taught.

First.—They are taught to *know themselves*, which is a lesson of the utmost importance. The heart is a great deep, which is not easily fathomed; but when the Great Teacher comes He removes the veil of ignorance, and lights a man, so to speak, into his own heart; then he sees to his great confusion and dread, a swarm of vain thoughts, evil desires, and blushes to find hateful sin to be mixed with even his holy things and services. Well, it is an unquestionable fact all God's people are taught to know their personal sinfulness, as did the prodigal when returning from his alienation and degradation, penitently acknowledges, saying, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee," &c. Also with Paul made to sympathize, "I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." How awfully bad must that heart be in which dwells *no good* thing, and yet this is an unexaggerated picture of the heart of man by nature. Taught to know their *own helplessness*, frequently you will hear them in substance crying out with the prophet, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake Thou for me;" or, with the self-confident, but now sinking Peter, "*Lord, save me.*" The words of the

Master, "Without Me ye can do nothing," are no longer regarded as a pretty picture hung up to adorn the walls of a mere profession, but as the stern, naked reality of truth, absolutely necessary for the life, well-being, and services of the saint and servant of God. If he rejoices, it is with trembling, and, while not ignorant of Satan's devices and the plagues of his own heart, he is the first to emphasise the prayer before the Lord, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." Now here is another mark of divine teaching: Taught to *know their ignorance*—a consciousness of which made the Psalmist to cry out unto God, "Lead me in Thy truth and teach me." And from a view of the excellency of this glorious Teacher, Job might well say, "*Who teacheth like Him?*" Others may teach the ear, Christ the heart. Others may set the food before us, Christ alone can cause us to taste it. It is one thing to hear the Truth preached, and another thing to taste it; one thing to read a promise, another to lay hold of it and *taste it*. "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." What follows? Why, believers are truly taught to see and feel the vanity of all earthly things. A man of the world may set up his happiness here and worship the golden image, calling the proud happy, and they that work wickedness exalted, but all whose eyes are anointed with eye salve have a spirit of discernment, and, Moses like, rather suffer afflictions with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, having an eye to the recompense of reward. Nothing below the skies apart from Christ can be found commensurate to a heaven-born and heaven-bound soul. Is *it not so, child of God?* Indulged with a sight of glory, a prospect of eternity, nothing short of a full and undisturbed possession and enjoyment of the same can satisfy the immortal soul.

The *Second* great lesson.—They are taught to *know Christ*, and rely upon Him, and Him alone, as their way of *life and salvation*. They are taught the suitableness of His righteousness, it being just such an one as the law demands, and they want. This righteousness Christ wrought out, the Father imputes, and the Spirit teaches men to embrace and rejoice in, saying, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. Oh, how incomparably glorious, and inexpressibly precious the *satisfaction* of Christ is, which consists of two parts. *His active obedience*. He fulfilled all righteousness. He did everything which the holy law required. His holy life was a perfect commentary upon the law of God, and He obeyed the law for us. *His passive obedience*. Our guilt being transferred and imputed to Him, He suffered the penalty which was due to us. He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. The paschal lamb slain was a type of Christ, who was offered up in sacrifice for us. Sin could not be done away without blood; "without blood is no remission." Christ was not only a Lamb without spot, but a Lamb slain. How the soul taught of God loves to dwell upon the person and work of Christ; to take its station by the Cross, where the fullest, brightest, grandest display of Jehovah's character is seen, effecting and securing the eternal salvation of His beloved and chosen people. Is it not our highest honour and greatest joy *now* to be able by faith to embrace Christ as our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; and disclaiming all others, make Him in point of experience *all and in all*?

There is just one other matter I want to mention. If we have been

taught of God to know ourselves sinners, and Christ as our Saviour, we shall be found in the diligent use of the means of grace, and whatsoever we do will be from a principle of love to Christ. Oh, when I think of what Christ has done and endured to save the wretched and undone, and *feel* the power of His salvation in my own soul, my heart swells with emotions of gratitude too full and intense to be expressed.

A gentleman visiting a slave mart was deeply moved by the agony of a slave girl, who had been delicately reared, and feared she should fall into the hands of a rough master. The gentleman inquired her price, paid it to the slave dealer, then placed the bill of sale in her own hands, telling her that she was free, and could now go home. The slave girl could not realise the change at first, but running after her redeemer she cried, "He has redeemed me! He has redeemed me! Will you let me be your servant?" How much more, brothers and sisters in the Lord, should we serve Him who has with His own heart's blood redeemed us from sin, death and hell, and gone to heaven to prepare mansions for us; and promised to come again and receive us to Himself, that where He is, there we may be also?

"Oh, if 'tis sweet while here below
To obtain a glimpse of Jesu's grace;
What must the rapturous vision be,
To gaze for ever on His face!"

Brighton.

A WORD FOR THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

WITHIN a quiet cottage
I sit alone to-night,
And as my heart instilleth
I sit me down to write:
For, being weak and weary,
I cannot tread my feet
To where God's children gather
To find some crumbs to eat.
My cup is full before me,
My table it is spread:
Jehovah is my Feeder,
His Son my living Bread.
'Tis from an EARTHEN VESSEL
He giveth me to drink
Draughts of purest water
From the living fountain's brink.

No matter if the pitcher
Was never made for show:
'Tis within I find the liquid
That makes my heart to glow:
To hear the truths of Jesus
Most gloriously unfurled;
Not dressed up in a vesture
Borrowed from the world.
But truth, God's truth, uplifted!
That grand old Gospel still,
That Jesu's work is finished
Proclaimed from vale and hill.
God bless the EARTHEN VESSEL,
Its Editor as well!
And may he live for years to come
His grace and truth to tell.

N. C. GREET.

"THE AMEN"—KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

THAT will be a crisis never witnessed before! But the current events of the times—the memoirs and the meetings—so fully occupy our few pages that if one comes with a word of exposition, a host cry out, "No room for you." Well, we can stand aside and wait, simply noticing that by a gradual, unpremeditated process (after ten weeks' seclusion in sick chamber) we passed through the "Sardis" state of the Church, and was led up to this *Laodicean* state, which is to close up this present dispensation. At least, it has been the conviction of some of the most devout and learned men of God, that the seven letters

to the seven Churches in Asia formed a kind of map showing the seven different phases of the Church's state and character from the first unto the second

"COMING OF CHRIST."

I know the great body of stereotype repeaters do not study this prophecy in that light; but this must be owing to the darkness which rests on the minds of the multitude of the professing Church's paid servant's, so that one after another, by thousands, from Thomas Jones, of Creaton, down to the most pious village preacher of our day, every man lays violent hands upon this text, and declares that Christ is now standing at the door of every hearer's heart, and there Christ is knocking by the poor man's ministry, and that Christ is indeed beseeching the sinner to open his door and let the Saviour come in. This is the *tone* of the general ministry of the day.

It is putting man before God; but, in some form or other, this free-will of man is the only preaching people will hear; and that has become so almost useless to them, that their cry is—"Give us less of preaching and more anthems, concerts, and melody. Down with the pulpit, and up with the organ!"

We are in the Sardis state now. Rich indeed. This short note is all I can give here, but it is time to awake. God help us, prays

C. W. BANKS.

THE LATE MR. R. A. LAWRENCE.—MEMOIR.

MR. R. A. LAWRENCE (the late lamented pastor of Lynton-road Baptist Church, Bermondsey) was born in London on December 21, 1840. He was educated at the Marischal College and University, Aberdeen, where he obtained first prize for mathematics in the year 1856, returning to London at about the age of seventeen. During his boyhood days he at times had solemn thoughts of death and judgment to come, but these impressions soon wore off, and left him as careless of the things of God as before. It pleased the Lord, however, in the year 1858, to make one of his younger brothers concerned about the things of eternity. Mr. Lawrence, seeing him going about the house with a sad expression of countenance, asked what was the matter, and at first received answer that there was nothing. On pressing his inquiry, however, he at length obtained the reply that his brother had been thinking of what a blessed thing it was to die and go to heaven, but what a solemn thing to die and go to hell. These words were carried home with power by the Holy Spirit, and Mr. Lawrence was led to see himself as a sinner before God. Although his conviction of sin was not very deep at first, still, as time wore on, he was brought to see more of the enormity of it in the sight of God; and after a while so convinced was he of his state by nature, that one day, hearing that a prayer-meeting was to be held not far from where he then lived, he wrote on a slip of paper the words, "*Pray for a poor wretch sinking into hell,*" and left it at the place before the meeting commenced. The Lord, however, did not leave him there; but in His own time brought him to see that, although a sinner, he was a pardoned sinner. Walking up the City-road one day, his hap was to light on an old bookstall, and on

opening a copy of the *Gospel Magazine*, these words met his eye: "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation," which were the means, in the Lord's hands, of bringing comfort to him, especially after he found them in the Word of God. He then began to attend Church of a week evening, taking a long route from his home, so that his friends should not guess where he was going, as he was determined that no one should know anything about his religion. Later on he was privileged to hear a sermon by Mr. Lincoln, from the words, "When I see the blood I will pass over you," which was the means of leading him to realise the blessed completeness of the Redeemer's work; and another by the late Mr. West, of Winchelsea, on "Conflict as a Sign of Sonship," caused him to hope that he was indeed a son of God.

Having tasted somewhat of the blessedness of the truths of the Gospel, he felt a strong desire to tell of them to others; and became first a teacher in a Ragged School, and afterwards took a class in the Sunday-school connected with St. Paul's Church, Bermondsey.

Still thirsting after spiritual knowledge, he was led to hear the late Mr. James Wells, at the old Surrey Tabernacle, in the Borough-road—whose testimony was greatly blessed to him, especially one sermon, on the words, "But if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." He also began to attend the ministry of Mr. Thomas Chivers, at Ebenezer, Webb-street, Bermondsey New-road, (where he subsequently entered upon the work of the ministry). On October 22, 1861, he delivered an essay before the members of the "St. Paul's Young Men's Society," of which he was Hon. Secretary, on "Immutability" (having, as he stated, written it in answer to an accumulation of objections against the doctrines of grace), dividing his subject into three divisions, thus: (1) God's immutability, as regards His person and His attributes; (2) The immutability of God's purpose in His dealings with His creatures in providence; (3) The immutability of God's purpose in His dealings with His people in grace. In this essay (which was subsequently published at the request of numerous friends), he publicly declared his belief in the doctrines of sovereign grace, which it was afterwards his privilege to preach. This declaration brought upon him the displeasure of the then minister of the Church, who found fault with him for introducing these doctrines in (as he called it) a controversial way. The result was that Mr. Lawrence, together with Mr. Thomas Steed (now a Strict Baptist minister at Stepney) was compelled to leave the place. He then became a constant attendant at Ebenezer, and determined that here he would know no one, and speak to no one. However, although that was his determination, it was not the will of the Lord, for soon afterwards the first class in the Sunday-school being without a teacher, he was asked to accept the post, which he did, being elected on March 27, 1862. On May 29, 1862, he became a member of the Church; in March, 1864, was, on the resignation of Mr. James Kirby, appointed superintendent of the school; and on December 1, 1864, was elected a deacon. On December 24, 1864, he married Miss Annie Elizabeth Lake, who was formerly a teacher at St. Paul's School, but who left about the same time as himself, and then took a class at Ebenezer.

His whole soul was in the work of Sunday-school teaching, and

his labours in this direction have been abundantly blessed of the Lord. On one occasion, after he had been speaking to his scholars in his usual pleasant, and at the same time solemn manner, he said: "Ah! my boys, if I could only realise that one of you were brought to know the Lord how happy I should feel." Still, although he did not at that time see the fruit of his labours as he would have liked to have done, yet there are not a few of his former scholars who look back with feelings of thankfulness to the time when it was their privilege to be members of his class.

His work, however, did not stop here, for he was led on, first addressing one meeting and then another, until eventually he was asked to preach at a Strict Baptist chapel, which invitation, however, he refused. By-and-bye Mr. Chivers was taken ill, and in his absence Mr. Lawrence gave an address, and afterwards spoke at Mr. Steed's chapel on that gentleman being ill. Mr. Chivers having been removed from Webb-street, and the Church consequently being without a pastor, and, moreover, at a very low ebb, Mr. Lawrence was asked by the deacons to preach, which he did, expecting it would only be for one or two Sundays. However, his testimony was so blessed that an invitation for two months followed, then another for three months, and lastly, one for six months, with a view to the pastorate. He was unanimously chosen pastor in October, 1868, and was publicly ordained January 26, 1869. At the ordination services the little chapel was crammed to overflowing. Mr. B. B. Wale preached in the afternoon; and at the evening meeting the chair was occupied by the late Mr. Charles Spencer (a very dear friend of Mr. Lawrence, and one whom he had known when in the Church of England). The questions usual on such occasions were put by the late Mr. William Caunt, the late Mr. James Wells gave the right hand of fellowship on behalf of the brethren of the ministry; and Mr. Kennett (the senior deacon) did the same on behalf of the Church. Mr. James Wells then delivered the charge to the new pastor from 1 Tim. iv. 15: "Meditate on these things, and give thyself wholly to them;" being followed by Mr. Wale, who gave the charge to the Church from 1 Thess. v. 12, 13, the services being closed by the congregation singing the hymn, "Crown Him Lord of all." Mr. Lawrence was, of course, obliged to give up his Sunday-school class, which he did very reluctantly, but not until he had found a suitable teacher in the person of his brother before referred to.

The lease of the old chapel expiring at Midsummer, 1873, and the cause being now in a more prosperous condition, it was suggested by Mr. Wells that a building fund should be started in order to obtain funds towards the erection of a new place of worship. The suggestion was not acted upon immediately, but on Mr. Wells again strongly urging it, the fund was started, and a nice sum was collected before the building operations commenced. The site of the present chapel in Lynton-road was chosen, and the memorial stone was laid on October 17, 1872, by the late Mr. William Crowther. In the meantime, the attendance at Ebenezer steadily increased, and the blessing of God rested upon minister and people. The last sermon preached to the Church and congregation in the old place was by Mr. Lawrence, on May 6, 1873, from Deut. viii. 2. On the following Thursday a farewell meeting was held, and the new chapel was opened on Sunday, May 13,

1873, by a prayer-meeting; the first sermon being preached by the pastor, from the words, "Now mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attent unto the prayer that is made in this place" (2 Chron. vii. 15). On the Tuesday following a public meeting was held, when the place was crowded to excess, the chair being taken by Mr. Albert Boulden, of the Surrey Tabernacle. At the new place the cause continued to flourish, and in course of time the debt incurred in building was paid, which was a great relief to the pastor's mind, and for which he gave thanks to God.

For some years he continued in his ministerial labours without interruption, acting also as superintendent of the Sabbath school, and being, by virtue of his position, president of that institution; but at length the strain on his system, caused by his zeal for the cause of God, combined with his daily labours (he having all the while filled an important position in a commercial house in the City), was too much for him, and his health began to give way. Finding he was going beyond his strength, he (much against his inclination) resigned his position as superintendent of the school, feeling that he was not able to give that time and attention to the duties of the office which he knew from experience they required. Accordingly, on April 23, 1876, he addressed the scholars, bidding them farewell as their superintendent, but stating that he should still be president, and assuring them he should always take a lively interest in the welfare of the school—which assurance he did not fail to carry out. At the close of this address, the teachers and scholars presented him with a walnut-wood davenport, the gift of which completely overcame him. After his resignation as superintendent it was his custom to address the scholars at intervals of about three months, and these seasons will long be remembered by those who heard him. In the Summer of 1881 he spoke to the scholars of three schools gathered in his chapel, from the words, "It is appointed unto men once to die," in a powerful and profitable manner. About three years ago his nervous system began greatly to give way, and it was apparent to all that he had overtaxed his strength. Still he persevered in preaching, until at length he was compelled for a time to relinquish this also. At the beginning of last year he met with an accident to his leg, which was so serious as to cause the doctors to despair of his life on two separate occasions; but through the mercy of God he was raised up again, and enabled to speak to the people whom he loved in the truth, and who loved him in return. However, his nervous prostration soon returned, and for some months previous to his death he was quite unable to preach, and latterly was also compelled to abstain from his daily business. It being manifest that a long period of retirement from all mental labours was absolutely necessary, a committee was formed from among his Church and congregation for the purpose of raising a fund to enable him to obtain rest and change of air and scene, which was what his doctor said he needed; and about the middle of November he went to Brighton, intending to go on from there to Ventnor; but the Lord's ways are not man's ways, for while at Brighton, on Sunday evening, November 26, 1882, he was suddenly called away from earth to heaven. Some few weeks previously he had expressed himself as having had a sweet feeling that he should shortly be lifted out of his great trouble, and a few days previous to his going to Brighton told a friend that he believed that the Lord was about

to take him home. Few, however, if any, of his large circle of friends, thought that he was so shortly to leave this world; and the announcement of his decease was received with great surprise and unfeigned sorrow by all.

His remains were brought from Brighton to London, and interred—on December 4, 1882—at Nunhead, in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing friends. “His sun is gone down while it was yet day.” Such were the words of Mr. Styles (of Keppel-street) on the occasion of his address, on the day of the funeral, and were felt by all to be only too true.

At his ordination (before referred to) he stated that he had been learning two great lessons—viz., that “he was a great sinner,” and that “Christ was a great Saviour.” These lessons he continued to learn all his life long. To lay the creature low, and to extol that Jesus who had done so much for him, was the one great aim and object of his ministry; and many there are who can testify to the sweetness experienced whilst listening to the glad tidings of salvation which he was by grace enabled to proclaim to them.

Some years ago, while preaching one Sunday morning in his chapel, he in a most solemn manner gave directions as to his gravestone. His words were: “I charge you, as before God, that when I am dead you place no other words upon my gravestone than these: ‘The greatest sinner out of hell saved by sovereign grace.’” His public declaration of his belief in the doctrines of sovereign grace, made before he left the Church of England, he was by grace enabled to maintain, the only change being that the older he got the more precious they became to his soul.

By his death, not only has his widow and family sustained an irreparable loss, but the Church at Lynton-road—nay, the cause of God at large—has lost an able, earnest, and faithful minister, and one who shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God. The Sabbath school—in fact, the work of Sabbath-school teaching generally—has been deprived of the services of a warm and sincere friend. The numerous friends, also, whom he has left behind, feel that they have likewise been bereaved of one who was ever ready to give a word of counsel and advice to those who sought his aid; and who spared no pains if he could, by any means, do good to a fellow-creature. The following extract—from the essay before referred to—is a fitting conclusion to this short memoir, the more so being the deceased’s own words:—“Christian, dost thou work hard with thy body and brain for the bread to sustain thy mortal frame? Does thine aching head often cry aloud for repose, and thy racking brain frequently call into question the end and result of all thy toil? Toil on and faint not; the end will some day be manifested; and should you die in your labours without having seen the result of thy work, still, let not the thought of this dishearten thee; for though thy body shall rot in its last and final resting-place, yet thy labours have not been in vain; all have tended to paint some bright line in the great design of Infinite Majesty; and at the final resurrection, after having obtained an abundant entry into life through the merits of Jesus, thy works shall follow thee, and all shall then be seen in its true light.”

A. G. B.

THE PRECIOUS GOSPEL.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—In looking over the papers of a departed friend, I met with some verses which seemed worthy of insertion in the EARTHEN VESSEL. I send you a copy for that purpose.

Yours sincerely, in the truth,

W. LEACH

12, Holly Park-terrace, New Southgate, N.

SWEET is the Gospel trumpet,
When it gives a certain sound;
How it soothes the mourner's sorrow,
And heals the deepest wound.

Its notes proclaim more treasure
Than mines of purest gold;
And mortal language never
Can half its worth unfold.

I love to sit beneath it,
And never can express
The wondrous consolation
It pours into my breast.

Whatever ills annoy me,
They vanish from my sight;
And where was thickest darkness,
There beams a ray of light.

There I behold my Jesus,
God's well-beloved Son,
With Him from everlasting,
The sacred Three-in-One.

My name was there enrolled
Within the covenant sure;
Because my blessed Jesus
Would all the curse endure.

I know 'tis no delusion,
The Spirit hath revealed
This precious truth unto me,
And with His witness sealed.

It came with sweet assurance,
My sins all fled away;
And my night of bitter weeping
Was changed into day.

I saw, myself, from Tophet,
A brand plucked by God's hand,
And clothed in Jesus' merit,
I could before Him stand.

So spotless was the garment
I felt my soul did wear,
That even by a Holy God
I was pronounced all fair.

But will it last for ever,
Methinks, I hear one say?
And will not time outlive it,
Or cause it to decay?

No, friend, therein consisteth
The greatness of its worth;
'Tis treasured up in heaven,
And not of mortal birth.

Sometimes we have a foretaste
Of what there is in store;
Death puts us in possession
Of bliss for evermore.

I am the worst of sinners,
No merit do I claim;
But sing with the redeemed,
"Salvation to the Lamb."

Lord, in the last sore conflict
Oh, do Thou by me stand!
And, when in death's dark river,
Uphold me with Thine hand.

If this request be granted,
Then I desire no more;
But, dying, shout Thy praises,
God blest for evermore.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.—WHO ARE THEY THAT COMMIT IT?

BY W. WINTERS, PASTOR, WALTHAM ABBEY.

PART II.

"Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—Matt. xii. 31, 32.

FEELING and mourning over the proneness of our tongue as well as our heart to sin, may we not adopt with consistency the prayer of the Psalmist, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips," and sing,

"But lo! the chief of sinners now
Is brought before Thy throne to bow;
Surely this mighty power from Thee
Can conquer all that conquers me"?

Blasphemy, in its technical sense, signifies to speak evil of God, and in this sense it is found in Psalm lxxiv. 18; Isaiah lii. 5; Rom. ii. 24; and from its derivation means to speak reproachfully of God with bitter hatred of heart toward Him, which no person could possibly do when once the enmity of the heart was slain by the operation of the Holy Ghost. Under the covenant of works, blasphemy was punished with stoning (Lev. xxiv. 11). On this charge both Jesus and Stephen were condemned to death by the Jews. The sin of *presumption*, under the same law, was equivalent to blasphemy (Num. xv. 30, 31), and for which no sacrifice was accepted of God; but in the case of the sin of ignorance a sacrifice was offered. When a person had heard blasphemy he laid his hand on the head of the offender to symbolize his sole responsibility for the guilt, and rising on his feet, tore his robe, which might never again be mended (Matt. xxvi. 65). Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost was not merely speaking with malignity of tongue, but with malice of heart, as it is declared on the occasion of the evil speaking of the Pharisees, that "Jesus knew their thoughts." All blasphemy, therefore, is sin, but all sin is not blasphemy. Many have committed most awful sins, which have been forgiven them; such as Manasseh, Mary Magdalene, Peter, and we ourselves. The sin of Simon Magus approached nearer to the unpardonable sin than that of either of the above, as there was an *if* and a *perhaps* about his being forgiven. Repentance quickly followed the denial (attended with cursing and swearing) by Peter, but there is a question about repentance in the case of the sorcerer. Paul sinned with considerable malice of heart and tongue, but he did it ignorantly; and although the Lord freely forgave him, he never forgave himself. Several references to this sin appear in the New Testament. Paul (Heb. vi.) shows the possibility of the human mind being enlightened while the heart is unregenerate. Such persons, however, are clearly distinct from the "beloved" Hebrews to whom He wrote (see verse 9). To "taste of the powers of the world to come," as some did, known to the apostle, might simply be an illumination without regeneration, a "light without life," an instrument giving sound, without life; a religion without feeling after God, a name to live yet dead, which characteristics cannot apply to true, hoping, longing souls, who are seeking the Lord sorrowing. John, in his epistle, says, "There is a sin unto death; I do not say that he shall pray for it," which sin is closely approximate to the great unpardonable sin. This sin is *not* committed by the children of God, for the same writer tells us, they *cannot* sin—that is, their new man, which is from heaven, cannot sin, although they, at the same time, mourn over the constant sins of the flesh. In this position Paul argues, "Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me" (Rom. vii. 17). Such are not the "twice dead" referred to by Jude, and however low in spiritual life a Christian may be he never hates Jesus Christ after he is born again of the Spirit. There are some, evidently, who have committed the unpardonable sin, those at least who have died as they lived, possessing light and knowledge in the head with wilful malice in the heart against God and against the only medium of salvation, and who have wilfully trod under foot the blood of the covenant as an unholy thing—the only real thing which can save souls for whom there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin. There is no place of repentance in the consciences of such, because direct malice against the Godhead of Jesus

and against the chief instrument and power in representing and administering the things of Jesus, the Holy Spirit reigns in their heart. Therefore, without limiting the power of God, there is no possibility of such characters being "renewed again to repentance." The impossibility to save them is not counter to the sovereign omnipotence of Jehovah, with whom all things are possible; all things, of course, that are not contrary to His glorious character and attributes, as it is impossible for God to lie. The questionable point as to whether the Pharisees did there and then actually commit the unpardonable sin in attributing the work of Jesus to the devil, is still wanted in evidence. They believed Jesus to be an impostor and ignored His deity, though they saw His miracles. We read of "grieving," "quenching," and "resisting" the Spirit, which in each case is sin, but not *blasphemy* any other than the Pharisees calling Jesus "a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, which was extremely sad, and arose from prejudice against His manhood, and ignorance of His Godhead. It must, however, be remembered that the Holy Ghost had not at this time come in power and demonstration as He came on and after the day of Pentecost, and the first direct sin against the Holy Ghost after Pentecost is seen in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, whose hearts Satan had filled to lie against Him, which resulted in their physical, if not eternal, death. It appears also from Luke's statement of the sin of blasphemy, that our Lord is speaking to the disciples, and refers (xii. 11, 12) to a circumstance liable to take place after the descent of the Holy Ghost, as the annexed verse plainly declares, "For the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say." This divine expression was verified to the letter after the day of Pentecost, when Peter and John were brought before the council, and when Peter rose to speak, it is said he was "filled with the Holy Ghost" (Acts iv. 1—8), as was also Stephen on another occasion. Some have thought that the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost could only be committed during the period of Christ's earthly ministry, but the circumstances therewith connected more forcibly alludes to the dispensation of the Spirit, which will last till Christ's second advent, as though He should say, "Dreadful as it is to speak disparagingly of the Son of man in this the day of His humiliation, when His true character is veiled, there is a day coming when the evidence of My divine commission will be complete, not only through the miraculous outpouring of the Spirit, but by the conversion of thousands to the Gospel; and when that day comes they who treat the work of the Spirit as they now treat Me, shall even in this life pass from the sphere of mercy to that of inevitable doom." Nor is there any ground of support for the Popish doctrine of Purgatory in what the Saviour asserts regarding the punishment of the sin, that "it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." For when the boundary of time is past the doom of all impenitent spirits shall be eternally fixed.

"Oh, Mercy! oh, Mercy! look down from above,
 Creator, on us Thy sad children, with love!
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
 May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!"

There are two classes of persons who cannot commit the unpardonable sin. The first class may be considered as the totally ignorant of God and of His Gospel, whose position is in nowise an enviable one; and

the other class relates to real believers in Jesus, though they constantly sin. There is, blessed be God, a sensitiveness of conscience in Christians, that if it were possible they would not wilfully do the slightest thing contrary to God's will, although they find that "when they would do good evil is present with them," and many, with sore regret, have sinned (as the Scriptures prove) after they have been called by grace, and sinned too against light and knowledge, as Peter did, but not with malice in their hearts to Jesus. Hence the life of the children of God is made up of sinning and repenting; and the grand consolation is, "If any man sin (and those who say they do not sin are liars) we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Then let us take courage (not to sin that grace may abound—God forbid!), as no person can be determined a hypocrite who is in constant fear of being one; nor is it possible for a person to have committed the unpardonable sin who in heart and soul has a great dread lest he should be left to fall so far from God. His cry is, with our own, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

"O why did Jesus show to me
The beauties of His face?
Why to my soul did He convey
The blessings of His grace?"

It was because He loved my soul.
Because He died for me,
Because that nothing could control
His great, His firm decree."

If we ourselves get safe to heaven, no sinner out of hell will have any reason to despair. It will be all of grace from first to last, and our song till death shall be—

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

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

PROVIDENCE TEACHES OFTEN IN THE DARK.

A LETTER TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND SUFFERING UNDER THE STORMS OF LIFE.

DEAR FRIEND,—The painful workings of your mind under the afflictive circumstances you have been passing through, which your letter reveals, but cannot fully express, do not surprise me; while, at the same time, they induce me to feel much sympathy and concern for you. Undoubtedly, when under the full force of such sad reverses as you speak of, both external and internal, you find yourself, as poor Cowper did—

"Still so slow to learn
That God is LOVE, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn."

"This is my infirmity," said the psalmist, and it is, perhaps, yours too, of which your troubles have made you more thoroughly and experimentally sensible than you could really have been without them. Providence *teaches* often in the dark as much as in the bright outcome of its mysterious operations; and the Spirit makes its teaching *tell* upon God's people for their eternal good, although their gains in that respect may cost them something by the way. It is very true what

you observe, that there are many things experienced in a series of cutting and crushing trials which cannot be told out, and would not be very intelligible to others if they were. In every such case, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and the *heart only*, besides Him who alone can fully search it. Perhaps it is that observation of yours, concerning your felt loneliness in the troubles which you cannot yet see the end of, that has led me, in thought, to view your situation in the light of Revelation x. 4. The words have often struck me as being remarkable, far beyond anything I ever met with in explanation of them. They are these: "And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write; and I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not." Such is a brief account given of that profound mystery by the only man to whom it was made known. John at that time was in adversities, suffering the hardships of captivity and banishment for the truth's sake; but not alone; the Lord was with him. His hard circumstances in that rugged and lonely isle, called Patmos, were illuminated with divine visits and disclosures which made him *even there* the most honoured man of his time. Like the imprisoned Joseph and the abased Mordecai of earlier days, his low condition in life, despicable as it was in men's eyes, did not sink him a hair's depth in the sight and estimation of his best Friend, the Lord and Master he served, but rather increased his fitness for higher service. The subject of the text before quoted is to us the *unrevealed* part of this wonderful chapter, and closely associated with the ministry and mystery of that glorious and mighty angel that he saw, clothed with a cloud, and having a little book open in his hand. Without presuming to attempt an exact or a literal rendering of the passage, it may be safe to regard the appearance of the cloud-covered, bright and glorious angel, as a most extraordinary visitation from above; the little open book as symbolising special instruction divinely given; the angel's loud cry over earth and sea as a warning of the shortness of time and the nearness of eternity; and the seven thunders, coming out of the cloud, bespeak some deeply-mysterious and powerful dispensations of Providence, intelligible only to those to whom they come, and not entirely so even to them. The angel of the Lord, clothed with a cloud, and with an open book in his hand, for the instruction of persons thus visited, has often come to such in *some dark time*, in some impenetrable mystery of divine providence, as to Abram, Jacob, Manoah and his wife, Samuel, Daniel, Peter, Paul, and others. The seven thunders *spoke*, uttered their voices, solemnly announcing many startling events, or many separate series of events, one after another, which, together, made up some powerful and deeply-affecting providences, of which the lessons were as yet secret, to be *felt* rather than to be put into words, and so were not to be written, but to be sealed up in the silence of the man's own soul. From that it may be seen that there are secret things which belong unto God; also that there are things in individual experience, secret to all but Him and those they personally concern.

Dear friend, bear up, be patient, take courage, and watch for the morning, which in God's time *will come*, when you shall bear your part with others, who have seen affliction and adversity, in speaking well of the Lord as the Friend and Helper of the distressed.

Felmersham.

Believe me, ever yours truly, T. C.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Mr. Briscoe's "Calvinism, Arminianism; Either? Neither? or Both?"

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—A tract is generally understood to be a popular, brief, and inexpensive religious treatise, specially designed for the ignorant. Such is apparently the scope of Mr. J. T. Briscoe's recent book. Though nominally a lecture, delivered in his own chapel, it is issued by the Baptist Tract Society; was presumably revised by their editor; will be advertised in their catalogues, and circulated under their sanction. It is, therefore, a public affair, and may be publicly commented on.

Mr. Briscoe does not inform us by what gradient he reached his present position; or by what inspiration (page 16) he was enlightened as to the incorrectness of his former views. He, however, invites us "to get below the surface in order that we may gain a glance behind the scenes, while controversialists are engaged in enacting a battle" (page 15), as stage-players do. Thus he courts attention to a farce. A sham battle is to be fought, while he "plays the part of a mediator." Observe, he is, throughout the piece, "playing a part"—a phrase of solemn significance to those whose religion has stirred their souls to the intensest agony of desire to know and live the truth in God's sight. In thus playing the mediator's part, the animus of his mind against Calvinism is, however, only too apparent. Very obvious is his half-concealed dislike to all who proclaim, without reservation, that the elect are saved by ancient, free, sovereign and invincible grace. When speaking of such we may well say that he,—

"Damns with faint praise, assents with civil leer,
And without sneering teaches men to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hints a fault and hesitates dislike."

Dr. Gill, for example, is, he says, "not a little dry" (page 13). Here our mediator is manifestly unfair. Why should he prejudice his readers against a prominent champion of one side of theological conviction? That Dr. Gill is a florid or poetical writer none contend; but his works team with intelligence, learning, and devout loyalty to the truth. Dryness is, after all, a matter of opinion. Some might prefer the Doctor's dryness to the puerile humour which disfigures this book.

Again, he charges William Huntington with "conferring upon himself a sham title." Here, in seeking to bring

odium upon a great divine whose doctrines he dislikes, he is not only unfair but untruthful. The degree of M.A., or LL.D., procured for money from a rotten German University, is a sham title, for it represents an amount of learning which the ignoramus who uses it does not possess. But Huntington was indisputably a saved sinner (for which the letters S.S. stand), and had a perfect right to style himself one. It was simply a piece of harmless eccentricity, and deceived nobody. None ever hated pretension and insincerity more than the author of the "Bank of Faith."

"The old theologians," we are further informed, "were not philosophers" (page 15); while "William Huntingdon (*sic*)" was remarkable for his lack of culture" (page 9). Presumably Mr. Briscoe is both a philosopher and a man of culture, or he would hardly consider himself competent to deliver these criticisms. It may, however, be doubted whether "the celebrated coal-heaver" would have questioned whether a text "favours Calvinism or Arminianism most" (page 23). Every schoolboy knows that—a comparison between but two objects being instituted—the comparative *more* should have been used.

The "theory of reprobation" is spoken of as "the addenda (page 29) to the doctrine of election." Now "addenda" means *two* or more things added, and as only one is under consideration, the singular, "addendum," should have been used. The word, moreover, is the wrong one to express the author's evident meaning. "Corollary"—i.e., a truth necessarily flowing from something previously proved—is the term which a man of ordinary education—not to say a "philosopher"—would have used.

What, again, can be said of the extraordinary mixed metaphors of which Mr. Briscoe is so fond—a way of blundering in composition which all persons of "culture" carefully avoid. For example: No river ever flows, or possibly can "flow from a fountal source and *divide itself* into streamlets" (page 22). The figure is founded on an impossible fact.

Again. Without "theology as the backbone of our religious life" (p. 6)—and "the backbone of a life" is in itself a strange idea—without this "backbone" we shall have "but a skeleton"—i.e., a complete human frame-work. We had thought that the spine was rather an important item in the list of a man's bones. Again: Without this backbone we shall have a

skeleton with a death's head at the top of it—a skeleton with two skulls, which would certainly be a novel object.

Equally marvellous is the "something that gives way under the pressure of a bond" (page 4). A bond, we submit, would rather hold the parts together, if it pressed with any force upon them.

These are but samples. How a "word of controversy" can or cannot be "in the sending up of a prayer" (page 22); how a chain, "one end of which is held fast by a Father's hand," "and the other made fast *on (sic)* a shore," can "draw us to the shore" (page 32); how a battle can be enacted *below a surface* (page 15); how a row can be "built in unison" (page 23)—these are questions which might puzzle a "philosopher." They are certainly almost as remarkable as such blunders as "incarnate love will do the best *for* man that can be done *with* him" (page 22), and numerous others of a like character.

It is a common charge against consistent—I prefer the term to hyper—Calvinists that they are ignorant and uneducated. It would, however, be difficult to find in any contemporaneous composition of equal length to Mr. Briscoe's tract, so much ignorant nonsense as appears in his thirty-two pages.

His blunders do not, indeed, obscure the intelligibility of his book. But he elected himself to the position he assumes. He talks learnedly about the meaning of the Greek term *Kosmos*, and speaks of a *viâ media*, which he prints in bad Latin. He ventures to criticise and deride a most nervous and masterly writer (whose very name he is not at the pains to spell correctly). Surely, then, we may gather from his own pen the amount of scholarship he possesses, and inquire how far he is justified in his covert attack upon Calvinism with weapons of learning so imperfect, and pedantry so conspicuous.

There is, moreover, a curious coolness in the way in which he quotes (or, as in the case of Eph. iv. 21, *misquotes*) Scripture to suit his purpose. Witness his asserting that "quenching the Spirit" is resisting God's *general* calls in the world (page 28); calling "conscience, God's voice" (page 27); and citing Ezek. xxxiii. 11 to prove that "God is willing to save the whole world" (page 27). Truly, the Bible is an elastic Book if such a system of interpretation is to prevail.

Some parts of his tract are almost wicked in the way in which facts are misrepresented or ignored.

By the term Calvinists, Mr. Briscoe evidently does not intend such ministers as hold the doctrine of election in con-

junction with duty-faith. Of these he speaks with approval, and his book is really an apology for their sentiments. He refers to those whom Mr. Spurgeon is wont pleasantly to call his *high brethren*; against whom the trenchant paragraph quoted by Mr. Briscoe (on page 18) is evidently directed. It is consistent in Mr. Spurgeon to attack what he imagines to be our views. His so doing does not detract from our respect for him, for he is evidently greatly in the dark as to what our principles and practices really are. This, however, cannot be said of Mr. Briscoe. He mixed freely with us for several years; was treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness by many of our leading men; and had every opportunity of ascertaining what our sentiments are. Hence, what in Mr. Spurgeon is an error of ignorance, is in Mr. Briscoe an error of a widely different character. He has cited Mr. Spurgeon's illustration of the two bronze figures at St. Mark's at Venice in support of the position that the grace of God never reduces men to the level of mere machines. This *implies* that High Calvinists hold that it does. Now I venture to challenge Mr. Briscoe to produce one sentence from the authorised publications of Messrs. J. Wells, J. Stevens, J. C. Philpot, W. Crowther, J. Hazelton, W. Palmer, or even the erratic C. Drawbridge, which warrants him to write as he does. If none can be found, I demand his moral right to employ the Baptist Tract Society to circulate an unfounded aspersion upon the Christian brethren from whose views he has diverged.

The object of the old theologians, we are told, was not to make an independent inquiry into truth, but to expound the truth already before their eyes—to formulate Bible teaching (page 15). A charge as untrue as it is sweeping! Hussey, Stockell, Gill, Foreman, Palmer, and Mr. Briscoe's great predecessor at Meard's-court, John Stevens, were honest inquirers after the truth, and to state the contrary is to prejudice inquirers against their writings.

Equally untrue is the charge brought against us of holding reprobation, as the writer explains it (page 26)—"the gratuitous appointment of men to condemnation." Yet this, he asserts, is with us a prominent doctrine, a stone which we build into the second course of God's one temple (page 24).

What means, again, his reminding the earnest inquirer (p. 29) that the conversion and perseverance of believers is secured by *moral* rather than *mechanical* means? Dares he imply that Calvinists dream of

asserting that in saving men God drives them like cattle? If not, he should justify his insinuation.

Equally false are his moral charges against Calvinists—that they entertain “a false estimate of others” (page 20); that they “are guilty of religious selfishness and hardness of heart” (page 20); and that they are persons of “one-sided character” (page 19). I am acquainted with many who hold the religious sentiments to which he is referring, and I accuse him of stating what facts do not bear out, as to the tendency of these doctrines.

“We,” he says—namely, those who rejoice in his grand discovery—“we are thus prepared to say, ‘Grace be with all who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity’” (page 32). Will he presume to insinuate that a true Christian, of any doctrinal views, will not say the same? If Mr. Briscoe is prepared to say this, it is a pity that he does not do so. He might then be saved from the covert ill-nature of this book: and would better exemplify the “sweetness and light” of which he professes to be enamoured.

Mr. Briscoe makes much of the apparent contradictions of Scripture (page 17), but is silent concerning the fact that the passages he quotes have been carefully considered by able writers, and shown to present no incongruity. The late John Foreman’s “Duty-Faith” contains a masterly passage on this very subject, in which Mr. Briscoe is anticipated, and most fully and fairly answered.

The object of the tract is to offer “a humble contribution towards the solution of the problem of the reconciliation of Calvinism and Arminianism;” “the discovery of a higher truth embracing both systems” (page 3); or, more poetically, “to set up an architrave, and unite the two pillars in God’s one temple” (page 23). He forbears to mention Baxter, Fuller, and Howard Hinton, who, before he was born, attempted the self-same task, but, as is generally admitted, unsuccessfully. He is silent concerning John Stevens’s “Help for the True Disciples of Emmanuel,” to which no writer ever ventured to reply. Wm. Palmer’s pungent “Free Inquiry,” which also was never answered, he says nothing about; and one would think that he imagines himself to be a pioneer in a perfectly unknown country.

But what is the “connecting link,” or “higher truth,” which Mr. Briscoe has discovered? Dropping the mediator, he turns theologian, and this is the architrave, or “dome of the temple of truth” (page 32): “*The certain salvation of such*

as are chosen. yet the possible salvation of every man through the infinite atonement” (page 29)—just what every Yea and Nay preacher proclaims every Sabbath of his life. Thirty-two pages of bad grammar, mixed metaphors, jumbled texts, and quotations from Robertson, Buck, Evans, Tomline, Bates, Baldwin Brown, Spurgeon, Saphir, Joseph Cook, and Carlyle, lead but to a position, the fallacy of which has been shown times without number.

Verily, if we are astonished we are comforted. Calvinism needs fear little.

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

W. J. STYLES.

Salvation. By J. Herbert Dearsly, late of Dalston, London. W. Wileman, Bouverie-street. Like the author himself the book is neat in its stricture, full of thought in its contents, and of good thoughts too. Mr. Dearsly dwells, first, upon “Salvation, as the great theme of the Gospel ministry.” Then, “The way of salvation.” This carries him up to the PERSON of JESUS, the SAVIOUR. We recommend a careful perusal of that part especially. On this lofty, immensely grand, and, alas! much controverted subject Mr. Dearsly fills up nearly forty pages in a quiet and instructive spirit. On such a bright, burning, and blissful survey we only wonder how the writer could be so tame; but neither in preaching nor in writing will ever Mr. Dearsly carry you into any mere airy or wild speculations. We are not criticising. “The saved” and “the unsaved” are both represented in the closing chapters of this volume, which will do good, if Mr. Dearsly’s friends will circulate and read it.

The Christian Leader, a free, unsectarian weekly penny journal, wisely and faithfully reviews the absurdities, as well as the wise and holy efforts, of the different ministers. We have read the *Christian Leader* from its commencement, and consider it a choice and excellent weekly. It is published by Aird and Coghill, 263, Argyle-street, Glasgow.

The Silent Messenger, edited by J. S. Anderson, New Cross-road, opens with a homely and cheering paper, with an original poem by the editor, under the title, “Nearer Home.” Without a grain of flattery, we thought we might write Mr. Anderson down as the original and fruitful poet of the Strict Baptist community.

Hart’s Hymns, with Supplement, Appendix, Memoir, and Introduction by Dr. Doudney. Complete for 6d. To be had of Messrs. Collingridge, 148 and 149, Aldersgate-street, London. A precious and cheap little book.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

HELP FROM AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of the "*Earthen Vessel*."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD THE REDEEMER,—Love, mercy, and peace be unto you from Him, to whom be all glory, dominion, and praise.

Fearing my June letters to you were burnt in the mail ship from New York to London, I write you again to send you another draft for £5 from the dear aged brother I have so often named before, for the poor aged ministers of "*the Gospel of the kingdom*," who are in need of help in their last days. If any of them have "*Erskine's Sonnets*" in large print, he would like a copy. Send it by my dear friend, Mr. McGavin, who will forward it on to me, by case, with other books. May the dear Lord be pleased to bless His dear servants who have toiled in His name for the welfare of Zion and the spread of the Gospel, that they may be cheered in the end of their pilgrimage by His mercies.

You will see by the *Witnesses* I send you that I am deeply impressed with the present dispensations of the Lord's providence relative to that ancient and most wonderful land of *Ham*, the fields of *Zoan*. The place of the *Irons* and *honors* of our most beloved and never-to-be-forgotten dear brother Joseph. This ancient "Granary of the World" may become so again when "the cruel Prince," the Pashas, and "*the fierce king*," the Sultan Turk, and "*the lying prophet*," *Mahomet*, shall be turned out of her by such means as this late war, and the merciful rule and righteous laws of her Majesty, our beloved Queen, shall be established in all the principality of Joseph.

When the entrance of God's Word shall have given light to Egypt, and the "basest of all kingdoms" shall know the Friend of the vilest of sinners, then shall the fields of *Zoan* know that—

"Blessings abound where e'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains.
In Him the weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest."

This must be done to Egypt, for it is written, "Whom the Lord of hosts shall bless, saying, *Blessed be Egypt, My people*" (Isa. xix, 25). Do we think that this is too hard for the Lord? Are they too base for the almighty majesty and magnitude of His sovereign grace? Not at all. They are the very sort of people for grace to take hold of, in order to display her sovereignty, freeness, magnitude and power. I do believe that the Lord of

grace has let *men, death, and devils* degrade these poor Egyptians so as to be the "basest of all the kingdoms," the very shame of the whole world, the very filth of the earth, in order to make a great exhibition of His grace in them in these last days.

God will yet surprise the whole world by the amazing greatness and freeness of His grace in the salvation of many of these poor children of *Ham*. All our self-righteous Pharisees, work-mongers, and merit-mongers shall be eternally dumb and ashamed because of the wonderful grace of our God to these foulest of sinners in the Land of *Ham*. *Tyrants and devils* have made these poor people the chimney-sweeps of hell in their very great degradation. Now God will make an open exhibition of His mercy by raising many of them up to be monuments of His grace.

"What wonders were described of old;
What glories are of Zion told;
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
Egypt and Tyre and Greek and Jew
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The growing empire of their king."

Then again if you take your map or globe you will see that Egypt with its canal is the highway of all the nations of the earth excepting America. God said that He would get honour and glory upon this Pharaoh in the Red Sea before the whole world. How wonderful then that now in these ends of time all the world should pass by that spot, where tyrants perished and the poor oppressed of His people were delivered.

"When Egypt's king God's chosen tribes pursued
In crystal walls the admiring waters stood,
When through the desert waste He led their way
The relenting rocks poured forth their sea.
What limits can almighty goodness know
When seas can harden, and when rocks can flow?"

Oh, what a preaching place is that great highway of the nations, the Red Sea. The contemptible, idiotic drivell of an ignorant infidelity will never silence these testimonies which the localities of the Lord's ancient wonders bear to the honour and glory of His power.

Through that passage now must pass the Word of the Lord to 500,000,000 souls in China, 250,000,000 in India, &c., 200,000,000 in Africa. Yes, it *must go*. "*This Gospel must be preached in all the nations*" (Matt. xxiv. 14). *It must be so*.

"Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light;
And from Eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night."

Let Thy Gospel

Loud resound from Pole to Pole."

The Lord in mercy hasten the day on the wings of the heavenly Dove. We can truly say

"Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease,
Let thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase."

Some people think, or seem to think that Rome, death, hell, and devils are just about to devour us all nationally, denominationally, commercially and spiritually. No doubt, like dying beasts, they will kick and plunge in this their *shorttime*. Many may be swept down in these last struggles of hell. I have been knocked down, and have at times narrowly escaped with my life by the last plunges of dying horses. I may suffer by these last agonies of the *beast* and *prophet* of Rome, and the Turk. But it shall soon be said of this beast,

"And there lay the beast, with nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of
his pride ;

The foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf."

Rome shall thus soon expire, and all the promises do travail with a glorious day of grace. See them in *Psa. lxxii.*, *Isa. lx. and lxvi.*, with the words of the Lord Jesus in *Matt. xxiv. 14*, and many other Scriptures, from which I gather the Lord will send out from dear old England yet His Holy Word, His precious Gospel, into all the nations of the earth, that out of the ten hundred millions of souls who have not yet heard of the Lord Jesus there may be gathered unto Him a numerous seed to serve Him, a generation to call Him blessed.

Egypt seems to me to be the passage and half-way house by which the Word of the Lord shall thus go forth.

The Lord in mercy hasten it in His time. The Lord Jesus be with and bless you very much in your own soul, and in all your labours for His glory.

In much love to you in the Lord,

I remain, yours truly in Him,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, Oct. 4th, 1882.

WALWORTH - ROAD. — EXCELSIOR BAND OF HOPE, YORK-STREET.—On February 27 the singing and reciting members had an excellent tea. Several sung and recited satisfactorily; an enjoyable evening was realised. Mr. Dobson is well sustained; but if friends who can would help in removing the rapidly-increasing band of children to a more commodious edifice it would be a mercy. Mr. Thomas, the conductor, is the right man in the right place.—W. BEDDOW.

THE WORK YOU CANNOT GO TO HEAVEN WITHOUT.

"Could my tears for ever flow :
Could my zeal no respite know ;
All for sin could not atone,
CHRIST must save, and HE ALONE."

So silently I said one night, when sleep, health, life, strength, all appeared to be gone from me. I saw, I felt, I believed, nothing I had done, nothing of myself I could do, could ever wash away, or melt away, or move out of the eye of the Almighty, the mountains of sin, the floods of unrighteousness which appeared before me. To be a sinner is the lot of all, to know what it is to be a sinner in the sight of God is, perhaps, known to comparatively few; but to *know* you are a wilful, guilty sinner, is a terrible knowledge indeed. WHERE can such a poor wretch fly for help? He may fly to a thousand things and find no relief. There must be a *revelation*, there must be an *application*, there must be an internal spiritual *realisation*, or true rest and peace such an one cannot find. The *ROOT* of salvation is in the purpose of Jehovah, that in the abstract no man can see. The *RIGHT* to salvation is in the person, work, and offices of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. The *REALISATION* of salvation is by the *work* of the *Holy Spirit* in man.

After all the controversies, essays, sermons, services, and sacraments in the world, "if any man (be he Archbishop Benson, or poor George Lane) HAVE NOT THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST, HE IS NONE OF HIS.

G. Tophel, of Geneva, comes forth with this deep mystery. I, if I live, desire to lay this essential theme before those who cannot listen to the Arminian's preaching of man's doing something to save himself; neither can they receive the bald bluster of the Calvinistic retailer and quoter of Scripture, who cannot feed one soul with the *opening*, the *interpreting*, the unfolding of the mystic roll, *even the hidden mystery*. Come, my few friends, who cannot be satisfied with noise, let us search and try ourselves here, "HAVE YE RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?" God have mercy upon parson and people prays C. W. B.

NOTES OF A SERMON

BY CHARLES WATERS BANKS,

Preached at Jireh Chapel, City-road, on Friday, March 2nd, being the Tenth Anniversary of Walter James' Monthly Prayer Meeting.

Mr. Banks, who appeared in moderate health, stood in the table-pew, and spoke from *Psalm xxxiv. 6*, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." The preacher said David was in some things a type of Christ, and in some things a type of the Christian, especially as a warrior in work, zeal for God's glory. Many of the Lord's people, like David, were brought to know the Lord in very early life, and, like him, became bowed down with trouble as years increased. But the Lord delivered him out of ALL his troubles.

Jewish tradition, said the preacher, based upon reliable authority, stated that David wrote Psalm xxiii. when only a lad and in the enjoyment of much of the presence of God, as he, like Isaac, Jacob, Samuel, Timothy, and others, sought the Lord in the days of his youth, and felt as Paul, with many more, the thorn in the flesh in his youthful days. The Psalm, said the preacher, from which the text was taken was a very comprehensive one. The Psalmist therein admired the Lord and magnified and exalted His name. What did David praise the Lord for? Because He heard his supplication and delivered him out of ALL his troubles. The preacher very earnestly and correctly emphasized the important word ALL in the text. ALL troubles taken away for ever! "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good," &c. (ver. 8). The preacher inferred that some called the saints of God "bigots," and that they were satisfied themselves in going to heaven, and cared nothing for others who were going to hell! Such could not be the true estimate of the Christian heartfelt love for souls, but just the reverse. The text showed up the experience of the Christian like the varied influences of the planetary system upon the earth, Jupiter, Mars, and Venus, the storm cloud of the one, the brightness of the other, and the fuller glory of the other representing heaven itself. Such were the lights and shadows of the Christian life. The godly man had his troubles in the world, and if he did not have them to-day he would have them to-morrow. The preacher illustrated this assertion by the troublesome life of a well-to-do gentleman, Mr. ———, of Hounslow, who had domestic comforts and every blessing in life, but the troubles of his heart were enlarged. Trouble also appeared now to be great in Zion. The other day Zion appeared happy, but she seemed to-day full of trouble. There were cries still in Zion of the right sort, children crying for help in trouble. As medical men remarked, the newborn babe did nothing but cry from a sense of want and danger. So men born again felt a sense of want and danger, and they never would leave off wanting till they got home to heaven. The preacher alluded to the difference between the real calling to the work of the ministry and the putting on of a profession in the work. The former continued to labour patiently, but the latter grew tired of the work, till it became too hard to be borne. The godly man cried unto the Lord. Prayer was pleading with God, not as Cain, who despaired of mercy. The poor man in the text cried day and night. Sin was a great trouble to the soul, but, said the preacher, there was no willful sinning, meaning sinning with malicious hatred to Jesus Christ. The soul in trouble desired to get closer to Jesus. This poor man *cried*. There was plenty of prating in pulpits, and there were plenty of Calvinist parsons in bell. Mere talking was nothing. This poor man *cried*. The late Edward Bickersteth, said the preacher, stated that real prayer was never lost; it was planted in heaven and written on the throne of God. Were there

any in that assembly, said Mr. Banks, crying to God, looking for some solid comfort? When faith centred in Christ then trouble disappeared, and the poor black, vile, guilty soul could sing:—

"Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

Did any one ever see, remarked Mr. Banks, a dying Christian in trouble when about to enter glory? Never! All trouble gone at the sight of home, and we should soon be home!

"The Gospel bears our spirits up,
A faithful and unchanging God."

I. C. Johnson, Esq., gave out the concluding hymn,

"What Thy power has done before."

W. WINTERS.

WHITESTONE STRICT AND PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHAPEL.

Our sixtieth anniversary has been celebrated. On the Sunday the pastor preached two sermons. After the afternoon sermon, Mr. J. Gardner baptized one candidate. This makes the fifth addition to the Church by baptism, and one by experience, during the time Mr. Gardner has been here; the Lord be praised.

On Monday, over 150 friends sat down to tea. The public meeting commenced by singing,—

"Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake."

Mr. John Burnell of Aylesbury, Bucks, went to God in prayer in a most appropriate manner, asking for those blessings specially needed by those lately added to the Church, to the pastor, deacons, members generally, and for the cause of truth at large, that the Lord would lead and keep His people in the grand old truths of the everlasting Gospel in the midst of these perilous times. To this prayer we joined our silent but hearty amen. The pastor spoke words of welcome to all present, and then the venerable Thos. Mudge addressed the meeting upon the "Ancient Times" (2 Kings xix. 25). He rose like a patriarch amongst us, and said: You have given me a subject long enough; for if I go back to the beginning of the ancient times, and speak of all that has taken place till modern times, and you stay to listen to me, you certainly won't go home till morning. However, I will begin at the beginning, if I have to leave off before I finish. We read in the book of unquestionable authority that God made man in His own image and likeness; but it was not long before Satan came upon the scene, tempted the woman, and she tempted her husband, and they both disobeyed God and obeyed the old enemy, and thus lost their likeness to God's holiness, and fell into the likeness of their new master. And thus by his gendring sin into them there came from them a sinful race, whose history throughout all ages has shown that their sinful nature has not only made them hostile to God, but has also brought them into almost constant conflict one with another. Oh, what miseries sin has caused by men's contentions one against

another all along the past ages, all of which may be traced to that first act of rebellion against the benign law laid down for them by the great Creator. All through the ages, as the Bible-history of man advances (which is the oldest and most faithful history of the human race ever written), the character is seen to get worse and worse. This, then, is one of the two principal features of ancient times, and the other is the remedy provided by the covenantal love and mercy of God, which was by sacrifice foreshadowed by the victims in the ancient times offered by the law, and consummated by the one offering of the body of Christ, who gave Himself a ransom for as many as believe on His name. Mr. Mudge closed by saying: While there are many things and many people whom we dare not trust, yet there is One whose plan, whose purpose, and whose promise we may confidently trust. His plan is the sinner's punishment laid on Christ; His purpose is not to punish the same offence twice; His promise, all who believe, being justified freely by His grace, they shall be saved from wrath through Him. Therefore have faith in God.

The next speaker was Mr. Townsend, minister of Founhope, whose subject was "Ancient Mountains" (Deut. xxxiii. 15). He said there were many ancient mountains of importance spoken of in the Word of God. All, no doubt, stood connected with matters of importance for our consideration; but he would confine himself to the two most important ones—namely, Mount Sinai and Mount Calvary, which represent the law and the Gospel. From the one God gave the fiery law for them, by which they and all mankind stand condemned; but from Calvary proceeded the Gospel of salvation, of redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins to all them that believe.

Next came the Rev. J. Williams, B.A., of Hereford, whose text was "Ancient Paths" (Jer. xviii. 15). He said: There are three of the ancient paths I want to speak a little about to you, for I fear we are in danger of getting out of them; possibly, indeed, some of you may have already left them, or never entered them—I mean the ancient path of prayer, that path which leads to God through the blood of Jesus offered for sinners. The way the ancients went was by bloodshed. "Tis the same path still, though not the same blood, for it is now the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Lamb, which taketh away the sin of the world. All who walk in this path shall find their way to God, and happiness, and heaven. Another ancient path is the path of Bible-reading, which the ancients loved so well. When the Holy Scriptures were very scarce the people used to prize them more. See how the old grandfathers and grandmothers used to sit by the hour with their spectacles and their Bibles; but now, I fear, the grand old Bible is getting too common, because so familiar. There is also the ancient path of family devotion. What can there be so proper in the daily round of Christian duties and privileges, as for the head of the household, once at least, if it cannot be twice a day, to call the family together for united

family reading and prayer? Oh, dear Christian friends, let me solemnly entreat you, on this anniversary occasion in Whitestone chapel, to see to it that you walk in these ancient paths of prayer, of Bible-reading, and of family religion; pray about everything, read God's Holy Word more, and let there be proof before your children of your religion being worthy their attention, for who can tell how much good shall be the result of your reading and praying with them as well as for them. Those of you who have forsaken these old paths, let me beseech you to come back, oh, come back to the good old paths. May the good Lord help you for His name's sake.

Mr. Clark, of Hereford, spoke from "Ancient Landmarks" (Prov. xxii. 26). Our brother made the landmark to mean the Lord Jesus; for, said he, if our life is not regulated and circumscribed according to the holy principles and examples of the Lord Jesus, there is not much sign of our being His people. If we are truly conscious of His love to us, we shall love Him, and if we love Him we shall endeavour to walk even as He walked. Let us never allow anything, either in preaching or practice, which attempts to remove Him.

Then followed (in place of Mr. Jones, who was absent) the genial and savoury Mr. G. King, of Hereford, with some nice Biblical, experimental, and practical remarks, the look of whose face and tone of whose voice quite cheers one to see and hear.

Another good brother from Hereford, Mr. Wallace, solicitor, gave us a nice impromptu speech, or rather, sermonette, upon "I am the Vine, ye are the branches." He said the branches of a vine need to be kept warm, or they will not bear fruit; so must the Christian. The soul must be kept warm by the fire of the Holy Spirit, or there will be no fruits of the Spirit. A vine, too, needs pruning sometimes for fruit-bearing, as I saw when I sent for the gardener the other day to dress my grape-vine. He cut such a deal of it away; indeed, it seemed to me, not experienced in the art, as if he were quite spoiling it. And so it is with us Christians sometimes; our afflictions, trials, and troubles, seem to be killing our hopes, our evidences, and our comforts; but the end is to bring forth more fruit, to the praise and glory of the great Husbandman. Oh, let us look to our hearts by prayer, seeking to get the fire re-kindled by the blessed Spirit. I have to see to my fire in the viney three times every day to keep it warm enough. So is it a good practice with one of old, "morning, noon, and night to pray," and sing praise to God. May this be our course.

The pastor then gave out another hymn, and closed with prayer which had been a very happy and profitable meeting.

KENNINGHALL. — On Saturday, Feb. 24, Mr. R. Harvey completed his ninetieth year, and on the following day preached in the Baptist chapel, Kenninghall, Norfolk, the pastor conducting the service. The sermon, from Eph. i. 7, occupied about an hour

in delivery, and the preacher's memory and intellect seemed as good as ever. Mr. Harvey is the oldest Baptist minister named in the "Handbook," having been born in Diss in 1793. He preached at Dickleburgh on April 17, and the following Sunday at Shelfanger, in the year 1814, and has since preached in every town in Suffolk but one, and in many towns in Norfolk and other counties. He attended the Association meeting at Beccles in 1817, at which the late Philip Dickerson was present. He is also, we believe, a distant relation of the late treasurer of the Baptist Annuity Fund. Mr. Harvey (who is our grandfather) preached his first sermon at Hoxne, being then a member of the Wesleyan Connexion. He left that section at the age of twenty, and has been ever since a staunch and faithful servant to his Master. We enjoyed a conversation with him last Summer, when he gave us the history of Fullerism, and also his views on the Sonship. Mr. Harvey commenced preaching among the Baptists about the same time as Mr. Dickerson and John Foreman, both of whom he has survived. His exertions for the cause of Christ would put to shame many of our so-called labourers in the present day, his ministerial labours oftentimes necessitating a tedious journey on foot from village to village every Sabbath.—I am, yours truly, G. H. ILES. Ridsdale-road, Anerley, S.E.

BERMONDSEY.—The teachers and scholars of Sunday-school in connection with Lynton-road Chapel held annual meeting March 8th. Charles Cornwell preached a Gospel sermon. After tea public service was conducted by Albert Boulden, Esq. William Stringer (deacon) prayed; Mr. Blackman read an excellently written report of the Sunday-school during the past year. The report contained details of every notable event respecting the progress of the school, and though there was much, very much, cause for joy, yet there were marked signs for sorrow recorded in the loss of the dear pastor, Mr. R. A. Lawrence, who from very early days was strongly attached to the school. The school had also lost two godly scholars by death during the year, George Ford and William Barker. The number of scholars on the books was 206; average attendance in the morning, 58; afternoon, 152. The report showed a balance in favour of the school of £1 15s. Mr. Boulden having spoken words of kindness and encouragement, put the report to the meeting, and it was cordially adopted. The children sang a few hymns printed on separate sheets for the occasion. Words of congratulation were offered to the superintendent and teachers, and good sound spiritual advice was tendered to young and old during the evening by brethren. T. Carr, C. Cornwell, T. Knott, J. L. Meeres, H. Myerson, P. Reynolds and others. The meeting was cheerful and spiritually helpful to many. The school has an efficient staff of teachers. May God send the Church a pastor of His own preparing, prays W. WINTERS.

A BLESSED PATRIARCH OF OUR OWN TIMES.

A Brief Account of the late Mr. John Bottrill, Senior Deacon of the Strict Baptist Chapel, St. Peter's-lane, Leicester. Died January 15, 1883. Aged 89 Years.

Our dear friend was born in the year 1795; and in his youthful days, being of a cheerful and lively disposition, was often sought after by his companions, fond of songs and other amusements, so prevalent at that time. It is now more than seventy years since he and a companion walked over to the village of Ratby, and attended the service in the Church there, when the Lord was pleased to shew him his lost and ruined state as a guilty sinner, by the application of Mark viii. 36, 37, which was as a nail fastened in a sure place. After service was over, his companion wished him to go as usual to the public-house for refreshment; but, no, he started for home, with the terrors of God's law in his conscience; and from this time no more foolish songs for him. He continued in great distress of soul till the year 1818, when, while in his own house reading the Word, the Scripture, Luke xviii. 6, 7, was powerfully brought to his mind, fully delivering him from the guilt and burden of sin under which he had long laboured. The songs of Zion now became his meat and drink, old things had passed away, and all things had become new. His Bible and hymn-book were his constant study and delight; and to the end of his days would he repeat from memory whole chapters and hymns, laying special emphasis on those portions his soul had realised the sweetness of. He was baptized sixty-four years ago, and joined a General Baptist Church, amongst whom he continued forty years, but about twenty-five years ago was constrained to unite himself with us upon Strict Baptist principles. On my taking the pastorate twelve years since, he held office as senior deacon, a post he filled with honour to the day of his death, and, except prevented by illness, his place was never vacant.

One distinguishing feature in his character, he was given to hospitality, and a lover of good men; and to do good, and to communicate he forgot not. A man of lively and cheerful disposition, and blessed with a retentive memory, he would often repeat in his last illness whole chapters and psalms, together with many favourite hymns; these portions, with others, having been much blessed to him, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" "He loved me, and gave Himself for me;" "I was brought low, and He helped me;" "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" with other portions, and several hymns expressive of the varied exercises of soul he passed through. His path in providence was trying and perplexing, but he was much led to trace the hand of God in all his concerns; and knowing well in "whom he had believed," would often say, "Well, we must tell Father all about it; He knows what is best, and He cannot do wrong."

In the Church I always found him a faithful and loving friend, a man of peace, and one who could testify how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. His spirit was often grieved at the dissensions that abound in Zion; and this gave him many errands at a throne of grace; and in our public prayer meetings his fervent, earnest, simple language was easily seen to be the outpouring of his heart; and when for the last few months of his life, being seldom able to meet in the house of God, he would always inquire after the friends, and many heartfelt petitions have been offered up from his sick bed for the welfare of both pastor and people. Often would he say,—

"There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns."

In his last days the Lord was his stay and support, comforting him by His Spirit and His Word. During the last fortnight of his life, the pain was at times most excruciating. He said to his son, who was most kind and affectionate to him through the whole of his long illness, "It is hard work, but it will soon be over." At another time, "I have had a heavy night, but towards morning the Lord broke in upon my soul, and so He giveth His beloved sleep." Often when given a little cold water would he bless God for it, tears of gratitude streaming down his cheeks; as also for the kind and loving attention bestowed upon him by those around him. His last desire was that his favourite hymn (200 in Gadsby) should be sung at his funeral; and in the presence of a large number of sorrowing friends, myself and brother Webb took the funeral services, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, for them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Copied for me by W. J. JAS. HEDGES.

THE ASSOCIATION.

That London now has an established Strict Baptist Association was somewhat forcibly demonstrated at its last annual meeting, March 6, in Mr. Anderson's beautiful Zion, in the New Cross-road, Deptford. We were not eye-witnesses of the scenes there passing before the large assemblies, but we bowed with devout conviction to the assertion of one of its friends, who said, "This Association, sir, comprises the aristocracy of the London Strict Baptist Churches!" Yes, we responded, it now has in it a four-fold power in measure:—

First, it has a *ministerial power*. Some of the best ministers in the London Churches are its leaders.

Secondly, it has a measure of *mental power*. Between forty and fifty years since, we listened to a number of men of immense spiritual power. A measure of spiritual and mental power is in the Association.

Thirdly, a high *moral power* helps to bind up this society with such confidence as to enable it to face the world and all its professing neighbours with confidence. A good charac-

ter, a pure conscience, and a commendable motive, will be found with the men who are thus united to maintain and to defend the New Testament faith and its ordinances. The Association has in it a monetary power; such a number of careful and capital business men are in the executive that there is no fear of failure; and the noble cherub who stands in the middle of the wheel is full of eyes; and, by divine mercy, he guides the Society's affairs with discretion, and an immense amount of good may be expected to flow from such a combination of zeal for the truth, and of power for the good of souls. But there must be ploughing and sowing with much perseverance; then, if the rain and sunshine of heaven do follow, there will be a harvest of blessing. C. W. B.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

The annual meetings of this institution were convened in Zion chapel, New Cross-road, on Tuesday, March 13. The morning meeting for prayer has for the past two years been dispensed with, no doubt on justifiable grounds. This alteration, however, we rather regret, and fear its omission to be detrimental to the main purpose of the meetings, and a preventative to persons coming from a long distance who generally anticipate divine service before dinner as a happy prelude to a successful day. This is expressed with all fidelity to Christ and to His people.

At 10.45 a.m. the delegates of the associated Churches met in the vestry for business. Dinner was afterwards served in the schoolroom at one o'clock to a large company of ministers and friends. In the afternoon the letters from the associated Churches were read publicly. The president occupied the chair, and opened the meeting by the reading of Psa. xxi., and Mr. P. William-on offered an appropriate and earnest prayer. The letters were read by Mr. J. Box, Hon. Sec., and Mr. Faulkner alternatively, and the numerical state of the Churches was given by Mr. G. W. Shepherd, the president. The Church at Bermondsey, under the pastorate of brother J. L. Meeres, was the first named (alphabetically arranged), an addition of one by baptism, members 116, Sunday-school continues as usual, peace, love, and unity abounds. Hope chapel, Bethnal-green (pastor J. Griffith), members 91, Sunday-school prosperous, an efficient staff of teachers, all harmoniously working. Keppel-street (pastor W. J. Styles) baptisms 3, members 119. The pool will shortly be opened again; signs of prosperity are manifest. Camden Town, High-street (pastor, Mr. J. Dawson) baptisms, 3, members 72; lost good brother Haines, a deacon, by death; Sunday-school prosperous, all well and happy. Camden Town, College-street (without a pastor), having good supplies, baptisms 5, members 98, Sunday-school still without a superintendent; Church out of debt, God be praised! Providence, Meyrick-road (pastor, Mr. J. Bunney), whom we record with sorrow as unwell, being laid aside from preaching for some weeks past; baptisms 6, members 53; Dorcas and other societies in good order; peace and love prevails; may God speedily raise our brother up again. Chatsworth-road (pastor, Mr. Edwin Langford), baptisms four, members 95; the message by the pastor is well received, and peace is maintained. Mount Zion, Chadwell-street (pastor, Mr. John Hazelton), baptisms 8, members 305, pastor and people happy. The Word is much blessed to souls. Societies and finances are good. May grace, mercy, and peace belong continued. Tamworth-road (pastor, Mr. J. Willis), baptisms 2, members 62. Two happy

saints have been removed by death. The Church and people are happy. Forest-road, Dalston (supplies), attendance on Lord's-day continues to improve, Sunday-school not quite so prosperous as wished, baptisms 2, members 39. New Cross (pastor, Mr. J. Slade Anderson), baptisms 7, members 265, attendance good, all happy in the Master's service. Amen, amen. Providence, Erith, brother Moxam is serving with much acceptance, services encouraging, members 25. Farnborough, Kent (pastor Isaac Ballard); we have known and loved this hard-working pastor many years; three have united in fellowship recently, debt cleared off, great cause for thanksgiving to God. Grays, Ebenezer, good brethren preach, attendance cheering, five recently added, two by baptism. Sunday-school commenced in May last, teachers 9, scholars 46. God bless this cause with lasting success. Greater additions are expected shortly. Hackney, The Oval, (pastor, Mr. H. Myerson); here peace, unity, and love abounds, prayer-meetings good, added by baptism 1, members 129. Hayes, Salem (no stated pastor), one added out of the Sunday-school, two by baptism, members 19, not so flourishing as could be wished. Holloway, Wedmore-street (pastor, Mr. H. Boulton) realised an addition of 4 Sunday-school improvers, congregation is on the increase: friends desire to build; the Lord direct them. Hornsey Rise (pastor, Mr. W. S. Waterer), the cause is kept together well, three candidates ready for baptism, members 50, pastor is aged and infirm. The Lord still smiles upon efforts for good. Hounslow, Zoar (pastor, Mr. J. Curtis), peace and love abounds, but prosperity is desired, members 62. Hoxton, East-road, Jireh, still without a pastor, members 67. The brethren in office strive for peace and success, which we hope will be realised ere long.

At this juncture of the meeting a hymn was sung, and brother George Webb offered prayer. Newton-street, Hoxton: a revision of the Church books has been made, which we highly commend. The Church has been a short time without a pastor. Our brother, Mr. F. Green, is the pastor elect. We wish him and the Church God speed. Islington, Providence (pastor, Mr. P. Reynolds), baptisms 6, members 127, pastor's labours much blest, tract and other societies working well, congregations excellent. Wilton-square, Salem, (pastor, Mr. W. Flack), baptisms 6, members 99, Sunday-school very successful. The path of our brother Flack is bestrewn with trials, his dear wife is much afflicted, and he himself is much tried by the loss of his sight. Notwithstanding, God smiles upon Salem. Providence, Kingston, Mr. Bush preaches with acceptance, since the loss by death of good George Ridley, baptisms 7, members 46, ten have been added during the year. Hill-street, Mount Zion (pastor, Mr. G. W. Shepherd), baptisms 21, members 373. This is the largest Church in the Association, Sunday-school prosperous, all societies in good working order. The branch Church at Kiburu continues to grow. Heaven's blessing shine upon the friends. Lower Norwood: the Church continues to have supplies, Sunday-school is not so prosperous as could be desired, peace is enjoyed; members 21. Notting-hill gate (pastor, Mr. H. Brown), this faithful servant is reaping the reward of earnest labour, baptisms 3, members 84, several are ready for baptism, with them we rejoice. Peckham, Heaton-road, still without a pastor, peace prevails, better days are yet in store, members 31. Plumico, Carmel (pastor, Mr. J. Parnely): the pool had not been opened for some years until recently, when the pastor baptized one, others are coming forward, members 49. The Church is happy, finances good, a fund for restoring the chapel is established. May God bless every effort for good. Poplar, Bethel (pastor H. F. Noyes): the Lord has done wonders in this place by His beloved servant and

friend. Sunday-school excellent, attendance at chapel in evening good, baptisms 2, members 28. Richmond, Salem: the Church is having supplies, prayer-meetings are well sustained, friends desire to build. The site desired is offered at £1,400. Baptisms 6, members 67. Shepherd's Bush (pastor, Mr. P. Williamson): the ministry is greatly owned and blest of God here, Sunday-school and Band of Hope flourishing, baptisms 11, members 74. St. Alban's, Bethel, members 12, the cause is weak, but hopes of a bright future are entertained. Bible-class is fruitful. Soho, Oxford-street (pastor, Mr. John Box), baptisms 6, members 211, peace and love prevail, societies and funds flourishing, Sunday-school good. A great loss has been felt by removals and death. Gurney-road, Stratford, E. (pastor, Mr. John Hunt Lynn), great blessing attends the ministry of our brother Lynn, applications for membership are frequent, baptisms 6, members 80. West Ham-lane (pastor, Mr. J. J. Clinch): the Sunday-school works well, good is being done, baptisms 7, members 93. Wandsworth, West-hill (pastor, Mr. J. Clark), labours appreciated and blest, congregation continues to increase, Sunday-school flourishes, Bible-classes happy and successful, baptisms 14, members 98. Woolwich, Enon (pastor, W. K. Squirrel), though last, is not least, baptisms 4, members 73, the Word is sweetly owned of God, 12 have been gathered into Church fellowship recently, Sunday-school flourishes, and the cause is happy and healthy.

Mr. Shepherd stated, at the close of the letter-reading, that the spirit evinced by the associated Churches was much more cheerful than in years past. A large body of friends sat down to tea. In the evening prayer was offered by Mr. R. E. Sears, and an able address was given by the president on the Truth and its conservators, Mr. Box read an encouraging report, and after a vote of thanks to the ladies of Zion chapel for their kindness in serving the dinner and tea to the assembly in such good taste, addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Griffith, E. Langford, and J. S. Anderson. A hymn and prayer brought the successful meeting to a close.

Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

SHOULDHAM-STREET CHAPEL.—

The fourth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. W. Carpenter was celebrated on Tuesday, February 27. Mr. John Hazelton preached a masterly sermon in the afternoon from 1 Cor. i. 31. The sermon was full of Christ and His glory, by which many souls were refreshed and comforted. Mr. Hazelton treated graphically of the intense labours of the apostle Paul at Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea, Athens, and Corinth, and of the mixed feelings and expressions of many Corinthians, some of whom were for Paul, others for Apollos, others for Cephas, and the remainder for Christ. The preacher described the nature and beauty of the text under several brief heads, which were well digested and earnestly laid out before the large and attentive audience; every ear appeared open to drink in the glorious revelation of the glory of the Lord. Mr. Hazelton spoke of (1) The important doctrines embodied in the text, and stated that if people wanted other than Christ preached they could not be in a healthy condition. The preacher enlarged upon the personal greatness of Christ, showing that the whole of Deity, and the whole of humanity were in Him, and that the whole of Deity had descended into humanity, by which Jesus was apprehensible to faith, though not com-

prehensible. The preacher treated powerfully of (2) the experience indicated in the text; (3) the form of exhortation; (4) the important fact implied; (5) the benefit to be derived from the fact; and (6) the connection and contrast evinced in the text. Every word of this precious discourse ought to be printed, as it is more valuable than gold. After the sermon tea was provided in the school-room beneath the chapel, where a large gathering of friends enjoyed the refreshing cup, flavoured with a good amount of godly chat. In the evening the body of the chapel was packed in every part, and a large number appeared in the spacious galleries. Every officer was to his post, and appeared happy in making others the same. Our beloved friend and brother, W. Weston, Esq., of Watford, Herts, occupied the chair, and having read a portion of Holy Writ called upon brother E. Beazley to offer prayer, which was earnest and real, touching the highest cords of our new heart. Mr. Weston spoke many encouraging words in introducing the meeting, and between the several speeches threw out some kind and practical suggestions, which gave an excellent tone to the spirited meeting. Mr. Harris read the annual report, which was concise and well rendered, showing marked signs of progress during the pastorate of brother W. Carpenter. Mr. Harris supplemented his report with a few well-chosen remarks. Mr. H. Brown faithfully and instructively set forth the stone cut out of the mountain without hands. Mr. J. L. Meeres made famous the living stone by characterising the lively stones of the spiritual temple of God. Mr. P. Reynolds was able and energetic in the unfolding of the mysterious stone with seven eyes. W. Winters testified of the grace-stone named by Solomon. Mr. Burrell, of Watford, gave some genial and experimental remarks on "Christ the Corner-stone," and the pastor, Mr. Carpenter, closed the happy meeting with fervent prayer. We were highly gratified to notice the effect of these Christ-exalting services upon the hearts and faces of the people, as the face of an honest soul may be considered the true index of his *new heart*. It was the first time in our life that we attended a meeting in this noble sanctuary, and we felt aglow toward those we knew in the faith of Christ; and as we sat in a straight-backed square pew, out of the sight of the preacher, it struck us forcibly how easy it would be to the worshippers if the old pews were taken away and modern benches put in their place; the comfort in sitting out a service would then be better realised. The renovators might then, if they pleased, remove the two little square porches in front of the chapel, and make one fine portico the whole width of the frontage. The pulpit and platform are all that could be desired; and, above all, no change is wanting in the grand and glorious Gospel which is proclaimed therefrom to the people whose spiritual appetite is as strong as the truth they digest.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

MEN OF GOD THAT I HAVE KNOWN.

[THE fathers and mothers in Israel will read with faith-confirming comfort some reminiscences of the men who once "contended earnestly for the faith." The young in our day may be moved hereby to cry more frequently, fervently, and effectually for that "POWER" without which no ministry can "take forth the precious from the vile," or be "as God's mouth" to the living in Jerusalem.—ED.]

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You wish me to write some pen and ink sketches of "Men that I have known," &c. I am too feeble and sore broken to do much in that way; but I will try and give you some brief sketches of some of the men of God that I have known, and will begin with dear

WILLIAM GADSBY, the God-ordained Bishop of the Baptized Church of Christ at Manchester. William Gadsby was the first man of God that it was my pleasure to bear. He was the Bishop that "confirmed" me in the full assurance of the faith that I was "a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." I had been brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God through the blood of the Lamb before I heard him, and, indeed, before I had ever heard anything like an experimental ministry; and, therefore, when he described the moral agonies of my soul under the terrors of law and of God, when tied and bound with the chains of my sins, and the peace and bliss I felt when those chains were taken off and my soul was like a hind let loose, I was filled with such wonderment and joy that I wept and laughed and had the greatest difficulty to restrain my lips from shouting, Glory! glory! glory! for I felt as if I were bursting into glory, "out of the body." Yes, "out of the body."

"Confirming the souls of the disciples" is a great part of a Bishop's work; but we fear that there are not many Bishops now-a-days who are capable of confirming the *souls* of the disciples. Gadsby was a Bishop. He was more than that, for he was an embodiment of the four living creatures. His brow was bold like an ox; his mien was confident like a lion; his mind soared high like an eagle; his manner was that of a *man*. He was a man of a noble manhood, and all that made him noble he ascribed to "Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

He was an eagle whose pinions carried him up into the lofty heights of spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. He was a lion of fearless courage, and an ox of plodding energy. He trod out the corn of truth from the chaff of error like an ox. He roared against erroneous doctrines like a lion. Who that heard him will ever forget that "Away with your free-will lumber!" He flew away from earth with his eyes fixed upon the glories of the sun, like an eagle, and he condescended to men of low degree like a man that could feel for another. He was a valiant man in Israel, standing upon the

highest battlements of Zion, and calling the armies of the living God to their strongholds. He was a scribe well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom. He was a steward who gave portions to six and to seven. He was a shepherd that fed the flock of slaughter, and carried the lambs in the bosom of his ministry. Methinks I hear him now denouncing Arminianism in a voice of thunder, and comforting the feeble-minded with words of tenderness.

Are all the Gadsbys dead? To my thinking, we have no such powerful testimonies now. We live in an age of sophistication. "The milk" is *watered*, "the strong drink" is adulterated, and the new wine of the new covenant is put into the old bottles of the old covenant. "And so they wrap it up."

AMICUS.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

A Paper of Special Interest.

"Not for the dead, O Lord, we weep,
Untroubled is their rest, and deep;
For them why should we mourn or sigh?
'Neath quiet graves, in peace they lie,—
'Thou givest Thy beloved sleep.'
For tempted souls, for wand'ring sheep,
For those whose path is rough and steep,
For those we lift our voice on high,
Not for the dead."

So sings Canon Bell in one of those touching poems for which he is so famous; and these words seemed to be wafted through every gust of the cold North-easter the other Wednesday, as the writer was exploring the vast neighbourhood at the back of old Stepney Church. I looked at old Master William Allen's once beloved Cave, now no longer a Baptist chapel; I examined old Dean Colet's house, now in ruins; and as I thought of the past, busy, meddling memory awoke chords of repining. The Cave taken from its original uses, alas! alas! But when I saw Dean Colet's house in ruins, I was taken back many centuries, and I could see Colet and Erasmus, the friend of Luther, holding converse when Stepney was really a village. Time would not permit the reverie, and I was at once reminded of the difference between the days of Colet and this year of grace, 1883.

Sir Joseph Bazalgette, in his report to the Metropolitan Board of Works, says that the sleeping population of the East-end, within four miles of the Tower, is above ONE MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND, and is greater than the population of Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, and Birmingham put together.

"Not for the dead, O Lord, we weep,
For tempted souls, for wand'ring sheep,
For those whose path is rough and steep,
For those we lift our voice on high,
Not for the dead."

What is the spiritual condition of this vast population? Will the editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* do something to help on in any work that is likely to be morally and spiritually beneficial? This question was put in the hearing of the writer, who answered at

once in the affirmative. To one knowing the editor for many years, he said, Mr. Banks will be too happy to serve you. He is, as you truly say, a Calvinist; but he allows nothing to stop him when he can help on a good work. This article is to lay before the many thousands who read the *VESSEL* a glimpse of what is being done in the very stronghold of Satan's kingdom.

"Some time since," says the *City Press*, "it was stated that the work which Mr. Walter Austin and Miss F. Napton were carrying on in the crowded thoroughfares of East London, included the raising of a new mission-hall in Limehouse. The mission-hall is now nearing completion, and will be publicly opened in a few days. It is a fine building, and has been erected at a remarkably small cost. The London Cottage Mission is a remarkable work in a remarkable neighbourhood. In the centre of this enormous district the mission has three large stations. And it should be remembered that this population for the most part is of the poorest of the poor. Hence, both Mr. Austin and Miss Napton, in the first place, look after the bodies of the poor. Every week an Irish stew dinner is given some 700 or 800 poor of the neighbourhood, while a quantity is taken to the homes of those who cannot get to the mission. The work carried on in Limehouse is remarkable, both for the extent of its operations and the thoroughness of its character. 'I commenced it with half-a-crown,' says the founder; 'but my business called me to the docks, and as I passed through this district, my heart beat high when I saw the wretchedness and want. I commenced a cottage mission with half-a-crown, and,' pointing to the work now carried on, added, 'and this is what it has grown to!' Mr. Austin asks all the friends of the poor to 'come and see.' Here—in Salmon's-lane every Wednesday—is distributed a dinner to hundreds of the poor; here, a mission full of work—religious services of every description are carried on. Last Wednesday hundreds of the poorest were fed. Mr. Austin has devoted very much time to the mission, and instead of having been paid he has spent much of his own money; while Miss Napton, instead of enjoying the society which is natural to her station in life, is content to spend her days in looking after the poor of the district. The whole of the work—which Mr. Austin is anxious that the public should see for themselves—is carried on without any regular income, and just now funds are very urgently needed."

To show what kind of people Mr. Austin labours amongst, I will give you a sketch of one case. At one of these Wednesday dinners this conversation took place:—

"You seem to enjoy your dinner, my little man," I said, encouragingly, to a sharp-faced diminutive lad at the end of one of the tables. "Ah-h-h!" and that was all, as he crammed another huge spoonful of *pot-pourri* into his capacious mouth. "I don't suppose you often get such a jolly feed, eh?" I asked, wishing to draw him into a conversation. "Not much!" he curtly answered, evidently too intent upon his

occupation to pay attention to my questions. However, I was not to be baffled; and as soon as he seemed to have in a measure satisfied his cravings, I resumed. "I don't suppose your father is able to earn a great deal at present?" I queried. "You ain't a 'copper,' are you?" was the mysterious rejoinder. "No, my boy; why do you ask?" "Cos father's doin' his stretch, an' the 'coppers' is alius a-comin' down on us." "I hope you don't deserve their attentions?" I said, with some internal misgivings. "I dunno, but ever since father was took for a Wandsworth job an' bustin' in a bobby's ribs, they've never let us alone." "But your mother surely does something for you?" "Mother be blowed!" was the unfilial reply. "When father got his seven year mother bolted wi' Snidey Bob, an' left me an' sister Sal to fake box o' lights an' Hekkos." "And where is your sister?" I questioned, expecting an unsatisfactory answer. A cloud seemed to draw the pinched little face as the reply came huskily, "In the 'orspital, sir." "Indeed, my lad, I am sorry to hear that," I said pityingly. The kind tones seemed to touch his young heart, so unusual were they in the atmosphere of crime and destitution amid which he had been raised; for he looked up quickly with a half-suspicious expression, although I could see a tear-drop glistening in his eye. "Tell me all about it," I said, in a reassuring manner. "Well, you see, sir, Sal an' I was horful 'ard up, an' often an' often we couldn't earn nuthin' for our supper and nuthin' for our lod, and then we had to sleep on door-steps or in corners where the slops couldn't collar us, an' then Sally began to feel bad an' cough horful, so one day Tommy Wiggins says to me, "Why don't you come for Hlirish Stoo to the Mission?" an' I comes and brings Sal, an' the lady sees her an' get's 'er into the 'orspital, an' that's the truth, s'elp my bob, sir." There was little need for the final asseveration; for the truth was stamped upon the earnest features and echoed in the trembling voice. "You see your sister sometimes?" I asked. "Oh, yes, sir, sometimes I go wi' the lady an' sees 'er, but"— And here the little voice grew more husky still. "They say 'taint no use, sir, an' as 'ow she's a dyin' o' consumishing, but she's very comfiable, an' I won't mind it so much, sir, 'cos they tell me 'ere she's goin' somewheres where she won't have to lie on door-steps an' I'll never want a supper." "And you; what will you do?" "Oh, the gen'man says as 'ow he's a-goin' to try an' get me into the shoe-blacks, or summat like that, an' then I'll be all right." And a glow of hope lighted up the pale face. "Well, my boy, we must strive for the best," I said, moving away, "here's a sixpence for you." The thankfulness within his eye was better than words, and, shaking hands cordially with the Manager, I left Salmon's-lane, as the insatiable and fishy locality is termed, well content with the result of my day's exploration.

I have exceeded your limits, I am afraid. The new hall, a capital building, will shortly be opened, and then it is to be hoped the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL will give these poor people a sermon or two. In the meantime he may ask some of his wealthy readers to think of "The London Cottage Mission." Subscriptions and donations will be received and acknowledged by Miss F. Napton, the lady superintendent, 304, Burdett-road, Limehouse; the bankers, the London and South-Western Bank, 7, Fenchurch-street; and by Mr. Walter Austin, 44, Finsbury-pavement.

WANDSWORTH.—The second anniversary of the opening of the new Baptist chapel,

West-hill, was held on Tuesday, February 27. Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached a solemn and powerful sermon in the afternoon from those momentous words, "When He shall come to be glorified in His saints," &c. Many were deeply moved by the telling and forcible manner by which our dear brother set forth the grand and glorious verities of God's pure Word on this occasion. A numerous company sat down to tea, consisting largely of visiting friends from other Churches, who had come to encourage us by their presence and support. In the evening a public meeting was convened. Some disappointment was felt at the non-arrival of E. Howlett, Esq., who had kindly promised to preside. During the meeting our secretary received a telegram from that gentleman, informing him of his inability to fulfil his engagement through having been suddenly taken ill on his journey to us, and in consequence was obliged to return home. Not wishing the friends should suffer in a pecuniary point, he generously promised to forward a cheque toward the collections on behalf of the Building Fund. Under the circumstances the pastor, Mr. J. Clark, presided, who stated it was with deep regret he had to announce that both our highly-esteemed brethren, Messrs. C. W. Banks and Thomas Stringer, were prevented coming by personal indisposition. The meeting was commenced by singing, after which Brother Raymont sought earnestly the divine blessing. The following ministerial brethren spoke earnestly, lovingly, affectionately, sincerely and truthfully upon given subjects—viz., Messrs. F. C. Holden, T. Steed, J. Griffith, W. Hazelton, J. H. Lynn, and S. Kevan. The addresses were listened to with marked attention by a good congregation, who evidently enjoyed thoroughly the highly interesting addresses so ably delivered. We would, in a public manner, take the opportunity of expressing our gratitude to such ministers of the Gospel for coming to render us such valuable assistance. We trust the issue will be our mutual good, the salvation of precious souls, and the glory of a Triune Jehovah. Some sweet songs of Zion were sung at intervals, and our friend Mrs. Hill ably presided at the harmonium. The collections were good. To the Lord would we render heartfelt praise for inclining so many of His dear children to unite their efforts in procuring a house so suitable for carrying on the worship of God. To Him be all the praise.—B. D.

LIMEHOUSE.—COVERDALE ROOMS.—A capital assemblage of friends met to commemorate the thirteenth anniversary of the formation of the Church (now under the pastorate of Mr. F. C. Holden) on Tuesday evening, March 6th. By the blessing of God, ere the Summer shall have ended the Church and congregation expect to remove into a new sanctuary such as the Strict Baptist denomination shall recognise with great gladness of heart. After tea the public meeting commenced; Mr. F. C. Holden presided. Mr. Noyes opened the

service with earnest prayer. Mr. Holden testified of the Lord's goodness to the cause during the last thirteen years of its existence, five years of which he had been helped to minister to the friends with pleasure and success. Several had been added to the Church this year; four candidates were now waiting baptism. Unity and peace prevailed in their midst. Mr. Holden remarked that the Church had purchased a capital freehold site not very far distant from their present rooms, and that the price had been paid down in business order. The friends had also gathered among themselves within the last few years no less than £900, and their zeal and generosity had not in the least diminished. This is praiseworthy indeed. We understand that the foundation stone will, God willing, be laid some time in the month of May, when no doubt there will be a good gathering of Christian friends to honour the occasion. A letter was read from our brother G. J. Baldwin, regretting his absence, from indisposition, and also our venerable brother Thomas Stringer was prevented attending from severe illness. Mr. Holden had visited both of the brethren that day, and his report of good brother Stringer was the cause of great sorrow to all the friends at the meeting. We hope, however, the Lord will restore him shortly. Mr. John Bennett was firm and judicious on the ways of men, naturally and spiritually. Mr. W. Carpenter enlarged with Christian zeal on God the Author of all good. Mr. J. J. Clinch was gentle and feeling on the fear of God. Mr. C. Cornwall grew bold and interesting on the subject of peace. Mr. J. Griffiths showed with placidity of manner the direction of a good man's steps by God. Mr. C. L. Kemp was brief on the latter rain, and we said a little on God's disposals in providence and grace. The meeting terminated in happiness, to the great glory of the God we adore.—W. WINTERS.

LEE.—DACRE-PARK SUNDAY-SCHOOL.
—Presentation to T. M. Whittaker, Esq., late superintendent. The annual meeting for the presentation of prizes to the children was held in the chapel on Wednesday evening, March 14. For some months previous some of the female teachers and scholars had been meeting together weekly in the class-rooms for the purpose of making up materials to be sold at a bazaar for the benefit of the school. This also was held in the schoolroom for one hour and a half before the commencement of the meeting. These really useful and pretty articles, being tastefully arranged, met with a ready sale, and accomplished the desired end. The chapel was comfortably filled at the meeting; our pastor, Mr. W. K. Dexter, occupied the chair. Mr. Dallimore engaged in prayer. Mr. Dexter said the object of the meeting was threefold: (1) sale of work; (2) rewards; (3) social intercourse on the basis of Christian faith. After the singing of a hymn by the children, conducted by Mr. Palmer (a teacher), T. M. Whittaker, Esq., presented the rewards to the girls, accom-

panying them with suitable and kindly words, which we trust will not be forgotten by the little ones. The children then sang another hymn, and Mr. J. Cole, the present superintendent, in the midst of a brief but comprehensive address, presented to T. M. Whittaker, Esq., on behalf of the teachers (past and present) and scholars, a very beautiful illuminated address, the tenor of which was as follows: "Presented to Thomas Miller Whittaker, Esq., by the past and present teachers and scholars of Dacre-park Baptist Sunday-school, as a token of love and gratitude on his resigning the position of superintendent, which he most efficiently filled during a period of thirty years, and praying that his life may long be spared to go in and out in their midst, and that as life's shadows lengthen he may realise increasingly the blessings of that Gospel he has so long laboured to make known to the young." The kindly feeling evinced by this unexpected presentation very much overcame our brother, but he was enabled to return thanks, and afterwards to distribute the prizes to the boys, to whom also he spoke some very encouraging words. After the singing of another hymn by the children, the meeting closed with the doxology and benediction.

THE WATERS OF SOUL- EXPERIENCE.

Extract of a Letter from the late Mr. George Comb, formerly Pastor of the Baptist Church meeting in Soho chapel, Oxford-street, London, to Miss M—.

How suited to the family of God are the dispensations of grace! Look at the mystery of iniquity with the mystery of grace; in the openings up of the former the dead are quickened, the blind see, the Lord discovereth human helplessness and human ruin. All is not at once opened; the experience of all God's children in this mystery is progressive. I dare be bold to say that sister L. sees more of the innate evil of sin than ever; but, observe how suitable are the openings up of grace. Jesus' ability and willingness to save are the sincere milk of the word which feeds the new-born soul. First, here are ankle-deep waters; the tender lamb can go into them without dread. Second, the waters are to the knees. I think each true believer has had his weaning time; sensible comforts are gone, desponding fears arise; new discoveries of heart-sins appear, hard thoughts of God beset him. Surely he has deceived himself, his religion was only a phantom of the brain, and thus the poor creature is cast down.

Now come in the soul-animating truths of God; they are looked at, but his interest in them is doubted; the promises stay up the soul from sinking; justification by Christ's obedience becomes better understood; the weaned babe is now getting out of his leading strings, and made to know a little of the glory of free grace. Grace, indeed! he says He becomes emptied of self a little, but not wholly; he lisps B to believe, and by-and-bye he gets to C, comfort in Christ only. He

now goes on to the loins, new trials from men and devils, unthought-of conflicts and temptations, deep calling unto deep, he is at his wit's end, and staggers like a drunken man (Psa. civ. 27). Now the loins are to be girded, the whole armour to be used, the head covered in the day of battle, the sword of the Spirit taken up with the conquering weapon of *all-prayer*: thus there is a going out of all hope and help in self, with, "Lord, save or I perish."

Here, then, the believer finds the blessedness of establishment, as he is brought to enter into the covenant acts of a Triune Jehovah; security by oath, and never-failing promises to strengthen, uphold, and deliver through the fire and water.

But I must now come to the swimming waters. Here the believer comes to the very height of conflict; he sees all within and without in a state of distraction; they are deep waters. "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul." "Oh! my God, I cry unto Thee in the daytime, and Thou hearest not." The poor soul seems to himself like a walking pestilence; he is a terror to himself, his case seems desperate, and he is almost ready to say, "Let Him loose His hand, and cut me off." But here are also swimming waters of consolation: as he cannot fathom the way of God with his soul, neither can he fathom the glory of His grace; first, the mystery of the Trinity; second, the mystery of the Person of Christ. In the first he reads the acts of God the Father in election; of the Son in redemption; and, being raised out of the deeps, he triumphs over all in the sealing power of the Holy Spirit; he abhors himself in dust and ashes, and being brought forth, his joy is wholly in Christ, finding in Him all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. His faith has been tried and proved to be not a mere notion of his fancy, but the power of God; he has now learned a little of the visionary waters; he has but one river still to pass, and that is the river of death, and although it is an unknown way, yet, blessed be our God, it is among the catalogue of the believer's mercies, for "death is yours;" and, landed safely on the shores of immortality, he will shout, "Victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb."

If you receive any comfort from this, do think of the poor fisherman, and pray that the Lord would say to him, "Let down the net on the right side of the ship for a draught." May you have much of the Master's presence and blessing under all your infirmities from a weak body, and sometimes, I doubt not, a tempted mind. So prays yours in our dear Lord and sweet Saviour,

A POOR FISHERMAN.

MOUNT BURES, ESSEX.—BAPTIST CHAPEL. MR. EDITOR,—The Lord has been pleased to come into our little circle. He has taken our brother JAMES WILBY from amongst us, at the age of 88, to be for ever with Him. For many years a lover of the word of free and sovereign grace of our

blessed THREE-ONE JEHOVAH, our departed brother travelled across the fields with his brethren to meet with us who are pressed up in one corner of the field, but, thank the Lord, we are in the field. We do not often see a shepherd drive his flock into the middle of the field to catch one, but into the corner; he pounds them there. So has the Lord been pleased to pound many of His dear sheep up here, and has caught them by the crook of His most blessed Word; and thus He has brought them into His fold at this corner of His vineyard, to join the little hill of Zion. Brother James Wilby loved to meet with us, and bow with us at the throne of grace for many years, but lately he had to carry a weak body about, and at home he had an afflicted wife and a blind and deaf sister to see to, so that our brother had much trial. He gave up his business and removed to Colchester, to live with his son-in-law, Joseph Quinney, deacon of St. John's-green Chapel, Colchester. He was taken ill January 6th, 1883, and never recovered again. In the midst of all he said,

"I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great."

Our brother Quinney says it was delightful to be with him. He asked one of his daughters to read Watt's hymn which begins,

"O the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place."

Then he asked brother Quinney to pray with him. Our dear brother went home like a sheaf of corn fully ripe on the 18th January, and was buried in Colchester Cemetery, January 24th, by Mr. W. Brown, of St. John's-green. We can look up and say,—

The Lord has taken our brother home,

And we are left below
To travel through this wilderness
Till He shall bid us go.

And when the Lord shall send us word
To leave this world below,
We will join that happy band above,
And at His feet will bow.

And with our brother there to dwell
In glorious realms above,
And sing to all eternity
Of Jesus' dying love.

The heat and burden of the day
He bore for eighty years and more;
And then to him the Lord did say,
"Come home, My child, to a happier shore."

O, what a change is that to those
Whom God the Father deigned to choose,
Whom Christ redeemed and paid the cost,
Then quickened by the Holy Ghost.

And may the Church He left below
Daily in love and union grow,
That when the Lord for them shall call
They'll crown the Saviour LORD of ALL.

R. BONE.

A MEMORY AND A TRIBUTE.

Henry Hanks! dear fellow! how much I loved him! He had a face gleaming with the peace that passeth all understanding; a voice musical with the love of the Spirit; a mind redolent with the savour of the knowledge of Christ; a simplicity that was

eloquent in example; a courage that was valiant for truth; a zeal that convinced you of godliness. He was a man in the defence of the Gospel, a child in the gentleness of his character. That placid face of his was full of sunshine; and if he were sad, he wrung from his sadness the oil of joy.

Dear Hanks! thy fellowship is to memory dear; and thy love is cherished as the earnest of an everlasting fellowship "in the congregation that ne'er breaks up." I bid thee not farewell, for thou art not dead but gone before, and I am coming after.

Thank God that thou hast reached the shining shore, and we are fording the Jordan after thee. We send up our hallelujah, and will presently sing with thee

"The everlasting song,

And crown Him Lord of all."

Signed and sealed in hope of eternal life,
S. COZENS.

LITTLE STONHAM.—On February 21, by the good hand of our God, we held our annual tea, and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed. Visiting friends and all mingled in one united song of praise to Him who giveth us all things richly to enjoy. We had to regret that our minister could not meet with us on account of ill-health and accident which he received whilst at work on February 12. But we have abundant cause to thank our God, and again take courage. He is raising him up again, that he may yet speak on God's behalf. We take the opportunity of thanking all the kind friends, both those who provided and those who assisted us in any way, trusting the Lord may follow it with His blessing. Meeting was well attended. We hope to meet, if spared another year, with many more, for praise is comely for the upright. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!"

RAUNDS.—The Baptist cause here is in a flourishing condition, under the ministry of Mr. Thomas Field. Four sisters have been baptized by him; several more have been proposed and accepted by the Church. Mr. Field, when a young man, upwards of forty years ago, was pastor of this Church. There is a good Sabbath-school in connection with this cause of truth, but they greatly need a schoolroom; about £70 has been raised; an effort is to be made about midsummer, when the friends hope to realise sufficient to raise the much-needed building. Many prayers have been offered that God would enable them to build an house in which the children could meet to read God's Word; and to all appearance He is just about to answer those prayers.

Silent Breathings of the Heart.

NOTES OF PRIVATE CORRESPONDENTS.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF DEEP AFFLICTION.—Last evening I received my EARTHEN VESSEL. How sorry we were to read that God's servant was so ill! Oh, that he may soon be restored to health, with the blessing of the Lord, to feed the flock of God which is in the wilderness, and to show forth His lovingkindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night. In this affliction

may he say with Job, "I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause. I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments." What a mercy to bring them to the throne of grace, and say with Job, in humble confidence, "Will He plead against me with His great power? No! but He would put strength in me." Look at this beautiful verse in Isa. xlv. 21, "Remember these, O Jacob and Israel, for thou art My servant; I have formed thee; thou art My servant. O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of Me." Dearly beloved, only look at that glorious verse in Isa. lii.: "For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight; for the Lord will go before you, and the God of Israel will be your reward. Mighty to save." When we look around us, on the right hand and on the left, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand for ever." Farewell! be of good comfort, and the God of love be with you. So prays my dear partner, and both unite in Christian love.
—W. and E. WOOD.

"WITH THEE IN TROUBLE."

WHERE have ye found your sweetest griefs?

Answer me, child of care!

Was it along the sunlit paths,

When flowers bloomed everywhere?

When there was calmest love at home,

Abroad prosperity,

Say, in thy life's bright Summer-truce,

Came God's great love to thee?

I know, I know, oh! sad the thought,

Oh! sweet the thought, though sad,

'Tis in the rush of keenest griefs,

God's comforts make us glad.

When two big woes together spring—

Perplexity and pain—

And all our frantic efforts seem

Like labouring in vain.

Oh, *that's* the time for God to speak,

And *that's* the time to hear,

And then it is that Jesu's love

Outbalances our care.

We sink all helplessness and want

Upon His faithfulness,

And hope finds foothold in the thought,

He *knoweth* our distress.

And though perplexities increase,

And though the anguish live,

His timely succourings give hope

That yet we shall survive.

Yet when the care is lifted hence

We mourn our deadened hearts,

The rest is welcome, but, alas!

The comforting departs.

What shall we say? Oh, God! through care

Through comfort, hold us fast!

And feed with *certainly* our hope

Of griefless joy at last.

Galleywood.

MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

Deaths.

At a very advanced age, after long and terrible affliction, very recently, the widow Mrs. Edwards, mother of Mr. R. G. Edwards, Baptist minister of Stepney.

In loving remembrance of Harriet Edmonds, the wife of the late Mr. T. Edmonds, who fell asleep in Jesus February 13, 1883, without a sigh or a groan; being only ill fifteen minutes, was taken home in the midst of her daily duties. My mother was a true lover of the Gospel for 53 years, also my father for 49 years. Their end was indeed peace.—E. E.

On March 19, at 11, Harper-street, New Kent-road (after five years' heart disease) Mrs. Louisa Atkinson, relict of Mr. Atkinson, Baptist minister, of Brighton, aged 67 years.

The "Amen Knocking at the Door."

"GOD'S CHRIST IS YOUR AMEN."

WHEN the Son of God shall come to close up this dispensation, He will find it so thoroughly desecrated, that He says, "I will spue thee out of My mouth." This denunciatory threat has, in its measure, been going on in the true Church all through time. A vessel of mercy may drink in delusions deep and dark as Satan can make them; but, as Martin Luther did with Romanism, as Saul of Tarsus did with Judaism, as Cowper did with all his free-willism, as Romaine did with Wesleyanism, so must the true child of God (when he finds the truth) do with all the deadly and deceitful errors which, in the time of his soul-trouble, he drank in; he spues out of his mouth all those draughts of error with which he had been falsely comforted.

The Arminian heresy, which is now so prevalent, began not with Wesley. Three hundred years ago, the great Jesuit, Molina, published a book, in which he maintained that God gave grace where it was merited. Man must give up his heart, soul, and spirit first to God, then God would give the grace which saves, so long as the sinner continued meritorious. Augustine had too deeply learned the utter weakness and wickedness of his heart to be deceived with such erroneous theories. Augustine, led by the Spirit, loudly, lovingly proclaimed with Paul, "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves,

"IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD."

Augustine was opposed; his enemies said his religion led to despair and immorality; but Marcus Dods, who honestly reviewed the whole of Augustine's life and ministry, writes: "In point of fact, real Calvinistic preachers, *believing* (and proclaiming) man's (total and entire) inability and dependence on God's decree and grace, have been the most successful (through GOD'S SPIRIT) in kindling the hope of salvation in men." And Michael Angelo, from his own soul's experience, said—

"The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the SPIRIT give, by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
Which of its native self can nothing feed;
Of good and pious works THOU art the SEED,
Which quickens only where THOU say'st IT MAY."

To insinuate that preaching the true grace of God has a tendency to produce immorality, by its disposing men to rest on the predestination of God, irrespective of their own works or ways, is a misconception of the doctrine; for it is clearly affirmed, and, to thousands of the saints, it is demonstrated, that if any man is predestined to salvation, he is also, and thereby, predestined to holiness of life. Alas! it is too true, that some, after profession of grace, have fallen down; yet, has it not been seen what bitter sorrows, what self-reproach, what mysterious amazement, what hatred of themselves and of their sins, such persons have been the subjects of? All their days afterward are embittered with the fact stated by one, when he said, "My sin is ever before me."

On this point hear John Newton, who, in his preface to his hymns, says, "The views I have received of the doctrines of grace are essential to my peace. I could not live comfortably a day, or an hour, without them. I likewise believe—yea, as far as my poor attainments warrant me to speak, I KNOW them to be friendly to holiness, and to have a direct influence in producing and maintaining a Gospel conversation, therefore,

"I must not be ashamed of them."

Wherefore comes, then, the fact that so many thousands of people who bear the Christian name, are ashamed of the heavenly doctrines of the grand old Gospel? Surely, it is because they have never known the power of them in their own souls. I look with amazing inward grief, and with perplexing anxiety, at the rapid growth of the man-exalting doctrines even during my own personal knowledge. Fifty, yea, forty years ago, our chapels were crowded to hear an experimental and faithful Gospel minister, and of such we then had many. Is it so now? See this authenticated announcement:—"Fifty years ago there was not a single Methodist divinity school in America, and only one college graduate among the preachers. Now the Methodists are said to have a larger college property and a larger number of students than any other religious body in the United States. They have fifty-seven colleges, 4,500 students, and 12,000,000 dollars of college property."

The "Free-will" doctrine, which says, "Here is salvation *offered* to you all, *if you will* ACCEPT of it," is almost universal; and, by one of the most enticing American ministers of the present day, it is put in the following manner:—

"After the long, sharp winter, this bright, beautiful day comes like a benediction. As I looked up toward the welcome sun, this thought came into my mind, Yonder sun is ninety-six millions of miles away. These rays of light have travelled all that stupendous distance, and yet I have only to drop the curtain of my eyelid and I am left in total darkness. There might as well be no sun as to have his rays shut out at the last instant from this little doorway of my eye. Even so has the Lord Jesus Christ come from His infinite, far-away throne on His errand of mercy to a sinner's soul. That sinner has but to close up his heart's door and keep it bolted, and for him there might as well have been no redemption and no Redeemer. Eternal life is refused; eternal death is chosen at that very spot, the door of the human heart.

"When an anxious inquirer came into my study for conversation to-day, I reminded her of this illustration of all the bright and blessed sunlight of heaven being shut out by the drop of an eyelid. I said to her, 'The decisive battle for your salvation is to be waged right at the door of your heart. Just as the decisive conflict of Gettysburg turned upon the fifteen minutes' struggle at the stone wall on the last afternoon, so the destiny of your soul turns upon opening your heart's door to Jesus, or holding it barred against Him. Jesus has come all the way from heaven with the offer of eternal life. He is now knocking at the door; He has come to the door, but as a free agent you still keep Him outside. There is no salvation for you until He enters. Listen to the knock and the tender accents, "If thou wilt hear My voice, and open to Me the door, I will come in and sup with thee." ' What I said to that earnest inquirer (for whom Jesus Himself was inquiring with

all His tender compassion) I would say to every one who honestly desires to be saved."

Now, set this kind of preaching by the side of the Saviour's account of the ministry to which He was ordained and anointed. "The Spirit of the LORD God is upon Me, because the Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Free-will declares man must open the prison door, and let the Saviour come in, or all He has done in salvation-work is in vain. When the glorious Redeemer shall come at the end of this dispensation, He will come in His three-fold character. "These things saith THE AMEN, THE FAITHFUL AND TRUE WITNESS, THE BEGINNING OF THE CREATION OF GOD" (Rev. iii. 14). "THE AMEN," the Fulfiller and Finisher of all the purposes of the Almighty God, of all the ancient prophecies, of all the precious promises. "THE AMEN" of this, as of all other dispensations. And with all our souls (oh, true Christian) do we not, with the honoured Hawker, sing:—

"We bless Thee, O! Thou great *Amen*,
Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,
CONFIRMING all HIS WORD;
No promises are doubtful then,
For all are yea and all AMEN.
In JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

Secured in this, the Church on high,
And all below unceasing cry,
'AMEN! AMEN! AMEN!'
To Thee, O LORD! all praise is given,
The loud response of earth and heaven,
All hail, Thou great *Amen*!"

Will CHRIST, then, be disappointed? Will He have knocked, and knocked in vain? Will anyone for whom He bled be found wanting? Shall any one soul say, "He promised, but has not performed?" Shall one jot or one tittle of His Word have then fallen to the ground? No, no, not one. The righteous and the wicked then shall know He is the great Amen. And now, in time to have a promise of mercy, a promise of pardon, a promise of restoring grace, a promise of meetness, a promise of glory, a promise of salvation sealed home on the heart by the HOLY GHOST, the Comforter, to have a new covenant promise spoken in the new-born soul, is a sure pledge of its fulfilment, for—

"God's Record must for ever stand,
Of life eternal from God's hand,
And all in CHRIST HIS SON."

Are we hastening on to that solemn crisis? I shall not live to see that awfully grand *finale* of the doom of this time-state; but, in long seasons of private meditation, I have been full of the most profound reflection upon the *past* seventy years, of which I have much recollection; of the *present* state of things in every department, and of the *future*, which has brought out my soul, in its most intense feeling, crying to Jesus,

"Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

While such extraordinary efforts are being made, as were never made

before, "for the evangelising of the masses," as the work is designated. hear

MR. C. J. WHITMORE,

who preached and visited for many years in St. Giles's and other parts, he publicly declared the other day, at a Presbyterian meeting, that "infidelity was spreading in the country to an extent only known to those who visited the workshops of the metropolis." Oh, the horrible blasphemy—multitudes of men will pour out against Christianity—even in printing offices, as I have been obliged to hear them—is beyond all description fearful. And, as Mr. Whitmore sorrowfully witnessed, "infidel halls are being opened all over London; and money, for the spread of Atheism, was, in a mysterious way, readily forthcoming." Dr. Fisher, of Southwark, has given a melancholy report of his house-to-house visitation in the neighbourhood where he preaches. He had found whole streets of people of ill-fame, not one in large communities ever entered a place of worship. This good doctor had gone into the houses of the people. He says he had prayed with them, *coaxed* them, done everything in his power, but the one thing they would not do,

"THEY WOULD NOT ENTER HIS CHURCH."

There are hosts of ministers in this country who have the same painful experience. Churches, chapels, mission halls, theatres, and cottage meetings are numerous, but it is feared, it is plain, the true worshippers are few. What a cordial to my soul it is to read of the godly sincerity, the sacred simplicity, and the self-denying devotedness of the primitive Christians. "What the practice of our first forefathers in the faith was, we may learn from the celebrated letter of the cultivated heathen governor, Pliny, addressed to his imperial master, Trajan. 'Christians,' he said, 'are accustomed to meet together on a stated day, before it is light, and to sing hymns to CHRIST AS GOD, and to bind themselves by a sacrament—not for any wicked purpose, but never to commit fraud, theft, or adultery, never to break their word, never to be untrue to their trust.' This was his impression as a heathen looking at the sacred services from without, gathering its nature from Christian language about it, which, of course, he imperfectly understood. And how Sunday was kept about the year of our Lord 140 is fully described by an eminent convert from Paganism, St. Justin the Martyr, who says that on that day there was an assembly of all Christians who could meet together in town or country, that the writings of the apostles and prophets were read, that prayer was offered, that alms were collected, and, above all, that the holy sacrament of our Lord's body and blood was celebrated."

In England, Scotland, and Wales, we have thousands of the Lord's saved people, I believe, but many of them are mixed up with congregations whose faith is not (it must be feared) "the faith of God's elect," and the impossibility of converting the masses to the true worship of a covenant God in Christ proves to demonstration that the momentous declaration of the apostle is as true to-day as it was near 2,000 years ago—

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded,"

or "HARDENED," as the margin gives it. And how hard, how full of enmity, how cruel and wicked is man's heart against the CHRIST of GOD,

and against the Gospel of free grace. Alas! hard indeed! But, as in the sight of God, my reader, how can we understand the present state of things? The more FREE-WILL exerts herself to convert the masses, the more its efforts fail, so far as a real conversion to God is concerned. Was there ever more armies and societies, meetings or movements, to convert the people than now? Did ever the wickedness of men appear more determined to do wickedly than now in Europe, even in England? Never! Does ancient prophecy point to the times we have been coming into during the last fifty years and onward? I think so. The impression lays deep in my mind. But the interpretation of some parts of prophecy are so deep, so mysterious, that if any man attempt an elucidation of them, he will be laughed down by many. My soul prays earnestly to be held back from "presumptuous sins," from any false expositions, from "darkening counsel" by words which have in them no wisdom. I here simply express a long-standing impression.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH

commences with a fearful "WOE" to a certain land, which is followed by a special communication made by the Lord Himself, unto His much-honoured servant the prophet Isaiah. For some years it has been secretly in my mind, that "the land," in its ultimate meaning, is Great Britain, and that the "WOE" there expressed has, in some sense, been gradually coming upon this most highly favoured of all the nations under God's wide heavens. Wales was the first to receive the Gospel. She was its cradle. Wales has been much honoured of God in a Gospel sense. What mighty men of spiritual power have laboured for Christ in Wales! Scotland once had her stalwart witnesses for Christ, and England has ripened them in scholarship, and in abundance of enterprising labours.

How doth the Lord describe this land? "*Shadowing with wings.*" As I have, during the last forty years, been called into the extreme borders of this land, from Blackpool to Liverpool, from New Brighton to Birkenhead, from Birkenhead to Hull, to the Shields, to Sunderland, to Swansea, Cardiff, Plymouth, Penzance, the Bristol Channel, across a bit of the Irish Sea to Barrow-in-Furness; to Weymouth, Southampton Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight; Yarmouth, Dover and around. The thousands of vessels with their flying sails have appeared to answer the metaphor, an island, with God's wide seas rolling around her.

"THE LAND SHADOWING WITH WINGS."

A land, in herself, a Gospel garden, and surrounded with the means of import and export, of unmeasured dimensions. Yet, with all her (*abused*) privileges there stands this fearful "WOE!" Thinking, praying, spirit-taught Christian! I appeal to you, if you have eyes of heavenly discernment, I ask *you*, have you not seen this "WOE" coming upon this land which is "*beyond the rivers*"? (and where else can ye find such a land, seeing the Nile runs through the centre of Egypt, and the New World is full of rivers. We have no rivers of any note, comparatively speaking). This land that "*sendeth ambassadors by the sea*," pointing to us, the "WOE" looks terrible; which is to be preceded by an ensign on the mountains, the blowing of a trumpet, and a divine call to the nations to hear. Hear *what*? The prophet tells you; "*For so THE LORD said unto me, I will take MY REST, and I will consider in My dwelling place,*" &c. Here, as my soul thinketh, is where we are.

What this rest is, and what comes out of it, I dare not enter upon now, having already occupied so much room. If the Lord in His mercy spare me, I will not hold back the little thought I have. Although the hard sceptics may cast their sneers on your anxious and (for England) your fearful servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

The "Elders," Banbury Road, South Hackney, April 14, 1883.

[Will ye come, D.V., to our Thanksgiving EARTHEN VESSEL Anniversary in Speldhurst-road, Monday and Tuesday, June 18 and 19, 1883?]

THE TIMES PASSING OVER US.—The *Christian Leader*, a good Glasgow weekly, says:—"The depths of human depravity are being sounded by the self-styled patriots of Ireland, who heap horror upon horror, so that even the Russian Nihilists must presently sink into a subordinate position. The most destructive agencies supplied by modern science are being utilised by these wretches on a scale and with an equanimity which are truly astounding. But for the effective measures taken by the Government to detect the conspirators, and the protection of a gracious Providence, there would certainly have been ere this more than one wholesale massacre in Britain, exceeding perhaps any tragedy that has happened in the world since the Black Bartholomew. And it is the same malignant foe of humanity which slew the Protestants of France that is primarily responsible for the production of these Fenians. The official denunciation by Popish dignitaries of secret societies always comes when it is too late; nor can these do away with the fact that it is in the boasted 'island of saints,' and under the *cultus* of Roman Catholicism, that this hydra-headed monster has been nurtured." That noted Bolton preacher, James McEwan Stott, M.A., ran the other morning from his breakfast table and took away his own life. He was about to go on a sea voyage; but, alas! what mysterious events do here occur! To have the mind preserved is a blessing for time. Almighty God! fill us with profound and hearty praise.

THE WALL OF FIRE.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY F. S. REYNOLDS, AT CARLTON RODE, ON GOOD FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, 1883.

"I will be a wall of fire round about her, and the glory in the midst of her." Zech. ii. 5.

THE Word of God abounds with consolation, gracious statements, and exceeding great and precious promises: setting forth what God is, and what He will be unto His people; and our text this evening is one of those gracious statements. God says: "I will be a wall of fire round about her, and the glory in the midst of her." I will notice:—

1. The pronoun *her*, or that state of things where the promise obtains.
2. What God will be unto her—"a wall of fire," &c.
3. The practical and experimental use we can make of it.

I.—The pronoun *her*, or that state of things where the promise obtains. Jerusalem, or Zion, are often used to set forth a state of things which God approves, and which He Himself has formed. "What shall

one answer the messengers of the nation? that the Lord hath founded Zion; and the poor of His people shall trust in it." Zion is spiritual in her foundation. God hath laid in Zion a sure foundation-stone; and He that buildeth thereon shall not make haste, or be confounded. Her inhabitants are spiritual: not carnal or slaves, but children; for, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The SPIRIT never leads us into sin, but into true holiness; we are led from flesh-pleasing systems of a carnal profession to a knowledge of our high relationship with God, and address Him as our FATHER; this is the greatest blessing and highest privilege we can attain unto this side the grave; to realise we have a Father's hand, a Father's heart, a Father's eye; and, in the midst of earth's sorrows and changes, we have a God to go to, who has said: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you." Oh, what a privilege to look to Him, and say, "Father!" and, as we listen, hear that still small voice, saying, "Speak, for Thy Father heareth." Also, Jerusalem is spiritual in her worship, for they that worship God must worship Him in Spirit and in truth: for He seeketh such to worship Him. Our God accepts nothing but heart-breathings, indited by the SPIRIT.

II.—Notice what God will be unto her—"a wall of fire round about her." Fire is a symbol of the justice and holiness of God. When Adam was expelled from the garden of Eden, a flaming sword was placed at the entrance of the gate to keep the tree of life; and when He appeared to Moses it was in a burning bush. Here we have a symbol of justice, and an intimation of mercy. Our Saviour is compared to fire. He is like a refiner's fire, and fuller's soap (Mal. iii. 2). The Holy Spirit is spoken of as fire: "He shall baptize you with fire?" (Matt. iii. 11). Also the Word of God: "Is not My Word like fire?" (Jer. xxiii. 29). This is the wall round about her: (1) God the Father in all His eternal purpose and love; (2) God the Son, in the complexity of His nature; the efficacy of His blood; the perfection of His atonement; and His glorious intercession and triumphant reign in heaven; (3) The Holy Spirit, with all His quickening and comforting influence, and the Word of God with all its exceeding great and precious promises. Secondly, see what this wall is for: (1) It is to separate; God's people are a separated people; they are distinguished from every other people. God says of them, They are Mine; they shall shew forth My praise." Peter says they are a peculiar people. Friends, has your religion separated you from the world, and made you feel you are as strangers in a strange world, seeking a city which hath foundation, whose Builder and Maker is God? Watts says:—

"She is a garden walled around—
Chosen, and made peculiar ground."

(2) This wall is to protect her; there is nothing frightens the beasts of the forest so much as fire; and there is nothing like the majesty of God to daunt Satan, and keep the child of God from him that puffeth at him. In the case of Job Satan acknowledged this, where he says: "Thou hast set a hedge about him that I cannot get at him." Again, the Lord said to Israel: "Take the blood, and sprinkle it upon your door-posts; and it shall be a token unto you that when the destroying angel pass over the city, when he sees blood he shall have no power." Blood was the barrier that could not be broken down; and blood sprinkled upon the sinner's conscience is an impregnable wall against sin and Satan. Why

is it that you and I are preserved from outward sin? Because blood is sprinkled upon the heart, I am brought with Paul to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." (3) This wall is to give light, as the pillar and cloud did to Israel.

The second part of the promise is: "I will be the glory in the midst of her"—i.e., He will make her glorious, internally; for the King's daughter shall be all glorious within—viz., the graces of the SPIRIT, faith, hope, praise, yea, every thought or desire that is spiritual, has its origin in Christ, who is our living Head. He will also make her glorious without, for she shall be presented unto the King in raiment of needlework. Also, He will appear glorious in the midst of her. I have not to preach God in the abstract; if I had I should fail, for I have no knowledge of God in the abstract, but in CHRIST. He is possessed of all the natural and essential glories of Deity, and every name, title, property, glory, and adoration ascribed to the Godhead is ascribed to Him. He is possessed of a glory which is inconceivable (either by men or angels), natural to His own being and existence: a glory that shall never be exhausted or diminished; a glory altogether independent of created things. We are apt to have too low thoughts about the uncreated glories of Christ, and forget that his natural and primordial glories are the same essential and co-eternal with the Father. He is possessed of a two-fold glory—viz., divine perfections, which are uncreated, ungenerated, unborn, self-existing, and eternal; and as Man we see in Him all the perfections and beauties of human nature; in Him we see the majesty of God, and meekness of a man, the grandeur of JEHOVAH, and the condescension of a Brother; the magnificence and glory of God, and the love of a Saviour, all meet in Him as God-man Mediator. Here, in this wondrous Person, God is the glory in the midst of us. By the SPIRIT God appears glorious. He, the Holy Spirit, is the great Teacher and luminary of the heart; not by might, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord; and as we see the building rise, we say, "'Tis God's own work, and marvellous in our eyes." Lastly, He appears glorious by the Gospel, which is a message of salvation to poor, lost, helpless sinners. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." Salvation is a priceless blessing.

III.—God will be glorified in her. (1) In her life: "Know ye not that ye are not your own, but bought with a price? therefore glorify God in your bodies and your souls, which are His." (2) He is glorified in our prayers; yes, bless His holy Name, He is a prayer-hearing God. He says: "I will hear the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." Friends, never be afraid to carry your troubles to Him, for He careth for you. (3) He is glorified in our preservation: "Kept by the power of God, through faith, ready to be revealed in the last time," then will God be glorified in our salvation.

Lastly—The practical and experimental use we can make of it. The first idea is that God is with us, and with such a Friend we can but prosper and be fruitful. To realise Heaven's smile is a matchless blessing, for which we cannot be too thankful. Are there not times in our experience when our souls have been so wrought upon that we have said, "Master, it is good for us to be here"? Lastly, if God is glorified in us, we ought to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present evil world. May God enable you so to live, for His name's sake. Amen.

A NOTE FROM OCTAVIUS LLOYD, OF BIRMINGHAM, TO W. WRIGHT, OF WOLVERHAMPTON.

[Mr. Lloyd is a good Minister of Christ, but is considered in a decline, which must take him out of the world ere very long. He is dependent on the Providence of Almighty God.—C. W. B.]

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I received yours safely last night, with its contents, for which I thank you: above all, the Giver of all good. There are something like 800 hands at the works where I was employed, and I have had clerks, foremen, managers, and others in and out, besides other friends, that for days we have been literally inundated, as you may call it, and I have Mr. Dennett from Frederick-street Chapel, Mr. Wakefield, from the Tabernacle, most weeks, and the clergyman in whose parish I dwell feels he has a perfect right to come and chat to me, though he knows I am no Churchman. He is a dear brother, a very humble-minded man, talks of the Spirit's work, the power of God, the holy heavenly call, inward, spiritual, vital, saving work. We are sorry to hear of Mrs. Wright being so ill; trust she may soon recover, and that you may be blessedly supported beneath every trial and burden. You say, dear brother, what a great sinner you are; that's very, very different from what the deluded Pharisee felt, who was not as other men, nor even as the poor publican. So that you are one of those very characters Christ came to seek and to save.

"Great sinners!" A Church made up of great sinners form a great platform on which a great and mighty Saviour displays His own almighty power. The greater the evil, the ruin, wretchedness, darkness, bondage, captivity, and misery, the mightier that Omnipotent Arm which rescues them. The deeper they are sunken in the mire and clay, the higher that dear divine, eternal Redeemer is exalted by those who are extricated from such a despicable, ignoble, contemptible, formidable condition. Take *Manasseh*, *Mary Magdalene*, *Saul of Tarsus*, and others. Hence, beloved, our days of darkness, trouble, grief, and sorrow, that we may see an end of all perfection in the flesh; that we may feel the galling weight of our sins; that we may loathe ourselves, abhor ourselves, and by grace repent in dust and ashes, so as to follow in the footsteps of the flock, and be placed in that very position wherein nearly every promise of the Bible points at us; and in which the love, grace, mercy, wisdom, power, goodness, and unchangeableness of JEHOVAH are most conspicuously manifested. Then, again, you are a minister of Christ's Gospel; if you had only bright days, joyful times, happy seasons, you would preach over the heads of the people, and not to their hearts, so as to describe their exercises, set forth their experiences, mark out the old beaten path in which true pilgrims walk. Your high-flown language would tend to discourage those who mourn, the poor, the tried, cast down, dejected followers of the Lamb.

Again, dear brother, you would be apt to overlook such passages as these—namely, "When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord," &c.; "I dwell in the midst of a poor and afflicted people"; "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat, then would I order my speech aright, and fill my mouth with arguments." "We had the sentence of death in ourselves that we might not trust in ourselves, but

in God, who raiseth the dead," &c. The same hand, my brother, which metes out our joyous, happy, serene, quiet times, when we are under Christ's shadow, eat the fruit, bask in the sunlight, enjoy His smile, having the dew upon our branch, also, as you know, appoints the bitter, ordains the heavy stroke, fills the cup of sorrow, lays affliction upon our loins, hedges up our way, puts the burden upon our back, shuts the prison door upon our soul, seals the lips of praise, closes the door of mercy, almost in feelings, makes the heavens as it were brass, our utterances to rebound and turn into our own bosom, stirs up the filth of the sepulchre in the human heart, opens the cage of unclean birds (or permits the enemy to do so) the fluttering wings to cast up the dust, that we may know what poor erring blind mystified creeping things we are, so as to be constrained to seek for all in JESUS, and know and feel that salvation is of the Lord.

Referring to yours once more, dear brother, you hope the Lord will bless my poor soul. I like the expression; I trust He will, I pray He will, and yours also. But I like to be favoured to view (and I am sure you do) the rich soul of the saints; God's jewel; God's resting-place; Christ's throne; the seat of His most Royal Holy Majesty; the immortal, undying part of our being made so by the life of God in it, the power and presence of the Holy Ghost; it is the casket in which the love, life, grace, favour, mercy, truth, light and power of Jehovah are put; it is covered all over with CHRIST'S righteousness, it is washed in His blood, it is sanctified by the Holy Spirit, it is justified freely, fully, and for ever from all things by CHRIST'S obedience, death and resurrection; it is freed from all condemnation; it is heir of God and joint heir with Christ; it has in it the earnest of the Spirit, which is one and the same with the inheritance in reserve, in store, making the inheritance as certain and sure as though we were there already; it is bought and paid for—the soul, I mean; it has the divine image stamped upon it with the impression of the Holy Spirit's hand; it is sealed, called, glorified. Paul said, "Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called, and whom He called, them He also justified, and whom He justified, them He also glorified."

Well, my dear brother, cheer up, and though we have a poor soul on account of sin, made sensibly so by the teachings of the Spirit of God, yet what a rich, embellished, beautified, decked, clothed, spiritually holy, purified, unblemished, spotless soul you and I have within us, dearer to God than the whole universe, for He loved, chose, called, elected, and predestinated them before all worlds, and gave them to His own dear Son. Father, Word, and Spirit having covenanted with each other to save, quicken, renew, revive, restore and reclaim them in time, and finally to bring them to the realms of eternal glory. Thus, my dear brother, have I penned a few thoughts as they have emanated from my heart, sitting alone in my chamber. I was disappointed, not being able to talk of these things face to face yesterday, so excuse the lengthy epistle, as I don't want to sermonise, or come to you with any other man's line of things, but with a few homely, simple fragments which I trust I have known, tasted, felt and handled in some humble measure, and to some experimental degree myself. All praise to the Lord.

I am, yours faithfully,

OCTAVIUS LLOYD.

"THEY SET UP THEIR ENSIGNS FOR SIGNS."

DEDICATED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL," MR.
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

BY W. WINTERS, PASTOR, WALTHAM ABBEY.

"Who maketh thee to differ?"—1 Cor. iv. 7.

I'VE heard of men called "*Standard-men*," and "*VESSEL-men*" as well !
Some say there is a difference, but where I scarce can tell ;
Except the *Standard spirit*, in most things they agree ;
And yet there is a vacuum between the S and V !

'Tis much to be regretted any bitterness should be
Existing in the breasts of men professing charity ;
But let us labour on in peace, since God and truth are ours,
And oh ! may love invincible subdue the adverse powers.

The Christian cannot feed on worms, though worms shall feed on him ;
Nor can he on corruption live, as though he lived in sin !
Self, morbid self, his spirit loathes ; to Christ He upward looks,
His soul-experience comes from God, and not from men and books.

You, Sir, have known and loved the Lord these fifty years, I ween ;
Pray, can you solve the problem that seems to stand between ?
If S-men deem the V-men wrong, and short of *Standard proof*,
Why not stretch forth the hand of love, and lead them in *the truth* ?

That would be Gospel charity, a Christ-like act indeed ;
And worthy of the principles that stamp a standard creed ;
A standard thus infallible, based on a perfect plan,
Would probably allow the right to touch an EARTHEN man !

Since God in His eternal love has given us to know
That EARTHEN VESSELS, much despised, adorn His Church below !
His own right hand hath cleansed them, and filled them from above ;
And no advanced "corruptionist" can rob them of His love !

Though by a partial law of flesh, the name may be erased—
Of him who dares say truth is truth, or in the V is placed !
No pulpit may V venture in, if it with S is stamped,
Unless he imitate the rules, with tone and visage cramped !

Ah ! surely he would soon be found a traitor to the cause,
That fain would soul and body bind by its tyrannic laws !
E'en for the bread that perisheth he must go lank and lean,
Except his "views" agree in full with this good magazine.

The Synagogue no harder rules e'er forced to be obeyed ;
Oh, Pharisaic pride, beware how hypocrites are made !
Methinks the Inquisition and the Vatican decrees
Could ne'er outvie the spirit of these modern Pharisees.

Oh, why should such dogmatic spleen be vented everywhere
By men of "rich experience" (1) in everything severe ?
Unless a man runs in the groove laid down in *Standard rules*,
His testimony, though of God, is spurned as that of fools !

Should he the *Standard* fail to reach in height and depth of woe,
His name would never in it shine, nor would he ever know
The value of its blessings rare ! But more I will not say,
Such prejudice heart-sickens me, I haste to get away.

If called to preach, God keep our souls from every selfish clan,
Nor let us stoop to feed the pride of any *Standard man* ;
Our standard is the Gospel, and with our credentials free,
We will pin our faith to no man, whoever he may be !

ONLY ONE OUT OF THE FIVE.

ON the Saturday night as the late endeared Mr. James Wells died on the Sunday, I was on one side of his bed, and Mr. James Mitson on the other; Mrs. Wells was at the foot of the bed, and Mr. Edward Butt stood with me. It was a scene never out of my eyes, a season never to be forgotten, and the sound of the dying man's words often now ring in my ears. The next day the ransomed spirit of the once well-known Surrey Tabernacle minister was taken home. Soon after, Mr. Edward Butt departed hence. Then the widow, Mrs. Wells. Mr. James Mitson suddenly expired April 5, 1883. I am the only one of the five left on this earth, and

"I am to the margin come,
And soon expect to die."

Mr. James Mitson was for years an enthusiastic, a hearty friend of Mr. Wells. In the erection of the New Surrey Tabernacle, we were witness to his untiring efforts to carry out Mr. Wells's desire to pay off the entire debt. But these blessed ones of the Lord have left us. We have lived to see the departure of all we once knew in the Gospel. We neither know, nor are we much known in these days. For the little work given us to do, and powers to do it, we would give our utmost grateful thanksgiving to the God of all our mercies.

On Friday, April 13, all that was mortal of Mr. Mitson was consigned to the custody of the grave at Nunhead, not far from the spot where the remains of the above-named are deposited. They were together in life; near each other they slumber in the dust; together, at the morning of the resurrection they

"Shall rise to immortality."

Mr. T. Bradbury officiated at the funeral; many friends were present from the "Grove" and Surrey Tabernacle, and fellow-parishioners, the Board of Guardians, of which he was a most honourable and industrious member.

C. W. BANKS.

THE LATE WILLIAM BIRCH.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED AT MENDLESHAM ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAM BIRCH, BY JOSEPH WHATMOUGH.

"I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God."
—John xx. 17.

"HOME, sweet home." When tired with the labours of the day, how refreshing and sweet to return to that hallowed shrine, that place of rest and quiet, that harbour of domestic comfort and solace called "home." It was meet that Christ, having laboured so abundantly at "His Father's business," and having received such evil treatment at the hands of an ungrateful world, should return home. His work of redemption is finished, and it is no longer necessary for Him to abide here in the flesh; but that His disciples be not perplexed at His disappearance from the earth, that they may have the full benefit and comfort His resurrection should bring, He tenderly sends the message, I am going home, "I ascend unto My Father, and to your Father." The language implies a

distance from home. Heaven was the home of Christ; it was from thence He came. It is the home of His people; it is His purpose to say, "Here am I, and the children which Thou hast given Me." We too frequently lose sight of the Fatherhood of God, and suffer loss thereby. "Like as a father pitieth His children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." But although the Psalmist shows it here by comparison, it is distinctly said, "I will be a Father unto Israel" (Jer. xxxi. 9). But our blessed Lord unites us with Himself: "My Father and your Father."

A father is the first cause; His people are the creatures of His hand (Gen. i. 26), but so prone to be forgetful of it, not giving Him the glory due to His name, that He questions, "If, then, I be a Father, where is Mine honour?" (Mal. i. 6). A father is the nearest personal relative. Oh, how the relationship of God is shown in the Word. "Is Ephraim My dear son? is he a pleasant child?" (Gen. xxxi. 20). Prodigal Ephraim, feeding on wind, his sin bound up, daily increasing in his misery and desolation, "mingling among the heathen," and learning their works (Hosea xii. 1), spoken against by the word and judgment of God, but earnestly remembered still, ruined in very deed, all his substance spent in riotous living, but the love and tender regard of the Father is toward him still. We expect sympathy from our fathers; and the sympathy of Christ and of the Father have ever been manifest to His adopted family. In ancient times "in all their affliction He was afflicted," and when in suffering and bondage, in "His love and in His pity He redeemed them." For this purpose He is with His people now, "even unto the end of the world." The poor sinner finds the effect of this in his soul, and cries, "Draw me, and I will run after Thee." "With weeping and supplications will I lead them." "They shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn for Him" (Zech. xii. 10), shows clearly that where there is a sorrowing sinner in sympathy with Christ and His Word—a soul who longs to know God as a reconciled Father—there is one of whom it may be said, "Behold, happy is the man whom Thou choosest, O Lord, and teachest out of Thy law." Fathers, as head of the family, must meditate the wellbeing of their children. "When I was a child I thought as a child;" and although we sometimes think we have learned much, we are seldom able to lay aside altogether childish things. Fretful, wayward, and rebellious, the old spirit of wishing our own way still returns upon us. We think it means happiness to gratify desire, but our thoughts are always too low. "My thoughts are higher than yours;" but the mercy is to be found in that, after all, "His thoughts are thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give an expected end."

We expect our fathers to provide an inheritance for us. "The expectation of the poor shall not perish." The expected end His people look for is HOME—heaven. It is the remembrance of this, the looking "not at things which are seen, but at things which are not seen," that makes present suffering seem light. It is "my beautiful home," the home our brother has found, that fills the longing soul with joy. No more weeping "by the rivers of Babylon" there. As a Father He provides for the daily returning needs of His household. In this respect He has never left Himself without witness: "In that He gave rain and did good, and filled our hearts with food and gladness." But it is written of the Lord who hath chosen Zion, "I will satisfy her poor with

bread" (Psalm cxxxii. 15). "Her saints shall shout aloud for joy." That robe of righteousness, of which it is truly said,—

"No age can change its glorious hue,"

is provided for them. "The fountain open for sin and uncleanness," that inexhaustible fulness of which all His people receive, is provided for them; nay, indeed, St. Paul goes further, and brings us to a point by saying, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

In these days we should think but little of the parent who would not educate his children. But there is no possibility of God's children passing through the world untaught. "All thy children *shall* be taught of the Lord." He instructed His ancient people, not only and merely to show them how much they were indebted to Him, but to impress their minds with solemn awe, that they might truly know He was "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders." He taught them their hopelessness and helplessness, and by types and shadows their need of Christ. He taught them by painful experience that He was a jealous God; but also, to magnify His mercy, said, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help." The Psalmist says, "That I know not teach Thou me." But if we could always understand beforehand what the Lord's teaching means we might with reason tremble at the prospect. Our own prayer, if the end of it could be seen, would fill us with amazement. One prayed she might be a useful Christian. She was smitten with disease; at the age of 25 she died. Her dear father published a little memorial of her life. And we personally knew one (now in heaven) who in old age was brought to a saving knowledge of Christ through it. Another, an aged pilgrim, had for many years prayed he might die a happy and triumphant death, that his ungodly sons might be converted by witnessing how happily a Christian could die. But instead, the Lord gave him darkness and fear to an inexpressible degree. He died—took a step in the dark (*but not into the dark*). His sons were so overawed at the terrors their godly father underwent that they were led to repentance and salvation. When the Lord begins to teach, He goes on and on until, both in temporal and in spiritual things, His people learn that "except the Lord of hosts build the city, they do but labour in vain that build it."

Again. "What son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" O, that we might be able to lay it more to heart. "As many as I LOVE, I rebuke and chasten, be zealous therefore, and repent" (Rev. iii. 19). Seeing "He chastens whom He loves," it is clear He has a definite object in view. The end of Job's afflictions was, he felt his position as a sinner (Job xl. 4). The end He had in view with Ephraim was to make him mourn his sad condition, and to make him pray, "Turn Thou me and I shall be turned, for Thou art the Lord my God" (Jer. xxxi. 18, 19). He chastens His people that their profiting may appear, but always for their good.

Again. As a Father He holds the hand of His people in moments of darkness and danger. He that walks in darkness and hath no light is admonished to stay himself upon God. His enemies shall be as a thing of nought, for God will hold the hand of Christ (Isa. xlii. 6), and Christ holds the hands of His people (Isa. xli. 13). For this reason, "no weapon formed against His people shall prosper. Whosoever touches one

of these, touches the apple of His eye." Here both their safety and perseverance lies. But one may ask, "How do we become sons?" That His people are acknowledged as sons, is a truth as old as His Word. Unto Pharaoh it is said, "Thus saith the Lord, Israel is My son, even My first-born; and I say unto thee, let My son go, that he may serve Me" (Exod. iv. 22, 23). To him that overcometh the promise is, He shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be My son (Rev. ii. 17). But he overcomes by virtue of his relation to Christ. It is sweetly and powerfully shown, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John i. 12, 13).

It is the nature of a man's faith that determines its value, if it be of the right kind, though ever so small, it will do its work, "for as many as are led by the Spirit of God, THEY ARE the sons of God." And though it be with a faltering tongue, they will betimes cry, "Abba, Father." Much might also be said of the requirements of a father. He requires that his sons be dutiful, obedient, faithful and affectionate. It is because His children deeply feel their shortcomings in respect of these things they so often mourn. The anointing of the Spirit works a desire in the soul to fulfil all these things; but alas! the opposite workings of self too often hinder. Here we find the benefit and blessedness of the truth, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but of His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Amen.

WHAT I SAW OF POPERY IN FRANCE.

With an Appeal to English Christians.

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

DURING a recent visit to Boulogne we were very much struck with the way Sunday is spent in France. How differently, alas! from our Protestant English Sabbath, where by the great majority of persons it is held in reverence and esteem. The *Lord's-day* is spent there in pleasure and profanity. The fair was thronged with people buying and selling, indulging in various games and amusements—gambling, horse racing, etc.—of a secular character; after which, to finish up the day's enjoyment, they adjourned to the theatre. One peculiarity noticeable at the fish auction mart was the entire absence of men, all the bidders being women. As far as *our* observation went, women appear to do all the manual labour. The men spend their time in *cafés*, smoking, drinking, and playing at bagatelle or billiards; while their wives work and support the families at home. How reverse is this custom to Old England!

When we entered the Cathedral of Notre Dame we could not help feeling within ourselves that we were in a country professing Popery as the established religion, and where the system is more fully developed than in our own native land. Many persons entered and knelt down at a side altar for the purpose of private devotion; but, great as we pitied them, we could not but admire how more regular they were in their devotion than some who profess a purer faith.

When witnessing the service of Mass, we observed the hurried gestures which were deemed devotion—the rapid signing of the cross. And as others came in they dipped their fingers in a small vessel containing the “*eau bénite*,” or holy water, and crossed themselves. It was not with feelings of ridicule that we watched them, but with pity, and wished within ourselves that they were raised above such a degrading system, even unto Him who has said, “I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you” (Ezek. xxxvi. 25). We were shown candles which were sold to those who came privately to worship, the price for them ranging from a penny to five shillings, according to the means of those who came for that purpose. The candle was lighted at the commencement of devotion, and after this was finished it was left burning to the end of the wick. May we not hope that even amidst this great system of darkness God has His own chosen ones, who stand up in His name and declare to this deluded populace the only true and living way of salvation through Christ, and Him alone; that those who now worship the crucifix may worship the *crucified* in spirit and in truth, realising in Him a loving Saviour, an Advocate above!

The Virgin Mary cannot save us from our sins, for *only* through Christ are we saved. “Being reconciled to God by the death of His Son, we come boldly unto the throne of grace, to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.”

One peculiar feature we could not help observing was that on a cliff overlooking the sea was a huge crucifix erected near a monastery. This was, no doubt, placed there for the benefit of fishermen out at sea, who, unable to come ashore to attend Mass, could worship the cross set up; or in case of danger the crucifix is within their gaze.

Wherever we went we observed the priests in full dress, clad in their long clerical coats and wearing broad-brimmed hats, who are held in dread and awe by their flock through fear in the belief of the powers possessed by them as mediators between God and man.

Who has power to forgive sins but God? Yet men put themselves forth as a representative of the Godhead and the sinner, which to us is blasphemy to suppose that anyone has that divine right which is unique to the Deity. Oh, what darkness and superstition there is in this country! Oh, that the Holy Spirit of the living God may convince many an erring one that they may receive grace to enable them to turn from the thralldom of sin to the fold of Christ, receiving deliverance and freedom from all superstition and unbelief! Mark the degradation which is a characteristic of the teaching of this false dogma on all who profess it. Look at the comparison between a country professing Roman Catholicism and a Protestant country; or, to come nearer home, look at Protestant England and the unhappy sister isle, down-trodden by the pernicious influence of the Romish Church! This subject is worthy of the earnest contemplation of every Christian. How can I help to check the growth of Popery in our land?

We observed after we had left the town on the way to the cemetery a huge crucifix fixed as it were on a ledge against the wall, before which every true Catholic can bow and worship. This thought suggests itself to our notice. Are we not reminded of our Creator by His works in nature—the verdant grass, the fragrant of flowers, and the cattle on

a thousand hills? The Christian can truly say, "*My Father is the Maker of them all,*" without needing an image to remind us of Him! May not this be the prayer of our Protestant Churches to-day—that the dark days of Popery may vanish from the earth; that Christ *alone* be universally adored, and that all idolatry of material representation may be thrown down, and Christ exalted; and that His atonement on Calvary be better understood, ever looking unto Him with the eye of faith, believing He is both able and willing to save all who come unto Him?

Oh, that the God of Elijah, who heard his sermon on Mount Carmel when he prayed, and who scattered the priests of Baal, would hearken unto the supplication of the united Protestant Church, that He would by His omnipotent power break down the strongholds of Papal supremacy by convincing men by His Holy Spirit of the only true and living way, that they may realise through Christ an absolute and a positive salvation instead of a negative belief in the power possessed by and through the intercession of the Virgin Mary on the sinner's behalf. May we not hope there is yet a brighter future in store for *la belle France*, and that evangelisation may be blest in saving souls for the glorious and eternal home above!

Does not the foregoing suggest to us for our individual contemplation the great responsibility that rests upon those who live in enlightened England, surrounded with so many privileges and opportunities of serving *God*, and yet living in stolid apathy to all the proclamations of salvation? *How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?* Let us pause then!

EXTRAORDINARY PREACHING.

THERE is a constant supply of "ordinary preaching," which is simply reiterating the same sentiments, sentences, and stereotype sermons over and over again. We suppose it must be so. Mr. Prince (and he is a very competent Prince, too) says there are many running that the Lord never sent, and they are a plague to themselves and troublers of the Churches. We shall not dispute that point. We know we were literally thrust out at first. In the course of above fifty years we have resolved, on three occasions, to give up the ministry; but have always been led into it again. Of the preacher mentioned in the following narrative I know nothing but from reading; it is something similar to the exercises of all extempore good preachers. A hearer says:—"I am sometimes asked if Mr. B. never preaches any poor sermons. My answer is, I have four classifications for his sermons. First: poor; *for him*, very poor; but the opportunity seldom occurs to accuse him of preaching one of this variety. Second: he preaches a few that could be called, for him, no more than good ones. Third: much the larger part of his sermons are truly excellent and satisfying, and though absorbing from an hour to an hour and fifteen minutes, or even more, people are not often discovered looking at the clock. Fourth: not infrequently a sermon is preached that is marvellous in power and eloquence, in which preacher and people are carried up heavenward together. Such was the character of a sermon which he preached one Sunday evening some eight or nine years since, on a passage in the

eighth chapter of Romans. It seemed to me, and to others as well, as if Mr. B. had been given a new dispensation, that additional visions of the glory and goodness of God in Jesus Christ were vouchsafed to him; so that to say the congregation were electrified, seems very tame. For my own part, I found no time to attempt to determine whether I was in the body or out of it. When the service closed, I had the desire to have the opportunity to lay hands on some calm, self-possessed, thoroughly good judge of preaching that I might determine how much my judgment was affected by excitement and partiality. Looking over the house, I saw P. S. standing in the pastor's pew. Hastening to him, I said: 'What about that sermon?' Very deliberately he answered, 'The first half of it was the most wonderful thing I have listened to; but the thing that is most wonderful to me is how he prepared it. After dinner this noon, I was walking in the library, and when he came up I said, "Henry, I would like to have you preach from those words some time," to which he immediately responded, "May as well preach from them to-night as any time." He went to his afternoon sleep, came down toward six o'clock, took a cup of tea, went into his study, and made the preparation from which he preached this sermon.' This sermon I of course place in the fourth class, and would as soon think of attempting to describe Niagara as to describe it, or its effects upon myself or others." The divine Spirit does sometimes put forth great power.

SEEKING SOUL! WHAT SAY YE TO THIS?

MR. TIPPLe closes his sermon on "The Want of Another Resurrection" with the following sentences:—"The want of the Church is the resurrection within it of the primitive Jesus from the death into which He has sunk, from His retreat behind weighty creeds; from the crucifixion of His divine simplicity—even a new Easter morning, of Jesus coming to be glorified in all who bear His name. Until then:

"Here, on our Easter day
We rise, awake, and lo! we find Him not,
Gardener nor other, on the sacred spot:
Where they have laid Him there is none to say;
No sound, nor in, nor out—no word
Of where to seek the dead or meet the living Lord.
There is no glistening of an angel's wings,
There is no voice of heavenly clear behest.
Let us go hence and think upon these things
In silence, which is best.
Is He not risen? No—
But lies and moulders low?
Christ is not risen."

Yes, He is risen! And His saints are risen with Him. But when men look for Him contrary to His word they cannot, they will not find Him.

C. W. B.

THERE is an inexhaustible fund of divine love in the bosom of God's heart, laid up and provided to maintain all the expense, and heartily and willingly to perform it all along in the doing of it; that is all His pleasure, our salvation.—*Dr. Goodwin's Marrow.*

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

MR. PRINCE'S JUBILEE SERMON.

At Mr. Daniel Smart's jubilee three sermons were delivered. Those by the venerable preacher we have noticed. Now the afternoon sermon by Mr. Prince is issued. We have carefully read it. In Mr. Prince's *Sermon* he said, "I know what I am talking about!" He was certainly very full of what may be termed "deep experience." "*Enmity against the work of the SON of GOD*" is a bitter state of soul we cannot recollect ever being the subject of; but Mr. Prince says he has been. Never since the adorable Redeemer called us to Himself can we remember ever being tempted to call in question the glory of His Person, the eternity of His Sonship, the perfection of His work, or the certainty of His kingdom. Through such seasons of darkness and floods of tribulation have we been passing many years since, as we cannot describe; but, much as our faith has been tried and shaken, "enmity against the work of the Son of God" we cannot say we have been plagued with; hence, for our faith Mr. Prince "would not give a rush." God knoweth we have for full fifty years hoped our faith in Immanuel was rooted in our soul by the revelation of Him, by His call of us, by His manifold mercies to us. Prone to wander, indeed, but to hate Him or His work, that may God keep us from. Amen. It may be there are some Melancthon's still, if there are not any Martin Luthers. It is said that, "On learning that Melancthon's anguish still continued, Luther wrote to him (and these are words that should be preserved):—'Grace and peace in Christ! in Christ, I say, and not in the world. Amen. I hate with exceeding hatred these extreme cares which consume you. If the cause is unjust, abandon it; if the cause is just, why should we belie the promises of Him who commands us to sleep without fear? Can the devil do more than kill us? Christ will not be wanting to the work of justice and of truth. He lives! He reigns! What fear, then, can we have? God is powerful to upraise His cause if it is overthrown, to make it proceed if it remains motionless, and if we are not worthy of it, He will do it by others. I have received your Apology, and I cannot understand what you mean when you ask what we must concede to the Papists. We have already conceded too much. Night and day I meditate on this affair, turning it over and over, diligently searching the Scriptures, and the con-

viction of the truth of our doctrine every day becomes stronger in my mind. With the help of God, I will not permit a single letter of all that we have said to be torn from us. The issue of this affair torments you because you cannot understand it. But if you could, I would not have the least share in it. God has put it in a "common place," that you will not find either in your rhetoric or in your philosophy: that place is called Faith. It is that in which subsist all things that we can neither understand nor see. Whoever wishes to touch them, as you do, will have tears for his sole reward. If Christ is not with us, where is He in the whole universe? If we are not in the Church, where, I pray, is the Church? Is it the Dukes of Bavaria, is it Ferdinand, is it the Pope, is it the Turk who is the Church? If we have not the Word of God, who is it that possesses it? Only we must have faith, lest the cause of faith should be found to be without faith. If we fall, Christ falls with us—that is to say, the Master of the world. I would rather fall with Christ than remain standing with Cæsar." Individually, we hope honestly, earnestly, lovingly to say, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these is *charity*." Oh, for a burning love to Christ, the Christ of God! to love Him in His Person, in His Word and worship, in His people, and in His kingdom for ever. This is the silent prayer (in the furnace) of C. W. B., who can say, as a dying man did, "The God of glory appeared to me; and the first sight I got of Him was such that it won my heart to Him, so that it was never loosed; though I have had many wanderings, yet I can say I was never myself till I got back to the centre again."

"*There is nothing of religion in all this.*" So writes Dr. Manning to Dr. Dale in the *Nineteenth Century*. Dr. Dale tells the Catholic Cardinal that the English people are much attached to the Board Schools, because they are large, handsome, &c. The Cardinal tells the newly-made Doctor, "There is nothing of religion in all this." That sentence will apply to much of the eloquent talk, and to many of the grand sanctuaries now erected. In fact, it is hard to find "pure and undefiled religion" at all in these days. Let us look close, examine deep, and constantly inquire, Have we individually experienced that declaration of the beloved disciple, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because

we love the brethren"? In most persons where religion is possessed, there is the greatest concern to realise it, and to be fully persuaded that their emotions, exercises, evidences, and external professions are from the indwelling of the Eternal Spirit. Thomas Watson said, "A Christian is like a ship that would sail forward, but sin is the anchor that holds it back: at death we shall be freed from sin, shall grieve the Holy Spirit no more by vain thoughts; sin brought death into the world, and death shall carry away sin out of the world; death smites the believer as the angel smote Peter, it makes his chains fall off." Heavy chains here often bind down the soul.—C. W. B.

The Best Discipline. By John Dixon. London: R. Banks. We have two ministers named "Dixon," both going on towards 100 years of age. Isaac Dixon has been a fine cedar in Zion, and has faithfully served provincial Churches for more than 50 years. This John Dixon has preached in London and around for a long period. His pamphlets have had a large circulation. This last production confirms the truth written by Watts:—

"Our griefs, and cares, and tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load."

It is mercifully encouraging to find Mr. John Dixon's mind so clear, and his soul so comforted in the contemplation of the fact that God's judgments are right, and that in faithfulness He does afflict us.

What can man's freewill do? What faith justifies. In Luther's time the men high up in power tried "to shut the mouth of the Gospel." On one occasion Chancellor Bayer proclaimed *The Faith of the Evangelical Christians*, in which confession is the following, "As regards freewill, we confess that man's will has a certain liberty of accomplishing civil justice, and of loving the things that reason comprehends; that man can do the good that is within the sphere of nature—plough his fields, eat, drink, have a friend, put on a coat, build a house, take a wife, feed cattle, exercise a calling; as also he can, of his own movement, do evil, kneel before an idol, and commit murder. But we maintain that without the HOLY GHOST he cannot do what is righteous in the sight of God." Then, returning to the grand doctrine of the Reformation, and recalling to mind that the doctors of the Pope "have never ceased impelling the faithful to puerile and useless works, as the custom of chaplets, invocations of saints, monastic vows, processions, fasts, feast-days,

brotherhoods," the Protestants added, that, as for themselves, while urging the practice of truly Christian works, of which little had been said before their time, "they taught that man is justified by faith alone; not by that faith which is a simple knowledge of the history, and which wicked men and even devils possess, but by a faith which believes not only the history, but also the effect of the history; which believes that through Christ we obtain grace; which sees that in Christ we have a merciful Father; which knows this God; which calls upon Him; in a word, which is not without God, as the heathen are."

The Doctrines of the Bible, &c. The discussion between Mr. C. Cornwell and Mr. W. F. Sandover is published by R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. We have received a copy. Mr. Henry Hall's introductory remarks are fair, excellent, and truly of a Christian spirit. Mr. Cornwell is a man determined to come to the front; he looks upon error as one that "destroyeth but cannot build." False doctrine is a "prowling robber," "suffered, for some mysterious end, to haunt the King's highway." So, when some "Sand-over" dreamed of challenging "any one" to argue between "man's free-will," and the divine sovereignty in salvation, C. Cornwell accepted the challenge. The open controversy took place in the Horn's Assembly Rooms, Kennington, and the antagonists are here represented in print. We have not yet had time to read the arguments—in fact, we have no desire; we would never open a door for "error" to strut about and exhibit its weakness and foolishness. Preaching the Gospel is God's divine ordinance; how far discussions have Heaven's sanction is not for us to decide; but, with some prejudice (we must confess), we purpose to read this public controversy, and, it may be, we may speak our mind. If we do, may the good Spirit of Christ guide us; for the honour of Christ alone may we speak.

Crumbs from the Master's Table. By a Gatherer. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. Four lectures, furnishing information for such preachers as have not more elaborate expositions to refer to. The author only professes to have gathered up some crumbs. It is better for many hearers to have bread broken up and given out carefully, than to have whole loaves hurled at their heads. With what sweet simplicity, yet with the clearest divinity, the Saviour fed His flock! God help us all to be more concerned to feed souls with crumbs of live bread, than to fill hearers with big notions.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

LITTLE ALIE-STREET.—Mr. R. E. Sears is now the pastor proper of the Church at Little Alie-street. And many were the friends gathered on April 12 to welcome him to his new sphere of labour. More respect was never shown to any Strict Baptist minister or people than was shown to Mr. Sears and to his Church on the occasion of his recognition. Such a body of Christian ministers as was there gathered would honour the installation of a bishop, or even the enthronement of an archbishop. There were present brethren J. S. Anderson, J. Box, C. Masterson, W. Winters, G. W. Shepherd, J. Clark, W. Webb, W. K. Dexter, I. Levinsohn, E. Langford, P. Reynolds, H. Brown, H. Myerson, J. H. Dearsly, J. Parnell, W. Hazelton, H. F. Noyes, F. C. Holden, A. Dalton, W. Archer, E. Beazley, J. L. Meeres, W. Boxall, W. Belcher, H. D. Mobbs, Rayment, and others. Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached a most truthful and soul-inspiring sermon, in the afternoon, from Luke i. 1—4. Mr. W. Hazelton closed with prayer and the benediction. Tea was then served to a large company of friends. In the evening every available space in the chapel was filled with attentive hearers. Mr. J. L. Meeres occupied the chair, and having read a suitable portion of the New Testament, called upon Mr. Dearsly to offer the ordination prayer. Mr. Meeres followed with an inaugural address full of sound advice and encouragement, at the close of which he gave the pastor-elect the right hand of fellowship in the behalf of the ministers and friends present. Mr. Hyder, one of the respected deacons, was then asked to state the reasons of the Church in making choice of Mr. Sears as their pastor. Mr. Hyder at once testified to the good effect attending the labours of Mr. Sears during the past six months, and of the great service rendered by Mrs. Sears in the young women's Bible-class. The Church was at an extremely low ebb when Mr. Sears first came, and it needed a man with considerable courage to take up an apparently sinking cause. But God had greatly owned and blest his ministry, and the Church realised it as a high privilege to have such a man as their pastor, with so much courage and with such genial and social qualifications as he (Mr. Sears) was possessed of. The appointment was evidently of the Lord. Mr. Hyder represented the Church in giving Mr. Sears the right hand, and in heartily wishing him God-speed. The loving and faithful speech of Mr. Hyder

was warmly received, and which sealed the happy union. Mr. Meeres then gave out:—

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,”

and called upon Mr. J. S. Anderson to address the meeting. Mr. Anderson spoke kindly of the pastor as a man of truth and character, and exhorted the Church to pray for him, and to be punctual in attendance at the means of grace. Speeches of a kindred nature, full of warmth and Gospel harmony, were given by brethren Box, Masterson, Winters, Dexter, Levinsohn, Reynolds, Brown, Myerson, Parnell, Noyes, Holden, and Archer. Mr. Sears made a few remarks in appreciation of the loving words that had been spoken of himself, of his wife, and of the Church over which the Lord had placed him, and of his adherence to the truths of the Gospel. During the service the choir sang a very sweet and beautiful anthem. The usual votes of thanks were accorded, and that happy and interesting meeting terminated in a most pleasurable manner. May the honourable union be successful and lasting.—W. WINTERS.

THE CHURCH AT SYDENHAM, IN OXFORDSHIRE.

The following review of the above Church's history was read at Mr. Lloyd's ordination as successor in the pastorate to the late Mr. William Allnutt. The deacon said:—

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—It is with the deepest feelings of gratitude to our faithful covenant-keeping God that I now relate some of the lovingkindness and tender mercies that have followed us, a small section of the visible Church of Christ. In giving a few details of the leadings of divine Providence in bringing our dear pastor amongst us, I feel I must enter a little into the past. The Church at Sydenham has never had but one pastor since its formation. Fifty-six years ago the late William Allnutt, who departed this life four years ago last October, after faithfully, lovingly, and gratuitously serving the little Church all those years. He was the only one of his family who was a Baptist; but this he was most decidedly, and always manifested great regard for that denomination. Some years ago our late dear pastor was occasionally helped by ministerial brethren. The late Mr. Cooper, of London; Mr. Smith, of Oxford; and Mr. Juggins, of Thame. These occasional visits were always seasons of pleasure, and I trust, profit. On our anniversary occasions, our dear pastor always obtained some of the best preachers among his Baptist brethren.

About twenty years ago a friend from the Congregational Church at Chinnor was

constrained to leave there, and he joined the Church at Sydenham. I refer to Brother Colsell, now of Coventry. Our pastor, finding he possessed a good mind and preaching abilities, encouraged him by allowing him to preach for him on Lord's-day evenings, which he continued to do for some years till he was called to supply other Churches, and at length became minister of the Baptist Church, Aylesbury. He was, and is now, a bold and faithful defender of the doctrines of sovereign grace. At this time the congregation somewhat increased, and during the two following years after Mr. Colsell leaving Chinnor, nine of his old friends who had been members at Chinnor, and two who had not, were baptized and added to the Church worshipping here. But at the time of our dear pastor's death there had been no additions to the Church for some years, and death and removals had both done their work, there being at that time only six male and thirteen female members, and some of them aged and scattered about.

A few years previous to our dear pastor's death, our dear friend and brother, James Thompson, having resigned his pastorate at Askett, and came to reside at Bledlow, occasionally came and worshipped with us, and sometimes preached; but owing to his calls to other places, and the distance, he did not come much the last two or three years before Mr. Allnutt's death.

During our pastor's illness he very kindly came many times, and for which we did, I trust, feel very grateful. We did feel our dear pastor's death to be a sad and solemn period in our history, after so many years of labour, and so much kindness, for he always had a kind and sympathetic word to meet us with. We did indeed feel it to be a great trial; but knowing that our covenant God still lived, and that He has all power in heaven and on earth, we tried to exercise faith in God, and to hope in His mercy, though there were some who hoped, and others that feared that the cause would soon cease to exist. For two years we went on holding services three times on a Sunday, as we had always been accustomed to do. Our dear brother Thompson came as often as he could, and Brother Stockwell, who many years since was one of our number, felt an interest in us, kindly offered to come one Sabbath in each month.

A few times we failed in getting anyone to supply the pulpit. We then felt very desolate, but the throne of grace being always accessible, we found it good to pray together and read God's Word, and in our poor feeble way sing His praises; and I will take the opportunity here to gratefully acknowledge the kindness of our Brother Clark, the pastor of the Baptist Church, Thame. A note sent to him between the morning and afternoon services, informing him of our position, has brought him to us, and we were cheered and encouraged by his experimental and soul-cheering sermons, and by his earnest prayers for us. At times we were very much cast down and greatly perplexed; things looked rather gloomy. Our dear brothers Thomp-

son and Stockwell began to feel the journey too much for their increasing infirmities, and other things of a discouraging nature presented themselves; but how often the mount of danger is the place where we shall see surprising grace! Our brother Phillip Chains, who was called away by death a short time since, used to pray very earnestly that the Lord would raise some among the young to carry on His cause when the old ones were in the silent grave.

Our late pastor had great confidence that God would provide for us in His own time, and in His all-wise way, but we felt very anxious not to have anyone to preach to us but those who preached the same truths that we had heard so many years. The writer well remembers one day, after musing over the state of things, and wondering what we should do, lighting on these lines,—

“Christian, dost thou seek a friend,
Helper, counsellor, or guide?
Dost thou seek a proper preacher?
Ask thy God, and He'll provide.”

This we tried to do, and we believe the Lord heard and answered our prayers. About this time Mr. Stockwell recommended our brother Burton, who then obtained the supplies, to apply to Mr. Lloyd, which he did, and our dear friend very kindly responded, and came the first time on the second Sabbath in August, 1879. Just two years that day our late pastor preached the last time. Our dear brother Lloyd, after travelling twelve miles, arrived at the chapel. He could scarce believe he was come to a chapel; but he found he was, and that there were a few met there who were rejoiced to hear of that Jesus he had come to preach who only can save His people from their sins. We well remember the first text we heard him preach from. “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.” We most sincerely believe it was the Lord who directed our dear brother Lloyd to Sydenham. From the first he seemed at home; though we were so few and poor he did not despise us on that account, but has always tried to help us in every way that he could. He has laboured hard, but always cheerfully and willingly. That he should have espoused the cause of a few poor scattered sheep in this obscure corner of the Lord's vineyard, is indeed marvellous, nothing short of the sovereign purpose of God can we attribute it to. He who ordereth all things after the council of His own will. May the Lord prosper him in his work of faith and labour of love.

Mr. Lloyd advised us to write our brother Scott, which was done, and he came, and was heard gladly, but soon afterwards removed to London. The following Christmas we invited him, and he very kindly came and preached twice on Christmas-day and the following Lord's-day. Very earnestly did he pray that the Lord would bless the little cause, and help us to hold on our way.

About this time we heard of Mr. White, whom we invited. He came and was well received by the friends, who heard him with much pleasure. Both our brothers Lloyd

and White seemed to feel a great interest in our welfare. They came alternately to preach to us, and the congregation increased, especially on Sabbath evenings, which greatly encouraged them in coming. In September, 1880, our brother Rynals was baptized and added to our number, the first time brother Lloyd had the pleasure of administering the ordinance of believer's baptism. The very appropriate discourses delivered on that occasion we shall long remember. Our brethren from Wycombe, and some of the friends, became very anxious to have a new chapel, which they believed could be obtained; but some of us greatly feared it could not be done without incurring the burden of debt, which we greatly dreaded, although we knew it was greatly needed, and we felt willing to help in the best way we could. We well knew if the Lord's time was come to build the house it would be done. The faith of some prevailed above the fears of others. At Christmas, 1880, a fund was commenced, our brother White appointed secretary, and brother Lloyd treasurer.

In February of last year Messrs. White and Lloyd desired to become members with us, and on the first Lord's-day in March they were both received into Church fellowship. This enabled us to feel more united to them. By the blessing of God on our united efforts our building fund amounted in three months to £100. With this success we were greatly cheered. As changes and disappointments often attend earthly things, so we found a cloud intervene. In the Summer we were called to part with our brother White; a variety of mysterious circumstances, over which we had no control, rendered it necessary for him to go to a foreign land. He left for South Africa in July. It was then thought by some the work would be hindered; but our brother Lloyd said rather than this should be the case, and the cause suffer in any way, he would come more, and would undertake to be both secretary and treasurer. In this the Lord graciously helped him, both in preaching the Word, and through all the anxieties connected with erecting the new chapel.

Our brother Thompson and brother Scott, who had left London, and now resides at High Wycombe, came occasionally to preach during last Summer. We were helped by donations to the Building Fund beyond our most sanguine expectations. The building was commenced in July, and opened on September 26, with a debt of only £5 due to the treasurer. This small debt was paid off last Christmas, with sincere thanks to all friends and helpers, and all praise to our ever-faithful God, for His marvellous goodness to a few of the unworthiest of His family.

Last October another brother was added to our number by baptism. We had many times thought and wished our dear friend and brother Lloyd could become our pastor; but owing to the distance he was from us, and our inability to ask anyone to become so, because we were too poor to reward them for so doing, we did feel rather diffident in asking him for such a favour. He, knowing our

feelings, and what the desire of our hearts was, after much exercise of mind and prayer for direction, very kindly offered to become our pastor, which the Church and congregation gladly accepted. On the third Sabbath of last November Mr. Lloyd commenced his labours as pastor, with the holy determination of Paul to the Corinthians, not to know anything among us save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

Our dear brother Thompson has kindly consented to come and preach for our dear pastor one Sabbath in each month, to give him an opportunity to visit some of his old friends, who, we believe, will be glad to see and hear him. We believe our pastor to be one that loves the truth, and lives according to the Gospel he preaches, and that his desire in coming among us is that God's people may be fed, and sinners saved through his instrumentality, and God glorified. God grant him the desires of his heart.

Our pastor baptized two brethren last month, who, we trust, will be a great help and blessing to us. There are those standing without who have been a great help to us but who have not, as yet, responded to the invitation, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?" May the love of Christ constrain them.

Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory, and majesty, dominion, and power, both now and for ever. Amen.

BENJAMIN STRATFORD, *Deacon*.

OUR CHURCHES IN ESSEX.

CHELMSFORD. — This ancient county town of Essex can boast of a neat and commodious Strict Baptist chapel, wherein a small company of the Lord's people gather from time to time. For some time past the Church has been without a pastor, and the pulpit has been occupied with supplies. Good and helpful as supplies are in many cases, I do hope and pray that ere long a pastor after God's own heart will be sent among the people here, who may instrumentally build up the Lord's family, and gather in the outcasts of Israel. Mr. Burgess has been supplying for four Sabbaths. I should say he would make a good pastor for Chelmsford, but whether he will receive a further invite I cannot say.

MALDON. — This is one of the most quaint and ancient towns in the Eastern counties, notwithstanding it is a port of some importance, and also a parliamentary borough. The Town, or Moot, Hall, or D'Arcy Tower, is a lofty and ancient brick building, named from Robert D'Arcy, who in the reign of Henry V. was the king's escheator for this county, and married a rich widow of Maldon, who, with her husband, is buried in the Church of All Saints in this town, having founded and endowed three charities. Here may be found a very snug and comfortable Strict Baptist sanctuary, although the outside of the building is very uninviting. The Gospel in its purity is preached from time to time by

the ancient veteran, Mr. Dennison, aged 83, and Mr. Elliston, of Braintree—both earnest, plodding, faithful witnesses for the Lord God of hosts. May the God of mercy send gracious, refreshing showers, for His name's sake.

COLCHESTER.—The Strict Baptists here have great cause for gratitude. Considering the size of the town, with 30,000 inhabitants, one good cause is not any too many. Since Mr. W. Brown came here, a great change for the better has taken place, a commodious chapel has been renovated, and a new school-room built. A goodly Church and congregation gathers round the pastor, who, without the least pretence to flattery, may be designated "the right man in the right place."

MARK'S TEY.—A few who love the truth as it is in Jesus still gather at this rural spot (lying midway between Colchester and Coggeshall); and that patient and God-fearing servant of Christ, Mr. French, instrumentally seeks to feed the people. "May he still be fat and flourishing, and bring forth fruit in old age."

BRAINTREE.—The cause here has passed through many changes. With a chapel of neat and modern construction, debt cleared off, and good praying deacons, the Church here may well pray for better and brighter days. The cause is very low, but Mr. J. Hanger, formerly of Dunmow, is instrumentally gathering a few to hear the Word. The present is a trying time, as two of the brethren, Mr. Thomas Wheeler and Mr. John Filcock, are both passing through afflictive dispensations. May the Lord yet "arise, and have mercy upon Jacob."

MOUNT BURES.—This is one of the few verdant spots in Essex. Known only by name to many, it stands as a beacon light for pure truth and Gospel teaching, amid the surrounding and rampant errors of the times. That genial under shepherd, Mr. H. Rayner, goes in and out before the people, and his ministry is made a blessing to many. I notice C. W. Banks is announced to preach on Whit-Monday, and hope it may be a day of holy rejoicing and prosperity.

LITTLE ALIE-STREET, WHITE-CHAPEL.—The sixty-sixth anniversary of the Sick Visiting Society has been held. The newly-chosen pastor, Mr. R. E. Sears, presided, and after prayer had been offered by Mr. W. Archer, Mr. T. J. Stevens, jun., read the report, which told us that the Society has pursued its unassuming way, trying to serve the great Master, and exalting a precious Saviour. During the past year the committee have been called to visit many scenes of human suffering, spiritual darkness, and destitution; to such they have been able to render a little help, and point the sufferers to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." The adoption of the report was moved by Mr. Griffiths, and seconded by Mr. Carpenter, who, with Messrs. C. Wilson, Bootle, and others, advocated the claims of the Society.—J. W. B.

MR. F. GREEN'S SETTLEMENT AT HOXTON.

Special services were held in Bethel Chapel, Newton-street, April 3rd. There is always something interesting about a marriage, although of the kind we speak divorcement not unfrequently follows too quickly its solemnization. It is, however, to be hoped that the happy bonds publicly sealed between Mr. Frederick Green and the loving Church at Bethel will be an exceptional case, and which nothing but death shall sever. Mr. P. Reynolds preached an able and eloquent sermon. Friends then took tea; at evening service the chapel was filled. Mr. W. J. Styles opened the service by giving out

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

He read Isaiah xlv., offered fervent prayer, spoke a few words on the happy occasion, and called upon Mr. Green, the pastor elect, to state his call by grace. Mr. Green gave an epitome of his whole life, and the hardships of his early career were most touching. How the corrupt influences of a London charity school of a half century since must have tended to draw his youthful mind into a way which nothing but sovereign grace could alter, and how clearly manifest was the arm of the Lord about him when in his tender years he suffered from the cruel conduct of an ungodly father, through whom he was thrust into a poor-house three separate times. He could say

"When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man."

In his boyhood days, on several occasions Mr. Green received solemn impressions respecting the awful nature of sin and of divine retribution which made him betimes very wretched, but these early convictions, to a great extent, wore off, until he was led into Rowland Hill's chapel, where he heard effectively the word of life from the lips of the late James Sherman, and as he himself said,

"Thus the eternal counsel ran,
'Almighty love, arrest that man.'"

And from that period he was deeply concerned about his soul, his constant cry being, "Give me Christ or else I die." He was soon helped to say,

"Ere long a gentle voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel form appeared."

In the midst of his soul's yearning for Christ, the words from Acts xix. 2 brought his soul into full Gospel liberty. Hence, the remaining couplet of Brewer sweetly ratified his experience as being of God,

"She led me on with gentle pace
To Jesus as my Hiding-place."

Soon after Mr. Green felt a longing to tell out the love of his heart to Jesus in public; especially so after hearing the late Mr. Hughes, of Hackney. And after a long series of years of soul conflict about preaching, Mr. Green felt the fire burning in his soul so strong that he was forced to open his mouth in public, which he did near Cambridge Heath-road, and afterwards in Victoria Park,

where many friends gathered round him, and after a while he received engagements from numerous country Churches. In the autumn of last year, just as our brother Green was about to sail to Australia, he received an invitation to supply the Church at Newton-street, Hoxton, and which Church unanimously voted him to be their pastor after hearing him for several months. Mr. Miller, one of the deacons, was called to state how the Church came to accept Mr. Green as their pastor; this he did in a most satisfactory manner. A very encouraging letter was then read from Mr. C. W. Banks, expressive of his best wishes to both pastor and people. The chairman then requested the deacon to give the pastor elect the right hand of fellowship. This being done, appropriate addresses were delivered by W. Winters, J. Hand, E. Langford, and W. Waite. The collections of the day were presented to Mr. Green as a token of love. Brother W. Osmond and other brethren were present. The happy services terminated with a song of praise and the solemn benediction from the heart and lips of the chairman. That great and lasting success may attend the labours of Mr. F. Green is the sincere prayer of

W. WINTERS.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Since I last wrote you I have been in a barren land. As a traveller in pursuit of business, every earthly thing has been discouraging, and the condition of the Churches in the Fens and floods has been afflicting. The city of Lincoln is still almost silent for Gospel truth. That very faithful man of God, William Simpson, is deep in

‘Affliction’s thorny maze.’

God only can lift him up out of the waters of Marah. Of Boston, of Spalding, and of some other places, I have more to say than I can at present draw out. At Sleaford, Mr. Adams sometimes supplies the pulpit. Mr. Carr has left. The divided interests of Sleaford is painful, but what will be the issue I cannot tell. I ask you, C. W. Banks, if my judgment is in error when I affirm that the power we want in the hearts, in the pulpits, and in many of the leaders, is a holy, sympathetic love for the souls of the people. I do not thrust myself into the company of ministers or men. I go where “TRUTH” is professedly preached; but unless the doctrines are melted in loving hearts, with desires “to save some,” all is cold, hard, even cruel, and tends to drive away, instead of drawing in. A minister, speaking of his father’s ministry as one of the means tried to benefit him when a boy, says: “The pulpit was tried on me, and had my own father in it; but as I was in a corner around down there, I never saw him in the pulpit in all my young life. He flew like an eagle, and ramped like a lion, and went away over my height, and I do not think I got very much good out of his preaching in my early life.” The same man says, “I hear a vast deal about the importance of the truth, of sound words, of a sound system of doctrine. ‘Maintain the truth’—all of which is very

good indeed; but it is outside of the Gospel. The Gospel is love; the Gospel notion is the personal power of love; and a man may defend the truth, and may polish it, and may do some good in diffusing it, but after all he may not be fit to be a minister of the Gospel, for mere intellection does not give anybody a call to preach the Gospel. If one has not a Christ heart and a Christ likeness he is not the typical minister of Christ.” At Quadring, at Peterborough, at Burgh-le-Marsh, and all around here, VITAL LIFE and HEAVEN’S SAVORY POWER is wanting. I am glad Mr. Carr is removed to a better living. But poor Sleaford!—To be continued if TRAVELLER lives.

NORWICH.—ORFORD-HILL. Mutual Improvement Class. A prize impromptu article competition having been arranged, eight males and seven females met recently at the house of the president, Mr. W. E. Palmer, who gave them as the subject, “*What should be the characteristics of a Sunday-school teacher?*” allowing one hour to write the articles, which were then sealed up and sent to Rev. R. Hobson, old meeting house, who kindly consented to adjudicate. There were two prizes for males and two for females. On Tuesday, April 10, the president gave the decision of the judge, and called upon each of the winners to read their articles, which were deservedly well received, as they showed a good grasp of the subject. While the president was congratulating the successful, and speaking words of encouragement to the unsuccessful, it was evident that something was about to transpire of which he was in blissful ignorance. Mr. Hovell, sen., vice-president, followed, and in fitting language reviewed the rise and progress of this association, referring to Mr. Palmer as the father of the class, and in their name then presented him with a substantial token of esteem, in the shape of a handsome marble timepiece and a silver pencil-case. Mr. Palmer confessed himself “dead beat,” and, with emotion, suitably responded. Messrs. W. H. Muskett, R. Fordham, H. Cook, and C. Hovell also spoke, testifying to Mr. Palmer’s usefulness and regretting his departure from Norwich.

LOWER CLAPTON.—Chatsworth-road Sunday-school anniversary was celebrated on Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, March 18, 20, and 21. Mr. Langford preached the sermons. The service of song by the children was rendered with great effect, under the praiseworthy tuition and direction of Mr. Lanthois. On Tuesday tea and meeting was held. Report very encouraging. Messrs. Anderson, Dearsly, Sears, and others, advocated the claims of Sunday-schools, and expression was given to the desire that Christian people might manifest more interest in this class of Christian work, and more sympathy shown toward the self-sacrificing teachers. Mr. Dearsly observed there was as much need now as ever for Sunday-schools.—J. W. B.

"AUSTRALIAN VISITOR."

MR. C. W. BANKS. — Can you give me the names of some of the best settled pastors of the "Particular Baptists" in England? We in Australia are not particular enough for some who call themselves "*Standard people*." Now, I am most deeply particular in *knowing* I am *right*, in the experience of my soul, in my faith in the divine Trinity, in the obedience of my life, and in my soul's persuasions of "*the truth*." In Australia, and in England, some of these "Particulars" are very weak in their ministrations, and dwell more upon the negatives than on the *positives* of the Gospel. I may be in different parts of the country; can ye afford time and space to guide me to the ministrations of good settled pastors, preachers, expounders of God's holy Word, and lovers of all who can walk through that wonderful field of a soul-saving experience, where Paul draws out its *seven lines of the vitality and eternity of the soul's travail and triumph*? [You "think of going through Kent and Sussex, then through the Midlands into the North." To answer, for us, is difficult. All the first leaders of "*Standard*" ministers are gone home. We knew them, heard them, loved them for their work's sake; but we know no more of the present new generation than our correspondent. We have been to Hastings lately, and found a gentleman in Ebenezer, East-hill, by name Mr. Thomas Hall, who is a Particular; but of his origin, experience, call to the ministry, or usefulness, we know nothing. In Brighton is a chapel called "*Galeed*," where a pastor is settled. If you go through Midlands, in Leicester is Mr. Hazlerigg, Mr. W. Webb, and, most astonishing, in Alfred-street Mr. Carr is settled. Our Midland reporter thinks it proves Mr. Carr must be a man of experimental power, seeing for many years they have had in that place some of the best men of that class in England; but no man could ever become obedient to any call there to settle until this little plant from the old Surrey Tabernacle was presented to them. The choice and consent of Mr. Carr does not please everyone, but if it be of God let no man grumble. In Alfred-street, Leicester, may Mr. Carr find a settled rest, a successful ministry, proving the promise a present and personal reality. "I will never fail thee, nor forsake thee." Amen. If we can, we will answer more fully in future, but we dare not promise. Our faith and feeling is, that we should go more to worship God than to hear men. — C. W. B.]

SHARNBROOK. — Bethlehem Chapel. —

An interesting and instructive lecture on "The History of the Baptists," was given in the above place of worship by Mr. F. Fountain. The chair was taken by Mr. C. Collyer, who, after a few introductory remarks on the subject of the lecture, called upon Mr. F. Fountain to address the meeting, which he did in an able and racy manner for about an hour and three quarters. On the preceding Monday a tea was provided for the Sunday-school teachers and friends.

SOUTH HACKNEY. — SPELDHURST-ROAD. — BELOVED BROTHER, —

You, and many, ask of my welfare. Let me say, Sunday morning, April 8, I was led to Psa. xlv., "Arise, for our help, and redeem us for Thy mercy's sake." This Psa. xlv., as I was led to see, contains a comprehensive account of the experience of the saved souls of God's chosen. First, the causes of the Church's conquest, "They got not the land in possession by their own sword; neither did their own arms save them; but Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance,

"Because Thou hadst a favour unto them."

Eternal love is the fountain; God's right hand laid hold of them in election; the mediatorial arm of the God-Man redeemed them; and by the shining glory of His mercy, they are separated in time, and satisfied in glory for ever. The saved people are conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him that loved them. Then this Psa. xlv. shows what chastisements the people of God, or some of them, are the subjects of. Read verses 9—16. Oh! what afflictions, persecutions, deep tribulations, and heart-piercing sorrows the Church has had to endure! and seven times she says to the Lord, "*Thou*" didst it. I have often wondered *why* I should have been dragged, drawn, or driven through such floods; but I never dared to look to the Lord and say, "*Thou* didst it." It is a mystery! As it is said of Augustine, so it may of poor I, "He never lost his faith in God!" This Psa. xlv. gives us to hear the strong cries of the Church, when FAITH is the leader of her prayer. Hark! she cries, "Awake! why sleepest Thou, O Lord. Arise! cast us not off for ever." I have been as one cast off for over forty years; and how often my soul has been, as Watts writes, —

"What shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?
How shall we get our crimes forgiven?
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?
In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings His Gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As save rebellious souls from hell.
This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in His name."

But *Faith* in the once heaven-born soul will cry again and again, "Arise, for our help; and redeem us for Thy mercies' sake." God, in Christ, has arisen; we are redeemed; we have been helped, and shall be to the end. In this Psa. xlv. you have the *chorus* of the Church's joys. Hear her now. "Thou art my King, O God; in God we boast all the day long, and

"Praise Thy name for ever."

Dear brother, although I feel my manner of preaching is awfully poor, yet the matter is good. I am as fond as ever of thinking about, of writing upon, and of speaking out the praises of our Lord. All my family know I only live as Christ lives in me; but He makes body, soul, spirit, mind, and even faculty, to live joyfully. So can say—C. W. BANKS.

SOHO.—OXFORD-STREET. April 8, the forty-second anniversary of the school was celebrated. Sermons were preached by brethren Box, Sears, and Shepherd, the afternoon being specially for the young people, on which occasion Keppel-street school was also present. Hymns were sung by teachers and scholars at the threeservices. On Tuesday, the 31st annual meeting of the old teachers and scholars was held, when a well-provided tea was served. At the meeting Mr. John Box presided; Mr. Fox prayed. The chairman gave some warm words of welcome, and brethren Fox, Hinton (present superintendent), Welch, White, Matthews, Buckler, W. Beddow, Russell, and others spoke instructively to the friends assembled. At the same place, on Sunday evening, April 15, Mr. Box delivered a discourse to a full congregation on the demise of the late Mr. Freeman, who, till within a short period, took an active part in carrying on the worship of God at Soho, and the high esteem in which the deceased was held was manifested by the large attendance. After referring at some length to the worth of the departed, and of the loss the Church had sustained, he (Mr. B.) preached from the words, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good" (Micah vi. 8). No Church, perhaps, for the last few years has suffered more from removals and deaths than has the one here.

BRADFORD-ON-AVON.—Anniversary services at Providence Baptist chapel, Bearfield, on Lord's-day, March 18. Three sermons by Mr. Blair, of Trowbridge. On following Friday, tea meeting was held. Over 100 sat down to an excellent tea. Our worthy friends, Mr. and Mrs. Viner, and Messrs. Tucker and Bowyer, worked in a very praiseworthy manner to accommodate the friends from a distance, and their services were heartily appreciated. Public meeting, presided over by Mr. Seaman, of Bath, who is indeed, "an able-bodied seaman," in every sense of the word. The chairman called on brother Chapman to give an address. Brethren Poole and Bennett, of Trowbridge; Davis, of Furley; Doble, Seaman, jun., and W. Price, of Bath, also spoke good words. We felt loath to part. A spirit of union and peace pervaded the meeting, and not a few will have cause to remember the anniversary services of 1883. We pray that the Lord might yet make bare His arm in this place, and that ere long we shall have the pleasure of seeing many come forward whose hearts the Lord shall have touched. So prays W. P., Bath, April 3.

THE MINISTER'S WIDOW AND THE SICK MINISTER'S WIFE.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

Our heart was warmed the other day when, on taking up Mr. J. S. Anderson's *Silent Messenger* for February, we found the following lines from his own pen:—

"Aged pilgrims waiting stand
On the borders of the land,
Ere they cross the swelling tide
Let their wants be well supplied.
Once upon that blissful shore
They will need our help no more.

Jesus, in His aged poor,
Knocks, believer, at thy door;
Asks, in them, to give Him bread.
Or a pillow for His head;
Wilt thou let thy Saviour go
Empty-handed? Surely no!

What thou givest now in alms
To His aged sheep or lambs,
He again will sure repay
In the solemn judgment day—
When He comes, to claim for good,
All the purchase of His blood.

In his members, here below,
He receives what you bestow:
When you come before His throne,
He your charity will own;
This His language then will be,
"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

J. S. A.

Without seeking, it has fallen to our lot, to be the Lord's almoner to convey from the charitable donors to the needy seekers some help in their seasons of distress. This work is now one of constant daily employment; but the number of quiet, patient sufferers increases so fast that a constant inflow of funds is required. We may give, occasionally, samples of the appeals which reach us from such persons as we *know*, by corroboration, are in very trying circumstances.

First, a minister's widow, who, by bereavement, long sickness, and want of means, brought her to a most deplorable condition. She says:—

"DEAR FRIEND MR. BANKS, — I received your letter, and thank you for your present. I have been ill with the rheumatics; I only came downstairs yesterday. I have not got any home now on this earth: if I had got twenty pounds I would go to my children over in America, and get a good situation. Do you think if you drew up a subscription you might get me a little towards going over? Try to use all efforts for me. My trouble is too great for me to bear—to have my children torn away from me, and my home taken away from me. Do, dear friend Mr. Banks, pray the Lord to help me in all my distress; for I have not any friends on this earth but my dear children. Do try to help me to go to them. Thanking you kindly for your help, yours truly—C. S." [This greatly tried widow has gone in an emigrant ship. — C. W. B.]

From a consumptive minister's wife:—

"March 18, 1883.

"DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND, — Accept our united and sincere thanks for the kind assistance received from you this morning. We take it from the hand of our God. in

answer to prayer. What unexpected instruments the dear Lord sometimes uses to help His afflicted children, and to show them that He abideth faithful, 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever'! We have been called, dear friend, to walk much by faith the past two years; to watch, day by day, our Father's hand to supply our necessities; and we must confess, to the honour of our dear Lord, His wonders to us in the deep. 'He hath delivered,' and doth deliver, and by Him we hope yet to be delivered. My dear husband has been unable to work the past two and a-half years; the commencement of which time we thought the day of his departure was near at hand; indeed, for six weeks we were expecting hourly the summons to call him home, but still he is spared, for which mercy we desire to be grateful for ourselves, though we are pained to know that a body of suffering will be his to the end. He has been suffering for about eight years with consumptive lungs; doctor says he cannot possibly work again on account of shortness of breath; walking exercise tries him very much. Occasionally he speaks in the Lord's name, perhaps once in six weeks or two months, independent of which we have only six shillings per week coming in, and out of that we pay five shillings weekly for rent, leaving us only one shilling for the support of ourselves and two children. With all our tribulations we have much to bless the Lord for; and though our faith is very often sharply tried, we are made to know and feel that our help cometh from the Lord; His blessing is upon His people. My dear husband and self unite in Christian love to you, dear Mr. Banks, whom we have both seen and heard in B., also in London. The Lord abundantly bless you and your labours, in these your last days, with His favour, which is better than life, and give you at the end an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom of glory.—J. O. L." [This case is thoroughly well known to ministers and deacons of poor Churches besides us.—C. W. B.]

BETHNAL-GREEN.—HOPR.—Anniversary of Sunday-school was held on Tuesday, April 3. The children were served with a substantial tea. The evening service commenced with the scholars singing,—

"There is a throne of matchless grace,"

after which J. W. Banks prayed for a blessing on the school and meeting. Mr. Griffith made commendatory remarks on Sunday-school work, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to hearing the children recite hymns, chapters from the Bible, and other pieces. Much credit is due to brethren Larrance and Cruse for the satisfactory way in which the whole matter was carried out.

DOVER.—Sunday evening, April 1, we had solemn scene. Mr. Briggs preached in his chapel. He was proceeding to the communion table, but some fit seized him, and he was soon absent from the body. Oh, to know your "life is hid with Christ in God," then to that soul there is no death.

THE MEN THAT I HAVE KNOWN. No. 2.

JOHN WARBURTON.

My late dear friend and brother, William Garrard, thus graphically describes the character and ministry of dear old John of blessed memory:—

"John Warburton—ah! dear old lad, Although he groans, and seems so sad, Makes music for the poor."

If we had asked him what he was, I have no doubt he would have said, "A poor crawling earthworm," or "An owl of the night," or "A pelican of the wilderness," or "A sparrow alone on the house-top." I once heard him say that he was a crab-tree, a sour crab-tree. One thing is certain, that no man ever heard him speak highly of himself—of the many mighty works that he had done, of the number of souls that he had converted, of the number of sermons that he had preached, of the number of miles that he had travelled. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." John Warburton humbled himself, and told his hearers what a poor, helpless, dependent sinner he was. He came down to men of low degree, of low estate, to men in bonds as bound with them. And he was exalted—exalted in his own soul, exalted in the estimation of the poor for whom he made music at the cross, that filled them with the joy of heaven. When you heard John Warburton say, "*Poor sowle*," you felt sure that he was getting into his subject. And when he shouted, "Cheer up, poor sowle!" he was afloat on the sea of love. And illiterate as he was, there were but few men who could be more eloquent upon the experimental knowledge of the love of God. We have been thrilled through and through whilst listening to him, as if an angel of God was speaking to us from heaven. We have a vivid recollection of two occasions—one at Eden-street, the other at Gower. The text at Eden-street was: "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, by the will of God," &c. (Eph. i. 1). He commenced by saying, "Paul, Paul, not the rev. Paul, not the right rev. Paul, not the right rev. father in God, Paul. No, no! none of your right revs. for Paul. He was a poor, proud, sinner, and what he was as a saint in Christ, and a servant of God, God made him, and he did not want his name revered for that which was due to the grace of God." I wished that all in the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford—yes, and many in our dissenting colleges—had heard his definition of a call to the ministry, and his profound thoughts on the sovereign will of God. If they had been there, methinks, it would have shaken some of them—if not out of their skins—out of their cloak of covetousness.

The text at Gower was: "As the rain and the snow cometh down from heaven," &c. He began, "Mark, my friends, cometh down—every good gift, and every perfect gift, cometh down, cometh down, my friends. It all cometh down from the Father of light, with whom there is no variableness. Coming to the rain and the snow, he said they were sent to accomplish a purpose, and they accom-

plished the purpose for which they were sent. "So shall My Word be," &c. Well, it just occurs to me that after forty years I am the living witness of this. For his words are as fresh to me as though I had heard them but a few days ago. The text that is sealed home, the sermon that is blessed is never really forgotten. I have heard many sermons that never fastened a text upon my memory. But I can remember John Warburton's texts, and a good many of his striking remarks, because his word was with power, and because he made music for the poor. Oh! the music there was in John's "Poor sowle." It is astonishing how those two words, spoken with the deepest sympathy, used to affect me. I felt that somebody cared for my soul. So that I felt in a happier state than David when he said, "No man careth for my soul." I think the grand secret of Warburton's ministry being so greatly blessed was that his deepest sympathies were with troubled and tempted souls. And the troubles and temptations of the living are so many that a man who can, from experience, enter into those troubles and temptations which beset the children of God, must be greatly blessed, for it is a fact that God's children are greatly tried—tried as gold in the fire, tried as gold seven times purified. But what a comfort it has been to our afflicted souls that,—

"Gold in the furnace tried,
Ne'er loses ought but dross,
So is the Christian purified,
And bettered by the cross."

— AMICUS.

SUFFOLK—says a lay-pastor—is good soil for ministers. We have lately seen Hoxne chapel renovated, enlarged, and reopened. But, it was asked, "Who, and from whence, is this Mr. W. J. Denmee?" Mr. Denmee was a pious, patient, and humble co-helper with the late Mr. Samuel Jones in raising up the Mount Ephraim Church in Margate. Mr. Jones highly esteemed his friend, Mr. Denmee, who was subsequently settled as pastor over the Strict Baptist Church in Folkestone; there he worked honourably, but some spirits were against his free and full Gospel ministry. We thank God a wide door has been opened for him. May the SPIRIT OF CHRIST fill his soul, and thereby may be a good little Gideon, threshing out the wheat for the children of faith who are heirs of the kingdom. The Lord bless the testimony of Mr. Denmee in Suffolk.

PIMLICO.—The friends at Carmel chapel, Westbourne-street, held special services on Good Friday. Mr. J. S. Anderson and W. Winters preached the sermons. We have not seen Carmel look so cheerful for many years. Mr. J. Parnell baptized several believers on the Lord's-day following. The pastor and friends are raising a fund to renovate the chapel; this deserves the interest of all lovers of truth. May God shine upon the earnest Christian pastor, deacons, and people, and prosper their united efforts. The Bible-class and Sunday-school continues to prosper, God be thanked!—W. WINTERS.

CHELTEMHAM. — FRIEND C. W. BANKS,—As one of strong affection for every branch growing upon the grand old Gospel tree, will you let me (through the EARTHEN VESSEL) say that for some years, as often as health would enable him, Mr. Octavius Lloyd, of Birmingham, has spoken to us at our ancient "Bethel," Cheltenham, in the Word of the Lord, but on Sunday, March 18, some of us feared it would be the last time. He has since been very ill; we hope you will remember him. Our valued and esteemed brother, Mr. Broom, still reads us out the hymns; he has been instrumentally a pillar in Bethel for about fifty years, during which long service he has seen the coming and going, the rising and falling, the living and dying, of a multitude of parsons and people. O, what changes we have witnessed! Mr. Piggott comes to us preaching on trial. Our eyes are up above the man. Can you pray for true peace, and for a divine blessing to be found by many redeemed souls yet in Bethel? —A PRISONER.

[We are in correspondence with Mr. Octavius Lloyd. His affliction is great; his need of help is urgent. We are doing all we can. We are glad to hear Mr. Broom is still spared to Bethel. During the whole fifty years that we have known something of the ministers of "our Churches" we cannot think there has been a time when so much sickness, distress, and trial laid upon the servants of God as now. It is true there are many young stalwart men springing up; but there are an increasing number falling into decay.—ED.]

BRIXTON TABERNACLE.—On Good Friday the eleventh anniversary of brother Charles Cornwell's pastorate was held. Pastor preached in afternoon. The sermon was as full of the Gospel "as an egg is full of meat." It took one hour in delivery; about 250 took tea. Evening meeting commenced at 6.30. Brother Crutcher, of "The Grove," prayed, and Mr. Cornwell, as chairman, in his opening remarks, spoke of the peaceful and prosperous state of the cause. Mr. Holden spoke on the subject which the season of the year suggested. F. Wheeler was warm and energetic on Christian experience. E. Griffith, J. Batson, and S. Ponsford, gave soul-cheering and comforting words. The attendance was large.—J. W. B.

TRING TABERNACLE and the New Mill Church have just welcomed another pastor. During the last half-century what constant changes we have seen in this quiet little Baptist town of Tring! Akeman-street and West-end, Aston Clinton, and other Churches, are pastorless. New Mill Church is quite an old lady; her age is about 230 years. When will she return to the days of her youth? Her early history is full of marvel. Shall we do her honour by recording what *men* she once had? What glorious days she has seen? Round about this quiet country the Gospel has been victorious. May its vigour and power be seen here again. The saving conversion of sinners is not much seen here. What will Mr. Gower do?

GRAYS.—This cause continues to grow; last year several were added and others are waiting the Lord's time. We anticipate great things for Grays' cause. The locality is increasing consequent upon the formation of the new docks at Tilbury. At Easter Monday special services W. Winters preached in the afternoon. At the public service it was expected W. Geach, Esq., would preside; he being unable to attend found an excellent substitute in the person of Mr. Coombes, of Gravesend, a godly and intelligent brother. Mr. H. D. Mobbs offered fervent prayer. The chairman made special reference to Christ the sinner's substitute, and well advocated the cause of truth he by grace had long espoused. Mr. W. Archer gave a savoury speech on the last great act of Christ, His blessing the disciples at Bethany just before His ascension to glory. Mr. H. D. Mobbs spoke with scriptural force on the household of God. Mr. J. Kingston on the experimental side of God's unchangeableness, and a few words from the writer, with the earnest prayer of the chairman, brought the meeting to a close. — W. WINTERS.

POULNER.—A Good Friday gathering at the Baptist Chapel, Poulner, near Ringwood, Hants, was held. About 70 sat down to tea. At public meeting the chair was taken by the pastor, Mr. G. Diffey; that stirring hymn, "Come we that love the Lord," was sung; Pastor J. Thompson implored the divine blessing; the pastor gave an interesting account of the history of the Church at Poulner from the year of its foundation, in 1640, till the present time. Since his ministry began in 1874 about 30 had been received into fellowship. Nearly all of the 30 received had left the neighbourhood; some had gone to join the Church of the redeemed above; some had gone to the Cape of Good Hope; some to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and different parts of the world. Congregations were encouraging; he took courage from that fact, and hoped he should see some coming forward and declaring to all around what a dear Saviour they had found, and help on the Lord's work at Poulner; he should try by God's help to go on preaching the old, old story of the cross; he should not preach any doctrine of man's making, but trust to God to help him preach the truth. The pastor feelingly referred to several aged members of the Church who were nearing their journey's end; he knew the interest of the cause laid very near their heart; they prayed daily for the spiritual welfare of Zion. The pastor called his son (from Christchurch) to address the meeting, which he did, taking for his subject the word "*progress*." He spoke on worldly progress, and also on spiritual; the desire of the Christian should be that of progress in the divine life. In the Church there were often deep waters of depression to wade through, but there was sunshine sometimes. After singing "It is well with my soul," pastor J. Thompson (of Christchurch) spoke of the "rending of the veil. He said that although they did not

observe Good Friday more than any other yet it would be well to call to mind the solemn events in connection with the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ. The rending of the veil took place at the very moment that Christ gave up the ghost. The rending was not an ordinary one, for we read that it was rent in twain; it was torn asunder and hung in two pieces before the eyes of the high priests who were offering sacrifices at that time in the temple. The rent was not made by human power, but by the mighty power of Jehovah; it set forth the fact of the breaking down of the wall of partition between Jew and Gentile. Now both were to stand in the same position before God. After Mr. Golding, an old friend of the cause of Poulner, had related a little of his experience as a sinner unsaved and a sinner pardoned, the meeting was brought to a close by singing, "I'm nearer my home to-day," and prayer closed this happy gathering.—E. DIFFEY.

WELLINGBOROUGH.—I am thankful to say our Lord has made known to me, also to His people who meet for worship in Zoar chapel, His will, so that the Church have unanimously chosen me to be their pastor, which office, by God's blessing, I have accepted, and entered upon the same Sunday, April 1, 1883. The Lord has been pleased to make bare His arm of grace in our midst. On Lord's-day, February 25th last, I was enabled to baptize a sister in the faith of the Gospel, who for years had dwelt in the camp of much fear and doubt. Her dear husband, also a young sister in the faith, have given the Church to know their desire to cast in their lot with them. The Church has accepted them, believing it to be the good work of the Lord in them. I hope to baptize them on Lord's-day, 29th instant. The congregation have steadily increased, so that the Church, with the deacons, do praise the Lord. On Easter Monday last we had public meeting. The Lord sent the people; it was a good time. He enabled me to preach in afternoon, and lecture in the evening; the largest company this people ever had. We were favoured in the evening with the company of our worthy brother, Mr. G. Mittens, who took the chair. Collections, as announced by chairman, near £10. We hope to go on in the help of the God of Jacob. You have my love in Christ.—A BAKER.

NEW NORTH-ROAD.—On Easter Monday, the twenty-sixth anniversary of the establishing of the cause worshipping at Salem, Wilton-square, was held. Brother James Clark preached from the words, "This God is our God for ever and ever, and will be our Guide," &c. At tea, friends from neighbouring Churches. In the evening Mr. Flack presided. S. Banks, J. Griffiths, W. H. Evans, W. Osmond, and other friends, spoke. The chairman told us the chapel, with pastor's residence, had been put in trust for the use of the Strict Baptists. All who love the truth as it is in Jesus must rejoice at this movement.—J. W. B.

COGGESHALL.—SALEM CHAPEL.—On Good Friday two full-weight Gospel sermons were preached by Mr. F. G. Burgess. We enjoyed profitable seasons, not only the fathers in Israel, but the little ones. The seekers, the thinkers, the knockers, the waiters at Mercy's door were severally dealt with most gently. Nearly 100 took tea. The services were the most cheering we have seen here for some years. Our aged brother Powell and brother E. P. Brown are working together harmoniously; the two causes have now been united five months; during that time a Sunday-school has been started; the chapel has been repaired. Collections were made for paying the cost. With a little assistance from outside friends, we hope to realise the amount required. That the Lord will bless and prosper this part of His vineyard is the earnest prayer of—**HOPEFUL.**

HIGH WYCOMBE.—Mr. W. E. Palmer commences a stated ministry here May 6. "The Baptists" have met for worship in Wycombe over 200 years. What changes in those changing seasons! When John Foster went to Bristol, he did not find a large mass of people, and he wrote to a friend, "I have long felt a degree of despondency as to the effect of any human efforts; and I am still wishing to see some signs of the time when the Almighty will, in an extraordinary manner, *take the work into His own hands.*" That was nearly eighty years ago. Has the time referred to yet commenced? We answer, Not here; but we hope Mr. Palmer will not despair; may he see the Lord working by him, prays C. W. B.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—Special services at Providence chapel on March 26, sermon by Mr. Hand. At evening meeting Josiah Crutcher, Esq., presided; Mr. Whiting prayed; excellent report was read, showing that several had been baptized, and others were asking the way to Zion. During the year £100 had been cleared off the debt, leaving £655. Great regret was expressed for Mr. Bonney in his affliction. The chairman, brethren Myerson, Parnell, Mitchell, F. Wheeler, Hand, and Clark gave some good discourses.—**W. B.**

COTTENHAM.—On Thursday, April 12, the members of the Bible-class in connection with Ebenezer Strict Baptist Church held their annual tea. About sixty sat down, after which a social meeting was held, when a programme, consisting of singing, essays, and addresses was gone through. The most interesting part of the proceedings was the presentation to Mr. Sanderson, the highly-esteemed leader of the class, of a purse of money, which had been subscribed by the members as a small token of respect for, and gratitude to, their leader. This little flock, though having been for a long time, and still being, without an under shepherd, is in a flourishing condition.—**W. A. DODSLEY, Cottenham.**

DUNSTABLE.—We have had successful commemorative Sunday-school gatherings at our old Baptist chapel, where you once gave us anniversary sermons, in the time of our beloved William Carpenter. That clever young man, P. Reynolds, gave the Sunday sermons. I say, Master C. W. Banks, is he not a step or two above some of us country pulpit men? A crowd came to hear him. On Monday, that grave young divine, F. G. Burgess, of Tring, preached, and took the chair at night; he will make a D.D. by-and-bye; he does grow. That kind bachelor Reynolds, Mr. Kent, the superintendent, and others told us some good things at night. It was a good lift for the Sunday-school. Do you think Mr. Reynolds, now leaving Needingworth, would do for Dunstable? I also am "A VILLAGE PREACHER." [Mr. Reynolds has made his mark; a thorough sound Gospel man.—**C. W. B.**]

MR. F. GREEN'S WELCOME AT HOXTON.—Our friend says, Tuesday, April 3, was a memorable day, a glorious April Spring day, and the 62nd birthday of my natural life, forty-fifth of my spiritual, and about the thirtieth year of my ministry in the Church of Christ. Heaven smiled on us indeed. At tea-table about 125 sat down. Bethel filled in the evening. Your valued letter to me read publicly. True expressions of tender regard uttered by brother Styles and friends towards you and yours. Collections good; in fine, all was good, without any exaggeration. Israel's God was with us, and He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever. The Lord cheer thee and thine. May we all realise a sweet reviving in every section of Zion, ministers, Churches, and people, even of a lasting and solid character.—**F. GREEN.**

LIMPLEY STROKE.—BAPTIST CHAPEL. Anniversary services of Sunday-school were held March 25 and 26. The venerable pastor, Mr. William Huntley, preached in the morning with his usual vigour, though at the ripe age of 84. For more than sixty years this aged servant of God has been labouring in the village. May the Lord give unto him, when his work is done, "an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ." Mr. John Huntley, of Widcombe, Bath, preached two excellent sermons in afternoon and evening. Following day came the usual tea meeting. At public meeting, presided over by the pastor, Mr. R. H. Moore, of Bath, gave a suitable address; so did Mr. J. R. Huntley. Hymns were sung by the children, and another pleasant anniversary was brought to a close.—**W. P., Bath, April 3.**

ISLINGTON.—The third anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. Philip Reynolds was celebrated on Tuesday, April 17. A large gathering of friends in the afternoon listened attentively to a solid sermon from the lips of our brother, Mr. John Box; after which a good tea was enjoyably partaken of. We much regret that our friend and kind brother, Henry Newby, Esq., was unable to preside at the evening meeting, owing to

severe illness. May God speedily restore him. The choir, however, was excellently sustained by Mr. Harris, the respected deacon of Shouddham-street chapel, who, after reading a short Psalm, called upon Mr. F. Green, of Hoxton, to offer the opening prayer. Mr. Harris followed with a few spiritual and encouraging words to pastor and people, as this was the third year of their happy union. Mr. Reynolds rose and heartily thanked the chairman for his faithful remarks, and having read a letter of sympathy and love from Mr. Newby, in which was enclosed £2 3s. towards the incidental expenses of the cause, he (Mr. Reynolds) expressed his gratitude to God for the blessing attending his labours at Providence during the past year. He was happy to say that the Lord's-day congregation was usually excellent. The prayer-meetings were good, and the Wednesday evening service was larger and more encouraging than ever. The deacons were loving, united, and persevering. Since April, 1882, ten persons had been added, seven by baptism; two had been taken from their midst by death, the beloved brethren Goldsmith and Kenneth; and during the whole services of Mr. Reynolds at Providence sixty-seven persons had joined the Church, making the number of members 128 (this number will soon swell, as five friends have recently applied for membership). This is a truly encouraging item, and worthy of record. Mr. Anderson treated of Christ as "a root out of a dry ground." Mr. Box dealt at length on the nature of "seasonable fruit." W. Winters on "surprising vigour;" and J. Wilkins was brief on the root, foliage, and fruit of vital religion. A few helpful words from deacons Willy and Adams terminated the cheerful and successful meeting.—W. WINTERS.

Silent Breathings of the Heart.

NOTES OF PRIVATE CORRESPONDENTS.

[DURING our long confinement with what they call "bronchial affection" (we must not call it a trial), we have received sweet notes of sympathy which breathe the Spirit of Christ. *They must not be lost! Here is one.*]

THE HAPPY TERMINUS.—MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I hope, through God's covenant mercy, you are enjoying a good degree of health and strength for your work, and, above all, that you are favoured with much of the bright shining of His glorious face upon you, to make you glad in His service, and that His joy may remain in you, so that you may finish your course with joy at His appearing. I have been thinking,—

"How foolish and how vain
Are all things here below!

How long they will remain

I do not wish to know.

While I can feel that Christ is mine,
I can all earthly joys resign."

Oh, my dear aged brother in Christ, how sweet it must be, like you, to know that you are *nearly home!* that life *outside* heaven for you is nearly done! Oh, I do sometimes catch myself wishing it were so with me, for I do not seem to be of much use to anybody, and there does seem to be so much to make one wish to see the end. *It is* nice when my Father put this telescope (of faith) into my hand a moment, that I may have a glimpse of His own blessed self, and His own blessed home. This is a land of wonder, that is a land of worship. How many things there are here that we are obliged to wonder at—both in the world and in the Church, the wonder of astonishment, the wonder of mystery, and the wonder of inquiry. But this wondering on my part only proves how ignorant I am.

"Sufficient let it be that God
My heavenly Father knows,

And needed wisdom from His Word,
With the higher blessing flows."

My venerable brother, may I ask you to write me a line when you can, telling me how you are, and till then please accept my warm love for you as a father in the Gospel. Now God Almighty bless you with all needful covenant blessing, is the prayer of yours faithfully—G.

Deaths.

CALLED TO A HIGHER HOME.—Mr. James Mitson, once a true friend to the late beloved James Wells, was on his way home on Thursday, April 5, 1883, when suddenly, in railway station, he fell and expired. What a sudden transition! For many years he had been a firm believer in, and follower of the LORD, the GOD-MAN, the REDEEMER. He had also been a faithful guardian of the poor. What a stroke for his beloved daughter! but what a sunshine of glory for himself. He has "LIFE FOR EVERMORE."—C. W. B.

HADLOW.—Fell asleep in Jesus, Mrs. Ann Coomber, after a long and protracted illness; ended this mortal strife with the old man of sin and the new man of grace on February 14, 1883. She bore her sufferings with Christian resignation, leaning and trusting upon the all-supporting arm of her beloved Christ, who was precious to her soul down to her last moments. She had only one hope, and that was in Jesus' precious blood, on which alone she did depend. She had been a member at Hadlow for many years. Her remains were conveyed to Borough-green, and interred on February 20 by our esteemed minister of Hadlow, Mr. Beecher.—Also, with sorrow, we have to relate the somewhat sudden death of a dear brother, and, we unhesitatingly say, a saint of the Most High God. The little flock at Hadlow have lost, in the person of Mr. John Butcher, a loving, kind, and tender-hearted deacon, a laborious and faithful brother, both to encourage and reprove; a wise father to give counsel and encouragement to the weak in faith, and the little seekers in Zion. He prayed continually for the prosperity and welfare of the Church of God upon earth, and especially for our little sanctuary at Hadlow. May the heavens bless this Bethel, this house of prayer, and build it up again in spite of all its foes. Myself, with another fellow-member of Mr. Butcher's, were at his bedside almost in his last moments: we bade him farewell for the present only one hour before he departed to be for ever with the Lord. It was encouraging, indeed, to behold this dying saint; he was continually quoting portions of Scripture and Gospel hymns until his heavenly Master bid him come up higher. The dear Lord was pleased to take him to Himself after one short week's illness. It can truly be said of this dear man of God that he died in the Lord, March 19, 1883, aged 69 years. Mr. John Butcher is lamented by a very large circle of sorrowing friends, and will be greatly missed, especially as he had the cause of God at heart, and has been so useful in our midst.—H. BANFIELD.

Our brother, Edward Child, Baptist minister, died at Warboys, in Huntingdonshire, on March 18, 1883, aged 68 years, having proclaimed the discriminating truths of the Gospel about forty years. His sufferings for the last eight months were very severe, but he had many sweet assurances of the love and faithfulness of his covenant God, both in a temporal and spiritual sense. His end was peace. Mr. Child resigned his pastorate at Raunds about ten years since, and came to reside at Warboys, his native village, and was frequently employed in supplying destitute Churches, as long as strength would permit.

The late Mr. John Bunyan McCure.

"They are all gone into the World of Light.
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their useful memory is fair and bright,
They my sad thoughts do cheer.
O, Father of Eternal Life—and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume my spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty."

YES ! they are gone ! Nearly all I once knew as the pastors of our Churches, as the heralds of salvation, have passed away from time, from the world, from the work they so much loved, and they have entered into the joy of their Lord.

In the month of April four brethren, well known in former days, are no more here: Mr. R. Powell; Mr. Partridge, of Wallingford; Mr. William House, once of Hadlow; now comes the following memorial card, on which I read—

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE,
Who fell asleep in Jesus April 29th, 1883,
AGED 60 YEARS.

Interred at Nunhead Cemetery.

"We shall meet beyond the river
When our conflicts all are o'er;
And we'll spend the blest forever
On that bright celestial shore."

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

I do not know anyone living who knew Mr. John Bunyan McCure more minutely as regards his commencement in public life, and in all his movements, than myself. It is nearly forty years ago, when a cheerful-looking young man came into my office, and made himself known to me as JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE. From that day a close fellowship commenced. His first stated ministry was in Birmingham. I preached for him there; was with him in all the Hadlow pastorate; and was privately, I hope, God's hand in helping him out to Australia, and back again. But I reserve my recollections of him for the present. The following sketch of his life and death is given by a beloved brother in the ministry, and I give it as sent to me. I may fill up some scenes omitted another day. Of him I only softly echo—

"Rest, loved one, rest ! beneath the ebon lid
All that the grave could hold of thee is hid :
The last, faint smile, unutterably sweet,
With which thou didst the king of terrors meet :
The last, short prayer that crossed thy languid lips
Told me thy soul was suffering no eclipse ;
And those who looked into thy dying eye
Saw there the dawn of immortality.

Oh ! the vast distance 'twixt the coffin'd clay
 And the dear soul that warmed it yesterday !
 In one brief hour the death-room, chill and dim,
 Changed for the blinding blaze of seraphim ;
 In one bright hour time's sorrow-laden strains
 For swelling symphonies on sinless plains ;
 From winter's midnight world he soared away
 To realms of fadeless spring and deathless day ! "

I have known, and watched many good men, but surely, I confess I scarcely knew anyone over whom the Providence of the Almighty watched more mercifully, more effectively, than it did over our departed friend. The gift of that quiet, honourable, and faithful sister—now his widow—was a most benevolent and suitable kindness. God will bless her, and the children left behind will, I trust, never suffer for the loss of an affectionate father.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

" The memory of the just is blessed."

The Lord has again come down and called from our midst another distinguished watchman from the walls of Zion in the person of our dear brother, the late Mr. John Bunyan McCure. His removal from the Church below to the home above was so unexpected that we can scarcely realise the fact that here we shall see his face and listen to his voice no more. But his work is done, the race has closed, the conflict is over. He has now reached the goal, obtained the prize, gained the victory, and amongst the glorified is holding communion face to face with Him whose name he delighted to exalt, and to whose truth he bore faithful testimony for many years on earth. Our departed brother held his first pastorate at Hadlow, in Kent. About thirty years ago he left his native country and went to Australia, and subsequently settled at Sydney, where he was instrumental in building a chapel. In this place he laboured successfully for several years. His mission to England to obtain help to clear off the debt which he and the Church felt to be a pressing burden; and the hearty manner in which the Churches in this land responded to the appeal are still fresh in the minds of thousands. Having succeeded in obtaining the necessary sum, he returned to Sydney, having been absent two years.

A heavy trial, however, awaited our brother. Only three weeks before he landed death entered his home-circle and called away the partner of his life. The effect of this painful event was nearly overwhelming to his sorrowful spirit, and but for the gracious support which a covenant God only can give, he would have sunk beneath the stroke. Some time after this he decided to resign his pastorate over the Church at Sydney, and return to his native land. Accordingly, on his arrival in England, about fourteen years since, he received invitations from many of the Churches to serve them, and was in consequence in labours abundant; but to preach the gospel of distinguishing grace was to him a service of love. He felt that he could not sufficiently extol the name of Jesus who had saved, redeemed, and delivered his soul from sin and death.

Having supplied the Church at Eden Chapel, Cambridge, he was invited to take the pastorate, which, after prayerful consideration, he consented to do, and entered upon his stated labours there on the 15th of December, 1872. The Lord very much blessed his ministry in this

place, and made him instrumental in building a new chapel on the site of the old one, the foundation stone being laid by the late Mr. William Crowther, of Gomersal, Leeds, on the 10th of June, 1874. This building cost about £2,000, and was completed in a little over six months; and, owing to the blessing of God upon the indefatigable labours of our departed brother, was opened free of debt on the 25th of November in the same year. About forty joined the Church during the time he was able stately to labour here. In the year 1876 his health began to fail, no doubt owing to over-exertion, and in January, 1877, it was deemed needful for him to have some months rest and change of air; but after a sojourn of six months in Jersey and other parts, he returned to Cambridge very little improved in health.

He was unable to preach more than one Sunday, and being compelled again to leave home, he resigned his pastorate, though it caused him very great sorrow, as it did also those to whom he had so much endeared himself. After some months he was partially restored, and again employed his strength in preaching the Gospel of Jesus. Doors were opened for him in almost every part of the country, but he was never able to take a pastorate again. The last time he preached was at Gamlingay, in May, 1882, many of his old friends from Cambridge being present, and have testified it was a season never to be forgotten. In the month of June following, he had a slight attack of paralysis, and though he was able to get about a little he never really recovered, but gradually got worse. He was out on Lord's-day morning, April 22, last, but was taken worse during the day and went to bed, and never left his room again, but fell asleep in Jesus on the following Sunday, April 29. Owing to the nature of his last illness (throat affection), he was not able to say much, but to a friend who was present he said that he felt he was sweetly resting on the Rock. The last words which fell from his lips on earth, about an hour before he died, were:—

“IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.”

And thus,

“Released from sin, and toil, and strife,
Death was his gate to endless life.”

Our dear brother leaves behind him to mourn his loss a bereaved widow (who has been a gentle, loving wife), and six children, four of whom are in Australia, and two in England. May the Lord comfort the bereaved ones in their sorrow, and help them to look forward to the happy re-union in that land where separation, sin and death are for ever unknown.

The funeral took place at Nunhead Cemetery, on Saturday, May 5, 1883, in the presence of a large number of friends, Mr. James Clark, of West-hill, Wandsworth, officiating; who, in a solemn address delivered at the grave, bore testimony to the uprightness of our departed brother as a godly man, and his usefulness and faithfulness as an unflinching minister of the Gospel. Mr. Deeks, a member of the Church at Cambridge, also gave expression to the high esteem in which the memory of their late pastor would be cherished by the friends there; several of whom had come up to show their affection by being present on this mournful occasion. The following four lines:—

“ Safe in the arms of Jesus,		There by His love o’ershaded,
Safe on His gentle breast,		Sweetly <i>his soul doth rest.</i> ”

were sung with feelings of deep emotion. Mr. Clark then committed the body to the tomb in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

The grave is in close proximity to that of the beloved James Wells and his two godly deacons, Edward Butt and John Carr.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE'S SERMON ON "CHRIST, OUR WITNESS IN HEAVEN."

Preached in Cambridge. Taken in Shorthand, and sent us, by William Heffer.

[This discourse is a faithful testimony to the sound, experimental, and useful character of our departed brother's ministry—a ministry which was spread over Australia, and nearly all parts of Great Britain. His friends will be glad to have such a memorial of a tried and zealous man's testimony for the Son of God.—C. W. B.]

"Also, now, behold My witness is in heaven, my record is on high."—Job xvi. 19.

JOB was a type of Zion's pilgrims, having, as they do, to pass through much tribulation. Although his afflictions were great and many, through the restricting and restraining hand of his covenant God, not one fell upon him beyond the grace given to bear. We have the end of Job's history, so that we can see that out of all these afflictions the Lord in His own time delivered and brought him out into a wealthy place. But the poor child of God says, "Shall I endure likewise? Shall I come to the end in safety, for I am so weak and helpless that if left one moment to myself I shall surely perish?" Well, poor tried one,—

"He who hath helped you hitherto
Will help you all your journey through."

Goodness and mercy have, and shall still, follow thee all the days of thy life, for the Lord your God is pitiful, long-suffering, and of great kindness. Job lost nothing by being tried and put into the furnace. It was not hotter than was required.

"The Lord only designed
His dross to consume, and His gold to refine."

So that while we are in these lowlands of sorrow, we may sing, "'Tis all for the best."

"And as gold from the flame he'll bring us at last,
To praise Him for all through which we have passed,
Then love everlasting our griefs shall repay,
And God from our eyes wipe all sorrows away."

But his professed friends said that the Lord had sent these afflictions on account of what he was in and of himself, or on account of some sin he had committed. They had not yet learnt the meaning of that Scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth;" but Job could appeal to the God of his salvation, and say, "My witness is in heaven. The Lord knows I am sincere; the Lord knows that I love Him. He is my Witness." Not only is He the Witness of His children, but also against the wicked; for in the day of judgment He will be a swift witness against those who oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and fatherless, when they shall be

judged every man according to his works. He Himself, CHRIST JESUS, will be the Witness of His children; "for there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Satan may insinuate that as your deeds are all naked and open before God He will be a swift witness against you. But no! He changeth not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.

"Should nature alter in her course,
And darkness turn to day,
His love admits of no divorce,
He hates to put away."

Some of His children, through long-suffering, He allows to fill a great measure of their days in iniquity, yet in His own time He puts forth His hand and snatches them as brands from the everlasting burning; for,—

"There is a period known to God,
When all His sheep, redeemed by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold, and enter in."

But I fear there are many now, as in the dear Redeemer's day, who profess to love and fear His name, who are entirely destitute of spiritual life. They may deceive man, but they cannot deceive God; for the tree is known by its fruits, and He knoweth them that are His; although His children may not detect them, yet He, the great Searcher of hearts, will say to them, as He did to those of old, "Woe unto you, hypocrites!" They may outwardly appear golden gilded Christians, but inwardly they are as sepulchres full of deadness and corruption. But our God never makes a mistake. "Long as He lives His own He'll love," for He hath known and loved them from eternity in oneness with Christ, their living Head, in whom they are accepted, their names being written in the Lamb's book of life.

"Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His favourites from His breast;
In the dear bosom of His love
They must for ever rest."

So many seem content with a hearsay knowledge of Christ; but the living child wants the witness in himself. He wants Christ Himself to speak to him, he wants to live in Christ, and Christ to live in him. Precious living this, my friends! Since God's ordination is tribulation, it must be a source of great consolation to His tried ones to know that their Witness is in heaven, and when they are overwhelmed, to be led to this precious Rock, Christ, for He knoweth the way that we take; and though our trials and difficulties at times are great and many, yet from all these the Lord will, in His own time, deliver and bring us forth as gold seven times purified. Sometimes the child of God is so burdened that he cannot pour out his heart at a throne of grace. All he can say is, "Lord, Thou knowest I am no hypocrite. Thou knowest I have no faith only in Thyself. Thou knowest I am a poor sinner needing mercy, waiting only on Thee; and though Thou should'st slay me yet will I trust in Thee." Moreover, his language sometimes is, "If I had ten thousand worlds I would give them to know that I have an interest in Christ. I love the praises of the sanctuary, and to meet where Thy people meet; but—

“How can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out
When Thou for them shalt call?”

I would not be deceived, therefore search me, O God! try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. False witnesses have risen up against me, and I am hemmed in on every side.” Stand still, child of God; the Lord shall fight for you. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn, for thy Witness is in heaven, thy record is on high. CHRIST is the Witness in heaven between His people and God the Father; and He witnesseth by His SPIRIT to their hearts Jehovah's will concerning them, and that they are the favoured objects of His everlasting love. When the child of God is anxious for a sealing testimony, longing and panting to know that his name is written in the Lamb's book of life, Jesus, as his Witness, is interceding for him on high; for this same Jesus has ascended up on high. Jesus, bone of our bone, our Kinsman, Brother, and Friend, to Him we may come who has promised to deliver in every time of trouble. Oh, precious Jesus! lovely Saviour! come and witness to my heart that I am Thine. No other voice will do. Thou must speak Thyself; for sweet is Thy voice, and Thy countenance is comely. Christ was the true and faithful Witness while He was in the world, witnessing for some, and against others. The Scribes and Pharisees who went about to establish their own righteousness, saying, “We have Abraham to our father,” and, no doubt, felt confident of seeing Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, when their journey here was over; but Christ witnessed, and said, “Ye are not of My sheep,” being destitute of grace in the heart and divine light in the soul. Not only did He witness against these, but on behalf and for the very worst of men, harlots, publicans, and sinners, testifying that they were the children of God.

The woman whom Satan had bound eighteen years He loosed from her infirmity, testifying that she also was a daughter of Abraham. Satan might have thought that as he had held her so many years he should never lose her; but the appointed time had come, the divine mandate had gone forth. Almighty love! arrest that woman; loose her, and let her go; for she also is a daughter of Abraham, and sister of Jesus. What! this woman a child of God? A sister of Jesus? Yes,—

“Bound in life's bundle, called His own,
A child of peace, to Him foreknown.”

Also Zaccheus, who had climbed into the sycamore tree to see Jesus. Jesus witnessed, saying, “Make haste and come down, for to-day is salvation come to thine house; forasmuch also as thou art a son of Abraham, known to Me from eternity.” Your good deeds, nor your bad ones, do not recommend you to My notice, for I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”

Jesus was also the Testifier of Jehovah's loving determination concerning poor lost and ruined sinners. Listen to His words, ye doubting and fearing ones. “In My Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” He is the faithful and true Witness who pleadeth at His Father's right hand for His

blood-bought children; and by His Spirit He declares to them their interest in His love, salvation, and care. Who, then, shall lay anything to the charge of those for whom He died, those for whom He shed His precious blood? When the poor sinner is charged with original and actual sins, what can he do but plead guilty? Then Jesus, as his Witness, says, "I have paid his debt, fulfilled the law, satisfied justice, and brought in everlasting righteousness." Justice, then, demands the prison-doors to be opened, and the prisoner to be released. Jesus suffered, Jesus paid the debt, and it is now as much an act of justice as mercy that the prisoner should be set at liberty; and, we speak with reverence, it would be unjust if he did not participate in the glories of the redeemed in heaven, where Jesus

"Points to their names upon His breast,
And spreads His wounded hands."

I dare not hope to go to heaven but by the atonement and blood shedding of Jesus; and it is the Spirit's work alone to take of the things of Jesus and reveal them unto us. Oh, glorious Witness! Eternal Spirit! come and speak to my heart.

"Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear Thy witness in my heart,
That I am born of God."

My record is on high. A record is a register, and in a register is an account of births, marriages, and deaths; therefore my birth spiritually, my marriage with my Husband (Christ), and my death, are registered there; for we are dead, and our lives are hid with Christ in God. Satan, no doubt, would like our names blotted out of the register; but he cannot, for it is on high, beyond his reach. There we are known as children of God, as heirs of heaven, our names being in the Lamb's book of life. He will not forget thee, poor pilgrim; although you say He has forsaken and forgotten you, He has not; for thy name is engraven on the palms of His hands, and as the breast-plate of the High Priest, in the time of Aaron, bore the names of all the twelve tribes, so the heart of our great High Priest, Jesus, bears the names of all His elect family. Is not this, therefore, full of consolation to the troubled child of God? He may, then, "Rejoice that his name is written in heaven, and that God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into his heart, crying, "Abba, Father!"

"Abba, Father, Lord, we call Thee,
Hallowed name, from day to day;
'Tis Thy children's right to call Thee,
None but children 'Abba' say."

May the Lord add His blessing. Amen.

WHERE ARE WE?

IS "THE AMEN" YET "KNOCKING AT THE DOOR"?

ARE we in the Sardis-Church state, or in the Laodicean? I attempt no answer here, but wise men (who believe in predestination, and that the great God "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will"), may sometimes be led to the consideration of the question—

"Where are we?" Where on the prophetic map can you put your finger down and say, "There our position and condition is clearly defined"? This is not speculation; this is not a careless state of mind which never concerns itself to ascertain how far we can see a clear similarity between the divine appointment—the prophetic declaration and the fulfilment thereof—in our own times, and in our own experience. There is a vague and indefinite, a common-place kind of faith, and there is a special, a distinct, a discerning, a consoling faith, which can recognise the path divinely marked out in the Word as the very path in which we are now walking. Is it not soul-sustaining to be assured that the bounds of our habitation are fixed, and that we are certainly in that fixed appointment? That the purpose of God our Father

"Mark'd the path for us to tread,"

and that the providence of God has set and kept our feet in that well-ordered path which, by grace, will lead us safely home to glory? It must be as a healing balm to every bruised spirit to believe assuredly that we are not left to wander whithersoever Satan or sin might lead us, but that, in the appointed time, the sovereign power of grace drew us out of the horrible pit, away from the miry clay, set our feet upon a Rock, and established our goings; and that this law of love applies not to us as individuals merely, but to the whole course of the ransomed family, from Abel down to the last vessel of mercy that shall be gathered in.

What is called "*Christianity*" in these days has such a vast variety of creeds, of forms, of fashion, of effort; so confusing is the noise, so irreverent the manners, so offensive the presumptions, and so successful in gaining the pence and the people, that one is driven to fear that the prophecy referred to last month, which is found in Isaiah xviii., has its fulfilment *now*, "For so the Lord said unto me,

"I WILL TAKE MY REST,"

"And I will consider in My dwelling place." That is, I will retire from the contempt, from the conceit, from the controversies, from the insults, from the pride, from the atheism, from the selfishness, and idolatry of the people; and they shall see what their anti-Christian state will be when My Spirit is withdrawn from them for a season. "They—that is, the openly rebellious, and the false worshippers; *all* who, as Ebenezer Jenkins said in his much applauded sermon—all the openly profane, and all those whose minds have been occupied with the preconception of a *false Christ*: "they all," saith the Lord (when I have retired to My rest) "shall be left together unto the fowls of the mountains, and to the beasts of the earth;" which fearful prophecy appeared to be in fulfilment when the Baptist Union and the Congregational Assembly disgraced themselves by the riotous introduction of motions to uphold the God-denying blasphemer, and to give sanction to the wicked efforts of thousands in this land to cast out the name of the Almighty from the sacred covenant enjoined upon all who are to frame and establish our laws for us. Poor Houghton of Liverpool, and the consistent Northampton minister, were all but thrown upon their backs by these dreadfully wicked professors of what they term "*Christianity*." Blind leaders of the blind are all these proud, well-paid presumers, who, if grace prevent not, will all fall into the ditch

together. Ask any spiritual, heaven-anointed, and deeply-sanctified minister of Christ if he has not painfully felt the lack of an unction from the HOLY ONE, both in his private and in his public fellowships with the eternal God? I have silently mourned over it; and even in some who are called "men of truth," pride, presumption, an unbecoming boldness, an unclean and a carnal spirit is much too manifest. But it is

"THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE."

Surely it is too true. "So the Lord said unto me, I will take My rest." "THE MYSTERY OF GOD" is not yet "*finished*." When the disappointed Jews became offended because the Son of God was not such a Messiah as they expected; when the curious and angry speculators who had seen His miracles, and heard His voice, when they forsook Him, the precious Redeemer opened His heart in that sublime invocation, "FATHER, I thank Thee, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, FATHER, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Here is a great mystery. Godliness from beginning to the end is to man without the Spirit a mystery; but the many deaths I have to record this month, and the space they occupy, compel me to defer further remarks now. In closing, I venture to add a line or two from poor brother J. S. Anderson, who has been laid aside by illness for a short time. From the note following, written May 18, 1883, it will be seen he hopes to preach in Speldhurst-road on Thursday evening, May 31. He says:—

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I DO HOPE to be with you at Speldhurst-road on the 31st. inst., and preach as promised. I am so far better that I expect to occupy my pulpit next Lord's-day. Of course, all depends upon the Master's will: we know not what any day may bring forth. This is my birth-day—65; 12 years behind you, and nothing like the tough and strong man you were 12 years ago; yet have had a large measure of health, only laid aside for one Lord's-day for 37 years till now.

"Flow my praise, for ever flow."

Alas! how cold the heart, and stupidly forgetful of all the Lord's goodness. How unspeakable the mercy that salvation is by grace, sovereign, free, boundless grace. O for more feeling of its preciousness and power.

Mrs. Crowther was a member of her husband's church at Lockwood. She felt his death acutely, but I believe her bereavement was greatly blessed to her. Saw her in the Autumn at Greenwood, near Barnet, when I spent the day at her friend Mrs. Harris's, and was pleased with her conversation. Since then she went to Germany to be with Mr. C.'s eldest daughter (Carrie) in her confinement; was called home by the death of a sister in Leicester; then Mr. C.'s youngest sister died, and now she herself is gone.

Grace, mercy and peace from God the Father, by the Spirit, through the Son. So prays yours in Him,

J. S. ANDERSON.

171, Manor-road, Brockley, S.E., May 18, 1883.

How rapidly the family of the Crowthers have been removed! Soon shall we be summoned home! There are plenty of ministers coming on. The Lord bless them. Praying the Lord to give us holy meetings June 18 and 19, I am, in faith and hope,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, May 18, 1883.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE RANSOMED SOUL.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, and fill your hearts with love to Him who loves, and died, and lives for evermore, the sinner's Friend. Friend! ay, the very best in the vast universe. He is the only Friend that ever did, or could, pour out His heart's blood to save poor, guilty, hell-deserving wretches from going down to the awful region of blackness, woe, and despair. Immanuel, Immanuel alone could let His heart bleed to death in order to put a crown of life, immortality, and glory, upon the head of the ransomed soul. Oh, the superlative blessedness of being a ransomed soul! Not health, nor wealth, nor fame, nor mortal life itself, with all its charms, will bear the least comparison to it. David, the man after God's own heart, knew this, and felt it, when he said, "Because Thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."

How *has* the lovingkindness of Jehovah been manifested? How *is* it and *will* it be manifested? Meditate on these things, and you shall find a mine of blessings—treasures, the worth of which have never yet been told, notwithstanding patriarchs, prophets, priests, poets, kings, and saints, have been talking, singing, writing about them for near six thousand years. Seraphs which bow before the blazing throne of Immanuel's glory have desired to look into them. Ransomed spirits that have crossed the Jordan, and quitted the mortal frame, have been diving into them, and we try sometimes to think and say a little; but oh, the heights are too high, the depths are too deep, the lengths too long, and the breadths too wide, ever to be fully explored by either human or angelic minds. Till the creature comprehends the Creator, till that which is finite can grasp infinity, time encircle eternity, and space outstrip immensity, shall the lovingkindness of Jehovah continue to furnish His ransomed Church with a greatness, fulness, and richness of blessing, the worth, dignity, and surpassing glory of which He alone can comprehend.

Let the wings of your faith carry you back to the ancient settlements of eternity, to the ordering of the grand, glorious, and everlasting covenant of grace, and you will see that every line is written as with a sunbeam, in characters of lovingkindness. "And I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in *lovingkindness*, and in mercies I will even betroth thee unto Me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the LORD." What marvels of grace are here! Then look at the sweet developments of this blessed covenant, as God the Holy Ghost was pleased to illuminate and inspire the souls of His holy prophets to write down from time to time during the Old Testament dispensation, setting forth its ample provisions and unalterable certainties, and all for the encouragement and consolation of His dear chosen ones.

Next, let your mind, with profound awe and sacred solemnity, ponder o'er the doings and dying of INCARNATE DEITY. What but the eternal, unchangeable love of Jehovah to His dear people could be the moving cause of His becoming incarnate? How wonderful that He should take to Himself our nature and be a very man! All the attributes of Jehovah, and all the perfections of humanity, centre in Jesus. This was He of whom Isaiah wrote as "a child born," whose name is

“Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,” who was peculiarly designated “the Man of sorrows.” Yes, ’twas He who, though the rightful possessor of the vast universe, was laid in a manger at His birth, and afterwards had not where to lay His sacred head. This was He, the Prince of life, who groaned and said, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;” and in the intensity of the agony of His mind “sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground,” whose temples were encircled with cruel thorns that He might place an unfading crown of righteousness on the heads of His loved ones. His back was lacerated with the scourge, and His hands and feet were nailed to the rugged tree, that they might hold in their hands the palm-branch of victory. In the depths of the dreadful darkness He cried, “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me,” that they should dwell in the light of His Father’s countenance for ever. The sluice-gates of divine wrath were let loose upon His soul, and the flaming sword of divine justice was sheathed and quenched in His pure heart, that they might bathe—

“In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across *their* peaceful breast.”

Oh, Calvary! did not the lovingkindness of My God and Christ shine resplendently upon thy tragic summit when He cried, “It is finished!” and “Oh, grave, where is Thy victory?” We do not wonder that Thou could’st not longer retain the great MONARCH OF IMMORTALITY. And ye angels, we are not surprised that ye should bring,—

“——— His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne;
Clap your triumphant wings, and cry,
‘The glorious work is done.’”

There is another important point worthy of your attention. Does not this lovingkindness sparkle when the blessed eternal Spirit breathes life into the soul that had been dead in trespasses and sins, and cause it to live anew to God? Aye, verily. Poor sinners are thus made partakers of the divine nature, but not deified. Such souls are plunged in the opened fountain of the blood of God, and are clothed with the pure, spotless, unfading robe of Jesus. They are lifted up from the dung-hill, and put amongst the greatest and noblest of all princes, even the princes of the Lord’s people, to hold fellowship with them, as also with the great Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ. They have a crown put upon their heads, and are truly dignified. They are “kept by the mighty power of their God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.”

Take just one more glance at this lovingkindness of our Lord. He has promised to come again, and when He does He will strip all His dear loved ones of their corruptible garments of mortality, and clothe them afresh in the shining robes of immortality and glory. He will also cause them to shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Then, then, not till then, shall they drink full draughts of bliss from the never-failing ocean of Jehovah’s lovingkindness, and—

“Millions of years *their* wond’ring eyes
Shall o’er His beauties rove,
And endless ages *they’ll* adore
The glories of *His* love.”

No more shall the pelting storm beat upon their heads, no more shall they fear the lightning's flash, nor tremble at thunder's roar. The howling winds shall all be hushed into eternal silence, and the angry waves for ever calmed. Safe sheltered in the haven of eternal rest, reclining upon the loving bosom of their enthroned Saviour and Friend, their hearts shall swell with heavenly joy and gladness, and strains of holy, unmixed praise shall burst from their enraptured souls. "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Yes, and all the angels in heaven shall join in the grand chorus, saying, "Amen; blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."

There you and I hope one day to meet them, and help to swell the song. Oh, how much are we indebted to our gracious covenant God in Christ for the hope He hath given us. May He be pleased to give us a few drops of honey while we are travelling through the wilderness, that we may be kept watchful and prayerful is the earnest desire of

Yours in hope of eternal life,

JOSIAH MORLING.

Over, April, 1883.

THE PREDICTED RE-CONQUEST OF ENGLAND BY THE CHURCH OF ROME.

IN our last article we glanced at the results of Popery on the French nation; but apart from the superstitious veneration in the devotion to the Virgin Mary and the idolatry of Mass, there is practised within many an English convent acts of wanton cruelty. The following is related by Sister Sanctificata (an escaped Nun), as showing the means by which the Romish system has taught its members "to make their calling and election sure."

"One of the most awful punishments inflicted for disobedience on the part of Nuns is the

"CEREMONY OF INTERMENT.

"The unfortunate is provided with a spade and a pick-axe, and sent into the garden at a convenient spot, watched by two sisters, who see that she digs a grave according to given directions. When this is done, she is stripped and wrapped in the cerements of the grave. A coffin is already prepared and placed in her room, where she passes the night in the grave-clothes, with the coffin before her. The following day she is put into the coffin, and taken to the chapel and placed before the altar, covered with a pall. The priest then reads the burial service, and the coffin is carried by eight nuns to the grave in the garden, the remainder of the sisters following chanting a requiem. At the foot of the grave a lid is fixed on the coffin, provided with an air-conducting shaft, which connects the outer air. It is then lowered into the grave, and earth thrown upon it. At the expiration of an hour the sisters return, and exhume the coffin, and the buried one is then liberated. Thus said his reverence to this erring one: 'We are your best friends, for we wish to save your soul, and snatch you, like a brand from the burning, from hell fire.'

"Another instance: the offender is told to sit in a chair, then her arms are placed behind her back, with a gag in her mouth, so that she can neither move nor speak. She is then put on her back on the floor, when some heavy pieces of iron are placed on her chest, so as to impede her breathing, and to cause exquisite torture. After a time the weights are removed, and a strong cord is fastened under her arms, and pulled through a ring in a beam in the ceiling, until she is about two feet from the ground. She is then pushed violently up and down, so as to cause the cords to cut into her flesh, and makes her arms feel as if they were being drawn out of the sockets" ("Life in a Convent," by Emily Watson).

It is related of St. Theresa that "her ardour in punishing the body was so vehement as to make her use hair-shirts, chains, nettles, scourges, and even roll herself among thorns." Of St. Rose that "she wore three folds of an iron chain round her waist, a belt set with small needles, and an iron crown armed inside with points, and that she made to herself a bed of the unpolished trunks of trees, and filled up the interstices with broken pottery!" (Roman Breviary). The benighted devotees of heathen gods have never inflicted upon themselves *more* cruel tortures than those sustained by members of the Romish Church.

The following statistics are worthy of our perusal, and show us the gradual increase of that "system of darkness" in Great Britain. The *Monthly Letter* of the Protestant Alliance states: "In 1851 the total number of priests in England and Scotland was 958; in 1882 it was 2,351, a gain of 1,393. In 1851 the churches, chapels, and stations were 683; they are now 1,476. The institution of religious houses for both sexes has gone on apace. In 1851 there were but 17 religious houses for men in England; there are now just 150; there were but 53 similar institutions for women, against 331 at present. There was not a single house for either sex in Scotland; there are now 15 houses for men, and 26 for women."

What is the Protestant Evangelical Church and the Nonconformists doing to counteract this increasing growth of Popery, which is so skilfully organised? Looking on in apparent apathy!

Observe the signs of the times, the proclivities of the Ritualists to follow the practices of the Romish Church, and their hankering after the worship of Mary, who will doubtless some day be adored by them as a goddess, after the manner of the Papists. This shows the way we are drifting by the tide of Ritualism, which, if Protestants do not bestir themselves, may result in time to the re-conquest of England by the Church of Rome, as it was in the sixteenth century. This is no alarmist cry, but a great and portentous fact, which cannot be denied. The above figures clearly demonstrate the positive increase of Roman Catholicism in the British Isles. Observing this, let us watch their doings closely and with a jealous eye, when we remember the past, how those sainted martyrs died for the faith we profess, and for the liberty of conscience we now enjoy. Those cruelties which disgraced the name of Mary would be enacted again if Popery should get the ascendancy.

Remember the last words of Latimer to his companion, as the flames were burning furiously around him and devouring his body: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be

put out." Has it not been literally fulfilled? O that we may continue to fan that flame and keep it burning, by the Holy Spirit's help, so that the darkness of fallacy and unbelief may disappear as men realise more and more the merits of the crucified, even

CHRIST, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Alas! though there is much to discourage us, we must leave the future in the hands of a covenant-keeping God. Oh, that we may put forth a reciprocal effort to rescue from the power of the emissaries of the Vatican any who have been misled through the disseminating of a false teaching, or through ignorance and fear! So bring glory to the begotten of the Father.

In conclusion, let us not forget that great reformer, Martin Luther, whose birthday will shortly be celebrated by the Protestant community all over the world. Oh, that the fourth centenary of this great man may open up a new era of Christian activity against the Church of Rome and its iniquitous theories, when viewed in the light of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

By W. P.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi. 14.

WHAT a glorious theme! For eighteen hundred years God has had His faithful ambassadors in the world, preaching and setting forth the wonders of this cross, and even now it must be said, "the half has not been told us." There are glories yet to be revealed, of which at present we know nothing. Other subjects, whether political or otherwise, become in length of time wearisome to the mind, but the cross of Christ is ever new. It is the same "old story," and yet it does not fail to give solace and comfort to the weary sons of men. But to our subject. One cannot fail to see, in reading the context (ver. 12 and 13), that in the Galatian Church there were some who were still clinging to the old Jewish law and ceremonial. In studying well the epistle through it is clear that the apostle in writing to them would have them look away from these things to the great and blessed law-fulfiller, the Lord Jesus Christ. And though there were those who would have all to be circumcised, and thus to have cause for glorying in the flesh, the apostle would still remind them that "in Christ Jesus" neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but "a new creature." Now let us notice first:—

I.—THAT THE APOSTLE MIGHT HAVE GLORIED IN ANOTHER WAY.—

(1) *He might have gloried in his ancestors.* He was no proselyte to the Jewish faith, but came of the "stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews." In this particular then there was nothing lacking. (2) *He might have gloried in his learning and eloquence:* having sat at the feet of Gamaliel, he was no mean scholar. His power of speech was that of no ordinary student, seeing that as he stood before Agrippa making his defence, Festus cried out, "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad" (Acts xxvi. 24). And did

not Agrippa himself say, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian"? (ver. 28). Likewise when he stood before Felix, and reasoned with him "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," he trembled. The Lord had chosen him, and He used him. (3) *Might he not also have gloried in his moral character?* No one will dispute the fact that his character was spotless. No one could charge him with sin from a worldling's standpoint. For as "touching the righteousness which is in the law" he was "blameless." So, likewise, was he not zealous for the old traditions? Did he not persecute the infant Church? Being "exceedingly mad against them, he persecuted them even unto strange cities." And at the time of his being stricken to the earth, was he not on his way to Damascus, with a commission from the chief priests to bring the Christians bound unto Jerusalem? Much more we could quote, thus showing that the apostle to the Gentiles might have boasted in many ways, but he would not.

II.—THE APOSTLE'S DECLARATION NOT TO GLORY IN ANY THING SAVE THE CROSS. (1) *He called God to witness—"God forbid."* Writing to the Corinthians, he said, "The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ knoweth that I lie not." So here he solemnly calls God to witness, and prays that he may never glory in anything but the cross of Christ. (2) *Was there not sincerity here?* The apostle has no wish to play the hypocrite's part. He would be faithful to his apostleship and high calling. Had it not been so, would he have said, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. . . . For whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung (or refuse, R. V.) that I may win Christ"? Thus, while the Jews were seeking after a sign, and the Greeks after wisdom, he could say, "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness."

III.—WHAT THE APOSTLE DID GLORY IN. "Save in the cross." In the five letters, C R O S S, we have the atonement, which the Lord Jesus has wrought out effectually for all His people. Let us look at them.

C is for *Christ the Anointed One*. He was the anointed Son of God with power. In Him we see all the attributes of the Godhead shining resplendently. As the Messiah, He was the "sent" of God. So too He was the anointed Son of Man. He came to obey—to fulfil and carry out all the good pleasure of His Father's will. He came to be bruised for our iniquities, to carry our sorrows, and that with His stripes we may be healed. We glory then in Christ the Anointed One.

R—*Here we see redemption through the blood of the cross*. Slaves in days gone by were bought with money; but the price of our redemption was the precious blood of the Son of God. For "we have redemption through His blood." (a) Christ redeems us from under the yoke and bondage of Satan. We were once the servants of sin and Satan, but Christ has set us free; and though once in the kingdom of darkness, yet now hath He, through rich abounding grace, translated us into His own kingdom. The oppressor has been spoiled of his prey. (b) Christ redeems us to God. We, who once were enemies, now hath He reconciled. Once "afar off by sins and wicked works," now "brought nigh." Once rebellious, now His willing servants. Once we were "strangers to the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world."

Now "fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God." (c) Christ redeems us that henceforth we should be to the praise and glory of His grace. Redeemed, we are no longer our own. There was nought in us to merit His love. What matchless, free, eternal grace is this which takes us from the dunghill and sets us among His people; yea, even the princes of His people! Was ever love like this?

O—"Old things are passed away." When Christ died a new era was begun; the Gospel dispensation was then brought in; life and immortality was brought to light. (a) The old curse is for ever passed away. Adam brought in the curse through his transgressions. Christ takes it away by being made a curse for us, as it is written, "Cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree." No more curse, for He has borne it. (b) The old law. We were bankrupt paupers; we had in Adam broken the law, but Christ has kept it and made it honourable. Justice with flaming sword stands by, but Christ has fully met its utmost demands. Blessed be God, the child of God can sing now,

"With me the law can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's atonement and blood
Hides all my transgressions from view."

(c) The old types and shadows of the Mosaical ceremonial. All the old Jewish ritual was figurative of the coming Christ. The two goats, one to be slain, the other to be sent in the wilderness, set forth that Christ should not only bear our sins, but by "the sacrifice of Himself once for all" He should put them away for ever.

S—*Salvation for all His people.* (a) Salvation from past sins. Satan may accuse us, as he did Martin Luther, but Christ fully absolves us, so that we can sing—

"Here's pardon for transgressions past,
It matters not how black their caste;
And O, my soul, with wonder view,
For sins to come there's pardon too."

Has He not said, "*I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions; who then shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? Who is he that condemneth?*" It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again." (b) Salvation from the reigning power of sin. No child of God can sin that "grace may abound." Oh, no, he hates it; and though at times we feel our evil passions rising, we bless God that they shall not conquer. The apostle says, "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace. We shall overcome through Him that hath loved us." (c) Salvation from the consequences of sin. The believer in Christ will never have the "second death" passed upon him. Having "passed from death unto life," we shall never come into condemnation. "*For this is life eternal to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.*"

S—*Sanctifying influence of the cross.* All our sanctification must flow to us from the cross. We have no "perfection" apart from Christ. We are perfect in Him; never shall we be in or of ourselves. The child of God feels continually the need of—(a) The sprinkled blood. Christ's death availed to pardon us; Christ's life now avails to keep us. We want to feel at all times the application of that precious blood, which "speaketh better things than that of Abel." "For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much

more being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life" (Romans v. 10).
 (b) The Spirit's power. Jesus said, "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all truth." It is this same Spirit that "takes of the things of Jesus and reveals them unto us." How much we need this life-giving power! May we know more and more of this.
 (c) Lastly, service for Jesus. We do not work to be saved, but we love to work because we are saved. The apostle when stricken to the earth cried, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Surely there is something to do in the vineyard. Of Jesus it was said, "He went about doing good." What return are we making to Him who suffered, died, and bled that we might live through Him? O Lord, do Thou draw us, then will we run after Thee, and

"Gladly tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour we have found;
 We'll point to His redeeming blood.
 And say, 'Behold the way to God.'"

Kind reader, what are you glorying in? If you are not glorying in the cross, "your glorying is not good." Creeds will not save you, be they ever so orthodox. Your righteousness cannot save you, for that is as "filthy rags" in God's sight. Nothing short of the blood of Christ can cleanse you; and only His righteousness can avail to cover you. May it be your happy experience to sing—

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime."

Bath, May 4th, 1883.

THE SECRET BUT CERTAIN WORK OF THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

WE have long thought upon the evidences which present themselves from time to time of the silent, solemn, special work of the SPIRIT in quickening, convincing, and sanctifying power of the HOLY GHOST in the souls of the Lord's own. The following from a brother who preaches in Norfolk is another witness of the truth of Micah v. 7, "The dew from the Lord, the showers upon the grass, tarry not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men." Nay—

"The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
 Blows when and where He please."

Dear G. Hubbard says:—"I wished you to let me know what you thought of me, but since then have thought how foolish I must be, when at times I know not what to think of myself; but I will tell you a little. I was 67 years of age the other day, 28 years of which I lived in darkness respecting my state; when, I trust, the ETERNAL JEHOVAH quickened my soul into life in a public-house, and in His love and mercy opened my blind eyes. For a long time I trembled at the sight of my past life, and my load of sin was too intolerable to be borne; but the same loving JESUS at last spoke peace and forgiveness. While alone in a barn I, prodigal like, went and joined myself to a citizen of the same country the Lord had brought me out of, called Ranters, or Primitives. They put me on their plan, and sent me into the fields to feed swine; and I would fain have filled my belly with the same husks that I tried

to feed others with, but I could not; I tried for 14 years; then the Lord in His mercy sent the hail-storm, and destroyed my refuge of lies. In His mercy, one morning in bed, after I had lost all my religion, dropped into my soul the words of truth, that 'the inheritance was by heirship.' It staggered me, but I hope from that time the Lord in His mercy hath taught me day by day my sinfulness and has shown me His great salvation. My friends call me 'pastor.' Well, I speak in His dear name because I am forced to. My life, with few exceptions, is a life of suffering in mind and circumstances."

"FOUND AT A CHURCH DOOR!"

A Sermon preached by the late Mr. James Wells, May 5, 1833, exactly fifty years ago.

"Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat HIS MERCIES in your song."

THOSE soldiers—like Arthur Baker, and others—who come home from the wars without a wound can never tell you of the heart-meltings and indescribable gratitude others were the subjects of, who, while they lay bruised, bleeding and broken-hearted on the field, some compassionate heart and gentle hand removed them from danger, bound up their wounds and instrumentally saved them from agonies and from death. No more can those wonderfully preserved men who have "kept themselves unspotted from the world" ever even guess at the compunction, contrition, godly sorrow, self-abasement, and sin-hatred which powerfully work in the souls of such poor wretches over whom Satan has gained a temporary victory, but in whose *gracious* experience that great Scripture has been realised, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

We have a large number of biographies of ministers and of *godly* men; of course, they were remarkable for the three passports of time—superior character, purity of conscience, and a plenitude of good circumstances. All the high-ways and bye-ways leading to and from the Churches are strewn with the suicidal and self-destroyed vessels of mercy, who did believe in Christ, who did love the Saviour, who did know the truth, who did bring forth the fruits of grace; but who were overcome, cast down, cast away, and who with their dying lips sorrowfully but truly said, "No man careth for my soul!" In the sermon of Mr. James Wells, which we purpose to issue in sections in the EARTHEN VESSEL, it will be seen he obeyed his Master's commandment, "Go ye and do likewise."

TENNYSON ON PRAYER.—The following lines to the "Family of the Faithful" are not only suggestive, but of unmeasured importance:—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of; wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by golden chains about the feet of God."

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"*Jesus the Teacher of prayer.*" Messrs. Macniven and Wallace (the publishers of many excellent works) have just issued another volume of *The Household Library of Exposition*. The subject of this issue is, "The Lord's Prayer," by Dr. Stanford, of Camberwell. Now this is no dry repetition of those spare and spun-out dissertations on the Lord's Prayer which holy men of old gave out in their generation. No, Charles Stanford has read nearly every book worth reading; and he has such a permanent, powerful, and perennial memory that he can illustrate and confirm any "thought" of his own by calling in the verdict of those who have gone over the ground before him. We hear some say, Mr. Stanford is monotonous in hearing. That may be the fancy of steam-engine minds. Certain it is he is not so in reading. Dip into this volume whenever you may you will find a freshness, a vigour, a sacred flow of rich thought, and of sweet, edificatory passages. We admire and recommend this book. "There to be alone with the Father" is one of the original and holy branches of ever-springing reflection, which charms, lifts up, and fills the soul with pleasures that sanctify and strengthen the hope that all with us is well.

The Word of Life. By W. J. Styles, Keppel-street chapel, Russell-square. (London: Wileman, Bouverie-street). Mr. Styles "rightly divides the word of truth." He is sound, scholarly, and spiritual. We believe the devout study of the discourse will edify, and act on the living soul as quinine does on the weak nerve. The Churches require a good, heavenly, and really godly stimulant—not mere good words, but divine power. Our soul doth delight to "hold forth the word of life." Mr. Briscoe's suggestion to unite opposite views, true and false, has excited some feeling in high quarters; but mature judgments think it too weak a plaything to be concerned about. Mr. B. is quite popular enough in Peckham, without such feeble efforts. He had better "stick to the truth," it will wear the longest.

"*Is the Christianity of England Worth Preserving?*" Such is the ominous title of Cardinal Manning's paper in the *Nineteenth Century*. The true Christian faith is, and will be, preserved in this world until the whole election of grace is gathered home. But the Cardinal's question may be considered further yet, as it is weak in its abstract form.

The Christian Leader is beautifully chaste, both in prose and poetry. Here is a fair sample:—

"STAY WITH US, STAY, O CHRIST, THOU SON OF GOD!"

"The day is spent : the solemn night is nigh :
The evening sky
Is robed with clouds empurpled by the sun;
His journey done,
And daily circuit o'er, he seeks his rest
In the bright West ;
And as he sets, that curtain of our souls,
Which God controls,
Seems drawn aside, and we in very deed
See our great need,
And feel how drear and empty is the heart
If Thou depart.
Stay with us, stay : O Christ, Thou Son of God,
Whose feet have trod
Earth's thorny pathways, and whose heart did
know

The pain and woe,
The doubts and fears, the trials and the strife
Of human life ;—
O blessed Master, leave us not alone!
For we are prone
To err and fall, to stumble and to stray
From Thee away.
Our will is weak, our faith is weaker still ;
Lord, let Thy will
O'ermaster ours ; grant us Thy truth and
light

That this our night
May prove a time of real and quiet peace.
O give release
From Satan's snares ; show us Thy perfect way.
We humbly pray ;
Abide with us, and dwell within our breasts,
Where other guests
Usurp Thy rightful seat ! Saviour, return ;
Our spirits burn
Within us at Thy words ; Thy gentle voice
Bids us rejoice,
Dispel our gloom, and cheers us with the
hope

That we may cope
With sin, our foe, and conquer in the end
Through Christ our Friend.

The Living Soul's Confession, by A. Wilcockson, of Hull, is a poem on much he knew under the law, and in the stripping-room ; also of the season when, as he says,—

"My heart He broke with solid joy.
My soul He set on fire ;
Fill'd me with sweets, without alloy,
He crown'd my best desire."

No one can be any the worse for reading these verses.

Tears of the Pilgrims.—We are glad to hear this little work is again reprinted. We hope to review it next

Why the Chapel was Built. &c. W. Wileman, Bouverie-street. We knew the Church of England well over fifty years since, and can believe all the little book reveals. How the late John Waterman was directed to build his chapel on Matfield Green, as he related the narrative to us, was even more striking; but this history may be of use to many.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

DEPARTURE OF MR. ROBERT POWELL,

For more than 50 years a minister of Christ's Gospel: and for some time pastor of the Baptist Church, Coggeshall, Essex.

On Tuesday, April 17, 1883, another of God's faithful servants passed away to his long-desired rest at the good old age of 75. The subject of this paper was born of humble parents at Hitcham, near Hadleigh, Suffolk. In early life he was brought to know the Lord, and soon after his conversion became a member of the Church at Wattisham. Perceiving he had some qualifications for speaking, he was soon asked by the brethren to speak in the Lord's name. This proved to be of the Lord, and he soon became very useful in the Master's vineyard. Keddington, Bottisham Lode, Haverhill, Heywood (in Lancashire), and Coggeshall, were the scenes of our brother's labours, which were of a most successful character. At Keddington he was instrumental in building a new chapel, and collected most of the money for the same, travelling from place to place. One incident in connection with this is worthy of notice. Whilst out collecting night came on, and he was some distance from any village. Nothing but a public-house presented itself as a place of rest, and not liking to lodge at such places he hesitated to go in, but was compelled to do so. After sitting down for a little time he was asked if he would take supper with the landlord and his wife. Taking his seat at the table, to his surprise the wife said, "Will you say grace, sir?" Being a perfect stranger, and having had no conversation of a religious character he did not expect this, but they seem to have suspected him to be a minister of religion. Before going to bed, he was asked to read the Word of God and pray; and there in the tap-room did our departed brother, in company with the landlord and his wife, kneel in solemn prayer at the throne of grace. This singular circumstance the Lord owned and blessed, for soon after the wife was brought savingly to know Christ, was baptized, and became a member of a Christian Church.

Our departed brother was a decided Calvinistic Baptist in his theological views. He was also of a happy and cheerful disposition, and loved to relate God's dealings with him—both as a believer and as a minister of the Gospel. He was a powerful speaker, and although he had not great educational advantages, in all his discourses he endeavoured to prove what he stated by the Word of God, and that alone. The Lord graciously blessed his efforts in the conversion of souls, but this was little known. On one occasion he was instrumental in converting a notorious infidel, who, after being baptized, only lived ten weeks, leaving a good testimony that he had gone to be with Jesus. Many other instances might be given of the

usefulness of Robert Powell, if space permitted. For some years he had suffered from asthma, and during the past Winter he was seldom well enough to preach. The last text from which our brother preached was 1 Peter i. 4, which is well worthy of notice. On the first Sunday in April he came to chapel for the last time, and with great difficulty administered the Lord's Supper. On the day of his death he appeared about as usual in health, and was very cheerful in conversation. He had often expressed a wish the Lord would cut his work short, and take him home. This desire was graciously granted. After taking supper about ten o'clock, he went upstairs, to retire to rest, and sitting down in a chair he suddenly fell forward, and was gone.

On Monday, April 23, he was buried amid the greatest respect and regret of all who knew him. Although our brother had no relations in the flesh to follow him to his resting-place, yet a large number were present that loved him for his work's sake. The first part of the service was held in the chapel, which was filled with an attentive congregation. The following ministerial brethren were present: E. P. Brown, our present pastor; W. Brown, Colchester; H. Rayner, Mount Bures; I. Smith, Yeldham.

The service commenced by Mr. Smith giving out the well-known hymn, "Why do we mourn departed friends?" after which Mr. W. Brown led us to a throne of grace. This was followed by pastor E. P. Brown delivering a most appropriate discourse from 1 Cor. xv. 45. This part of the service ended, the body was removed, and the procession re-formed, preceded by our ministerial brethren, also Rev. A. D. Philips (Congregational minister) and his deacons, also Dr. Simpson, who so kindly attended our brother throughout his illness quite gratuitously. Immediately after the coffin came the deacons and members of the Church and congregation, besides a large number of friends of other denominations. The service at the grave was very brief, owing to the inclemency of the weather. The body having been deposited in the grave, Brother Powell's favourite hymn was then sung,—

"Yes, I shall soon be landed
On yonder shores of bliss,
There, with my powers expanded,
Shall dwell where Jesus is."

After a few words from Mr. E. P. Brown the ceremony concluded by an earnest prayer by Mr. H. Rayner.

REST, my brother, thou art landed
On those yonder shores of bliss—
Blessed home of all the ransomed,
Endless joy and perfect rest.
REST, my brother, thou art seated
Here with Jesus on His throne;
Praise the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Oh! the sacred peace made known.
Welcome, brother, angels greet thee,
Enter thy eternal home:
Let thy voice now join the anthem,
Loudest praises to the Lamb.

THE LATE MR. ROBERT POWELL.

"Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

It must be nearly forty years since we were called by the late beloved Mr. John Dillostone, of Sturmer Nurseries, to preach at the opening of a new Baptist chapel, in Keddington, near Haverhill. The said new chapel was built in a nook which is the junction of three counties—Essex, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire. On that occasion we first met the late Henry Hanks, who preached in the afternoon, and the late Robert Powell, who commenced preaching in the open air, and in cottages, in that neighbourhood, until, under the instrumentality of dear John Dillostone and some friends, the said chapel was erected on a piece of ground which a farmer determined they should have, because the clergy determined no dissenting place should be erected there. There was a debt on the chapel, and we advised an aged maiden lady to hold a basket at the close of every service, begging the friends to put in a farthing, a halfpenny, or more, as the Lord might prompt them. We were favoured to go to the anniversary seven years in succession, when the whole debt was cleared off, and a larger chapel was built; then, for nine years more in succession, we preached the anniversary sermons; but the beloved John Dillostone died, since which time other kings have arisen, "who knew not Joseph," and we have never seen Keddington chapel since. Happier anniversary days, we must say, we never spent, than those sixteen yearly visits to sweet Sturmer and Keddington. The Lord only knows what good fruit may have come from the seed sown in that happy place, where we met the late John Pell, the late David Wilson, and many more of the Lord's anointed ones, and with them united in the sacred services of the sanctuary.—C. W. BANKS.

THE FUNERAL ADDRESS.

Mr. E. P. Brown delivered the funeral address in the chapel, from 1 Cor. xv. 45, "The first man, Adam, was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit."

Brethren, we have come to-day to perform the last sad, but affectionate offices that kind hands and loving hearts can prompt. Yonder we behold all that is mortal of our departed brother, Robert Powell. For many years in this building he proclaimed the unsearchable riches of God's grace. Those of us who had known him for years marked him well. We have observed him not only as a man, but as a believer, and, still further, more blessedly in his character as a minister of the Gospel in this town. We knew him consistent and faithful, and zealous for God's glory. We have watched the slow progress of disease in his mortal frame, to which he was such a martyr—viz., asthma. We have watched the progress of that disease, and we have felt convinced that ere long he must fall, and that soon the servant must pass to his great reward. The message that comes to us from the grave to-day is a message of great solemnity. The message that comes to us from that coffin is a message of warning, saying to

each one of us assembled, "Be ye also ready." Of our departed brother it may be truly said, in the language of the Book of Job, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." He has run his race, he has done his work; why longer should affliction detain him? Amid the silence of the midnight he cried unto the Lord, "Oh! Lord, cut short Thy work," and almost his last utterance to me was an earnest desire that the Lord would take home His weary child. As I stood by the corpse, a few minutes after the immortal spirit had departed from that once strong and manly frame; as I looked upon him silent for ever to the things of earth, I said to myself, "Lord, what is my hope? Is my hope such as he had?" With some of our brethren and our respected friend, Mr. Thos. Simpson (who so kindly attended him in his affliction), the certain conviction was expressed, as we beheld him in death, that his quickened spirit had gone to the better land, and that the celestial part of the man was bathing before the glory of the eternal throne. The message, therefore, of this solemn providence is a message to the living. Jesus said, "Let the dead bury their dead, but follow thou Me." Praying, therefore, the Holy Spirit may, by this solemn event, awaken some solemn enquiries in the hearts of those present. I ask your attention to two important facts that stand out in this portion of Scripture.

First, notice man's state by nature. "The first man, Adam, was made a living soul." You know that in this so-called progressive age there are many intellectual and scientific men who endeavour to explain away the Bible—who want to take away a portion here and a portion there, and, in one word, to shut God out altogether. There is infidelity, atheism, scepticism, and many other isms, all arrayed against the truth of God, and which seek to hide and shroud the truth of God's revelation. But we read in the inspired Word that Paul the apostle, guided and taught by the Holy Ghost, says, "the first man, Adam, was made a living soul." I say, then, let us give heed to this Word, for you may be as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow that there is a soul in man, and that soul is the man. Man's body is but the tabernacle, it is but the outer shell. Go to the garden of Eden; there "the first man, Adam, was made a living soul." God breathed into Adam the breath of life, and by that act his soul became immortal. Adam was placed under a conditional covenant; but he transgressed, and according to God's Word, so it came to pass, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Thus terribly, solemnly, but most emphatically, man became a subject of death when he partook of the fruit of the tree of life. And how does God announce this fact? He sends Adam forth from the garden, and there is the flaming sword going backwards and forwards to guard the way of the tree of life, and man is now condemned, and man is now under the curse. Thus Adam goes forth amongst thorns and thistles, and no longer wanders amid the fair trees, and amid the sweet

perfume of gorgeous groves; but, bad as it is to consider, he goes forth almost in the same capacity as Cain, for his banishment from Eden is the evidence of his sin. Man has now lost his moral standing; he has lost all companionship with his Creator, and he reaps the sad curse of disobedience. Such, alas! is our state by nature, and by reason of the fall. We look upon the great family of the human race, amid all their sorrows, amid all their sicknesses, amid all their trials, amid all their need, and, worst of all, amid all their sins, and we say it is the sad fruit of our first father's transgression. But beyond all this, there is the solemn consideration that to each one of us there is given a living soul; and since it is so, let us remember how valuable that soul is. Can you for a moment estimate its worth? If our Lord asked, "What can a man give in exchange for his soul?" then truly it is most valuable; yea, more precious than all the accumulated wealth of the Indies, and infinitely outweighs all human calculations. But mark, that soul is now a fallen soul. We contend, our departed brother contended, and I hope, by God's grace, to contend to the end of my days for this important Scripture truth, that man's soul is so fallen by nature that there is nothing in us which by any means can secure or invite God's favour. We are all, by the Fall, under a curse, under sentence of death. As Adam transgressed, so in Adam all die; and thus, without contradiction, we are dead in trespasses and in sins.

And now, for a moment or two, let us turn to the second and brighter part of our subject, the redemption the believer realises in Christ. "The last Adam was made a quickening spirit." Turn we now from the gloomy consideration of our standing in the first Adam to the brighter, more glorious truth, that in Christ we have complete recovery from the Fall and all its sad consequences. And how is that recovery brought about? and how is that redemption manifested? and how is that redemption realised? In one word, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Yes, as a part of the great redeemed Church of God, we are raised by the atoning blood of Christ from the grave, and with Him have ascended to the Father's seat. Buried with Him in baptism—that is, in figure—raised with Him in glory; buried with Him in the tomb, raised with Him to the Father's throne.

Consider, then, this quickening spirit. Why came life into the dead soul? Man's soul is dead—that is, dead to God; but alive unto the world and sin. Morally and spiritually man is dead; and as regards the eternity to come, it is our hope, it was the hope of our beloved but departed brother, "the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." Behold, Adam disappears, and Christ is present; and though by the first transgression we are shut up as prisoners in a hopeless imprisonment, Christ comes mediatorially, and by His all-prevailing sacrifice, opens the prison doors, and bids His redeemed ones go free. Contemplate how this glorious

transaction was accomplished. View yonder solemn scene where, on a little Judean hill, called Calvary, the God-man dies. List to His agonised groans; behold His bloody sweat, His pierced hands, and side, and feet. This is thy Friend, thy Surety, thy Mediator, thy Saviour. For ages long and dark the divine prediction has slumbered, "Awake, O sword, against the shepherd, and smite the man that is My fellow, saith the Lord of hosts." But lo! the time is ripe for the execution of this solemn and yet glorious prophecy. Jesus, the Lamb of God, the Sacrifice for sin, is fixed to the awful cross. In death the great Conqueror bows His head triumphantly, announcing, "It is finished." Prophecy finished, God's purpose finished, salvation finished, and everlasting righteousness secured. Justice from the dazzling whiteness of the eternal throne has descended to earth; He has smitten the Shepherd; He has, with His sharp, vindictive sword, pierced the side of the victim; and thus in Christ, and through Christ, the second Adam, we get life eternal. Sin is cancelled, and the debt for ever paid. Yes, the first man was of the earth earthy; but the second man was the Lord from heaven. By the first we were brought into condemnation and death; by the second we are justified and saved to life eternal.

Now, in conclusion, we ask solemnly, reverently, humbly, enquiringly, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" Death now claims the last remains of God's departed servant, and presently the poor body will be silently laid in the grave. To this inquiry the reply comes, "The sting of death is sin." Have you not felt the sting of death? Have you not felt the dominion, the consciousness of sin in your souls? But He who knew no sin has taken away death's poisonous and fatal sting; yea, it was embedded in His precious side when the cruel spear entered, and therefore we shall not have to endure it. If we are in Christ mediatorially, He has accomplished all this for us, and now says, this very afternoon, "Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" because He had previously said, "Oh, grave, I will be thy destruction." No! the grave cannot affect the immortal soul. For mark, though the body is mortal, yet there shall come a time when, by the re-union of the soul, it shall become a glorious, immortalised body.

To-day we lay our brother's remains in the grave; but what we now sow in corruption shall be raised in incorruption; what we now sow in weakness shall be raised in power; what we now sow a natural body shall be raised a spiritual body. I pray God that in these solemn matters we may have a good Gospel hope. Deep down in our hearts should come the inquiry, "Do I understand this as Robert Powell did?"—he who is now in heaven as his eternal reward, a reward not of merit, but all of grace. We say, as we look upon the coffin which contains all that is mortal of the man, "Brother, thy race is run; thou art not resting; thy work is done, now thou wearest a crown of life."

It must be so, and we feel that though departed from among us, his soul is washed and robed in purest white before God's throne. No longer does his soul contend with the powers of darkness; no longer does disease rack his suffering frame; but his lifelong desire is abundantly fulfilled in the presence of his Lord. He was the minister and pastor of this Church for many years. To us all, I may truly say, he was more like a father than a brother. One had only to become acquainted with him speedily to discover a devout, though tried believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and also a warm and generous friend to Zion. Many times when I have gone to ask him whether he would be able to come and speak to us in God's house, he has said, "I cannot come, but the Lord will be with you." I felt that we were one in heart, but now we are divided; and as a denomination, and as a people, we have lost one of the Lord's heaven-taught, faithful servants. He has gently and quietly, as a child falling asleep, gone home to the Father's mansions on high, and we only tarry for a season, waiting the Master's will. May Christ look down upon us now; and, as with sad hearts, ministers, deacons, and people, we shed the tear of Christian sorrow, may the loving Shepherd of the sheep come, and with His own sympathy and love wipe each falling tear away. Brethren, may the spirit of the living God now breathe upon us His divine influence, and bid us each be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; "forasmuch as ye know your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

BATH.—The 34th anniversary of the Widcombe Baptist Chapel Sunday School was Lord's-day, April 29. The pastor, Mr. John Huntley, preached morning and evening. Mr. F. Beckley, of the Countess of Huntingdon's, gave an address to the children in the afternoon. The singing was rendered very efficiently; attendance remarkably good all day, especially in the evening, when about 600 persons were present. On Monday a nice company sat down to tea. At public meeting the pastor presided; Mr. F. Beckley, R. C. Heywood, Esq., John Vincent, and the superintendent, J. R. Huntley, were on the platform. Mr. Curtis, the secretary, read the report, which was very encouraging. There were at present on the books 190 scholars and 15 teachers. In the men's Bible-class, 18; young women's, 21. During the year four from the school have joined the Church, for which we praise the Lord, assured that there are many more to follow. With these hopeful signs we look up, trusting in Him who has blessed us in the past. Mr. John Huntley expressed the great pleasure it gave him to preside at another anniversary. Mr. Heywood spoke of the responsibility resting on the teacher; Mr. Beckley on the teacher's object, "CHRIST"; Mr. Vincent on the great need of standing fast to the Bible in its entirety. Mr. J. R. Huntley closed in acknowledging the goodness of the Lord in the past. Collection amounted to £10.—W. P., Bath, May 1.

THE "LAWRENCE FUND."

THANKSGIVING SERVICES.

The magnificent sum of over £1,000 having been raised for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Mr. R. A. Lawrence, the committee felt that the fund should not be finally closed without holding a thanksgiving meeting to publicly acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in constraining the hearts of so many persons to aid them in the work. On Thursday, May 3, therefore, special services were held in Lynton-road Baptist chapel, Bermondsey, when a large number of friends from various Churches gathered to testify their respect to the memory of the deceased pastor. In the afternoon, Mr. Charles Cornwell, of Brixton, preached from Psa. lxxviii. 5, "A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is God in His holy habitation." Afterwards tea was provided, followed by a public meeting in the evening, when the chair was occupied by Mr. Wm. Stringer, one of the deacons. Mr. Crutcher having opened with prayer, the chairman said he was glad to see so many present, for he knew they came out of love to the memory of Mr. Lawrence. The Committee desired to thank, first the Lord, and then the people, for the handsome sum which had been raised. When the fund was first started they thought they might perhaps get £500 or £600, but the Lord had been better to them than their expectations, as well as their fears.

Mr. Thomas Knott, the hon. secretary, then read the report of the committee, from which it appeared that the total receipts were £1,033 5s. 7d., and the expenses incurred in raising that sum, £8 11s. 2½d. The money had been invested in Indian four per cent. stock in the names of Messrs. Albert Boulden, Josiah Crutcher, and Thomas Knott. An agreed monthly sum was to be paid by the trustees for the maintenance of the widow and children according to the terms of a trust deed, executed by the trustees (ten in number) and Mrs. Lawrence. Arrangements had also been made for the education of one of the sons at a boarding-school in the country; and, owing to the kindness of the President and Committee of the Stockwell Orphanage, and the exertions of Mr. Penfold Cope, and others, two of the children had been admitted into that Institution.

Mr. Cornwell, in a short speech, expressed the pleasure he felt at being present, as they met to congratulate one another in the name of the Lord.

Mr. John Knott moved, and Mr. W. Blackman seconded, a resolution thanking the representatives of the various Churches who so kindly served on the Committee.

Mr. Boulden, of the Surrey Tabernacle, in reply, said he was satisfied the representatives of other Churches needed no thanks, for the work had been a very pleasant and agreeable one. No one who had attended the Committee meetings could have done so without feeling that the hand of the Lord was in the matter. He prayed the Lord would largely bless the widow and orphans, and that the latter might be made partakers

of that same grace that their late beloved father possessed.

Mr. Crutcher, of the Grove, also acknowledged the resolution, and spoke of the unity which had existed amongst the members of the committee.

Mr. Thomas Carr moved, and Mr. Thomas King seconded, a resolution thanking Mr. J. Keeble for his kindness in preparing the trust-deed free of charge; and also Mr. Robert Banks for the great benefit rendered the fund in placing the pages of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* at the disposal of the committee. He said the money had been given, not out of mere generosity, but out of respect to the memory of one whom they all loved.

Mr. W. B. Hurst, treasurer, moved a vote of thanks to the President and committee of the Stockwell Orphanage, and to the friends who interested themselves in getting the two children in there. Referring to the inscription in St. Paul's Cathedral to Sir Christopher Wren, he said that if asked who Mr. Lawrence was, the best answer to give was that when the Lord took him away He did not forget his widow and children. The fund was indeed as a monument to his memory.

Mr. E. R. S. Porter, in seconding the resolution, said he hoped to see a memorial stone placed in the walls of the chapel.

Mr. Thomas Lawrence, on behalf of the family, thanked the subscribers to the fund for what had been done, and moved a vote of thanks to the honorary secretary of the fund, Mr. Thos. Knott, which was suitably acknowledged by that gentleman.

A pleasant and happy meeting was closed by the congregation joining heartily in singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

WOOLWICH.—The pastor and friends at Enon realised a very enjoyable tea and public meeting on May 1. G. A. Northover, Esq., presided. Mr. Abrahams offered fervent prayer. Mr. Northover, in the course of his excellent speech, remarked on the value of education in the ministerial work, and of the honour and blessing attending the proclamation of the glorious principles of our most holy faith. Mr. J. Cattell, of Sevenoaks, made a very touching speech on the precious utterance of Jesus just before His ascension to glory, "Lo! I am with you always." Mr. W. J. Styles testified of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. W. Winters expressed a few thoughts on the Incarnation of Christ. Mr. Abrahams, jun., read a concise report, showing the necessity of immediate help in order to defray the cost of certain alterations and improvements needful to be made in the vestry connected with the chapel. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn gave a sound Gospel address. Our beloved brother, W. K. Equirrell, the pastor, brought the successful meeting to an issue. The historical associations connected with Enon Chapel are rich and interesting, and which we should be glad to see in print from the pen of some faithful and intelligent scribe.—W. WINTERS.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—Those two words, "*not here*," in our last, had no reference, in our mind, to Zion chapel, Wycombe, but to the state of religion in the nation at large. To us it appears as though many men were left to make a trade, a masquerade, a play-thing, of the profession of Christianity in this country; and from a warning sermon, preached by Archdeacon Farrar very lately, it is, in his judgment, a time when priestly pretence, and extraordinary flights of hypocrisy, are awfully prevalent. We might adduce evidences, but we forbear. We are truly thankful that an accredited correspondent can write us that the Strict Baptist Church in High Wycombe was never more prosperous, of late years, than it is now. Last year fourteen was the clear increase in its membership; and, as regards its financial status, funds enough were collected, over and above current expenses, to pay off the deficiency of many former years; thus here "the Lord's arm has been seen all through the year, and the Church is in real peace and love to each other." Our correspondent says, "I have been with the Church for more than forty years, and never had a more happy time than now." This is a cheerful note indeed! As regards the afflictions which have been the lot of some, we never sought to do injury to a soul; if, by being deceived, we were induced to try to help any who were not *true friends* to the cause of CHRIST, we much regret it. Our sympathies have always been easily drawn to the poor and distressed in the Churches. At our own cost we have been induced to help them. Such efforts have, it appears, made us many enemies; but, for the present, we will only add, we truly rejoice that Mr. Palmer enters upon a pastorate so full of comfort for the present, and with prospects so bright for the future. May he, his deacons, members, and friends, live long to witness the ingathering of ransomed souls still further to build up Zion, and to make her, and the places round about her, a saving blessing. The apostle Paul tells us that unto him was given "*THIS GRACE* to preach among the Gentiles the *unsearchable riches of Christ*." There have been men who have preached too wide of this theme, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." We have feared the too much preaching of self, and the too little extolling of the Saviour, has not tended to the well-being of the Churches. For over forty years we have only been happy when, under the anointing of the Holy Ghost, we could a little unfold the grace of God in Christ. We pray to find mercy of Him in that day.

PECKHAM.—Zion Chapel, Heaton-road, Sunday-school anniversary was held April 29. Two good sermons by our esteemed brother, William Beach, of Chelmsford, were delivered. In afternoon our friend, Mr. Searl, gave a very interesting address to the children and friends, followed by a most encouraging one by our dear brother, P. Reynolds, of Islington, who has always felt a delight in serving the cause here. On Tuesday, May 1, a public meeting was held

in connection with the Sunday-school. Tea was enjoyed by 100 friends. At 6.30 public meeting commenced; our highly-esteemed brother, W. Kennard, Esq., presided, with his usual cheerful and congenial spirit. Prayer was offered by our aged friend, Mr. Ostler, imploring the divine blessing to rest upon the school and teachers, and especially on the Church, and our dear brother, Mr. J. Wilkins, who will shortly commence his stated labours in our midst. Brother Kennard made some weighty remarks suitable for the occasion, after which brethren P. Reynolds, J. Box, and T. Higham gave excellent words to scholars, teachers, and the Church, expressing from their inmost soul a desire that the greatest of blessings might rest upon the union shortly about to be consummated. The report was read by our worthy superintendent, Mr. Crowhurst, which was of a cheering nature. Scholars on books, 140; teachers, 9. Collections were good. God be praised for all His mercies, and we trust, if spared to see another anniversary, we shall have to acknowledge the hand of the Lord has been in the steps taken both by Church and pastor. So prays R. FENNER.—P.S.—We regret that indisposition should have prevented our brother, Mr. I. Levinsohn, being with us as announced.

WANDSWORTH.—The Church at West-hill, under the pastorate of Mr. James Clark, is successfully advancing. The annual meeting in aid of the building fund was held on May 8. There was an excellent company at tea, and at the evening meeting the pastor very efficiently presided. In introducing the nature of the meeting, Mr. Clark spoke kindly of the indebtedness of the Church to the 'aty friends who originally established a fund for the purchase of the premises at West-hill, and also noticed that the profits arising from the ladies' work-meeting, held once a fortnight, were appropriated to the same fund. The building known as West-hill chapel is now put in trust for ever as a Strict Baptist chapel. This has been done at a great cost. The enormous outlay for land, for converting of building into chapel and vestries, and other requirements, is now reduced to the nominal sum of £541 7s. 3d. This is encouraging. Mr. Tomline read the Building Committee's report, with which he blended a few kind words to pastor and people. W. Winters treated of the glorious hope of the Christian. Mr. Meeres blessedly spoke of the tongue of the learned as applying to Jesus Christ, and which was manifest in the words of love to the dying thief, and others. Mr. Styles made a singularly appropriate speech on Christ speaking in the porch of Solomon's Temple "on a wet day," or Wint-ter. Mr. Myerson gave sweet words of Christian love, and the true worth of vital religion. Mr. Houghton, of Blakenham, enunciated genial remarks on the living temple of God. The whole of the service was rendered happy by the felt sense of Christ's presence, and the sacredness of the speeches. The collection amounted to £154. 5s. To God be everlasting praise.—W. WINTERS.

RUSHDEN.—This Church is well known to many as the scene of labour of the late Charles Drawbridge. On Whit-Sunday and Monday the anniversary of the settlement of Mr. George Pung, as pastor, was celebrated. Sermons were preached by W. Winters and W. Henson. On the evening of Monday a public meeting was held, when Mr. Henson presided. He remarked on the felt need of Pentecostal blessings to rest upon the Churches, and to lift them out of their weakness, and the confidence required by saints in the God of all power. Mr. Pung treated of the effective work of inspiration in the services of God in producing that which was averse to a dead peace. It was very gratifying to hear from the pastor's lips that the Church was truly happy and peaceful, and that the pool had been opened twice this year for the baptism of candidates (12 in number). New seats and a new platform had been erected, and all was paid for; the Church is freed from debt. Mr. Pung, during his six years' labours, has wrought, by God's blessing, a great work in Rushden. His outer person is muscular and cheerful, and his mind is more than equal to his body. We could wish much that his friends were in a position to render him more substantial help. Mr. Pung has established a Sunday-school, which is working well, with a good staff of godly teachers. Mr. Flanders, of Aldwinkle, spoke sweetly on the inner life of the Christian, and the realisation of the power of the living God in the soul. The meeting closed pleasantly after a few words of encouragement from—W. WINTERS.

SUFFOLK.—The friends at Sudbourne, on Sunday, May 13, had a happy day. Mr. Denmee, of Hoxne, preached the school anniversary sermons. The children recited their pieces, under the superintendence of Mr. George Wilson, of Gedgrave-hall. Suitable hymns were sung by the children and choir. Miss and Mr. W. J. Large presided at the harmonium. At the close of the afternoon service, our brother Large (pastor) led two sisters through the baptismal pool, who had confessed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The chapel was well filled, and the presence of the Lord was much enjoyed. On Monday afternoon the chapel was again filled. The children again recited pieces, and an address was given by Mr. Denmee. Suitable hymns were sung. Afterwards the children had their tea, and received their prizes, which were given to them by Mrs. Sewell, of "Valley Farm." Tea was also provided in the chapel, at which a goodly number sat down. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Large, and addresses were given by various ministers. The Lord was indeed with His people.

THAME, OXON.—The anniversary of the Baptist Chapel took place on Wednesday, May 9, when our brother W. Hazellton preached afternoon and evening. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Messenger, led the service of praise.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—Two special services were held on Monday, May 7, in commemoration of the formation of Speldhurst-road Sunday-school. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey. In the evening a public meeting, under the presidency of Henry Hall, Esq., of Clapham, and the following ministerial brethren were present: C. W. Banks, E. Langford, H. Myerson, J. Griffith, F. H. Noyes, M. Branch, W. Rider, J. Webb, S. Banks, C. Gordelier, and others. Mr. Langford read *Psa. cxlv.*; Mr. Branch offered prayer; Mr. H. Hall expressed his great pleasure in attending the meeting, and his hearty love and sympathy with the work of Sunday-school teaching, and especially where it was carried out in a way consistent with the glorious Gospel of Christ. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Hall highly congratulated the superintendent, Mr. John Waters Banks, and the teachers, for their united efforts in raising and supporting a Sunday-school. Mr. Hall testified his great pleasure in seeing his dear old friend, C. W. Banks, the pastor, who, we are happy to say, is partially restored to health again; as is also his beloved wife, Mrs. Banks, who has rendered great help to the school. The chairman having made a most lively and encouraging speech on the pleasures and troubles connected with the teaching of children, called upon the superintendent to read the report, which specified that the school was established in May, 1879, and the present meeting was the first of a public kind ever held since its foundation. The school, since that time, had steadily prospered, from the thirteen children with which it commenced, to an average of forty in the morning, and one hundred in the afternoon. This may be considered really good, considering there are many other schools in the immediate locality, which is not a thickly populated one. Since the formation of the school, death has broken its ranks, and snatched away a dear girl of 13 summers, who passed the verge of time after singing her favourite hymn,—

"Great God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?"

Also a bright little boy, of 11 years, parted with earth for heaven, singing,—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,

Come unto Me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

Thy head upon My breast."

The school is supported by the teachers, with the help of the pastor and his wife. Mr. Samuel Banks also renders great service in training the children to sing. The teachers are God-fearing and united ones, and the scholars are attentive, both in the school and in the chapel during the services. Warm-hearted speeches were given during the evening by brethren H. Myerson, W. Winters, C. W. Banks, J. Griffiths, and M. Branch. Brethren David Stanton, Holt, J. J. Fowler, and other good friends connected with the chapel, cheered the meeting. We wish the Sabbath-school and the Church at Speldhurst-road much of the sunshine of heaven.—W. WINTERS.

ACTON.—In this Western suburb of 17,000 souls there is no Strict Baptist chapel. About eighteen months ago our good brother Friers and his wife offered the use of the basement of their house for the preaching of THE truth. Some five came together, and, after a short time, were united, or formed into a Church, by brother Archer. From that time till the present they have gone on, and, by God's help, intend to pursue till they can erect a place in Acton for the proclamation of the WHOLE truth. A movement to this end will soon, it is hoped, be set on foot. On Monday, May 14, special services in aid thereof were held in the Assembly-room of the Royal Oak Coffee Palace. A good company of friends gathered to encourage the feeble infant, many going from London. Mr. R. E. Sears preached in the afternoon, and Mr. C. Wilson presided in evening at the public meeting, when addresses were delivered by brethren Archer, Garrod, House, Miller, and Sears, in aid of the cause. In the course of his remarks, Mr. R. E. Sears said, Is a place wanted here for the Strict Baptists? If this question were put to the Open Communion Baptists, the Church people, or the Congregationalists, they would undoubtedly say, "No!" and if the Strict Baptists do not adhere together, and take every opportunity which God, in His providence, offers for the extension of His truth and cause, they must lose ground. Let the people here strive together and get a piece of land, and the whole denomination will come to their help in raising a house for His truth. Strict Baptists are right in their observance of the ordinances of the Gospel according to the New Testament. There is not one text of Scripture to authorise infant sprinkling; there is not a text of Scripture to support Open Communion. Therefore let us band together to strengthen the hands of the weak; then, by the Lord's help, we shall realise the fulfilment of that promise, "A little one shall become a thousand," &c. Visitors to Acton, or its vicinity, will find a hearty welcome at the "Baptist Meeting," Leigh-house, Shakespeare-road.—J. W. B.

BETHNAL GREEN.—Services to commemorate the 15th anniversary of our genial brother J. Griffith's pastorate here were held Tuesday, May 1. Mr. John Hazelton delivered a di-course in the afternoon on God as the defence of His people according to their several needs in time; of the glory that awaited them in their future state, and of the faith His people had in His promises. In the evening, Mr. Youdan, an energetic deacon at Hope, presided, and delivered a very excellent address on the Christian's pathway, and called upon his pastor to deliver his annual statement. Mr. Griffiths then came forward, and said:—Fifteen years have rolled away since I first came here; it was not according to my natural inclination that I came to Bethnal-green, but here I am, as we must believe, by the will of God, sometimes encouraged, sometimes anxious; and we hope, when the last great day comes, our labours may not prove to have been in

vain. Notwithstanding all, there is something to cheer us. Deacons always welcome me in the name of the Lord—never had a cross look or word from either; in fact, brotherly love has increased. Should like to see chapel filled, especially at commencement of service. We keep on with the same "old, old Gospel." Mr. Shepherd spoke well on "I will sing of mercy and judgment," &c., in which he referred in a touching manner to his own experience, and of what cause he had to adopt the language of the text, "Unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing."

"Indulgent God, how kind
Are all Thy ways to me," &c.

One of Zion's songs will often lift a tried child of God above the things of time. Mercy is sure, free, and comes at the right time and in the right way. Mercy and judgment. Was ever mercy so great as at the cross? Was ever judgment so stern as at the cross? Mercy and judgment kissed each other. Mr. J. Clark spoke of Christ as the Foundation of every believer; their hope, strength, and stability is on this sure Foundation-stone—this Rock; millions of angry waves have dashed against it, but, for the comfort and consolation of the believer, it does and will stand every storm. E. Langford was dignified on "A sight of the glory of God," though he expressed his felt inability to grapple the subject. F. Holden then spoke on "The Testimony of God," which brought to a close this service.—J. W. B.

KING'S CROSS.—Special services were held at Ebenezer, Caleonian-road, on Good Friday. Mr. W. Winters preached from Rev. vii. 17, a sermon full of instruction, of comfort to tried souls, and in which the Lamb in the midst of the throne was exalted. At evening meeting Mr. Saunders ably presided. Mr. Belcher spoke on Jesus Christ the same at all times, unchangeable in His love; the importance of the knowledge of Him; what it is to know Him. Mr. House from the words, "We shall be like Him." Mr. C. Holton on fellowship with Christ in His sufferings; Mr. Garrod, "There the Lord commanded the blessing"; Mr. John Kingston, "I am come into My garden: its order, variety, but beauty in all; the graces of the Spirit, its fruitfulness, sunshine, and showers, seed sown by ministers, harrowed in by prayer, made prosperous by divine grace." Mr. Waite on the words, "I am the Way." Mr. Miller, "Behold, what manner of love. Chairman with a parting prayer brought to a close one more opportunity of showing forth the grace and the unchanging goodness of our covenant-keeping Jehovah.—JOHN GARROD.

LEWISHAM—COLLEGE PARK.—The ninth anniversary of this cause was commemorated on Tuesday, April 24. Mr. J. Hazleton delivered a discourse in the afternoon from the words in John xvii. 4. The preacher told us that (1) The text indicated the covenant arrangements which were made for the salvation of sinners; (2) Scope of the

text, "I have glorified Thee on the earth"—i.e., by revelation, suffering, death, and conquest; (3) Scene of the Saviour's work, the earth; "I have glorified Thee on the earth." (4) Why was this urged on the part of the Saviour? Christ looked back on a well-spent life, and was satisfied. His people are saved by good works, not their own, but Christ's. In the evening, W. Beach, Esq., presided at the public meeting. I know the already over-crowded pages of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** will not allow speeches at these meetings to be given; yet if one could do so, it would prove highly interesting to its increasing readers to have recorded the remarks of three of the rising young men of the day—namely, W. Hazleton, P. Reynolds, and W. K. Squirrell, who spoke respectively, contending lovingly for the distinguishing doctrines of grace. Our mutual brother Meeres, on "Christ, the sacrifice for Sin," lifted the hearts of his hearers above things of time. Mr. John Mead, of the Surrey Tabernacle, gave a grand dissertation on the importance of salvation. He told us the question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" had never yet been answered. Divine conviction is necessary to impress the sinner with its value. According to His righteousness, or mercy, He saved us. In this great matter Christ is first and last. Nine cases out of ten, said Mr. Mead, it is by His Word that a sinner is brought to an acquaintance of himself as such. His Word convices, converts, comforts, establishes, and helps the child of God on to the end of his journey. Mr. Dalton pronounced the Benediction.—J. W. B.

A NOTE FROM MR. T. STRINGER.

MY DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—Your kind note, with its acceptable contents, of 25s. and 5s., received safely, for which we most sincerely thank yourself and other kind friends. Being now a pauper, dependent on the providence of God, His kind hand, in thus helping His poor servant, is seen very conspicuously, for which I desire to praise and bless His great and holy name. I find my general health is better; but very little, if any improvement, in the weakness of my head. Oh, what poor things we are, especially in affliction! I envy you, Lord, help me to wait Thy time. Sometimes I think I shall not preach again. The Lord knoweth; but oh, what a trial for the Church, myself, wife, and family. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Sweet promise! Oh, for the daily enjoyment of it in sweet experience, "when well with thee, forget not me." "Cast down, but not destroyed." Still looking unto Jesus. Bless Him, He is the tree in the waters of Marah. The Lord bless thee, thy wife and family. Do not overlook poor Thomas. My sorrowful wife unites in thanks and best love to thee and thine.—Yours truly, in Achor's Vale,—T. STRINGER. P.S.—Received, in stamps, with many thanks, 2s. 6d. from "A lover of truth."—T. S.

A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

"The half was not told me."

"Do with me what Thou wilt,
 Submissively and still,
 I will be passive in Thy hands,
 Do Thou Thy holy will.
 'Tis Thine to choose my portion—let it be
 To acquiesce with deep tranquillity."

We love young grace. When the newborn soul has by faith seen the Saviour; when new streams of LOVE from HIM flow into the new heart and return to the source from whence they come; when the young soul can purely say, "I love the Lord, for He first loved me," then it is delightfully sweet. No such joys did we ever have before. No such sacred pleasures since. O! may they be renewed and perfected in glory. Amen. The daughter of a Suffolk couple, who are most decided in God's truth, sends us the following:—

MY DEAR MR. BANKS,—You remember father took me and my sister into the vestry the last time you were at Mendlesham, and told you we were his two daughters. You seemed quite pleased to see us, and smiled at us as if your thoughts were, "Who can tell? they may be both vessels of mercy." That's what ran through my poor mind, whether true or not I must leave. Well, I hope the Lord has opened my blind eyes to see my state as a poor fallen sinner, and that without His mercy I must be lost; and since then I hope I have been constrained to come and tell a few of the Lord's dealings with my soul at Crowfield, where Mr. Dearing preaches; and I daresay you remember receiving a few lines from J. Freeman to put in the VESSEL the month after I was baptized by our dear pastor, Mr. James Dearing. I was eighteen years old the next February, since the Lord, I hope, called me by His grace. We have had several dear good ministers to preach. Mr. B. J. Northfield came to preach last in April, 1882; it was a season to me long to be remembered. I was constrained to write and tell him how the Lord had used him as an instrument in His hand to comfort and bless my soul; he sent me an encouraging letter back. Several friends told me it ought to be in print. My uncle Nathaniel so persuaded me, that I was obliged to promise him I would write and ask Mr. Banks if he would put it in the VESSEL; and will you oblige a poor unworthy sinner?—E. D. H.

A letter written by Mr. B. J. Northfield to a friend, April 17, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It gave me pleasure to hear your verbal testimony of God's blessing to your soul the message I was enabled to deliver at Crowfield on Good Friday, and it also rejoiced my heart to receive the few lines from you containing expressions of gratitude to the Lord in making me useful instrumentally to the encouragement and consolation of your soul. I can say the truth in Christ, and I lie not, that it is my desire that God would clothe His precious truth with heavenly and divine power whenever and wherever I may be called to speak

it. With regard to the changes in your experience from darkness to light, from joy to sorrow, and from peace to turmoil, and all these changes being realised during only short seasons, you do but evidence that you are in possession of something beyond what grows in nature's soil. Every follower of Jesus realises, more or less, the paradoxical life of the children of God; for such are their feelings that when they feel weakest, then are they strongest; when they fear the most that they shall fall, then are they farthest from it, and when they feel most abased in themselves then are they truly exalted in Jesus. What a mercy that, amidst all the changes through which we pass, His love remains the same; the merits of a precious Christ can never fail, and we are saved through what He is to us, and not for the degree of experience that we enjoy of His presence.

"To trust Him endeavour, the work is His own,
 He makes the believer, and gives Him the crown."

May you, my friend, realise many happy seasons at Crowfield Bethesda still, under the sound of that precious Gospel which is the delight of brother Dearing's soul and the desire of my heart. With Christian love to you and your friends, and wishing you every needful blessing, I am, yours sincerely in Christ—

BENJAMIN JOHN NORTHFIELD.

CANNING TOWN.—Tea and public meeting was held in Swanscombe-street, April 30, with the view of establishing a fund for the erection of a new chapel in the neighbourhood of Canning-town. James Mote, Esq., who occupied the chair, very ably pressed the necessity of building a chapel for Mr. Brittain, who was once his pastor, and produced several Scriptural testimonies as examples for the people to follow. Mr. Mote spoke highly of the Gospel Mr. Brittain had preached, and of which he himself was not ashamed. During the meeting Mr. Brittain suggested his intention of leaving the country for Australia, but before so doing he wished that a Church should be formed and left to work on New Testament principles in his absence. Speeches were given by brethren Shaw, Winters, Noyes, H. Welch, and E. S. Welch.

PIMLICO.—Anniversary services were held at Rehoboth, Prince-a-row, on Lord's-day, May 13. Two sermons were preached by Mr. Hand, the pastor. On Monday, Mr. Carpenter preached from Job xxix. 18, "Then I said, I shall die in my nest." At evening meeting Mr. Hand presided. The chairman read a kind letter from Mr. Harris, which enclosed a cheque of £2 towards the collection. Mr. Cornwell spoke forcibly on the expression, "A man shall be as a hiding-place." Mr. Myerson dwelt, with doctrinal decision, on the words, "Who hath saved us;" E. Beazley on, "And called us;" W. Beddow finished with "He shall glorify me." A sweet season closed with singing and supplication.—W. B.

HOMERTON-ROW.—Fortieth anniversary of Sunday-school was on Tuesday, May 8. Mr. Bennett, the pastor, preached in the afternoon and presided at evening meeting. Mr. Brown, the hard-working and energetic superintendent, furnished the interesting report, and told us he entered the school at the age of seven, and had been there since that time; and though he thanked the friends for their encouragement, we thought thanks were due to him for his energy and perseverance. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Cornwell, who told us he always was a Sunday-school man, and believed he always should be, for even now he spent some of his happiest hours in the Sunday-school. Dear "old" brother Flack was quite at home on Sunday-school work, and gave some telling incidents of good wrought in his own experience. Messrs. Griffiths, Dawson, Osmond, and Boulton, spoke to the encouragement of the teachers in their work. Mr. Brown said a friend had presented the school with 36 Bibles and 60 hymn-books. "Abide with me, fast falls the even-tide," brought the meeting to a close.—J. W. B.

POPLAR.—Special services were held in Bethel Chapel on May 3. Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached; Mr. Nash offered prayer at public meeting. Brother F. H. Noyes, the pastor, is much blessed in his arduous work of love, although great help and energy are necessary to clear off the debt and to make the property freehold to the Church for ever. Addresses were delivered by Mr. G. W. Shepherd, W. Winters, J. Hunt Lynn, W. H. Lee, F. C. Holden, J. Lee, and F. H. Noyes. Mr. Collier, a good deacon, who has greatly helped the cause, gave kind words.—W. WINTERS.

HADLOW.—April 26, services in commemoration of 53rd anniversary of the foundation of the cause were held. Sermons were given by Mr. J. S. Anderson and W. Winters. Mr. E. Beecher opened the morning meeting by reading and prayer. Friends from Meopham, Ryarsh, Boro' Green, Snodland, and other parishes came. Mr. Segar, an old member, gave out good hymns. Many years have passed away since Mr. J. B. M'Cure held the pastorate of Hadlow Church. A variety of brethren have since supplied the pulpit. May Mr. Beecher be honoured in his work here.

HORNSEY-RISE.—The seventeenth anniversary was celebrated on May 15. Mr. T. Bradbury preached a sermon full of sound Gospel. A public meeting was held in the evening, W. Heathfield, Esq., presiding. Mr. Heathfield spoke encouragingly of oneness of heart ruled by the love of God; Mr. Dearsly on the words, "Every man, therefore, that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto Me." Mr. J. Griffith delivered his happy mind on the leadings of God. W. Winters dilated on "Prayer." Speeches by brethren W. J. Styles, with his usual tenderness of heart, Langford, Boulton, and F. Green.—W. WINTERS.

LITTLE STONHAM.—On May 16, this beautiful rural village was visited by a numerous body of Christian friends, who came to unite with brother Grimwood and his people in celebrating the anniversary of the cause. It was our happy lot to minister the word of life on this occasion. Two sermons were preached. Mr. Debenham, Mr. Dearing, and Mr. J. Grimwood took part in the services. Mr. Harris, Mr. Woodgate, and other ministers, favoured us with their presence. Many were the loving enquiries after the health of C. W. Banks, whose name is revered by a large number of honest Suffolk saints. Our second visit to Stonham was of the most cheering character, and which has drawn out our tenderest sympathies towards the pastor and his loving people. We cannot fail to express our warmest thanks to Mr. Hitchcock for his service of love to us especially. May the sunshine of God's presence be long realised in the Church of Little Stonham, and that the pastor's heart may be gladdened by an increase of precious souls into the Church, is the heartfelt prayer of—W. WINTERS.

CROWFIELD.—This happy cause of truth in the county of Suffolk continues to steadily flourish under the genial and savoury ministry of Mr. James Dearing, who has been graciously sustained in his pastoral work at Crowfield for near a quarter of a century by the blessed God, in the Gospel of His Son, conjointly with the help of many loving friends, and the fellowship and advice of his large-hearted deacon, Mr. Jabez Hart. On May 11, being the fifty-fourth birthday of Mr. Dearing, the friends, to show their high esteem of him and his labours, presented him with a pocket-book containing the sum of £8 10s. as a tribute of sincere affection, and hopeful that the Lord would spare him many years in his work of love. The gift was gratefully received. To God be all the glory.

MOUNT BURES.—We climbed this Essex hill on Whit-Monday, May 14, 1883. The father and founder of this Strict Baptist cause, Charles Cock, Esq., of West Mersa, delivered thorough Gospel sermons on Sunday morning and afternoon, and pastor Rayner gave the evening benediction. On the Monday afternoon we saw, in the pulpit, that large piece of sound energy, Mr. E. P. Brown, of Coggeshall, who expounded a Psalm, and offered a real prayer; then C. W. Banks, for a full hour, preached the Gospel; Walter Brown, of Colchester, and other ministers, took part in the evening services. The chapel was well crowded, and most of the people appeared happy. Mr. John Hazelton was one of the first ministers here; he is well-remembered still. Poor Bathurst is retired at Coggeshall, but the present pastor, Mr. Rayner, has been a blessing to many souls during the last seven years, and we hope for the next twenty years he will be honoured, esteemed, and useful. He is an original, acceptable, and faithful man of truth. I was cheered to see and hear the venerable Mr. Brown, of Reading, and other good men. While in the towns and cities of our land many chapels are almost desolate, this "city of refuge" on the mountain-top is filled with anxious hearers whose souls are often filled with love and joy. The Lord bless this people in Mount Bures.

SHOULDHAM-STREET.—**SUNDAY-SCHOOL.**—On Whit-Monday, May 14, the first annual distribution of prizes was held. The children and friends took tea; the meeting then commenced, our esteemed pastor, Mr. W. Carpenter, in the chair. The secretary of the school invoked the divine blessing, then one of the scholars very creditably recited Psa. xlv. The chairman delivered a brief address, in which he impressed upon the scholars the necessity of regular attendance, and the benefits derived from reading the Word of God. He also gave some sound advice to the teachers, and words of encouragement. Then came the distribution of prizes, interposed with suitable remarks. The distribution was followed by more recitations, singing, and addresses by some of the teachers. Before the meeting closed the pastor expressed his happiness at being present, congratulated the teachers on the progress the school had made. He said it was only a day of small things with them, and that he believed that the evening's meeting was the beginning of far greater things; he hoped that soon the place would be too small for them, and that if they were all spared to meet on a similar occasion next year they would have a much greater gathering. The most successful and enjoyable meeting that has been held in connection with the school since its commencement was brought to a close by singing. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—**THOS. COOPER.**

BOROUGH-GREEN, KENT.—The sixty-sixth anniversary of the Baptist chapel was celebrated on May 14 (Whit-Monday) when sermons were preached morning and evening by Mr. Box, of Soho, and in the afternoon by Mr. Squirrel, of Enon, Woolwich. We had a blessed time, and our hearts are rejoicing in the Lord for all His goodness to us, and earnest thanksgivings have risen up unto Him from our people, for we asked that a blessing might rest on the services of the day, and we experienced a gracious love token in the felt presence of the great Master of assemblies. Our dear brother, Mr. Box, discoursed sweetly to us (notwithstanding much pain of body) from Psalm cv. 19: "Until the time that his word came; the word of the Lord tried him," and we found it a real time of refreshing. In the afternoon our dear brother, Mr. Squirrel, laid a rich feast upon the Gospel table from the words of Micah ii. 7: "Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?" and in the evening Mr. Box led us again into the green pastures, and beside the still waters, from Psalm cxxxiii. 3, last clause: "For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." We were encouraged by a goodly gathering of friends, and were pleased to welcome some of our dear brethren in the ministry—namely, Mr. F. P. Patterson, jun., Mr. G. Webb, Mr. Beerher, and Mr. Doulton, who, I believe, had a rich feast of good things. Dinner was provided, and about 80 sat down with us, but at tea-time we found that our school-room would not hold the friends, so we filled the large vestry, and then there were a goodly number who had to go into the chapel, and our hearts longed to see the sanctuary always as well filled as it was that evening. At the close of the evening service the people were asked to sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," which they did in such a manner that it made our hearts rejoice, and we felt as though we had a sweet foretaste of heavenly bliss. Our hearts do praise Him, not only for the manifestation of His presence with us on Whit-Monday, but for all His lovingkindness and tender mercies to us as a Church and people, during the last few months. Praying that the blessing of the Triune Godhead may rest upon you, I remain, yours in the love of Christ—**GEORGE W. THOMAS, Pastor.**

SWALLOWFIELD.—Brother Daniels, who is preaching the Gospel here, says: "I trust you are better. This is, doubtless, one of the 'all things that work together for good to them that love Him,' for our light affliction, which is but for a moment." What patience the apostle must have had when he uttered these words! What sweet thoughts of the future when he spoke of 'the eternal weight of glory!' The body is sometimes much afflicted, but the inward man, by the renewing of the eternal Spirit, is enabled to hold on his way. One of old said, 'I believed, therefore have I spoken. I was greatly afflicted.' So that in all ages God's people have been an afflicted people, and if it comes from the hand of a covenant-keeping God it is a sure mark of His favour, and a proof of His eternal love. Sometimes I feel the sustaining power of the eternal Spirit, and the melting power of His wondrous love.

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

When you are passing through the valley 'twill be sweet to have the *Light* to guide you safely through."—[We were at Wooburn-green, May 2; we had a sacred season in preaching that evening, and returned home none the worse. We were grieved to know that our faithful brother, John Dunley, was then called to witness the death of his dearly-beloved son. He was a most amiable and God-fearing lad: he is gone up higher. Wooburn-green chapel looks beautiful now—but the fathers, the mothers, the old friends, are gone, alas!—O. W. B.]

ST. NEOTS, HUNTS.—Our friends at St. Neots have added to their schoolroom accommodation two large and commodious class-rooms. This good work, which has been very much aided by W. Payne, Esq., of Brighton, was begun, completed, and paid for, at a cost of about £170, within about twelve months. The school anniversary was celebrated on Sunday, April 29, and Tuesday, May 1. Sermons suitable to the occasion were preached on the Lord's-day by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Watfsham, who also gave a suitable address to parents in the afternoon, followed by another most excellent address from Mr. Payne, from the words, "Is it well with thee?" The scholars sang their hymns most heartily, and each service wore a most cheerful aspect. On Tuesday, May 1, about 300 assembled for tea, which was well served, and to all appearance much enjoyed by the youngsters and friends generally. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, ably presided over by W. Payne, Esq. One pleasing feature in this meeting was the presentation of a beautiful silver-mounted inkstand, &c., with a suitable inscription thereon, presented from the school by Mr. Ekins, the superintendent, to the chairman (W. Payne, Esq.), for the deep interest he has of late taken in the Sunday-school at St. Neots. Addresses were given by the chairman, Messrs. Ekins, King (of Carlton), and Wilkins. Votes of thanks were passed, and a very happy anniversary was brought to a close—leaving behind a loving, cheerful, united spirit. The collections amounted to between fourteen and fifteen pounds. Praise God for all His goodness to us.

YATLEY.—**ZOAR CHAPEL, CRICKET HILL.**—Brother Stevens, and the friends here, desiring to record the Lord's goodness through another year, held their 56th anniversary on May 14. Friends from Reading, with Mr. Thomsent and brother Daniels; also our brother Bouny, and others. Mr. F. C. Holden preached two good sermons. We were enabled once more to rejoice in the God of our salvation. Wishing brother Stevens and his good deacons, brethren Newman and Ives, and the Church at Zoar, every new covenant blessing, I am—J. V.

LIMEHOUSE.—May 22 was, without exaggeration, one of the most auspicious days ever realised by the friends of Coverdale-rooms, under the happy and successful pastorate of our brother, Mr. F. C. Holden. The bright sunny heavens shone beautifully on the large company of friends gathered in front of the site of the new chapel in Pekin-street, East India-road. The open-air meeting was commenced by singing, and brother J. Bennett, of Homerton, offered what we might call the consecration prayer. Mr. P. Reynolds followed with an address full of power, showing the nature of true worship in agreement with sound doctrine. The pastor (who was moderator), called upon J. M. Rundell, Esq., of the Surrey Tabernacle, to lay the first memorial-stone. This having been duly performed, Mr. Rundell, whose powerful and clear voice was heard by all around, spoke in high appreciation of Mr. Holden, and unfolded some of the most glorious truths we have ever had the happiness to listen to. In the course of his address, Mr. Rundell treated of the grand doctrine of the Trinity in unity, of the essential operation of the Holy Ghost in salvation, and of the divine ordinances of God's house to be observed by all true believers till the great end shall come. Mr. G. J. Baldwin gave out hymn 749, Denham Selection (verse 2):—

"Christ is the precious Corner-stone,
Which all His Church is built upon,
Nor can it ever fall."

Mr. Holden then expressed his great pleasure in asking James Lee, Esq., to lay the second memorial-stone, which work he (Mr. Lee) performed in his accustomed business manner. Mr. Lee addressed the company briefly on the mighty truths of God, which he himself believed in and lived upon daily. Mr. W. Carpenter followed with a spirited speech on the antiquities of our most holy religion. The appropriate hymn,—

"Grace! 'tis a charming sound,"

was heartily sung, and W. Winters closed the happy open-air service with prayer and the Benediction. A very crowded meeting of friends was served with tea in the old Coverdale-rooms. This excellent tea, we are warranted in stating, was the generous gift of Mr. G. J. Baldwin, who has been, and still is, very helpful to this and other causes of truth. After tea the friends adjourned to Coverdale chapel, specially engaged for the occasion, when Thomas Carr, Esq., presiding, read Psa. lxxviii., and Mr. J. J. Clinch addressed the throne of grace. Mr. Turner, the indefatigable secretary, read a succinct and interesting report, from which we gather that the cause was commenced in Coverdale-rooms on November 7, 1869, by a few friends from Cave Adullam chapel, of which for many years W. Allen was the honoured pastor. Mr. Christmas was the first preacher. A Church of 56 members was formed on February 20, 1870, by Mr. Lodge and Mr. Christmas, since which time 134 persons have joined the Church; loss by deaths, 30; dismissions, 28; leaving the present number, 76. On September 9, 1877, Mr. F. C. Holden was called to preach the Gospel to the friends in Coverdale-rooms, and his services were so much appreciated that on October 6, 1878, he was chosen pastor. Owing to the rooms being filled with hearers, and badly ventilated, the friends, in conjunction with their pastor, considered a new and more commodious building a necessity incumbent upon them to erect; and in April, 1879 a building fund was established; also a committee to carry the project into execution, consisting of the pastor and thirteen of his officers and members. An excellent freehold site was eventually selected at the reasonable cost of £500, and a new chapel called "Elm," in Pekin-street, is now in course

of erection, agreeable to Mr. Bridge's plan. Mr. Howard, one of the committee, is the builder, and the sum total is estimated to be £1,450. The chapel, with vestries, is to seat 300, and a gallery can be built at any time, if necessary, to hold 100 more. The friends will have to borrow upwards of £500, which has been kindly offered at five per cent. interest, consequently, they will require considerable help beyond what has already been obtained, and no doubt when our country friends are made acquainted with this great need they will, from the love they bear to Mr. Holden, favour him with some token of help. His address is, 78, Malmesbury-road, Bow, E. Many of the friends who gave money on the day of the meeting promised more at the completion of the chapel. We were highly gratified to see the liberality of the friends at the laying of the memorial stones. Mr. Rundell and his Surrey Tabernacle friends contributed largely, so that the first stone was solidated by the pressure of £142 10s. 6d., with promises, and the second stone was well freighted by the kind personal donation of Mr. James Lee, whose generous words and deeds are appreciated far and wide. On this stone was placed £30 1s. 6d., with promises; and the £7 15s. realised by the gift of the tea, with the evening collection and other monies, brought the total sum collected during the day to the amount of £260. To God be everlasting praises! Mr. C. W. Banks was the first speaker of the evening, when he dealt in a most entertaining manner with the word *Prosperity*, in its manifold aspects, its better side originating from the pure and holy love shed abroad in the heart, which is the root and fruit of all good and successful works. Earnest Gospel speeches were also delivered by brethren Wilkins, Winters, Cornwell, Myerson, Griffith, Noyes, Baldwin, and the pastor. Votes of thanks were warmly accorded to Messrs. Rundell, Lee, Carr, and the ministers who took part in the proceedings of the day, and the whole meeting terminated joyfully. The new chapel is expected to be finished about September, when (D.V.) we hope to realise a grand opening day. The Lord smile upon the new "Elm" as He did when Israel regaled themselves by the wells and palm trees in the groves of old Elim which proved to them strength, satisfaction, and rest. So earnestly prays—W. WINTERS.

GRAVESEND.—ZOAR CHAPEL.—On Tuesday, May 8, "Spring Meeting" was held. Interesting sermon was preached by Mr. P. W. Williamson, in the absence of Mr. J. S. Anderson, who was unable to attend owing to a somewhat severe illness. Tea was served to a tolerably large company. At public meeting Mr. I. C. Johnson spoke on the "Grain of Mustard Seed," to which the kingdom of heaven is likened. "The Leaven in the Meal" was put down to Mr. I. Levinsohn; Mr. Anderson was to have spoken upon "The Hidden Treasure, and the Pearl of Great Price." Mr. Shaw had to take Mr. Levinsohn's and Mr. Anderson's subjects. Mr. Williamson concluded by delivering an address on the "Gospel Net." The meetings were very interesting and edifying, and the collections very fair.—A DEACON.

"THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT, THE DAY IS AT HAND."

The night of affliction, of sorrow and tears,
Is assuredly passing away;
And surely, and soon, in spite of our fears,
Will come the all-joyous day.
The day of salvation—now very near,
When sorrow and sickness shall flee;
The hand of our God shall wipe every tear,
And we His sweet presence shall see.

G. H. M. READ.

Margate, Sunday evening, April 1, 1883.

ONLY ONE OUT OF THE FIVE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I am moved to write a line or two on the above sentence in imitation of your piece in this month's VESSEL. Our experience is somewhat similar. About thirty years ago I and four others joined in a manufacturing and mercantile enterprise, under the firm of I. C. Johnson & Co. My four co-partners who joined me then have all passed away. I am the only one of the five left on this earth. I, like yourself, have run over the lease of threescore and ten, and am only a tenant at will in this tabernacle. Like Job, "I would not live alway." Yet, also with him, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." My esteemed brother, may I ask you what are your hope and expectation on this subject? Do you expect, on leaving the clay tabernacle, to go direct to heaven, to enjoy *conscious existence* in the upper world? Some years ago I was much distressed about this matter. One Sunday afternoon a man was preaching at the corner of Lant-street, in the Borough; I stopped to listen. He said that Christians at death remained in a state of unconsciousness till the resurrection. I was cast down and discouraged. I had no answer, in my own mind, to the statement, and for four days I was in darkness and bondage of spirit, and could not bear thought. All at once, however, when meditating on the subject, the words came into my soul with light and power, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." The snare was broken, and I escaped, still believing that,—

"One gentle sigh, the fetters break.
We scarce can say they're gone
Before the ransomed spirits take
Their place before the throne."

On further meditation, I remembered the words of our blessed Lord Jesus to the expiring thief, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise;" and also the words of the apostle Paul, who said, "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." If, indeed, Paul had to enter a state of constant unconsciousness, would it be far better to remain here below, to spend his time in useful labour? I think not, and I have no doubt you think with me. Oh, how gloomy would be the prospect of dissolution were it not for the hope of going to be with Christ, which is far better.

Wishing you, dear brother, much of the Master's presence here, and eternal companionship with Him hereafter, I am, yours very sincerely,
I. C. JOHNSON.

Gravesend, May 14, 1863.

[On this subject we have meditated much. The soul-sleeping theory is one of the great and most useless, unscriptural errors of speculative minds; but we will be glad to give substantial proof, if the Lord permit.—C. W. B.]

"HAVE FAITH IN GOD" (Mark xi. 22).

HAVE faith in God, who sits upon His throne,
Upholding all things, both in earth and heaven,
Who has a people that He calls His own,
And out of love to them His Son has given.

Our Father's love how boundless and how free!
It swells beyond our follies and our sin,
Encircling heaven and earth, and air and sea,
And takes each heir of glory safely in.

Then deals with each according to that love
Though clouds and darkness hide His smiling face,
And draws them upwards to the home above
By the great might of His abounding grace.

Hast thou no strength? There is enough in Him.
He will not fail the souls that He has bought.
He will be with them, though their eyes be dim,
And bring to light the wonders He hath wrought.

'Tis "to the faint," He saith, "He giveth power."
"To them that have no might increaseth strength."

He'll give them victory in each trying hour,
And make them "more than conquerors" at length.

Hast thou found out thy weakness? Then the Lord

Has taught thee what no other teacher can,
And made thee to believe His Holy Word,
In which He has revealed His love to man.

"Have faith in God" alone, for it is He
Alone can succour in the time of need;
And by His Spirit's teaching thou shalt see
The reason why He gave His Son to bleed.

It was to manifest His sovereign love
To sinners vile and base and black as hell;
His lovingkindness unto such to prove,
And make them meet with Him in heaven to dwell.

"Have faith in God" then, and be not afraid,
But venture all upon Him, sink or swim;
He'll keep in perfect peace Himself hath said,
The soul that simply trusts alone in Him.
January, 1863. EBENEZER BEECHER.

Deaths.

ANOTHER OLD SERVANT GONE UP HIGHER.—The aged R. Turner, of Netherton, was called home last February. We knew that sterling soldier of the cross, and desire to perpetuate his memory by a brief memoir, if possible.

We have many announcements of the "going away" of those friends whom we have known in the various Churches. MRS. WILLIAM CROWTHER, of Gomersal, the widow of our late friend, Mr. W. Crowther, after a good night's sleep, on arising was seized with one fit after another, until, in a short time, all was over, and her spirit had fled. Thus the hospitable mansion will be no longer a resting-place for many a weary traveller, as it hitherto has been.

Mr. James Jones, the evangelist, of Banbury, gives us the following note:—"May 12, 1863, aged 71 years, Mr. Joseph Osborn, of Banbury, Oxon, departed this life. He bore his sufferings with Christian resignation, leaning and trusting upon the all-supporting arm of his beloved Christ, who was precious to his soul down to his last moments. [We shall, we trust, be enabled to give more particulars in memory of one of the most transparent Christian men we ever knew, by whom we were honoured and favoured exceedingly.—O. W. B.]

Mr. Joseph Palmer, of Providence chapel, Clapham Junction. We have experienced a great loss to our Church in the death of brother Joseph Palmer, who has been a useful and honourable member with us from the commencement of the cause, and for seven years deacon, who fell asleep in Jesus Lord's-day morning, April 22 (aged 69 years), after one month's illness, and was interred in Batterssea cemetery on April 28. His soul was much exercised for the most part of the time during his illness, and his cry was, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" but in the evening time it was light. On Friday evening, the 20th, while in conversation on the faithfulness and lovingkindness of God in fulfilling His promises, not failing in one thing to the least of His little ones, he said:—

"Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry,
My soul can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

after which he engaged in prayer so sweetly and tenderly that I shall not soon forget it. On the Sunday morning, some time before he breathed his last, he was heard to say, "Saved, saved!"
—Yours truly, S. STILES.

The Great Day of Salvation.

BEING NOTES OF THE SERMON PREACHED BY JOSEPH WILKINS,
OF PECKHAM RYE,
AT THE SUFFOLK ASSOCIATION, JUNE 7, 1883.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

LET us wrest this precious text out of the hands of the spoiler, and remove the false gloss so often put upon it by some modern preachers. But it is not enough to protest merely against the erroneous exposition, and the wrong use to which this Scripture is applied; we must give its true meaning, and show its proper use and application. In so doing we shall experience but little difficulty, as, I think, we shall be able easily to show that the text applies to CHRIST in His *Humanity* as our *Mediator*; for Christ in His Humanity was subject to weakness and infirmities like unto His brethren; and as our Mediator He offered up prayers and supplications, even with strong crying and tears (Heb. v. 7). Bear in mind the following facts. (1) The text is a quotation of Isaiah xlix. 8, "Thus saith the Lord, In an acceptable time have I heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee: and I will preserve thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people," &c. (2) The Speaker is the Father, in His judicial character. (3) The *Person* addressed is the Great Mediator, who stands as the sinner's Friend and Advocate (1 John ii. 1). (4) The statement made by God as the great Judge to Christ as the Advocate for poor sinners is this: "I have heard thee, and accepted thee," &c. (5) And be it remembered CHRIST is heard and accepted for *Himself and for His people also*. "Christ and His members are one." (6) The text itself is the USE the apostle makes of all this. "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation"—i.e., He points to the advantages of the present dispensation.

The first word, then, in our text is a cry—a telling cry—"BEHOLD!" It is an awakening herald, crying, Open your eyes; lift up your eyelids and *look!* Here is something to see, and something worth looking at, &c. It is a note of admiration, "BEHOLD!" Here is a something to admire. What is it? Christ! A Saviour! Salvation! It is a bold challenge. Behold it! As though Paul had said, Atheist, despiser, look at it; opposers, enemies, behold it; devils, look at it, &c. It is an expression of wonder; the utterance of a wondrous surprise; the language of devout astonishment. My soul, look at it. Oh! that men, ministers, and angels would behold it! It is the call of attention; it deserves attention; it will bear looking at; it courts the closest inspection. When God does a *work* He holds it up to be looked at, especially the work of bringing in a Saviour, a Mediator, and the production of *salvation*. He is not ashamed of His Redeemer, nor of His Redemption. When men set about making salvation, or making a Christian, they make a thing not fit to be seen. God only can make a Christian, or a minister, or salvation fit to be looked at; and when He does make

a Christian, or a salvation, He makes it to be seen; He holds it up and says, Behold it! Passing from this cry, "Behold!" I propose to notice—

I.—THE PERIOD OF TIME EMBRACED IN OUR TEXT AND SUBJECT.

It is obvious a *period* of time is embraced in the text—a kind of circle, of which Christ is the grand centre, around which all other things in the sphere of salvation may be said to congregate. God Himself, as with His own hand, strikes this circle in the sand, on the great strand of TIME, and calls it, "*that day*, the acceptable time, the day of salvation," &c. Thus God specially marks this period of time, and stamps it with significant names, supplying us with many descriptive epithets in Scripture in relation to it. Let us study well those epithets, that we may learn the greatness and grandeur of this period, called "the day of salvation." This period of time rises into the greatest prominence. The Scriptures give to *Him* who is its centre figure, its Alpha and Omega, the greatest prominence. This period of time is crowded with the deepest interests, and gives rise to the grandest inquiries; it fosters the sublimest hopes in man, and gives the fullest and brightest revelation of God. In it was born the fairest Babe, the holiest Child, the greatest Prince; from it Christ will derive His grandest glories; out of it He will gather costly gems to sparkle in His mediatorial crown. Of all days, or periods of time, this is the most remarkable, the most honoured. The great clock of time never measured off a day of greater interest and of deeper importance than this. It gave rise to the sinner's brightest prospects, and laid the foundation of his purest joys and highest expectations; it inspires in our breasts to-day the fairest hopes and the strongest faith we can possibly enjoy. In this period of time was planted the germs of mighty principles, the seeds of a great kingdom, which shall grow into an immortal empire. The period itself is like a great fountain, the mellifluent streams of which are continually pouring out gladdening waters, and producing the greatest issues beneficial to man, and glorifying to God. Let us define this period, or, rather, let us look at the *rise* and breadth of this wondrous DAY. When did it begin? Where and when did this wondrous sun rise, this unequalled day break forth? When will it end? What is the period referred to? Specially it refers to the period of our Lord's life upon the earth. The time-state of Christ, from His humble birth to His glorious ascension, called "the days of His flesh," including His wondrous incarnation, His life below, His ministry upon earth, His passion, death, and ascension. It embraces that period of time from His cradle and cross to His crown and throne. The whole time-state of Christ upon earth, the period of His *active* and *passive* obedience, the *day* of His suffering and death, the *day* of His resurrection and ascension, the time of His meeting MOSES and honouring the LAW, both in its *precept* and *penalty*, called, "The acceptable time: the day of salvation." This day, oh! wondrous day! This day rose and began with His FIRST advent, and stretches away to His second coming, embracing in its broad and beneficent arms the entire Gospel dispensation. In this sense, "*now* is the day of salvation." Look at the importance attached to this period. The Scriptures not only give to it great prominence, but they attach to it the highest importance. How do men, angels, and devils regard it?

How does God Himself regard this period? Angels! why it was the delight of angels to talk about it; they gladly sang its birth. Devils! devils dreaded it, and still look upon it with hate and horrible suspicion. Patriarchs rejoiced, seeing it afar off; prophets told of its coming; priests, with fingers dipped in the blood of sacrifice pointed to its greater and perfect sacrifice; Hebrew bards sang about it, while ministers preached it; and all the merry bells of the old dispensation chimed out its coming greatness and glory; kings might have lifted their crowns to do homage, and to honour its greater King. The EVENTS of this important period of time had a place in the faith, hope, and expectation of all the Old Testament saints. It was in the ministry of patriarchs, priests, and prophets; it was the redemption looked for, and the consolation so long waited for; it was the substance of every shadow, the exposition of every emblem, and the solution of every Old Testament problem; it was the all-important key to unlock every treasure. The faith of Old Testament saints saw it in all the promises, beheld it in all the types, and read it in all the prophecies; in fact, every finger in the Old Testament points to it; every tongue in the New talks of it, and this is the grand secret of every true ministry.

II.—TO INSTITUTE CERTAIN INQUIRIES.

We may institute at least a three-fold inquiry, and inquire—

1. Why this period was so acceptable to the Father? What rendered it so very acceptable to God? There must be some valid and particular reason why this period and these seasons were so acceptable to the divine mind. It was an acceptable time.

(a) Because His perfections were glorified. All the divine perfections come out in our salvation, having their embodiment in Christ Jesus. All God's attributes are displayed in the cross, not one of these are tarnished in Christ, but all shine in Him in their native lustre; He glorified them all.

(b) Because His purposes of love were answered; love sits triumphant in His salvation; she sheds no tears of bitter disappointment or black despair, but sits and smiles upon her saved children, wearing the amaranthine wreath of their salvation.

(c) Because His covenant of grace was carried into effect, all its conditions being met in Christ; it was now really carried out and executed in the death of the dear Redeemer, SEALED with blood—the blood of innocence and purity; it was the blood of expiation and atonement, every part of the covenant being honoured, and its immeasurable benefits being secured to His people, He now attaches the seal of blood to it, and it stands for ever. "A covenant of blood," His promises of mercy being fulfilled, and His people virtually and honourably saved.

2. What it was in Christ so acceptable to the Father. It was the *life* He presented, the pure and spotless life He lived for us as a law-fulfilling life; the righteousness He wrought, the seamless dress; it was the work He accomplished—that work so great, grand, and complete; it was the sufferings He endured, the sacrifice He offered, the satisfaction He rendered that were so acceptable to the Father.

3. Why called THE day of salvation? There must be some reason for this. It is not so called simply on account of its superior light. We may assign two reasons for this—

(a) Because it met all that salvation requires—viz., PERFECTION—perfection *in the flesh*, a perfect humanity. “The law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope *did*.” Here in Christ we have a sacrifice *perfect*, and a satisfaction *perfect*.

(b) Because within this period Christ fulfilled ALL His substitutionary engagements, and obtained, and secured eternal salvation to all God’s elect. It was the *day* in which He *made* salvation, like the days in which God *made* the world, they are called “the days of creation,” so *this* is called “the day of salvation.”

III.—TO EXAMINE THE STATEMENTS MADE IN THIS VERSE.

“I have heard Thee” (Heb. v. 7). Bear in mind Christ was heard in every period of His life, both ordinary and extraordinary, both for Himself and for His people also.

1. Christ was heard for His people. PETER’S CASE, “I have prayed for thee,” &c. He is heard for, and on behalf of, His people *now*; He speaks and pleads for them *now*; He is not dumb in heaven, for whom do you suppose HE pleads? for whom does HE there appear but for them whose names He bears deep graven on His heart?

2. Christ was heard in every ordinary period of His life both for Himself and for His people; He never offered a prayer, never presented a plea without being heard; His plea is always regarded and respected.

3. Christ was heard in every extraordinary period of His life. Take a few instances.

(a) His prayer at the grave of Lazarus. He groaned in the Spirit, and said, “Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast *heard* Me” (John xi. 42). And will He not come to thy grave, O Christian? He will attend at thy death and be heard at thy grave, too. Rest assured He will not neglect to be at thy dying bed, nor forget to be at thy grave at the early morn of thy resurrection.

(b) His intercessory prayer (John xvii.) was heard, and is still heard before the throne. Which part of it was disregarded? He prays for His people’s preservation, union, sanctification, and separation from the world. Tell me which part, which sentence was rejected?

(c) In His cries in the garden (see Heb. v. 7), and in His cries on the cross He was heard. The cries both of Gethsemane and Golgotha were heard in heaven—are still heard on high.

(d) In His advocacy in heaven He is still heard—heard for the guilty. The most helpless and undeserving may rejoice in the fact that the Saviour’s plea before the throne must prevail, for—

“With cries and tears He offered up
His humble suit below;
But with authority He asks,
Enthroned in glory now.”

2. I have helped, succoured thee. The help rendered was Divine, not human. “I,” says God, “I have helped.” Away with the sentiment of human help, of creature-assistance in Christ’s redeeming work. Man! What did man do? He did all he could to hinder his own salvation. Find me a recorded instance of Christ receiving *human* help in the great work, redemption. Brethren, I feel if man be saved he is saved in spite of himself. But *how* and *when* was the Man Christ Jesus helped? In His humanity, as our Mediator, He was helped and succoured by a four-fold ministry.

1. By the ministry of angels, at the close of His great temptation. "Angels came and ministered unto Him;" angels attended Him; were as His body-guard; angels worshipped Him; and in His passion "there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven strengthening Him" (Luke xxii. 43). Angels came at His birth, sang His glories, served Him in life, attended His triumphant chariot, and joined in the general exultation of His celestial enthronement. It was *an angel* that became His REPRESENTATIVE in His *vacated* tomb.

2. Helped, succoured by the mysterious union of the divine with the human He DERIVED help from GOD; power and strength was imparted to Him. The divine succoured the human; the FLESH WAS WEAK, but the Divine supported it; did not overpower it and crush it, but succoured, not destroyed.

3. By the ministry of His Father's promise and presence; God *was* present with Him, and a conscious support, and a mighty power was imparted to Him (DO READ Isaiah l. 6—9). It was the suspending or withdrawing of this conscious presence and help that made the dying substitute cry, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"

4. By the ministry of the Spirit, called the anointing. "I have put My Spirit upon Him" (Isa. xlii. 1). And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him: the Spirit of *wisdom*, understanding, counsel, might, knowledge, &c. (Isa. xi.). HE received the Spirit without measure, and by this anointing was not only fitted in His humanity, and qualified as our Mediator for His official work, but was helped in His work, in His trials, in His temptations, and in all His agonies; succoured and helped under His load of imputed guilt, helped against all His foes, and even against Satanic legions.

Now these are great and broad premises; let us apply them and look at the use Paul makes of all this—viz.,

IV.—TO SHOW THE ADVANTAGES OF THE PRESENT DISPENSATION.

1. The *accepted* time. Christ *is* accepted, His work is done, and He is accepted for Himself and for His people too; His entrance into heaven and enthronement proves His acceptance as our Head, Advocate, and Representative. I could fain linger upon this gracious acceptance; saints are accepted IN HIM, "accepted in the Beloved." Now is the *accepted time*, the time in which Jehovah testifies His good will toward men, the time in which He will, and does, accept us in Christ, will hear *Him* for us, and will hear us also through Him. It is *the time* in which the songs of Zion, the prayers of saints, the worship and supplications of His people are *accepted*—the very opposite of *rejection*.

2. The day of salvation. So called because salvation *abounds* in it; it is the time, the period of *salvation*. Seasons are characterised and named by anything which peculiarly or supremely *abounds* in them. Salvation is the great theme, and one of the distinguishing features of the Gospel dispensation; salvation is revealed in it; it is the time, the great period in which salvation is plainly revealed, fully and freely proclaimed, continually published, and made known; the day in which the great trumpet of salvation is blown; salvation is applied—not offered—by the Spirit, and enjoyed in the soul, the day in which salvation is actually possessed (see Isa. xii.).

3. "Now" is the day of salvation. This points to the advantages of the present dispensation. *Now*, as much now as during the

Levitical law, the legal dispensation; now, during the *time-state* of Zion; now, as much now as in the millennium, we are *not* to look for another dispensation before the day of salvation comes; it is come, it is *now*. Some want to go BACK to legal bonds, to an imposing ritual, to find salvation; thousands want to TURN ASIDE to noisy drums, to bands, and armies, to find salvation; some separatists, who disclaim all sects, and yet are the most sectarian of all sects, who discard all denominational names, these good Plymouthites would rush forward to a coming millennium for the day of salvation. But, *behold*, it is *now*—now is the day of salvation.

SUFFERING FOR, AND SINGING OF, CHRIST: THE SOUL'S CLIMAX AND CENTRE.

"O, blessed conquest! To lose all things! And to gain Christ!"

"CHRIST IS ALL, AND IN ALL!"

"He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire;
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire."

THAT is the atmosphere in which the espoused soul would live until it enters the brighter world; but the body of sin and death oft makes the ransomed soul to groan. Our esteemed Christian brother, Wm. Winters, sends me a monthly, wherein is a paragraph which says: When the late Mr. James Wells was on his death-bed, "he advised his deacons to have none but *Standard* ministers, as no others were to be depended upon." I felt and knew this was an arrow shot indirectly at us; and although I have been upheld and brought through many years of soul and of circumstantial conflict, yet I felt a silent sorrow when I found it possible for such enmity to live, and lurk, and labour, under guise, to crush, if possible, one whose heart has been broken and bleeding from sore afflictions nearly the whole of a life going on toward fourscore. Mr. Winters, in a side note, asketh: "Is this true, that Mr. James Wells, in his dying moments, did thus advise his deacons?" I have had letters from different persons in the country asking me the same question. I never answered one; but now, after the good man has been gone from us so long, to bring up and to publish such a statement, with such unhappy motives, comes to my soul painful in the extreme. But Mr. Winters urgeth the question, "IS IT TRUE?" If Mr. Wells felt, in his conscience, that what are termed "*Standard* men" are the only men to be depended upon, he was quite at liberty to give such advice! All the answer I give at the present moment is this: The late Mr. Edward Butt came to me once and again, and earnestly pressed home the inquiry, "Do you know of any man, or men, likely to suit the Tabernacle?" I plainly declared I did not. Ever since the loss of their much-loved pastor, the deacons and Church at the Surrey Tabernacle have been called to endure great anxiety and continued labour in seeking after the best men they could find to fill the pulpit, and instrumentally to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood. And they have succeeded in obtaining some of the best men in England.

The question is asked, "What constitutes a *Standard* man?" I answer: A man who stands by faith and by fellowship, by a Spirit-wrought principle within, and by a Christian practice without, in every part of the Word of God: a true *Standard* man is one who has the *Spirit* of CHRIST, the mind of CHRIST, the truth of CHRIST, and who follows, as far as grace enables him, the example of CHRIST; and there are thousands of such men, in different parts of the world, who have no connection with that party in this little island called "*Standardites*." The ancient, the voluminous commentator, says there is a superstitious bigotry which is more ceremonial than it is spiritual, more dogmatic than charitable. I charge no man with this; but the following case, which now is laid before me, savours more of the will of man than of the revealed will of God. In one of our long-established Baptist Churches two deacons have lately resigned their office. By their purse, and by their personal devotion to the cause, they have instrumentally maintained, defended, and practically manifested their love to "the Truth." Some little time since, their pastor left; and a *Standard* man is chosen to fill the office. The honourable deacons referred to wished to have, for anniversary services, the good brethren they had been associated with for years. But the *Standard* pastor desired to have his own brethren. Both parties, of course, thought they had a right to have their own way. The result has been the reception of the resignations of the long-standing and honourable deacons, the rejection of the old anniversary preachers, and the bringing in of the preachers of the *Standard* party. Such circumstances are terribly wounding to the serious, the silent, the spiritually-minded members of the Churches; they make breaches which time can never heal, and cause other Christians to point the finger of scorn at what they term "the narrow-minded, the dreadfully bigoted Strict Baptists!"

Mr. Isaac Polly, in his review of the Churches, which we may further notice, says: "The *Standard* people are the most orthodox after all." We shall not dispute the point of their orthodoxy. We remember the Japanese gentleman who told the Birmingham minister that it was Paul's sentences, wherein he contends for "*charity*," which convinced him of the divinity of Christianity; that one sentence especially, "and have not charity, I AM NOTHING." By which I understand Paul to mean that charity which brings forth a practical manifestation of true, real, and earnest love to the souls and to the bodies of our fellow-men.

While I write these lines my soul goes up to the great High Priest of our profession—to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Testament; to my SAVIOUR, who hath saved me from the lowest hell; and I beseech of HIM not to allow me to write one word, or take one step, that would be contrary to His blessed mind. I write as under the eye of the omniscient and heart-searching GOD, and I declare the PERSON of CHRIST to be more precious to my soul than all the parsons, and all the peoples, in this world. I envy none of them; my only desire is that those ministers and men who are so exceedingly orthodox should listen to and obey the blessed Master's holy commandment, "Let your light so *shine before men* that THEY may SEE—(what? your orthodoxy? your denunciations of others? your secret slanderings? nay; that they may SEE)—your GOOD WORKS, and glorify your FATHER which is in heaven." Men may be as orthodox as Balaam, or as close an outward follower as was Judas; but, professing Christians, to you I say,—

LET YOUR ORTHODOXY BE LONG ENOUGH.

"*How long enough?*" you ask. Read the first part of the thirteenth of John, especially from verse 2 to 17. When Jesus had instituted the supper, He laid aside His garments. He took a towel; He poured water into a basin! Oh, ye orthodox men! Look at the Master ye profess to serve; and as regards the doctrine, the experience, and the order and ordinances of the Church, for over forty years, I feel persuaded God's grace and mercy has made me as orthodox as most of you. But, now look at what the mighty Christ of God is doing; and then listen to what He says: "He began to WASH THE DISCIPLES' FEET, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded." And, after He had performed this practical part of His work, He stood up and said:—

"I HAVE GIVEN YOU AN EXAMPLE: THAT YE SHOULD DO AS I HAVE DONE TO YOU."

Do we Strict Baptists obey this command of our precious Master?

Forgive my egotism, if you can; for I say, having bitterly known what it was to require my feet to be washed, I have felt a strong sympathy with any poor broken-hearted disciple who was no lover of, or liver in, sin; but who had, by some strange event, fallen into the mire; and with shame, with sorrow, with repenting tears and grief, has been cast out and (by many) forsaken. Only in one case did our self-denying Lord finish a parable with a direct and positive command. In Luke x. 37, after healing and caring for the man who had fallen among thieves, the Master said:—

"GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE;"

and, if I have had any special work for Christ's people in this world, it has been in answer to my old, spontaneous, Herefordshire prayer, which bubbled up out of my heart very many years ago, when walking from the dying bed of one in Bank Villa, towards Purlbrook, the residence of that dearly-beloved brother in Christ, Mr. Tyler—being full of heart-heaving to be useful to poor dying mortals; as I walked alone in the evening over that lonely road, I, for the first time in my life, sighed, as the lines came oozing out, quite unpremeditatedly; but with deep sincerity, I cried:—

"O, my gracious God and Saviour,
Pity, pardon, my poor soul!
Let me live *for* THEE, and labour
To *make* WOUNDED sinners whole!
Let me live that life of faith
Which walks in love, as Jesus saith;
Then, on shores beyond the river,
May I *see* our glorious GIVER!—
There, for ever—yes! for ever—
Let me crown Thee LORD OF ALL!"

Oh, how strong out of my soul did every word come! I had never read such words, nor heard such words; but my poor soul would wrestle with CHRIST, to be useful to His wandering sheep; and now, for many years, that has been my cry; and surely it has been answered! for, if any Church is broken down; if any person is laid aside; if any widow is next to starving; if any destitute disciple is at his wit's end—they have found me out; and thousands and thousands of miles has the merciful Providence of God permitted me to go and try to heal and help the

afflicted and the poor which God has left in the midst of His Zion. Hence, not lightly, but lovingly and gratefully, I sing:—

“With Christ in the vessel
I smile at the storm.”

Let no man harbour the thought that I am jealous of, or opposed to the ministers called *Standard* men. Blessed be God, I am free from every feeling of an adverse kind. I did know, I did profitably hear, the fathers and most noble leaders of the section. That most blessed man of God, William Gadsby, I have listened to until my soul has poured forth streams of tears. The original John Warburton I knew well, and always felt an unction and power under his ministry which made his preaching exceedingly powerful to me. I once sat in his own house at Trowbridge between himself and his wife, and the conversation we had I have never forgotten. John Kershaw once preached for me, and a more honest, truth-loving, God-fearing man I shall never find in this world. But all those fathers are gone. The new generation I know little of—except William Wilson, of Peterborough, who (with his wife) was a member of our Church in Crosby-row; Mr. Hazlerigg I know as a gentleman; and some few others I have a second-hand knowledge of; but I only have one feeling toward any of them, which is a desire that they might be powerfully and preciously baptized into the love of God, into the Spirit of Christ, into that travail of soul which wrestles day and night—not for any party-spirited unity, but for the ingathering of immortal souls to our most glorious SHILOH! The Lord knoweth I covet none of their patronage, none of their privileges, none of their gifts nor greatness; but the spirit of division maintained by some of them has often been an affliction to me when my brethren have poured out their sorrows therefrom.

While inwardly sorrowing over the divisions, the declensions, the distresses, the atheistical and infidel spirits now abounding, that well-known sentence came into my heart:—

“MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.”

It was not a fleeting thought, it was not a momentary whisper; it was a strong, a firm, an enlightening, a bracing voice, sounding with affectionate sweetness, with positive certainty, with exalting influence: with such Christ-endearing emotions, that day and night something in me continued to echo:—

“MY BELOVED IS MINE, and I am His.”

I could most peacefully leave all the divisions, all the so-called ministers, all the Churches, yea, all the world, and all it contains, while my soul could sing:—

“*My Beloved is Mine, and I am His.*”

Here I saw the grand central meeting-place, where the Almighty God and the saved sinner can meet, can shake hands, can be friends for ever and for ever! That meeting-place is in Him, called, “MY BELOVED.” This grand centre, this *palace of reconciliation*, this wedding-chamber, this “glorious high throne from the beginning,” this mercy-seat, can be found nowhere but in the ETERNAL SON OF GOD, of whom the Church says,—

“*My Beloved is Mine, and I am His.*”

O yes! poor as I am, despised as I have been, most unworthy as I am

of the least of His mercies, yet I will dare to tell you, if ever you are favoured to be raised up to this inexpressible centre of unity, this oneness with God the FATHER in the Person of His beloved Son, you will rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. I had such views of the false refuges, of the shortcomings, of the sandy foundation on which some build for a time, that I cried out, Where in all God's universe? where in all the worlds of nature? where in His most holy law? where, in the schools, where, in the universities, in the halls of science, in the forms of so-called worship, in the mere creeds and customs of professors; where, amid the splendour of robes and ritual, of pontifical chairs and golden chains; where, through the boundless universe, can ye find a centre wherein the two extremes can meet, as they do meet here, and sing, as they can sing here:—

“GOD, in the Person of HIS SON,
Has all His mightiest works outdone”?

Here, all speak the same language. God Almighty proclaims, through the wide heavens, through the deep earth, through the millions of angels, through all the ages of time, and from His highest throne the voice of the Almighty God is heard, “THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, *in whom I am well pleased.*” God was always pleased with CHRIST. Oh, how I felt the force and fulness of the Redeemer's own exaltation! “I was daily HIS DELIGHT, *rejoicing always BEFORE HIM*, and—(who can grasp the full mind of CHRIST in this illustrious sentence)—

“*And My delights were with the sons of men*”?

Yes, God is well-pleased with CHRIST, and all found in CHRIST are those of whom JEHOVAH saith by Zephaniah, “The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will joy over thee with singing.” Why, believer! art thou in Christ, and is Christ in thee? Why, then, dost thou sit down mourning because the flesh is rebellious, because Satan tempteth thee, because those who profess to belong to Jesus cast contempt and reproach upon thee? Come here to the point; is there *now* anyone in whom thy soul taketh such holy pleasure as in THE CHRIST OF GOD? If ever “of God” CHRIST has been made unto thee wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, then over thee doth God now rejoice with everlasting joy, and though His dealings with thee appear so dark, although now CHRIST standeth behind the wall, He will not forget nor forsake thee, neither in life nor in death, neither in time nor in eternity. In this centre a trinity of voices, a trinity of persons, enunciate the same words, “MY BELOVED!” Thus, God the Father speaketh of His Son, “This is My beloved Son;” thus, God the Son speaketh of His Church, “Behold, thou art fair, My beloved; yea, pleasant;” and thus the Church speaketh of Christ, “My beloved is mine, and I am His.”

This flowing forth of the Church's heaven-born soul to CHRIST is the climax and the centre of the soul's sacred and holy assurance and satisfaction. In an experimental sense, it is more than MESSIAH, or JESUS, or SAVIOUR. All these I might know He is, yet not be happy in the assurance that His “blood hath cleansed me from all sin;” that His Spirit hath created me in Him to good and glorious works; and that I should “see Him as He is, and be made like unto Him.” But, when from this glorious centre, I see

THE TWO LINES OF LOVE AND GLORIFICATION,—

when the HOLY GHOST doth take of the life, the love, the sufferings and exaltation of Christ, and doth shew and work these powers in my new creation, when, as David declared, God desired TRUTH in the inward parts; when in the HIDDEN parts the SPIRIT of the living God doth make me to know WISDOM (see Psa. li.); when Christ, as the eternal TRUTH of the covenant, and as the WISDOM of God in the salvation of the Church, is wrought and revealed in me, then, with a spontaneous joy, can I say, "MY BELOVED IS MINE."

What witnesses can ye produce to confirm the certainty of this? Did not Balaam say, "I shall see Him"? Yes, but not a particle of divine love was in his soul. Did not some mysterious revelation discover to Nebuchadnezzar, when he had cast the three Hebrew children into the burning, fiery furnace, that there was a fourth Person with them, "and the form of the fourth was like the Son of God"? Yet of Nebuchadnezzar's love to HIM we hear nothing.

Esposued soul! what witnesses can ye bring who will justify your claim when you assuredly declare, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His"? In the sight of a holy Lord God, I answer, having on the breastplate of faith and love, and, for a helmet,

"THE HOPE OF SALVATION,"

My witnesses are these: (1) In my heaven-born soul I have *new life*; (2) In my new heart I realise the emotion of a new, holy, happy love; (3) In my sanctified mind I have new thoughts, new desires, a new Teacher, new and delightful subjects for contemplation; (4) In my conscience, purged from dead work, I have a new peace, which altogether passeth understanding; (5) I have new promises, which I humbly trust I may affirm have, by degrees, been fulfilled in my experience; (6) I have new *privileges*. What! have I now, for more than fifty years, found a sweet feast to my soul in the private study of the Word of God? May I not declare, with Jeremiah, "Thy Word was found, and I did eat it; and it was—has been scores of times—the joy and rejoicing of my soul"? And has the preaching of Christ and His Gospel been to me such a blessed employment that often have I resolved not to be shut up in a pulpit, but through villages, towns, cities, and highways I would travel, and on the commons and greens of this land, and in Scotland, and in Wales, would I simply tell the tale of

"THE LOVE OF CHRIST TO MY SOUL."

Is this, do you say, a false and fleshly zeal? What does dear afflicted Thomas Stringer now feel about preaching? Why, exactly the same as the blessed Rutherford said, when in prison he wrote to his friend, "I think liberty to preach one day the root and top of my desires; and would seek no more of the blessings that are to be had on this side of time, till I be over the water." If Christ doth ever speak so lovingly to thee, O soul, thou wilt burst out somehow and somewhere to speak well of Him, to the bringing of some of His ransomed into the kingdom of truth. Then, I have new companions who, if I cannot speak for myself, will speak for me.

But of the other line, which runs up to the ancient choice of the Church in Christ, to which she refers when she says, "and I am His." I cannot enter into now, nor of the "AMEN knocking at the door,"

neither of the *rest* the Lord is now taking; but, if the great Master will permit, they shall, in measure, come on before my readers.

To all the blessed "*Standard*" men I say, in closing, "Count me not for an enemy, nor for a dead-letter man, nor for a hypocrite in Zion, nor for a defamer of any man, but as one who seeketh the salvation of his soul in and through the eternal Christ of God, whom I love, whom I desire to serve; and, if the Lord will, still to labour on, instrumentally helping a score or two of poor old godly widows, many afflicted ministers, some long laying on the edge of time, like our eminently-gifted in prayer, Samuel Forster, of Sturry, and others. The fact that we poor things could raise over a thousand pounds for the beloved widow and orphans of the late laborious brother Lawrence gladdens the spirit of

CHARLES WATERS BANKS,

Now under the flourishing elders in Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, E., June, 1883.

"THE LORD IS THY HEALER."

Sermon preached at St. Mary's Church, Clarence-street, Old Kent-road, London, on Wednesday evening, January 31st, 1883,

BY THE REV. J. BATTERSBY, OF SHEFFIELD,

On behalf of the Protestant Blind Pension Society.

IN the 15th chapter of the Book of Exodus, and the latter part of the 26th verse, you will read these words: "*For I am the Lord that healeth thee.*" This chapter gives us an account of Israel having passed safely through the Red Sea, of the overthrow of Pharaoh and his hosts, and of how Moses, Miriam, and the children of Israel joined in a song of praise to God having triumphed gloriously over their foes. After this we read that Moses led Israel three days' journey into the wilderness, where they were in want of water to drink. "And when they came to Marah they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter, therefore the name of it was called Marah. And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?" In the next verse we have an account of how these bitter waters were made sweet. A tree is cast into the waters. There are many bitter waters which the children of God come to. Sometimes they have to taste them, but at other times they have to drink them, and the only Tree that makes them sweet and palatable is the Lord Jesus Christ, the sweet Tree of Life. I think that the tree spoken of in this verse is a very apt emblem of the Saviour, who sweetens all the bitter waters of Marah to the Christian. The Lord having proved Israel, takes the credit to Himself for all that had been done for them, saying, "I am the Lord that healeth thee, Jehovah Rophi." The Lord bears many beautiful titles in the Scriptures, but we have to deal only with one of them this evening. In bringing our subject before you, I shall ask you to look at it in the following order. I am very fond of having two or three heads in a sermon. I know that some preachers begin and end without any order at all, but it is very difficult both for the preacher and for the hearer. I shall, therefore, ask you to consider (1)

"*The persons diseased and in need of healing*; and, (2) "*The healing*," *What is it?* and (3) "*The Healer*"—"I am the Lord that healeth thee."

Now to begin with the first of these: *The persons diseased and in need of healing*. What is the nature of the disease that these persons are suffering from? What is it that has got into the whole system of man that makes him so out of repair, so disorganised, and so ill-affected towards God? I know only of one thing which is the great cause of all, and which is expressed in a word of three letters, SIN. And this word of three letters has made sad work of another word of three letters, LAW. SIN is the transgression of the LAW. The mark has been missed which is the idea connected with sin.

Sin is likened to many things in the Scripture in order that our finite minds may grasp what God thinks and says about it. He calls sin a thief. What has this thief done? It has stolen the human heart, and drawn it away from God. Sin is likened to a debt, and a debt, too, which man can never pay. It is compared to a burden which is heavier than man can carry. Job knew this, and so cried out to God to pardon, or to lift off his transgression, and to take away his iniquity (viii. 20, 21). He wanted someone else to bear his burden for him. A sensible old man! Sin is also described as a sting. "The sting of death is sin." When sin is destroyed, death has no sting. Again, sin is described as a festering wound, a plague, the leprosy of the soul; and so we might go on, for it is a loathsome disease, a sickness unto death; and such is natural man. It is very hard, and very difficult sometimes to tell persons plainly the real truth, but we may venture to do so when we have God's word for it; then it is God who speaks, and not man. We are no better ourselves than other persons as we come into the world. You know what David says, that we "are shapen in iniquity, and conceived in sin." This is the disease. It may sound very hard to say that that little baby, so beautiful to look upon, so caressed by, and so pleasing to its parents, that that sweet looking little thing is a little sinner. It is diseased, friends, and will die as the result. This is the corruption, or sin, which has got into the whole family of Adam. You know what our Lord says about the human heart in Mark vii.: "For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders," and such like; "All these things come from within and defile the man." This sinful disease affects a man all over, within and without, for the words of Isaiah are true of every person, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores" (ver. 5, 6). Man is corrupted, and corrupting. Sinners naturally are hateful and hating "one another." This is the teaching of the Holy Ghost with regard to man in his depraved and lost condition. With all the science, and with all the education, and with all the philosophy of the present day, there is no improvement made in the human heart. This is not always pleasing to the refined and developed intellect, but, it is nevertheless true. Natural man is the same now that he ever was. If you read the description of man in the time of Noah, as given in Gen. vi., you will find, "That every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." God destroyed the old world, but mankind grew no better for it. Man naturally is like the woman who spent all

that she had upon physicians, and was no better, but rather grew worse. David takes a survey of human nature in his days, and says, "The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand and seek after God." And what was the result? "They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy." He could not find one; all flesh had corrupted its way, there was not one that did good, no, not one. What a picture! Was it any better in St. Paul's time? If any person thinks so, let him read his Epistle to the Romans, and compare chap. i. and iii. together. The corrupted, the depraved, and the diseased nature of man cannot be more fully described than by the Apostle. Is man any better in our own day? Alas! alas! Then comes the great question, How is man that is so diseased to be healed? This is the question. I wish to speak simply and plainly upon this all important point. Let us proceed.

Secondly—What is the healing which has to take place in the human heart? What can man do towards healing himself? There are many who think that they can do a great deal; I meet with many of this sort, both in my own town and elsewhere. Job found out that, let him do what he would he got no better. He said, "If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean, yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me" (ix. 30, 31). Now you have heard what Job says, and he was an enlightened man; let him do what he would God rolled him over again into the mire of his corruptions, and made him feel his disease, his filthiness, and his sinfulness. The Lord speaks by Jeremiah to the Jews, and says, "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much sope, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me, saith the Lord God" (ii. 22). They could not wash it out. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" If they can, then may they who are accustomed to do evil learn to do well. But there are those who are about to do part themselves, and then leave it with the Lord to make up the difference. Now, my beloved friends, all the doings of the creature, all this soap work, all this self-washing work, and all this nitre-work, you may depend upon it, amounts to nothing more than trying to get into heaven by the *back door*. What do I mean? Why, the back door to heaven is by man's own doings. It is by the door of the law. We read respecting this door, that when God turned Adam out of Paradise, He locked, bolted, and barred this back door for ever, so that man can never enter heaven thereby. If persons wish to cleanse and save themselves by their own doings, they are only aiming at the back door, which is shut, never to be opened again. There is a door, but it is the front door, which the Lord has opened, and which no person can shut, and which, when the Lord shall shut it, no person will be able to open it. Jesus says, "I am the Door!"

But how is the healing effected? How is the cure wrought in a man's soul? Coming to the A B C of religion, how is the diseased soul healed? Now, a man does not want a physician unless he feels his need of healing. So it is with the awakened sinner. Very well; now what is the healing medicine for curing the diseased soul? I only read of one medicine, and that is "the Balm of Gilead," and which, in other words, is the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, it is said of this blood—for this is the only healing medicine, after all—that "the blood

of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." There is a fountain opened in Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness, and it is being plunged into this fountain that heals the sinner of his sins. There is nothing done without it. I have no doubt but that you all like to sing:—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Yes, all sins go in the flood and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is indeed a healing power in the blood of the Saviour. All those poor creatures, whether lame, blind, or maimed, or whatever their infirmity was, if they were touched by the Lord Jesus Christ, were made perfectly whole; the cure was complete. And so it is as regards a poor sinner whom the Lord Jesus Christ heals—the cure is complete. Is it? Yes, the Psalmist says so: "He healeth all our diseases," and there are many diseases in the soul, arising from sin; but He healeth them all. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He healeth the backsliding sinner, and loves him freely. A healed sinner is a sinner saved, cleansed, justified, and sanctified by the blood of the Lamb. When we speak of a person being perfectly healed, we know that corruption remains even in those who are regenerated; but then we mean that he is healed before God, and appears as perfect in Christ as if he had never sinned. How is this expressed in the Scriptures? "As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." Do you think that the East and the West will ever meet? Never! Nor will the sinner and his sins. "His iniquity shall be sought for, but there shall be none." Yes, the devil will search for the believer's sins, there is no doubt about it; but he shall not be able to find any. If he could find one sin to charge the child of God with, the whole work of Christ would be upset, and the believer must perish. Satan will be foiled, but the Church will be saved. Then, again, the blotting out of transgression, the non-imputation of iniquity, the casting of all our sins behind His back, the throwing of them into the depths of the sea, never to rise again, and the revelation of these blessed truths to our souls by the Holy Spirit, is indeed the *experimental healing* of our souls. This is the Lord's marvellous work, and blessed are all they whose eyes have been anointed with the spiritual eyesalve of the Gospel, for they see and understand the things which are freely given to us of God.

Let us now notice, thirdly, "*The Healer*." "I am the Lord that healeth thee." The minister, however learned and eloquent, has no power to heal the soul; neither can the sinner heal himself. The Lord alone is the Healer. There is one Physician of souls, and only one. He is often mentioned in the Scriptures. Our Physician is Jehovah-Rophi, who is Jehovah-Jesus. Those who are whole think nothing of this Physician, but those who are sick do, and often cry unto Him, saying, "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed."

Now, it is very important to have a wise and *well-skilled* Physician. I am quite sure, if you felt great infirmities in your bodies, that you would try to find out an able and wise physician who could understand the nature of your infirmities, and so prescribe accordingly. It is just

so with a sin-sick soul. An able, a wise, and well-skilled physician is needed; and such a Physician we have in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ. He has all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, so that He can never be deceived in treating a disease. He can and does heal all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease. He did so when He was upon earth, and He does so now. Other physicians may make mistakes from various causes, but our Physician cannot make a mistake, either from ignorance of the nature of the disease, or in the remedy He prescribes. With our Physician failure is unknown.

A physician must be *thoroughly qualified for and lawfully called* to his profession, or he will not be allowed to practise. What shall we say for our Physician? You will remember His words in the synagogue at Nazareth: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor, He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Here are the qualifications of our Physician, and His lawful appointment. His skill was tested by the sick and helpless who were brought to Him. He spake, and they were healed. His skill and His ability are tested now by the soul which is "wounded, sick, and sore." But "the power of the Lord is still present to heal."

"He heals the believer's wounds,
And drives away his fears."

A physician must be careful to *prescribe correctly*. So it is with our Physician. He does not prescribe almsgiving, or cold formalism, or strict morality, or anything emanating from the creature to be taken, to cure the disease of sin. His prescription is this: "I am the Lord that healeth thee." A physician may prescribe for the body, and the patient may object to take the medicine; but this is not the case with a soul that knows its sickness and its need. On the contrary, the soul cries, "Lord, heal me! Lord, heal me!"

A good physician will have the *wound thoroughly probed*. So it is with our Physician. He pricked and probed the hearts of three thousand on the day of Pentecost, and made them cry out, and then healed them. He probed the heart of Saul of Tarsus, and made him cry out, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" He probed the heart of the jailer at Philippi, and he cried out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" All such cases take the medicines prescribed by the Physician of souls most gladly and most thankfully. They believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and are saved.

Physicians generally prescribe *how often* their medicines are to be taken. So does our Physician. Whenever a soul feels its sickness, then is the time to take the medicine. A healthy soul always feels sick. This may sound strange, but it is true. Jesus comes and heals all that are sick. What a good and kind Physician is "The Lord our Healer." Physicians of the body *charge* for their advice and prescriptions. Sometimes they charge very heavily, and, I suppose, properly so, for they have to live. But our Physician makes no charge. Everything with Him is free. "Oh, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." This is cheap enough, is it

not? And yet many persons dislike the Lord's medicine on such cheap terms as these. But the thirsty, the hungry, and the famishing soul is most grateful for a free drink of the water of life, and for a free feed upon the living bread which comes down from heaven. The advice, the prescriptions, and the medicines which our Physician gives are all free. NO CHARGE! NO CHARGE!

I must now conclude, and I shall do so by propounding a question. If the Lord has healed us, what are the *signs*, the *marks*, and the *proofs* that He has done so? We read of one in John ix. who was born blind, but who was made to see. What has he to say for himself? "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." The change had been wrought. He might not be able to enter into details, but he knew the fact. Seeing was the proof. Can we say, individually, "I was born spiritually blind, but the Lord has opened mine eyes, and given me spiritual eyesight"? If so, then this spiritual eyesight is a sign that I am healed and saved.

The man who got his eyesight was not ashamed to *confess* the Lord Jesus Christ. The Jews had agreed that if any person confessed Christ he should be put out of the synagogue. This man did confess Christ, and the Jews did cast him out of the synagogue; but they could not cast him out of Christ. Everything in Christ is secure and safe. Now, do we confess Christ before men? Do we give this evidence of the blessing received? We may have to suffer for the confession of our faith; but we cannot perish in the Lord our Healer.

When the Lord Jesus Christ revealed Himself to the man whom He had healed, the man not only *believed* Him to be the Son of God, but *worshipped* Him. Is it so with us? Does our religion stand like this man's? Does it stand behind the counter? Does it stand in the office? in the workshop? in the street? in the railway train, or wherever we are? Spiritual sight is the first thing; then confession of Christ; then believing on Him and worshipping Him. All real worship is spiritual. God is a Spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth. Spiritual worship is neither kneeling, nor bending, nor bowing, nor sitting, nor standing, but it is the broken and contrite heart offering up its sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving to God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

I have now to ask you to give to "The Protestant Blind Pension Society," an excellent Society; and I hope that your contributions will be an evidence of your sympathy with those who are deprived of their natural eyesight, and a proof also of your thankfulness to Almighty God for the natural and spiritual eyesight which you enjoy. May the words of our text ring in our ears, "For I am the Lord that healeth thee."

RUINED AND RECOVERED.

BY MID ESSEX.

YES, there is no hiding the fact, you are completely *ruined*, both in regard to your character and your competence. Your personal character is lost, and your strength broken, that you can never regain; this you can never renew. See to what extent you have destroyed your character by looking carefully at the code of rules by which

personal qualities are judged, and every defect marked and remembered by the righteous Law-giver, who will decide—nay, *has* decided—on the merits of your case. Here are the two leading rules, upon these hang the whole: “Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself” (Matt. xxii. 37—40). Have you strictly and at all times observed these, to do them? If you have not, you are ruined. It is not enough that you have sincerely tried to obey, or that you will keep these rules in the future. If in the past you have once transgressed these laws, you have for ever destroyed yourself. He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all. Ah, your character is gone! All that you can do will never put you right again. Your vows and promises to do better in the time to come are but the acknowledgment that your heart is not right with God, for if you truly loved Him you would not need to bind yourself by vow and promise to do His will. Your soul is even now lost—quite lost. You are indeed vile and full of sin.

And not only are you thus ruined as to your character, but you are altogether without power to perform the obligations resting on you as a law-held subject of the God of the whole earth. Are you, like Israel of old, saying, “Nay, but we *will* serve the Lord?” This is vain boast. They soon broke their vows, as you will yours. Will you seek help from Christ in order to fulfil the law of God for your salvation? You will never obtain the least aid from Him for this purpose. Christ does not assist men to save themselves; He saves all who are saved by His own arm alone. The Saviour is not an assistant, to be called at will; He is not a porter, to be engaged at your pleasure. He is not waiting till you improve your character and recover your strength, and then apply to Him for confirming and keeping power. Far, far from this. He saves the lost, and when they are lost. Listen to the testimony of one who knew: “When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly” (Rom. v. 6). See here your character—ungodly; and your present condition—without strength; thus are you lost. While in this state the divine interposer appears in love and power, and dies for us. He died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God. All for whom He died He brings to God. Christ died to deliver His people from the curse of the law, which they had incurred by sin; He lives to bring them to God’s throne of grace in this world and His throne of glory in the world above. Yes, we who are brought to God know that “all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom *we have to do*” (Heb. iv. 13). Are you brought to God? Do you have to do with Him in secret? Have you ever appeared with your heart naked and opened unto His eyes? Can you say—

“ With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God! be merciful to me.

I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God! be merciful to me.

Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;

But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God! be merciful to me.

Nor alms, nor deed that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God! be merciful to me " ?

Thus God comes nigh to His school children, speaking to them in His majesty, and constraining them to say, "Behold, I am vile"; not I have sinned, and I was vile; but "*I am* vile." The fountain which the God-man opened is not only for the unclean and sinners, but for sin and uncleanness. Not your acts and deeds of sin only, but your nature must be purified, and its deep evil removed by the power of His cleansing blood. The light which God puts in the heart of His redeemed makes manifest to them their dark, black, polluted condition. In this state they fly to the fountain and are recovered, and have a new song put into their mouths, even praise to God for saving the ruined, the guilty, and the lost. Indeed, we prove that with God is the fountain of life, and sing

"This fountain unsealed, stands open for all
That long to be healed, the great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly, that hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly, here's life for the dead.

This fountain, though rich, from charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty, come loathesome and bare;
You can't come too filthy—come just as you are.

This fountain in vain has never been tried;
It takes out all stain whenever applied;
The water flows sweetly, with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, though leprous as mine."

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

THE LATE MR. JOHN AUSTIN, OF DOVER.

By E. L.

"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."—Psa. xii.

SO we said when we heard from Dover that John Austin, the pastor of Pentside, had fallen asleep, aged 83 years. His labours in the Gospel commenced in 1824, so that for nearly 60 years, at Deal, Tunbridge Wells, Tring, and, finally, at Dover, he preached among the people the unsearchable riches of Christ. Quite recently he retired from the pastorate at Pentside, having, through divine grace, honourably and usefully filled the sacred office for 27 years. When he resigned, it was not his intention to cease preaching; he therefore continued to minister to the spiritual wants of the flock, at the same time advising the Church to immediately seek direction from God respecting a successor, saying that so soon as God heard their prayers, and sent them another shepherd, he would cheerfully give place to him.

But such was not to be the case, teaching us once more that God's

thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways His ways. About seven weeks prior to his death, the Lord laid His hand on His servant, and he was brought low. His sufferings during those weeks were very severe; but the Lord graciously sustained him, and before several witnesses he was repeatedly enabled to make a good confession. The writer had only one opportunity of seeing him just before his death. He was strong in faith, giving glory to God. He devoutly and fervently thanked God for the goodness and mercy which had followed him all the days of his life. Upon my saying, "What a mercy to be able to bear such a testimony!" he replied, "Justice to God demands that I should do so." The blessed truths he preached in life supported him in the immediate prospect of death. He solemnly protested against the absurd extravagancy of so-called religionists, declaring that the day is fast approaching when God, the righteous Judge, will deny and disown both the claim and the persons of those who now make His Gospel a burlesque.

The deacons of the Church at Pentside paid their aged pastor loving attention during his illness, alternately staying with him the whole of the night; and it was in the presence of one of the brethren and Mrs. Austin he breathed his last. The body was buried, in sure and certain hope of resurrection to life eternal, in St. James's Cemetery, Copt-hill, Dover, on Tuesday, June 5. Mr. E. Langford, of London, officiated both in the chapel and at the grave. There were many persons present from Deal, Folkestone, Egthorne, beside a number of townspeople who knew the departed, and very much respected him. The funeral service was somewhat impressive, and many expressions of loving regard for the memory of the aged pastor and servant of Christ were uttered, especially by the members of the Church to whom the Lord had made him of such service.

THE LATE MR. HENRY STANLEY.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Will you kindly record in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* the following brief account of the illness and death of our esteemed friend and brother in the Lord, Henry Stanley, personally known to yourself, and, doubtless, also to many of your readers, having laboured among the Strict Baptist Churches over twenty years, a work of which he never wearied while health and strength permitted, though closely engaged during the week in his daily avocation.

In the year 1880 he was seized with a severe and dangerous illness, from which he never fully recovered, his nervous system being much shattered, and his general health impaired. From that time he was unable to resume his appointment as Post-office Inspector, and retired with a pension for services.

In Leyton, where he resided, there is no Strict Baptist cause, consequently he could have but little fellowship with those Christian brethren whose religious views were in sympathy with his own; his Bible and his favourite authors became his constant companions. On these he meditated daily, and the God of all grace fed his soul while deprived of the means of public worship. His bronchial affection confined him almost to the house through Winter; in the Spring he seemed to improve a little, and ventured out for short distances; but his limbs failing him, on several occasions he had to be assisted home. His feet became apparently dead, and it was almost impossible to produce circulation. These were serious symptoms of what soon followed. Early in April last he was suddenly attacked with paralysis, which deprived him of the use of one side, and affected his brain, bringing on the most distracting delirium, which, added to his entire helplessness, rendered him most trying and difficult to nurse. Through all his illness he was carefully tended and watched over night and day by his wife and eldest daughter. Emily was her father's greatest comfort in his moments of returning consciousness; patiently she

waited beside him to catch his broken sentences, and minister to his wants, soothing him with loving words.

After many exhausting nights and days, the delirium subsided, and some hope of his recovery was entertained; but that was short lived. When conscious his thoughts were turned heavenward, and he frequently expressed to his sorrowing family that he was going home. On one occasion when he was thus speaking, they said to him, "Don't say you are going home, father, we want you to stay with us; we cannot spare you yet." "No," he calmly replied, "I would rather go; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." His exhausted state and cruel cough prevented him from holding conversation with friends and relatives; but the few words spoken by him at intervals have left a testimony not to be questioned.

Shortly before his departure his daughter said to him, "Father, you are now going to live with Christ." He answered, in faith's language, "I have been living with Him for a long time." "But," said she, "You are now going to see Him." "Yes," was the feeble but distinct reply, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." These were his last words; sight and speech both failed, and his breathing became more difficult. As they stood silently round his bed watching for the final moment, suddenly his eyes opened and seemed to shine with more than natural brightness, and he gazed upward with a look of joyous surprise. It was evident that some glorious object met his dying view; he breathed once more, and then his happy spirit was released from its frail tabernacle. Absent from the body, he was present with the Lord.

"On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing;
See the strange, bright scene expanding,
Ah! 'tis heaven at last.

Gone, the vanity and folly;
Past the dark and melancholy;
Come, the joyous and the holy,
Ah! 'tis heaven at last."

Thus he fell asleep on May 16, 1883, aged 59. On the Monday he was interred in St. Mary's Churchyard, Leyton, where a large number of friends had assembled. His remains were carried under the dark velvet pall upon the shoulders of the bearers, and deposited in their last resting-place. As we stood around his grave, and listened to the solemn burial service, how sweet and cheering to our hearts were the words of Paul concerning the resurrection of the body. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body" (1 Cor. xv. 42—44). And such is the glorious prospect awaiting all who die in Christ. Mr. Stanley leaves behind him four sons and three daughters, the youngest of the latter about ten years old.

Sleep, weary pilgrim, soft in Jesus sleep,
Thy suffering o'er, we would no longer weep;
[thee lay,
Though shadows long and dark upon
Bright heavenly sunshine chased them
all away. [feeble brain,
Though strange delirium racked his
Sweet conscious moments to the sufferer
came, [part,
Showing that grace had truly done its
The love of God still rested on his
heart, [bed,
While dear ones stood around his dying
These words were uttered ere his spirit
fled:
"For me to live is Christ, to die is gain,"
Faith triumphing o'er weakness, sorrow,
pain.

The silver cord was loosened here
below,
He feared not death, he rather longed to
go. [dim,
They saw those eyes, in dying grown so
Suddenly brightened by a light within.
The heavenly portal opened to his view,
Then guardian angels quickly bore him
through.

* * * * *
Thus angels did the soul of Lazarus bear
To Abraham's bosom, Abraham's bliss to
share. [above,
Commissioned from the Saviour's throne
Angels surround the objects of His love,
And waft the spirit up through heavenly
space,
To share His glory, and behold His face.

MARIA C.

Leyton, Essex, June, 1883.

[The late Mr. Henry Stanley was a member with us at Crosby-row, thirty years ago. He was a wise, cheerful, and decided man of God, and minister of the true Gospel. We esteemed him most highly. He fell asleep on May 16, 1883, aged 59 years.—C. W. B.]

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

A Hand-Book of Revealed Theology. By Rev. John Stock, LL.D., Huddersfield, with prefatory recommendation by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Fourth edition; carefully revised. (London: E. Stock, 62, Paternoster-row). This well-produced volume of near 500 pages is a compact, intelligent library of itself; and for many years it has been the choice companion of some thousands of ministers and of students of the Word of God. The table of contents is full, distinct, and handy, whereby any point, doctrine, ordinance, or subject, may be found in a moment. The writing is smooth, clear, and to a spiritual mind, or to an earnest inquirer after truth, will prove pleasant and mentally helpful. It must have cost Dr. Stock a considerable amount of patient and persevering labour; but the consciousness of imparting instruction to multitudes—instruction in those deep things of God which unfold His glory, which show unto men the safe way to eternal blessedness, which, instrumentally, feed the souls of the saints, which tonicise their faith, and give wings to their hopes of love; this reflection must be a bosom-comfort to an author who has thus set up a pillar for the truth, and erected a monument to his memory which will be read by future generations with gratitude to the Giver of all good. Dr. Stock has not lived in vain.

Scenes at Lowestoft. By R. E. Sears, pastor of Baptist Church, Little Alie-street, Whitechapel, E. (London: R. Banks, Racquet-court). This is a stirring little tractate, with short, sharp, and some sensational points, and pictures "The Storm!" "Cries for Help!" "Man the Life-boat!" "Some saved, some lost!" "Almost saved, but lost!" "The broken ships;" "The desired haven;" a view of Lowestoft beach and harbour, finishing with, "Here I raise my Ebenezer." It will be a favourite little talker to some hearts into whose hands it may come. This is the most likely kind of reading to attract, to awaken, and to benefit the sinner and the saint. Go on, Robert Sears! work on.

Wide as the Poles Asunder.—There is in this country at least two very distinct systems called "*Religion*." The most popular is that which is *natural*, the most despised (by the majority) is that which is *super-natural*, or *SPIRITUAL*. The *natural* professes to be authorised to offer CHRIST and the salvation of the soul to all men. The *natural* declares that any man, or woman, can believe and

be saved whenever *they will*, and that they can give their hearts to the Lord, and, in so doing, they can obtain peace, pardon, and a right unto the Tree of life. That religion which is *spiritual* is absolutely and entirely of heavenly origin, and of divine bestowment! The *spiritual religion* declares as plainly as the Word of God can speak that the perfect salvation of the soul is founded in a new covenant relationship, in a marriage contract made before this world had any existence, "a marriage made by the GREAT ETERNAL ALMIGHTY GOD for HIS SON," and all given, in that marriage covenant, to the Son, will be saved, justified, and glorified. That clever gentleman, the successor of the late venerable George Moyle, has suggested the utility, the propriety, the possibility of uniting the natural with the spiritual. It is quite the religious fashion of the age to mingle the two; but Mr. Styles and Mr. Cornwell, with other godly men, have exhibited the fallacy of such a pretended union. Nearly all the religious world are afraid of, or dreadfully opposed unto the Almighty Lord God choosing a Bride for His Son; yet every natural, every reasonable, every careful man, will choose for himself in all things in this world; but that God Almighty, the great Creator and Governor of the universe, should choose to give unto His Son a kingdom, a people, a meekness for and a right unto the throne of glory is a revealed and a proved fact, against which the sons of men are still opposed. We were so distressed about the doctrine of absolute and personal election, as no one can easily describe; but it pleased God to pour it into our soul by the first chapter of Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, and we have lovingly believed it ever since. Mr. C. Cornwell's tract on Mr. Briscoe's "Either, Neither, or Both," is a genuine piece of criticism which we can strongly recommend.

"*Our Liberties from 1688.*" This is an historical lecture given by pastor Daniel Allen, in Ballarat. By much research and hard reading, Daniel Allen has proved that Ireland, for centuries, has, more or less, been the scene of trouble. The strategetic wickedness of the Jesuits destroyed about 100,000 persons in 1641. Oh, Anti-Christ! what mountains of sin lies at thy door! What seas of blood hast thou shed! and still in various ways thou art plotting the overthrow of the Redeemer's kingdom. But His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom.

MANTON AT MENTONE WITH C. H. SPURGEON.—Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster send us a pretty little volume with the following inscription: *Illustrations and Meditations; or, Flowers From a Puritan's Garden: Distilled and Dispensed by C. H. Spurgeon.* Some of the provincial editors, not knowing exactly how to differ from the common current of praise, have taken occasion to criticise the title-page of the book, not in the most friendly manner. Jealousy is declared *cruel*. We trust we have more joy in the Lord than jealous frenzies and fancies respecting ministers, authors, and writers. Grey-headed old Jealousy, and his wife, Mrs. Slanderum, have travelled through England, on the continent, in the United States, through the colonies, in and out of beautiful Ireland, in Protestant Scotland, and further afield, and by the old couple we have been reported for nearly fifty years, but the dear old souls have never killed us yet. They have often made us sing:—

"May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all."

If we are, by grace divine, favoured to be found with those who have "followed the LAMB whithersoever He goeth," then not one wave of trouble shall roll across our peaceful breast any more, but everlasting songs of praise shall we pour forth, knowing it is all of free grace we are found in that blissful kingdom. Well, we are not clever enough to criticise such a pleasant little volume as this. It appears Mr. C. H. Spurgeon is something like a little busybody we know—always must be scribbling, or speaking, or stirring up the sleepy ones to Christian action. Hence, when Mr. Spurgeon last resorted to Mentone, he took with him old Thomas Manton (an acquaintance of ours), whose works occupy twenty-two volumes—"a mighty mountain of sound theology." Up and around the mighty mountain the Metropolitan Tabernacle pastor climbed, walked, meditated, and from the gardens found thereon he culled many a singular flower; and he says he has "distilled and dispensed" them with all that skill and ingenuity for which he is so renowned. These little posies so neatly done up, are for that mass of people who have neither time nor mind for reading much, for them this volume will be convenient, giving them a reviving, stimulating, and refreshing draught. We have looked into it, and the conclusion we came to is that it is "an homeopathic box of moral and spiritual globules, which may be taken at any time without danger."

The Wittenberg Monk.—We must not

conclude Germany to be so far gone wrong as some represent. *The Evangelical Succession* series gives a fair review of MARTIN LUTHER, which will come under notice here (D.V.), and the following shows there is Protestant life there yet:—"In Protestant circles in Germany busy preparations are going on to render the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birthday, on Nov. 10 this year, a festival worthy of the great reformer. Every town and hamlet will have its festival in honour of the Wittenberg monk." Will England do less than Germany?

Church Standard says Dr. Bonar writes: "No Pagan in Athens or in Ephesus would have voted for a blasphemer of his gods or goddesses. It has been reserved for Christians to underrate the honour due to Him whom they worship." Oh, how we shudder at the worldly Dissenters writing in defence of an atheist. Shame on them! They are bringing the clouds over our nation. The Army of Rioters shows into what madness professors are driven. *The Church Standard* and *The Fireside* are filled up with a variety of good reading. But in *Day of Days* is a well-finished view of Baxter's statue at Kidderminster, which represents a saintly, tall man, pointing upwards to the heavens; and out of his heart appears to come that sweet poem, wherein to the Master he saith:—

"Lord, it belongs not to my care,

Whether I die or live:

To love and serve Thee is my share,

And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, let me be glad

That I may long obey;

If short, no labourer is sad

To end his toilsome day.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms

Than He went through before:

He that unto God's kingdom comes

Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet

Thy blessed face to see:

For if Thy work on earth be sweet,

What will Thy glory be?

My knowledge of that life is small:

The eye of faith is dim;

But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,

And I shall be with Him."

Home Words gives a full view of the new Archbishop. He looks a man of firm decision, of thought, and of much intellectual power. In Paternoster-buildings all these issues may be obtained.

Free and Sovereign Grace Mission Annual Report is now issued, and may be had of the Hon. Superintendent, Mr. Thomas Aplin Taylor, 69, Norfolk-road, Dalston, N.E., who some think is a long-way-off descendant of Martin Luther; others, of course, speak differently.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

MR. CORNWELL ON THE BIBLE, &c.

NOTTING-HILL-GATE.—The seventeenth anniversary of Bethesda chapel was May 27. Sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. H. Brown, and Mr. W. Parnell. On May 29, after tea, a public meeting was held. Addresses were delivered on the subject, "Glory to God in the highest;" the pastor took the chair, and stated that, owing to indisposition, brethren Clarke and Carpenter would not be able to be present; but £3 3s. had been received from their friend, Mr. Newby. Mr. Cornwell was called to speak on "God's Word above all books." He said: Put God's Word in the scales against all books, and they would be found to be lighter than vanity. The Bible began with, "In the beginning," and ended with "Amen." So Christ is the beginning of all good, and the end of all evil. David said affliction was good; he supposed it was because it was needful as well as beneficial. He wondered at Joseph's brethren putting him in a pit, and then sitting at the edge of it, getting their dinners. It was a great trial to Joseph, and we must be in the same place before we could sympathise with him. We could not sympathise with the leper who was healed till we were in the same position. Henry Smith, commenting on Nebuchadnezzar, said he was made to live like a beast that he might die like a man. God's Book was written for the people of God, and for them alone; it was more precious than thousands of gold and silver. The Word of God goes in the chimney-corner, and dries the widow's tear; it meets the little child; it is blessed to the old patriarch-prophets, and those who are dead in trespasses and sins have nothing to do with Scripture; these are two of the three parts, and the third part is brought through the fire. Solomon's judgment with regard to the child showed forth the child of God's appreciation of the Bible; he wants it whole, by no means divide it. There is an end to the gold and the silver, but no end to the Scripture. He condemned the jugglery of Popery regarding its pretended miracles. It required the power of God to heal the deaf and dumb. David gave a sum equal to eighteen millions of pounds to the temple, and yet he said God's Word was more precious than thousands of gold and silver. Brother W. Hazleton spoke on "God's peace above all joys." Truth and peace were not always united in a Church, but it was blessed when it was so. God was the sole Author of peace; sin brought war and confusion. Adam communed with his Maker in Eden's garden, enjoying harmony and sweet intercourse. Sin came, a separation took place, and nothing but the blood of Christ could bring in peace again. Brother Parnell spoke from "God's work above all employment." It was no small mercy of the child of God to be firm in the faith of God's elect. None could be steadfast unless he was born of the Spirit. Such were like the rock,

immovable amid the dashing waves around. God, the great First Cause, was never idle. In time the activity became manifest, when He created the heavens and the earth. He spake the world into existence. He is above all employment, the everlasting God, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Christ would have the pre-eminence, because His work is perfect, above all means. We had broken the law; the law must be honoured. He became the end of the law for righteousness' sake. In the work of redemption His own arm brought salvation. He trod the wine-press alone. "Who is this that cometh from Edom? with dyed garments from Bozrah?" He endured the wrath of Almighty God; to Him shall be all the glory. It was not only true that it was His work respecting creation and redemption, but it was so regarding regeneration. They may say, Believe; they may preach all their self-willism; but it is the incorruptible seed that abideth for ever. Believing in Christ is termed a new creation. We could not produce love or faith in the heart of any; it was all His own blessed implantation. God's work in resurrection was above all employments. All the work of the Pharisees and Sadducees together could not raise Lazarus. Christ knew where Lazarus was, because He was the God-man. So it will be at the great resurrection—the dead in Christ shall rise first. Sometimes believers are inclined to give up, but God's work in you will not let you give up. To Him be the glory. We merit nothing; it was the merit of Christ that must avail, and according to God's appointment He will say to His people, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Brother Oxborrow (deacon) read the financial statement of the Church and the Mortgage Debt Fund, from which it appeared there was yet £700 to be cleared off. He urged the friends to gather round this sum, and each do their best to nibble it away, and it would soon be gone. Then there would be a freehold chapel for the people of God to worship in till time should be no more. Brother R. E. Sears spoke on "God's glory above all ends." Glory to God in the highest is the subject we had to consider. The angels who heralded the Saviour's birth did not know the extent of the subject. Everything in this grand universe sounded forth His praise or did His work. There was harmony in all His work, and all cry, Glory! There was a harmony in all truth which will be developed hereafter, but not now. Election, divine sovereignty, final perseverance, all cry, Glory! If we would see this, we must look to Jesus. He holds all the fulness of grace; it could neither be diminished nor exhausted. In our day God's glory was a secondary consideration. Was not religion caricatured? Many cry, "Glory!" because they think great things are being done. Much there is that is rotten. A little boy

said, "Oh, mother, I have gone and got saved!" His mother said, "Well, we shall see." Next morning she said to him, "Have you said your prayers?" He replied, "Oh, dear! I forgot it." Will God work where His kingdom is caricatured? He sympathised with the man who knocked down the candlesticks lately in St. Paul's Cathedral. He had been there, and was disgusted with the Popery to be found there. Let us seek God's glory in all things. Votes of thanks to the ministers and those who had taken collecting books and otherwise helped, concluded a profitable meeting.—W. C. B., Notting-hill-gate, W.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK ASSOCIATION.—MY DEAR MR. BANKS,—This Bench of Bishops met this year at Hoxne, near Eye, in Suffolk. The first meeting was held on Wednesday morning, June 6, when abstracts of letters from the associated Churches, giving a statement of their condition, &c., were publicly read out in the great tent; and these letters showed old ministers dead, or dying; good ministers leaving; causes declining; with here and there a pleasing exception. After these abstracts were read, the good, hungry Suffolks adjourned to the dinner-table, "and they did eat and were filled." In the afternoon of the same day, that very excellent correspondent of yours, Mr. Winters, preached in the tent from the Word in John i., and I can assure you it was not a cold, icy, Wintery sermon. In the evening of Wednesday, Mr. John Bonney, of London, preached a *bonnie* sermon from the words, "Sirs, we would see Jesus." The attendance at these services was very good. The circular letter is on that one question, "What is a Baptist?" Ah, what indeed! I heard they were going to sit as a committee to tell us. Well, Thursday, June 7, was *the* great day. Very likely, to some, it was "the great day of the feast." I noticed among the thousands that met that day some from other parts, as well as Suffolk; but, of course, this was "the grand gathering of the Suffolk nobles." In the morning, at eleven, the Rev. S. K. Bland spoke for one hour and three-quarters. What do you think of that, sir? Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, something approaching to three thousand people had assembled to hear that man who is about to settle at Peckham preach from the words, "Behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). It was a sermon, but it was not a long one. Still, many thanked Mr. Wilkins for preaching it. There were many ministers (I should think, scores) at these gatherings; but I did not see Mr. Taylor (of Pulham), nor Brand, and others, there. But I must not say any more this month.—Yours, as ever, LONGACRE, London.

BORO'-GREEN.—RECOGNITION SERVICES OF MR. THOMAS AS PASTOR.—While the wind was blowing outside, a real North-Easter, the sweet South was blowing its refreshing breezes into the souls of the

Church of Christ at Boro'-green, causing the little garden to yield its precious fruits under the gracious influence of the Holy Ghost. The morning services were of a devotional character. Brethren F. Patterson, Beecher, Box, and others, were enabled to pour out their desires for divine assistance, and for a Father's smile upon the important transactions of the day. A good solid dinner was partaken of. Brother Box presided over the afternoon and evening services. After a hymn, brother F. Patterson, of Larkfield, read 2 Tim. ii., expressing a desire, with Paul, to his son, that the Lord would give the pastor understanding in all things, and bless his labours amongst the people abundantly. Brother Beecher implored the Lord's blessing to rest upon the union, and make it a lasting one; then brother Box stated the nature of the meeting, not to ordain (that is God's work), but to recognise what He had brought about. Mr. Thomas gave an account of his call by grace, and of his call to the ministry. For some years he was an active teacher in the Sabbath-school at Soho, and felt much liberty in addressing the scholars. With a mind much exercised for further usefulness in making known unto others the Gospel of free grace, the Church at Soho invited him to preach before them on several occasions, which was well received, the Church feeling the Lord had work for him to do, and recommended him to the friends at Boro'-green. Deacon Butteridge next spoke of the Lord's hand in bringing their pastor amongst them. He preached several times to them, and the deacons felt much drawn out in prayer towards him. He was invited to preach for three months, which he fulfilled, the Lord blessing the Word to the souls of His people. He was then invited one month, and the month was to be, the Lord helping them, a month of prayer, after which a ballot vote to be taken respecting his remaining amongst them as pastor, the result of which was nearly every vote in his favour. Mr. Cattel, of Bessels-green, then joined hands together, and pronounced them married, giving them some good savoury advice, and wishing them God-speed. Mr. G. Webb hoped that this would be a spiritual and mutual union, following with a fervent prayer that the blessings of the Three-in-One would rest upon pastor and Church, and that many sons and daughters might be born there. In the evening Mr. I. Levinsohn gave the pastor's charge in a very affectionate manner. Although the *words* were for the pastor, we gathered some crumbs as they dropped from the table into our souls, and felt that our young brother was well adapted to his work. Mr. Box next addressed the Church from "The Church which is His Body," showing the glorious position of the Church, its privileges, its safety, its perfection and completeness, giving the Church some good advice, which we pray they may be enabled to practise. Our desire is that the sun will shine, the Father smile, and the Spirit sanctify the Church of God at Boro'-green, under the pastoral care of our young brother, Thomas. —F. P. PATTERSON.

MEMORIAL REMINISCENCES IN
READING.

DEAR FRIEND BANKS,—I write a few lines as a token of Christian attachment, recording the death of a very old and honourable member of this Church for more than forty years. Mrs. Maria Sykes, the widow of our old friend, James Sykes, who filled the office of deacon for many years, and of whom you gave some account in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for Feb., 1877. She died March 2, 1883, in the seventy-ninth year of her age. While I do not believe in idolising the dead, yet it is a pleasure to reflect on the fruit of divine love and grace manifested in the life, character, and death of those whom love upholds for years in this world safe to the end.

As I sat in the house of God listening to the Gospel, the pastor repeated those beautiful lines,—

‘Twas Jesus, my Friend, when He hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.”

It sunk deep into my soul; it much humbled me, under a sense of His divine love to unworthy me. How near did He come! The eye of faith saw Him suffering, bleeding, dying, arising, ascending, and interceding for all interested in Him. I thought of our departed sister, and in a minute stood out to view more than twenty of our old friends, who, like a cloud of witnesses for God, lived here once, but have now crossed the river of death, leaving myself and but few others of their day behind in this cause, yet still following on with the same hope, prospect, and heaven in view. We thank God for His promise and faithfulness; He has said instead of fathers shall come up the children, a generation to show forth His praise, and in this “Providence” there are those who take an interest in the welfare of Zion. A deep consciousness of my own weakness and inability lays me low: but I rejoice in an experimental knowledge of the preciousness of Jesus, and the power of His love makes me willing to serve Him and help forward His kingdom.

It also came vividly to my mind the first personal interview I had with you in Christian conversation, which formed a union between us that no changes or circumstances have eradicated. It was in the front room of our friend’s house, in the King’s-road, more than thirty years since; you were staying with them for the night when I called to see you. Many ministers could tell of the hospitality they have received at Mrs. Sykes’ hands, both of rest and refreshment, and to many the name of Sykes will be remembered in the Reading cause for their personal interest and exertions in the Redeemer’s kingdom, though many have fallen asleep; and I think the loving, kind acts of personal sacrifice of those who have laid out themselves for the comfort and help of God’s Church ought not to be lost sight of, for in the memory of many it may be said, “She being dead, yet sleepeth.” Early in life she was blessed with a clear, experimental knowledge of divine things, and could relate many striking deliverances in providence and in grace, and

for many years was an exceedingly useful member in the Church. The latter days she suffered from asthma; this often prevented her from attending the means of grace; but that grace which first called her out of nature’s darkness into God’s marvellous light sustained and kept her all her journey through life; it was her support in death. I saw her two hours before her departure; her mind was stayed on Christ, though the shadow of death caused nature to shrink. The last words we exchanged were: “These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are not to be compared with the glory yet to be revealed.” She replied, “No comparison; but I cannot speak now.” We are confident grace is now exchanged for glory; faith gives place to sight, and her ransomed spirit has joined her husband’s, with myriads of others, in that bright world where every impediment to serve Him is for ever shut out, and where all unite in that glorious song, “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us in His own blood, be glory for ever and ever.”

Mr. Thomsett performed the funeral service, and spoke the following Sunday evening from, “I have waited for Thy salvation, O, Lord!” I have been closely united with the family for above thirty years, and during Brother Sykes’ time their house was always, with mine, open to receive the brethren who ministered to us. I always called her “mother.” Mrs. Pursey, the daughter, who is a good worker in the cause, is still with us, and for the sake of many who knew our friends Sykes, if you see your way clear to insert these few lines I shall be glad.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

ABIJAH MARTIN.

OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS IN
SUFFOLK.

At Bildeston, on Lord’s-day, May 20, anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. B. J. Northfield to immense congregations. Collections were good, and a most enjoyable and soul-reviving day was spent. Here Mr. Easter is labouring for the Master with success, and happy in his work. At the new chapel, Stowmarket, on Sabbath, June 10, Mr. R. A. Huxham, who is now settled at Rattlesden, conducted the anniversary services in connection with the Sunday-school. On the same day that faithful ambassador of Christ, Mr. G. G. Whorlow, whose sphere of labour is at the above-mentioned chapel at Stowmarket, was blowing the Gospel trumpet at Chelmondiston on behalf of the Sabbath-school; the blessing of the Lord was realised. Lord’s-day, June 17, the anniversary of the Sabbath-school at Stoke Ash was held, when Mr. W. Kern preached to very large congregations the Word of life. It was a time of refreshing. At Hadleigh, on June 17, anniversary sermons were preached on behalf of the school by the pastor, Mr. B. J. Northfield. The chapel was crowded; hymns selected for the occasion were creditably sung; collections in advance of last year. The Lord’s blessing and presence experienced, and our souls cheered and encouraged. Lord, bless our Churches and schools in Suffolk.

SOHO, OXFORD-STREET.—Eighth annual meeting of Soho Chapel District Visiting and Sick Relief Society was held on June 6. Mr. John Box, the pastor, occupied the chair, and spoke of the earnestness and zeal with which the committee carried out the intentions of the society, which has for its object the evangelisation of the neighbourhood in the vicinity of the chapel by means of visiting and distribution of tracts, and the relief of the sick poor; thus they endeavour to obey the divine command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The committee are often encouraged in their work by the testimony borne by those who are visited, that their labours are not in vain, as proved by report read by the hon. sec., Mr. John A. Hinton. Mr. Carpenter moved the adoption of the report, and spoke of Jesus as the great and good Physician, who never failed to heal in one case. Mr. Parnell, of Pimlico, drew his hearers' attention to the words, "Who went about doing good." The speaker said Christ spent the whole of His life doing good. Christ went about doing good *personally*. He went about doing good *practically*, alike in precept and doctrine. He went about doing good to the nations of the Jews and Gentiles. These words give us a distinct portrait of His true character. He was good essentially and providentially. He went about doing good because the Spirit of the Lord God was upon Him. The speaker concluded his very warm-hearted address, which was delivered with much earnestness, by saying He went about doing good in *preaching* to such as you and I. Praise the Lord. The balance-sheet showed the receipt and disbursement of £26. The officers for the ensuing year are: Mr. John Box, president; Mr. Isaac Foster, treasurer; Messrs. J. A. Hinton and E. J. W. White, hon. secs., with a visiting committee of twenty brethren and sisters.—J. W. B.

A GOSPEL GATHERING AT SUTTON-AT-HONE.—For the encouragement of the sons and daughters of Zion, I send account of a prosperous meeting which took place at Sutton-at-Hone on June 5, 1883. Mr. Squirrell preached Christ truly and blessedly. The chapel was filled with loving friends. All born from above were urged to study the life of our loving Saviour, for by so doing they would find a light that would guide them in every dark and dangerous path. Friends were then invited to the spacious and well furnished grounds of Mr. Mart, who, with Mrs. Mart, made us extremely welcome to an abundantly supplied tea. The company was so large that it was proposed to hold service on the lawn. Then our brother Shepherd mounted a platform, and eloquently discoursed upon the precious words in Ps. xvii, "Keep me as the apple of Thine eye," which he unfolded and applied in a masterly manner, and so that we retired praising the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men.—JOHN SALES.

ELTHAM, KENT.—Some lovers of "the truth as it is in Jesus," and of the ordinances of His house, living in this clean, quiet little Kentish town of some six thousand inhabitants, have for a long time desired to see a place opened here, and a cause established on New Testament principles. Their desires have been partially granted. After much prayer, consultation, and deliberation, with the united aid of the Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches, and the London Itinerant Association, a room was taken situated by Jubilee Cottages, in the middle of High-street, and very nicely fitted up, suitable for divine worship, at a cost of between £50 and £60. This room was opened under very cheering circumstances on Tuesday, May 29, 1883. A number of friends from London, Woolwich, and other parts, came together to countenance and encourage the effort, which was fully appreciated by the good people at Eltham. In the afternoon, Mr. John Box delivered a sermon from the words, "Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it." The text was peculiarly applicable to the circumstances, and the preacher took each sentence and dilated thereon in a truly spiritual manner, and likewise gave a common-sense interpretation to the friends immediately connected with this new cause, advising them not to be uncourteous to other parties in the town, nor to sacrifice the principles of the Gospel, but to contend in a loving and Christ-like spirit for the distinguishing doctrines of grace, which they held very dear. Upwards of one hundred took tea. Over public meeting James Mote, Esq., presided. Prayer was offered by W. Hawkins. Mr. Archer stated the origin of the cause. Brethren Box, Squirrell, Sears, Cattell, and others, spoke. There were also present C. Wilson, Esq., G. Northover, Esq., and Messrs. Weeks, Smith, Cole, and others. By the generous help of the Strict Baptist Association (£25), the whole of the cost was defrayed, and a little over.—J. W. B.

COTTENHAM.—The anniversary services of Ebenezer Sunday-school were held on Sunday, May 27. Sermons were preached by Mr. Moxham. In the morning, speaking from Joel i. 3, he addressed the congregation generally. The discourse in the afternoon on the words, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth" (Prov. xi. 24), was mainly for the teachers. A children's service was held in the evening, when Mr. Moxham gave an excellent address from the words, "God heard the voice of the lad" (Gen. xxi. 17). Five thoughts, he said, were suggested by the text: (1) Ishmael knew the true God; (2) He acknowledged Him; (3) He sought Him; (4) He found Him; and (5) As he found Him he obtained a blessing. Suitable hymns were well sung by the children. Collections were made on behalf of the school funds.—W. A. D.

WEST HAM.—The tenth anniversary of the Sunday-school was held on June 18, when sermons were preached by the pastor and Mr. Hunt Lynn, of Forest-lane. On the Tuesday following a public meeting took place, preceded by a tea served in the school-room, which was overflowing full, many of the friends having come from long distances. The meeting was presided over by the pastor, Mr. Clinch. After the divine blessing had been implored by Mr. Upsdale, the superintendent, the report was presented by the secretary, Mr. Oakley. It contained a brief history of the school for the period of the decade, and traced its progress from the commencement in the gallery of the chapel, built for the purpose at a cost of £60, with a first attendance of thirty-one scholars, to the recently-erected schoolroom, with a present attendance of some two hundred more scholars than the school opened with. Fourteen former scholars had become baptized believers in the Lord Jesus, of whom eight had subsequently become teachers. Several other scholars had also become members of other Christian Churches. After some encouraging remarks by the chairman, addresses were given by the following ministerial brethren: Mr. Brown, of Notting-hill, dwelt upon the four essentials for a successful teacher—spirituality, self-denial, simplicity, steadfastness; Mr. Elsey, who based his remarks on Psa. cxv. xiv.; Mr. Griffith, who developed four points from the report—namely, prayer answered, diligence rewarded, praise rendered, encouragement given; Mr. Lynn, who distinguished between the knowledge received upon trust from man and that imparted by the Holy Spirit; and by Mr. Mobbs, who gave some interesting reminiscences of Sunday-school experience. Some excellent singing by a selected number of the scholars and teachers contributed variety to the proceedings, and gave evident enjoyment to those present.

CHELMONDISTON.—Anniversary of Sabbath-school at Baptist chapel was held Lord's-day, June 10. Mr. G. G. Whorlow, of Stowmarket, preached two excellent sermons. The children, very efficiently aided by the choir, sung hymns selected for the occasion, and about sixteen of the children recited sacred poetry and portions of Scripture, which they rendered most admirably, to the great satisfaction and pleasure of all present, conferring very great credit upon the superintendent and teachers. The attendance was large, and the collection for the school fund good.

BEACON-HILL.—Anniversary was June 12; Mr. W. E. Palmer preached very encouraging sermons from, "For the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him," and from "I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee." Congregation, tea, collections, and discourses all excellent. We thank all friends who helped us on that occasion.

BRADFIELD-ST.-GEORGE.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—Our anniversary services on Whit-Sunday and Monday were seasons of mercy. I had to take the services myself. I could only do as I always have to do, look to Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Is there not as much in Him as ever? and will there not ever be the same as there is now? We had good congregations. The people expected to hear you. We had a good day, and the people heard to profit. A brother was there from Norton. Mr. Bailey, who came to hear you and speak to you, he was at Bradfield on Whit-Monday, 1881, when you were there. He had his son with him, who was ill at the time. Your text in the evening was, "Brethren, pray for us." Brother Bailey has often told me, weeping, he has good reason to believe that service was made a blessing to his son. He came to tell you of it. As you were not there he requested me, when I wrote to you, to tell you his son did not live long after it. He often said to his father, "Father, did not the man say, Pray for us?" On Whit-Monday brother Whorlow preached a good sermon from the prayer of Jabez. Brother Huxham read and prayed. Between 130 and 140 took tea with us. At our meeting brother Knell prayed. Good, sound, profitable addresses were given by brethren Huxham, Knell, Garrard, and Whorlow. We thanked God and took courage. The Lord has blessed the Word preached the first Sunday in May. We baptized three, one dear sister in her 73rd year. The Lord blessed the Word to her from the text, "What must I do to be saved?" which I preached from last December. There are others the Lord awakened to a sense of their danger, and are seeking His mercy. Yours in Jesus,—W.D.

CHATTERIS.—**ZION.**—Anniversary services were May 30. Mr. J. S. Anderson, with much liberty, proclaimed the priesthood character of the Lord Jesus, from the words, "We have such an High Priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the majesty in the heavens." A pleasant tea to a large congregation. Mr. Anderson gave us an excellent discourse from John xiv. 23, "If a man love Me, he will keep My words." We had a successful day; after paying all expenses our total profits amounted to £22 17s. 7d. We dwell in peace; we believe God is still at work in our midst. Our pastor, Mr. A. B. Hall, the deacons, and the superintendents of the Sabbath-school, have much reason to thank God and take courage.—**A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.**

ASKETT, BUCKS.—Anniversary, June 6. Two sermons were preached by Mr. A. B. Hall, of Chatteris; the preacher appeared to feel quite at home in the ministrations of the Word, which was received with much thankfulness and soul-profit, and a good day was realised. In the Lord's good time may a pastor be sent in the midst of His people here to feed them with knowledge and understanding.—**A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.**

A NEW CHURCH AT CANNING-TOWN.

Mr. James Brittain has been ministering for the last three years to some of the Lord's people at Swanscombe-street, Canning-town, and on Wednesday, May 30, an interesting baptismal service was held in connection with this effort at Bethel chapel, Poplar, kindly lent for the occasion. Mr. Brittain preached a powerful and telling sermon from Acts viii. 37—39, and afterwards baptized nine believers.

On Sunday afternoon, June 3, these friends, and others who had been closely connected with our brother, were united together into a "Strict and Particular Baptist Church," deacons were elected, and afterwards the newly-formed Church, consisting of nineteen members, with several members of kindred Churches, communed together at the Lord's Table.

On Monday, June 4, valedictory services were held in connection with the departure of Mr. Brittain from this country to Australia. After reading and prayer by Mr. J. W. Norton, Mr. W. Winters preached an appropriate sermon. After tea public meeting was conducted by James Mote, Esq. Messrs. Winters, Shaw, Noyes, C. W. Banks, Holden, H. Welch, E. J. Welch, Joiner, Norton, and other ministers, assembled to testify their regard for Mr. Brittain. All the speakers spoke of our brother in the highest terms, both as to his Christian character and more than ordinary abilities as a preacher of the Gospel, some of them having known him for over 20 years. The most pleasing part of the proceedings was the presentation of the following testimonial, beautifully embossed and framed, accompanied by a purse containing £10 10s., contributed partly by the Canning-town friends and partly by members of other Churches where Mr. Brittain has ministered. The testimonial was presented by Mr. Ward, one of the newly-elected deacons, and the purse by Mr. Shaw, of Gravesend.

TESTIMONIAL.

"Highly esteemed in love for his work's sake" (2 Thess. v. 15). Presented to Mr. J. Brittain, Baptist minister, by the Church and congregation worshipping at the Temperance Hall, Swanscombe-street, Canning-town, Essex, on his leaving for Australia. In testimony of their love and esteem for him as their pastor, and the self-denying manner in which he laboured for their moral and spiritual welfare, in proclaiming the everlasting Gospel, with their united and earnest prayers at the throne of grace that he may be kept faithful to his stewardship and obligations in the service of the Master and great Head of the Church, our common Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Signed, on behalf of the above, J. G. Ward, R. Spyers, L. Dallstone, D. Reed, W. B. Redmayne."

Mr. Brittain, in acknowledging the testimonial, gave an interesting history of his ministerial life, extending over twenty-six years, and his reasons for leaving for Australia.

The friends here have a Sunday-school consisting of about sixty-five scholars and five teachers. A building committee has been formed for the purpose of erecting a place of worship to be put in trust for the "Strict and Particular Baptist" denomination. There is no place in the neighbourhood the property of the denomination.

The Church and congregation are grieved to lose their first pastor; they have been happy and blest under his ministry, and love him, both as a Christian and an able minister of Jesus Christ. He leaves with the earnest prayer and hope of those who know him best that, in the distant land to which he is bound, he may find greetings from loving Christian hearts and hands, and a worthy sphere for his ministerial abilities.

Upton Park.

J. W. N.

GRAYS, ESSEX. — DEAR BROTHER BANKS, — You will be glad to learn that a Sabbath-school has been instituted in connection with this cause of truth at Grays. Our first anniversary was celebrated on Whit-Monday, May 14. Mr. F. Shaw, of Gravesend, preached a very impressive sermon from "Feed My lambs." Mr. Shaw contended that carefulness and tenderness ought to be exhibited. Oh, for the spirit of sympathy towards the young amongst our Churches. Friends came from London and Gravesend. After tea, the public meeting was presided over by Mr. J. R. Wakefield.

"Shall we meet beyond the river?"

was heartily sung by the scholars; other Sunday-school hymns were sung at intervals. Mr. Mole, of Keppel-street, invoked the divine blessing. The report was read. The chairman, in his loving manner, put some Scriptural questions to the scholars, which were readily answered. Brethren J. Kingston, F. Shaw, H. D. Mohbs, W. Waite, G. Buttery, gave words of sound instruction to the young, and hints to the teachers. The singing of the well-known hymn, "God bless our Sunday-school," brought the long-to-be-remembered meeting to a close. We pray the Lord from our feeble endeavours a seed may rise up to call the Redeemer blessed, "When this poor lisping, stammering tongue, lies silent in the grave." — So prays, W. HEYMER, junr., 3, The Grove, Grays.

CARLTON, BEDS. — Lord's-day, May 27, five disciples were baptized by the pastor, Mr. F. King, after a sermon from Acts xi. 23. The following Lord's-day the pastor received the five baptized into communion with the Church at the Lord's Table. Addressing a few words of admonition and encouragement to each of them, and giving them respectively the following portions of the Word of God. (1) Jer. xlix. 11; (2) Psa. lxxiii. 7; (3) 2 Cor. xii. 9; (4) Lev. vi. 13; (5) Psa. cxix. 117. We are praising the Lord for what He has done, and praying that He would gather others beside those whom He has already brought. — F. KING.

BETHESDA BAPTIST CHAPEL, BROAD-STREET, BILSTON.—Our twenty-second anniversary was recently celebrated. Sermons by A. B. Hall, of Chatteris. Our souls rejoiced in hearing sound Gospel discourses from our esteemed brother and late pastor, who we love for the truth's sake. On Tuesday annual tea and public meeting was held. Tea was supplied in excellent style by the ladies. Our worthy friend, George Adams, Esq., of Wolverhampton, took the chair. G. Banks prayed. The chairman, Mr. Davies (Congregational minister), gave encouraging address on "Perseverance." Mr. A. B. Hall delivered suitable remarks on the manner in which God commandeth His blessing to rest on Zion. The chairman said they wished to clear off the debt of £30, making an urgent appeal. Mr. S. Lloyd (deacon) gave the financial statement, showing that the debt on the chapel stood at £100 about three years ago, but had been reduced to £30, which he was very desirous should be cleared off, stating his intention to give £5 towards that object. Mr. P. Pearson, son of one of the founders of the cause, on behalf of himself and partner (Mr. T. Jordan), gave another £5. The chairman appealed again, which was quickly responded to. With his usual generosity, Mr. Adams and the friends relieved us of the burden of debt. Thus, amidst all opposition, amidst many discouragements, we are still pressing on. Mr. G. Banks gave an excellent address of encouragement. The usual vote of thanks being put and carried, D. Smith (pastor) closed with prayer.

CITY-ROAD.—Twenty-second anniversary of Jireh was held on May 22, 1883. Mr. John Hazelton gave the sermons. At evening meeting W. Beech, Esq., presided. Mr. Linsell, the deacon, gave the report. They are without a pastor; their hopes have sometimes been raised to a high pitch of holy gratification in listening to the Word preached by the various brethren who supply the pulpit. They have not been able to hear the Lord's voice, saying, "Arise, anoint him, for this is he." The chairman spoke encouragingly. Brethren Styles, Sears, Steed, W. Hazelton, and Belcher, gave addresses.

STONEHOUSE, DEVON.—Anniversary services at Corpus Christi chapel were held on Sunday, June 3. Two sermons by pastor W. Trotman. On the following Wednesday Mr. T. Bradbury, of Camberwell, preached in afternoon in the chapel, and at St. George's Hall, Stonehouse, in the evening. Tea was supplied. Mr. Bradbury preached from the words, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His," giving a faithful testimony concerning the SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—On Lord's-day, May 27, services were held in Addison-park chapel. Mr. J. Clark, Mr. J. Box, and Mr. W. P. Williamson preached. On Tuesday following Mr. E. Langford gave a sound Gospel sermon. After tea, Mr. Franklin

presided at the evening meeting, and called Mr. Stanbrook to prayer. Mr. Franklin, in introducing the subject for each respective speaker, made some savoury remarks on the grace which Paul realised after receiving the thorn in the flesh. W. Winters spoke on a part of the apostle's prayer that they might be strengthened with the Spirit of God. Mr. Meeres treated with warmth and freedom on the indwelling of Christ in the hearts of believers. Mr. Voysey, a young man full of love to Christ, and blest with wisdom to speak of it, said some sweet things on the experimental knowledge of the love of Christ realised by the humble Christian. Mr. Reynolds dwelt with remarkable force and correctness on being filled with the fulness of God. Mr. Beazley unfolded many blessed things on the grand doxology of the apostle. Mr. Dexter expressed some thoughts on true devotion gathered from Eph. ii. 21, 22. Mr. Williamson concluded with a few remarks on the reality of what had been advanced during the evening. Prayer, with the Benediction by the chairman, brought the meeting to a close.—W. WINTERS.

BIERTON.—BAPTIST CHURCH.—We praise the Lord for what He is doing in our midst; again, as a Church He has blessed us with another increase. Wednesday evening, May 30, we held baptism service, when brethren Lester and White delivered addresses to a chapel full of spectators and the candidates. Then our brother Lester baptized four females—two are teachers in the Sunday-school; also two young men, one a scholar in the Sunday-school; others are expected. Truly we can say our God, whom we serve, is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. This gives us, within the last fifteen months, fourteen by baptism into our little Zion. It is believed, ere long, we shall have to lengthen our cords. So prays the Church at large, and—A WELL-WISHER.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—Special services in Providence Chapel, Meyrick-road, June 12. W. Winters preached and presided at evening meeting. The chairman called Mr. Frost, an officer in the Church, to offer prayer. Mr. Copeland spoke with intelligence on the "day of salvation;" Mr. Hand with power and freedom on the source of salvation; Mr. Myerson gave many grand definitions of the wells of salvation; Mr. Moxham was eloquent on the joys of salvation; Mr. Parnell sounded forth some clear notes of the song of salvation, and Mr. Steed enumerated many of the godly singers of salvation; Mr. W. Beddow closed with a hymn, and the cheerful meeting terminated.—W. WINTERS.

RYARSH.—The most delightful village of Ryarsh, in "the Kentish flower garden of England," was alive with earnest seekers of truth on May 31, the anniversary of "Jireh." On the day expressed brother George Webb met us at Larkfield, in the hospitable residence of brother Mr. Patterson,

from which place, with many loving branches of the family, we rode through the most pleasant part of the country to the roadside chapel. Mr. F. P. Patterson, jun., officiated as clerk; Mr. G. Holland read the Word of God and prayed; we followed with a short sermon. In the evening Mr. G. Webb extolled a precious Christ in the Word.

THE LATE MR. W. HOUSE.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—I send you account of my father's death. On Sunday morning, April 29, 1883, at the good age of nearly 75—he would have been 75 on June 17—he calmly and quietly fell asleep in Jesus, with a sweet assurance of everlasting life. For months he suffered much, but was wonderfully sustained, and seemed to enjoy much of his Lord's presence. For a long time he was almost helpless; but he was enabled to leave behind him clear evidence of his now blessed state, beyond the reach of sin and suffering. On one occasion, when visiting him as usual, I asked him if he was happy, and although only able to speak in a whisper, he replied, "Happy, happy, I am going home, and I wish I could take you all with me." Upon another occasion I said, "Is Jesus precious?" and he answered, "Yes, oh! yes; but we do not believe what our Father says when He tells us to come up higher." Speaking of his sufferings, he said he wondered how it was the Lord permitted him to suffer so much. "But we know what He does is done in love, for He hath loved us with an everlasting love, and will love us to the end. This is truly a blessed consolation." Again, when conscious for a short time, he repeated *Psa. xxiii.*, in which, as you know, occurs that beautiful expression of faith in prospect of death: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me," &c., and then engaged in prayer for each member of his family. The last time he spoke to my youngest brother, he said, "Good bye, my dear boy, I am going home; yes, going home, God bless you. 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,'" and then sunk again into unconsciousness, in which state he, as far as we can tell, passed away. It pleased the Lord to commence the work of grace very early in his life. He was only about nine years of age when he first had these words brought home with power to his soul. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and thy neighbour as thyself," so that he cried out, "Lord, I never have," and was led to seek salvation through the finished work of Christ. He was baptized by his father at the age of twelve, and began preaching the Gospel when about nineteen, and continued so doing, more or less, till within a few years of his death, when through the weakness of his body, he was obliged to give up the work in which he so much gloried, and in which he was greatly owned and blessed to the braving in of many of the Lord's chosen. He was at one time pastor at Enon chapel, St. Clement's-lane, Strand, where he succeeded his father; and

afterwards at Providence chapel, Islington; Banner-street, St. Luke's; Hadlow, Kent; Saxmundham; Maldon, Essex; and other places. His mortal remains were placed in Tottenham cemetery on Saturday, May 5, the Rev. Robert Wallace, who was to father a very kind and faithful friend in the time of need, performing the service, speaking with very marked tokens of sympathy with, and encouragement to, the large gathering of the family and friends. For my dear mother and myself I take this opportunity of thanking you for your very great kindness to father during his years of waiting. The Lord abundantly reward all kind friends, prays—Yours in the best of all bonds,—T. HOUSE.

Silent Breathings of the Heart.

NOTES OF PRIVATE CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. THOMAS STRINGER.

"Out of weakness made strong."

[In reply to constant inquiries, we cannot do better than let our brother Thomas Stringer speak for himself, as he does in the following note. The suggestion of dear Mr. Edwin Stacey, to raise him a testimonial of £100, had better be done at once; and we propose that his anxious, devoted, and affectionate wife be the treasurer; and that we all commence, and continue to send in to Mrs. Thomas Stringer the donations, until the said testimonial of £100 be completed. Under God, we do believe such a help would be the best restorative balm that could be given to our brother. By a few meetings, &c., and by personal contributions, the testimonial could be accomplished. Mrs. Stringer, 17, Grosvenor-street, Camberwell will, we believe, receive the said contributions. So will Mrs. C. W. Banks, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.]

(Mr. Stringer's note, just as sent to us.)

17, Grosvenor-street, Camberwell, S.E.

June 7, 1883.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I do think you are highly honoured in the threefold office of minister, editor, and guardian of the Lord's poor and needy people, "distributing to the necessity of the saints, given to hospitality." Please accept our united and sincere thanks for another donation. My dear wife says, "Mr. Banks is kind to us indeed; or what should we have done?" So say I.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

The kind friend, Mr. Stacey, sent the enclosed with a sovereign, dated May 19. I sent my thanks, and said that, with his permission, I would let you see his kind feeling. He then sent the next note, dated June 4. I send both for your consideration, and bow to your decision. By testimonial I suppose he means a jubilee—this year being the fiftieth of my ministry, that is, if I live till April, 1884, being in the year 1834 when I began. Although I have not preached more than fourteen or fifteen times this year, through illness, yet I may, if the Lord will, preach again before April next, should my life be spared. But our time, brother, is getting short, and our preaching, like dear McCure's and others, will soon terminate. Lord, keep us faithful in Thy blessed truth, and grant us the sweet realisation of its preciousness, perpetuity, and power in soul-enjoyment. 'Tis sweet to feel at times, amidst all the tumult and troubles of mortal life, that,—

"In secret silence of the mind,

My heaven, and there MY GOD, I find."

Yours sincerely and gratefully in the Lord,

T. STRINGER.

[We subjoin Mr. Stacey's note, and we assure him we will, God helping, not fail to see Mr. Stringer's testimonial accomplished. Such a man as our brother Stringer, who has honestly and honourably fulfilled the commission with which the Lord sent him forth at first, must not be left in the hour of trial. The Lord Himself calls to us, how loudly! and says, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of My servants in affliction, ye do it unto Me." Amen. Lord, help us, and we will do it.—C. W. BANKS.]

77, New Cross-road, May 19, 1883.
DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—I was very sorry to hear that you had been compelled to lay aside for awhile by illness, but think you have done the right thing, and I am sure the prayer of thousands is that our covenant God will graciously restore you to health, that speedily. I trust the visit to the seaside will do you much good. I was in hope that someone would have started a testimonial, as I think it would not have been difficult to find a hundred friends who would have given a pound each, but as it has not been done I send you my mite forthwith, and hope many others will do the same. I am a stranger to you, but as an old member of the Sufrey Tabernacle I know something of your labours. With earnest prayers for your speedy restoration, believe me, yours very truly,
 EDWIN STACEY.

77, New Cross-road, June 4, 1883.
DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—I have been too ill to reply to your kind letter. It is now more than two years since I was seized with paralysis of the left side, and am now unable to move from chair to chair without the aid of two, but God has been very gracious unto me, and I believe He will to the end. I did not expect my note to go into print, but if it will in any way aid the object suggested, by all means send it to friend Banks. If he would only start the matter by a short statement in the VESSEL, I believe it would soon be accomplished. With sincere sympathy with you in all your troubles, and wishing you much of the Master's presence and blessing, believe me, yours affectionately,
 EDWIN STACEY.

[As brother Stringer is quite dependent upon the Providence of God, let us all send to the testimonial at once, as fast as possible.—C. W. B.]

Birth.

At 88 and 90, Newtonton-causeway, on Saturday, June 16, 1883, the wife of E. Harris, of a son.

Deaths.

A SUFFERING SAINT DELIVERED.

The messenger of death has been amongst the members of the Strict Baptist Church at Poulner, near Ringwood, Hants, lately, and has cut down several of its aged members. On Monday, June 11, 1883, Mrs. Stratton, the beloved wife of Mr. Wm. Stratton, at the age of 79, was called away from this world of sin and suffering to be with Jesus, which (in her case) was far better. She had been a most consistent member of the Church for nearly a quarter of a century, and was formerly a teacher in the Sunday-school. She had many trials and much painful suffering while passing through this life, but was led to say, "He doeth all things well." She had been a martyr to rheumatism and sciatica for several years, and for some time had experienced great difficulty in getting to the house of God, and very often was compelled, through weakness, to stay at home, but her heart was going out in prayer to God for His blessing on her pastor and the cause. The language of her heart was—during her trial—"Not my will, but Thine be done." She could say, with the poet,—

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life and breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns."

In April of this year deceased met with an accident, resulting in her arm being broken. She seemed to be recovering from this affliction, but on Saturday, June 9, she fell down in a fit. After being carried to her room paralysis set in, and from that time till the time of her departure she was unconscious; but her lifetime showed of her being a Christian, and therefore her friends had no gloomy doubts and fears about her at that trying time. On Monday, June 11, her spirit took flight to be with her Lord. She was respected by all who knew her for her love and attachment to the cause at Poulner, and a great number of friends mourn her loss. With her it may well be said, "She hath done what she could."

The funeral service took place on the Thursday following, in the Baptist chapel, Poulner, her beloved pastor, Mr. G. Diffey, officiating, an address was given and prayer offered by the pastor, after which the mortal remains were laid in the silent tomb, in the burying-ground attached to the chapel, amid many sorrowing friends and relations. On Sunday, June 17, the pastor preached an impressive funeral sermon from the words, "The righteous hateth hope in his death." By the righteous was not meant the mere professor who has only a legal righteousness, but the man who pleaded no merits of his own, but looked for righteousness through the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. A poor sinner can plead nothing but through Him who died for his sins, and rose again for his justification. The righteous are those who have been saved by grace, but not of works, but grace alone and have been led out of themselves to trust by precious faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him they have found all that they need. The pastor spoke of the faith and love that the departed one had, and of the regard to the cause with which she was connected. She was always in her place at the chapel, unless illness prevented, whether wet or dry. The language of her heart was:—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling."

He would urge them to seek to know the Saviour that she knew and trusted in, and to imitate her as far as she imitated Christ; then the crown that is laid up for the righteous would be theirs, since Christ was theirs. In conclusion he would earnestly beseech them to be reconciled to God, if they were as yet unsaved. Time was earnest, and death was certain, and they knew not when it would come upon them; but if they were saved, then the hope of the righteous would be theirs in life and death. Earnest prayers were offered up to the throne of grace by the pastor, that this dispensation, although painful, may be sanctified in the salvation of many. The service closed by singing that beautiful hymn, "Till He come," and prayer by the pastor.

Mr. Thomas Pardoe, once a devoted deacon in Truilly, lately a member of Mr. John Hazelton's, passed home—from the residence of his son, Mr. A. J. Pardoe, in Frampton-park, Hackney—on May 12, 1883, aged 73 years. A quiet, good, God-fearing and truth-receiving man.

On the 2nd inst., Mary, for 22 years the widow of Mr. William Preston, of Bedford, in her 86th year. She was for many years a member of the Strict Baptist Church, Bedford, and as a child had been favoured to hear the truth, at Trowbridge, from the lips of the late John Warburton, whose ministry was so endearing to her, even at the early age of 12 years, that she has often said she should never hear his like again.

The Labourers Still Going Home.

"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."

SO quick in succession has death been removing our sires, and God's saints, from our country, that it becomes almost a daily task to record the going home of some who have been the ministers or friends of the good and holy cause of the Lord. We have lost a true friend in the death of Master Cruse, the superintendent of Hope Chapel Sunday-school, Bethnal-green; and Alfred Hall's father assures us he never saw a minister more solemn in his life than was pastor James Griffith when preaching Cruse's funeral sermon. Our deceased brother Cruse was a hearty friend to Sunday-school work; and he had a keen eye to discern what he considered "a gift for the ministry" in any of the rising lads in his Bible-class. Hence, about fifteen years since, he brought to us that once young lad, Master Edgerton, of whose qualification for the ministry he was well persuaded. Again and again did dear Cruse visit us, and entreat of us to give young Edgerton a trial. We assented, and were instrumental of his going to Wooburn-green, to Tring, and to some other places. At Gamlinghay, Mr. Edgerton now is settled. We hope he will prove as God's mouth to call in, and to build up, the ransomed of the Lord. The same may be said of Mr. A. B. Hall, now of Chatteris, and of some others. In the Sunday-schools, in the sending forth of ministers, and in the distribution of good books, the late dear, devoted, and godly Master Cruse was certainly an extraordinary man of God. Our Christian brother, JOHN CRISPIN, sends us a few lines descriptive of Cruse's last days, from which we gather the following:—

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I send a few lines respecting the death of BROTHER CRUSE, who was highly esteemed in the work of the Lord as superintendent of Hope Chapel Sunday-school. He had been very ill this last twelve months. He was a very great sufferer. He sent for me often; and much he enjoyed reading the Word, and prayer. On Sunday, July 1, he sent for me again. He said, "John, get me up in the bed; we will have one more tune; and, with one more step, I shall be over yonder." Those who stood around the bed could not sing; but he sung himself, "Shall we gather at the river?" I asked him on one occasion how it was with him. He replied, "I know whom I have believed; I know that He is able to keep all that I have committed into His hands." He asked me what was the cause of all this suffering. I said, "Sin, my brother." But I asked, "What is the cause of your hope?" He said, "The dying love of Jesus." He was very patient in all his sufferings; his mind was stayed on Christ, the eternal Rock of Ages. He often prayed, "O Lord, do come and take me home." We rejoice because he is gone to be for ever with the Lord. It was an affecting scene a few minutes before his departure. Mrs. Griffiths, from Hope Chapel, being present, he said to her, "Good-bye, my sister; may the Lord bless you in your labour of love," and continued,—

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

And so he fell asleep in Jesus, on July 4.—JOHN CRISPIN.

Mr. Cruse has left an afflicted, helpless, and unprovided-for poor widow. Shall we not care for her?

VOLUME XXXIX.—AUGUST, 1883.

The Church at Bow have sustained a serious loss in the sudden death of Deacon Lovelock's wife, a zealous and well-known worker in the Churches of Truth.

Many of the aged ministers are being taken from us; and of some who yet remain we know, before many years have rolled round, the places that know them now shall know them here no more for ever. The first minister's funeral we ever attended was that of William Matthews; then John Stevens; since then we have known the loss of an immense number of the servants of God; but of them all we shall never witness another scene equal to the funeral of the late Mr. JAMES WELLS, whose memory to us is more deeply sacred than any words can express.

The last burial service we attended was that of

MR. WILLIAM J. GOODING,

whose mortal remains were laid in the dust of Richmond Cemetery on Thursday, July 5, 1883, of which a line or two may be given. At present we give the following note from his affectionate daughter, Mary Ann Gooding. She says:—

Mr. Masterson will, I believe, give you a brief memoir of my late dear father's life and work in the ministry. Oh, Mr. Banks, I feel deeply to miss my dear patient sufferer! His affliction was a long and trying one—three years all but three weeks was he confined to his bed, and five years laid aside from his loved work, which was to preach Christ, and Him crucified, as long as strength was given. Dear father was in his seventy-first year, and died on Saturday, June 30, 1883; and I was almost worn out before dear father was taken home. Poor dear! how he longed to go home, to be for ever with the Lord! We thank you for your kindness to us. Dear mother joins with me in kind regards; and believe me to remain, yours ever gratefully—M. A. GOODING.

When we have seen and known the heavy affliction which so long lay upon our deceased brother Gooding, we have thought in him was experienced that amazing Scripture, "I will bring the third part through the fire; and will refine them as silver is refined; and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on My name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is My people; and they shall say, THE LORD IS MY GOD." We saw him in his bed, helpless and dying daily, for near three years; yet patient, and waiting only upon God. Oh, what a release! God be merciful unto us, and bring us safely through. The following notes—out of others—will shew the real standing and character of our departed friend. In Tunstall, in America, Hailsworth, Hartley-row, Richmond, and in various parts of England, he preached the Gospel with good success; but his work is done, his afflictions are left behind, his loving, tender, aged widow mourns over her loss; his sons and daughters venerate his memory. He has gone up higher.

Letter from a late Deacon of Mr. Gooding's to Mr. B. Woodrow.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Of the departed T. W. Gooding, perhaps I have seen, heard, and known as much of him as anyone since he has been with us at Richmond. I might say a more honest, straightforward minister I have never met with, in proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Jesus. Ever since his lot was cast in Richmond I was always anxious to listen to his voice, and I tried to encourage others to do the same. I know the Lord has honoured his testimony in the conversion of sinners, as well as the building up of His people in their most holy faith. You know, my brother, we hired Rehoboth Chapel, cleaned and renovated it at a cost of something like £40, and this by his friends was quickly paid off. We had thought the Lord would have spared him many years to preach to us; but he had not been there very long before he had to give up his delightful employ. I was

very frequent at our friend's house, and have been much blessed to hear him record the Lord's goodness to him in blessing the Word to the conversion of sinners at home, as well as in the backwoods of America. Once he was preaching in the open air, one calm evening, and a poor woman was in her garden, and she heard him give out his text. The woman listened; the text was given out again; and this was the means of the woman's conversion. Much might be said about the use the Lord made of him during nearly fifty years. I cannot refrain telling you how wonderfully kind and sympathising Miss Gooding has always been to her dear father. We do all esteem the dear girl for such self-sacrifice as she has given to her parents. I feel sure the Lord has implanted His grace in her heart, and that it will yet be made manifest in her walking in the footsteps of her dear parents. May the Lord still appear for them in His kind providence; and may they, with us, when our work is done, have an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom, there to shout with all the redeemed, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." Yours in the bonds of the Gospel.—R. ROSE.

10, Shaftesbury-villas, Richmond, Surrey, July 10, 1883.

To Mr. R. Rose, Richmond.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter brought sorrowful news of our beloved brother Gooding's falling asleep in Jesus. Whilst we weep, we rejoice to know that the dear saint is entered into rest. Our well-beloved brother Gooding was among those honoured servants of our Lord who, for so many years, proclaimed a Free-Grace Gospel among the Strict Baptist Churches; and the Lord spared His honoured servant to a good age. Many years ago I had the happiness to hear him preach the truth with love and power at Rehoboth Chapel, Pimlico. Oh, with what faithfulness the man of God preached the covenant love of Father, Son, and Spirit to the elect in Christ Jesus. It is a matter of great consolation to me that I paid him a visit some time ago, and at the same time I found that our dear old brother, C. W. Banks, had just been to see him. I know that our esteemed brother Banks was always very fond of his brother Gooding; and I know that he sent him all the help he possibly could, because it's just like our brother Banks. I don't think he could keep a shilling in his pocket if he knew that any of the Lord's dear children were in want of bread. I feel assured, too, he will be just as kind to help the sorrowing widow, the aged Mrs. Gooding. Give our united Christian love to the aged saint; tell her we all sympathise with her, knowing that her loss is his eternal gain. God Almighty bless and comfort our dear sister Gooding in her bereavement, and her much-tried daughter. The God of all grace be with you, and comfort all the mourners in Zion. So prays yours in a precious Jesus—BENJAMIN WOODBROW.

32, Jervis-road, West Kensington, S.W.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS JONES, OF BROSELEY, STAFFS.

We returned from the funeral of the late Mr. W. J. Gooding, at Richmond, Thursday evening, July 5, 1883, and found the following note from Mr. Octavius Lloyd:—

DEAR BROTHER,—The enclosed I received this morning. Poor dear Thomas Jones!

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

If it were lawful so to say, I envy him; nay, not envy, but hope soon to be with him; soon to see the same glorious CHRIST, even Him who said, "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they may be one in Us. I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in One. Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory," &c. For this you and I are looking and longing. I have been very low physically the past week, hardly able to creep about. OCTAVIUS LLOYD.

Kenilworth-villas, Greenhill-road, Erdington, Birmingham, July 5, 1883.

The following is the note referred to:—

DEAR MR. LLOYD,—You will be grieved to hear that we have lost our beloved pastor, Mr. Jones, after being absent from the pulpit a month. It has long been a wish of his to finish his work at the Lord's table; and his desire was granted. He preached on the first Sunday morning in June; but was too unwell to be at chapel

in the afternoon, so we had the ordinance at his house; and he has not been out since; but has been gradually passing away from earth, and all that is earthy, to an heavenly country, there to spend an eternity with Christ who redeemed him. He passed away at 4 o'clock this afternoon, June 4, 1883. May our end be like unto his. How are you, my dear brother in Christ? The last I heard was that you were in deep affliction. We commended you to the Great Physician, who knows how to deal with all His loved ones in all circumstances. Oh, for more faith to believe that all things work together for the good of those who love God and are the called, &c. I am, yours in Christian affection, JAMES RODEN.

High-street, Broseley, July 3, 1883.

The following printed note followed:—

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
THOMAS JONES,

Baptist minister, Broseley, who peacefully passed away on Wednesday afternoon, July 4, at his residence, Birchmeadow cottage, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon, July 8, at 4 o'clock p.m., in the graveyard adjoining the chapel. Mr. S. K. Bland will conduct the service, and also preach in the evening at 6.30.

Of the venerable Thomas Jones it was once said, "of everywhere," but now of the Glory-home of all the redeemed. Mr. George Banks the Willenhall Baptist minister, has kindly sent us the following particulars of

HIS LAST DAYS,

which we give without abridgement. He says:—

That honoured servant of God, the venerable Thomas Jones, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on Wednesday, July 4, 1883, at his residence, Birch-meadow Cottage, Broseley, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. It needs a man with a silvery tongue, properly sanctified, and under the influence of the Holy Ghost, to speak adequately of a life so long and honourable, so devoted to Christ and the cause of truth, and so full of usefulness and blessing to others. Eighty-eight years is a patriarchal age. Under the blessing of God, the departed attributed his longevity to careful diet and sober habit. In a more sublime sense he was a patriarch *indeed*. Like Enoch, he walked with God in sweetest communion, which was undoubtedly the secret of the bright experience he was favoured to enjoy. He was, happily, possessed of a good deal of moral courage; but there was a force mightier than this which affected his heart and life. As the ivy bides the storm because it *clings* to the oak, so our brother met and successfully overcame difficulties in strength drawn from God. Like Abraham, he was the friend of Jehovah, manifest in the fact that "the secret of the Lord was with him." And as Jacob erected a Bethel, so did T. Jones, in acknowledgment of divine favours, raise memorials of mercies and reminiscences of blessings.

He was not a dwarf in Christianity. Seventy years a Christian! If I sought for an argument in favour of the final perseverance of the saints outside of the Bible, I should point to his life; for I am convinced that in a world so blighted with sin and temptation, man must *utterly fall* if the grace of God does not hold him up. That T. Jones was a *minister* of no mean order thousands will readily admit, who were favoured to listen to his testimony. "In doctrine he showed incorruptness," which was adorned by a commendable practice, and rewarded by a rich experience. We can indeed glorify God in Him, for it was the Spirit who made him an able minister of Jesus Christ. He was also a

real friend, the friend of rich and poor alike, earnestly advocating the rights of both, being actuated in all by the sterling principles of justice and equity, truth and mercy. His belief was firm in "a *just* God and Saviour," making this alone the pattern of his conduct to others. Personally I may say that he was ever ready to give me any counsel. The weighty words spoken to me at my ordination will, I trust, long have a *conforming* influence upon my mind and life. His kindnesses were bestowed in an altogether unobtrusive way, and by this means he won the esteem of many who will hold his memory dear.

His last days, for the most part, were tranquil, and not attended by much physical suffering. In a letter to me, dated October 18, 1882, he says:—"I am made to feel the infirmities of age, though still enabled to take my place in the sanctuary twice on the Lord's-day. The inner man is tolerably vigorous; the outer man grows weaker day by day. *My times are in good hands*, and I know I shall not exceed my decreed number, and have no wish to do so, trusting for a place in the better land when I leave this."

Since the above, he paid his last visit to Willenhall in March of the present year, and preached our anniversary sermons, which were powerful, and spiritual, and edifying. The last letter I received from him was written May 28, 1883, and contains the following beautiful description of his state:—"My strength is on the ebb, and its last ripple is near at hand. My love for Christ and His cause is *undiminished*, and I am waiting 'His call into the rest that remains for His people.' May you and your dear family and your beloved flock enjoy much confidence in Him, and see much brighter days than the present." His last public work was amongst his own people at Broseley, when he preached in the morning of the first Sunday in June, and started to the chapel again in the afternoon for the purpose of administering the holy Supper; but the use of his legs failing him, he was assisted back again to his room, when he sent for the members to his home. He was not able to break the bread, but this being done by his senior deacon, Mr. Whatmore, he afterwards spoke in a very sweet and fatherly manner for nearly an hour. It was with tearful eyes and suppressed feelings that some of his spiritual children told me of this his last service on earth. A few days after he was confined to his bed. When able, the greater part of his time was spent in quoting Scriptures and offering short but fervent prayers to his Father. Most of the Sunday-school children were taken to his bed-side, and fondly kissed and tenderly counselled by him. One poor little fellow was too sad to smile, whereupon the dear old saint said, "Why do you not smile? I am smiling." The boy was not permitted to leave him until he could smile. Ah! God was smiling upon the heart of *His* child, and heavenly joy was beaming upon his countenance. Oh, placid state! Lovely attitude!

The last words heard from his lips were, "*There is no mystery about it now. I shall see as I am seen, and know as I am known.*" The parting veil was already being drawn aside, and glimpses of the land of white robes were alluring him to the golden shore. Towards the last he grew very weak, and could not speak so as to be heard. The closing scene was very blessed and peaceful. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

"So fades a Summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;

So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
 Life's labour 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 ! "

The mortal remains were interred on July 8 in the burial-ground adjoining the chapel where he so faithfully, eloquently, and lovingly preached the Gospel of Jesus. The obsequies were preceded by an appropriate service in the morning. Mr. Whitaker (of London) gave out the hymns, Mr. George Banks (of Willenhall) prayed, and Mr. S. K. Bland read the Scriptures and preached a comprehensive sermon from John xvii. 4. At three p.m. a crowd of people assembled to pay the last tribute of Christian respect to the dear departed. The procession was headed by several ministers ; and then came devout men, members of the Church, bearing the coffin, which was of solid oak, richly embellished with brilliant brass plate, being followed by a long line of friends. The body being placed in the chapel, suitable hymns were sung and Scriptures read. Mr. Bland, who has been an intimate friend of Mr. Jones for more than forty years, spoke to a crowded audience for fifty minutes. The following is an outline of the speaker's remarks:—"We had not met on a wholly mournful occasion. The departure of our aged brother, after a long and honourable, and truly useful life in the assurance of faith, was more fitted to call for thanksgiving. He himself had thought so, and we had no right to wish him longer amongst us. It was a somewhat remarkable funeral, for though he had not a single relation to bid him farewell, none more amply fulfilled the Psalmist's ideal, 'Blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them.' For indeed his fondness for children, tender regard for all young people, and wise exertion on their behalf, will be remembered as a chief characteristic. He had peculiar skill in gaining their confidence and love, and diligently watched over their temporal interests to promote their rising in social life, and guard them from evil. Several of his *boys* are now present to own the gratitude they feel for his valued help in days past. But how many *could do the same* the great day alone must declare. The reality of his character is seen in his early struggles for peace, which he felt could alone be found in assured acceptance with God, and in his continued search for truth. He dug deep into the Word of God, and read extensively, with reverend teachableness, the writings of men evidently taught of the Spirit. He had great delight in the work of the ministry, both for its own sake, and for its value to the people; and it is of great value. Seek to make the most of it for your own soul's good. Prize it while you have it, and love the ministers of God for their work's sake. Another feature in our old friend's life was the evident absence of ambition for name, fame, and position amongst men. This he rather shrunk from; but ever sought to prove himself a workman needing not to be ashamed before God."

Mr. Whatmore prayed, and the congregation proceeded quietly to the grave. A few more impressive remarks were made, a hymn sung, a number of wreaths (principally of white roses and evergreens) placed upon the grave, and we left the body to await the glorious resurrection of the just. In the evening of the same day Mr. Bland preached from 1 Cor. xiii. 12, what is called a "funeral sermon," but which more properly savoured of perfect vision.

A diligent student and zealous workman has ceased his labours, and entered into rest. May we go and do likewise. A prince has fallen in the Church on earth, but received his coronet in the Church of the first-born above. A prophet indeed has crossed the Jordan, and grandly ascended to heaven amid the encircling glory of God. Oh, that his garment may fall upon some young Elisha.

The above is only a brief and very imperfect sketch. I resign the work of a more complete obituary to older and wiser men; but as I saw no reporter for the *EARTHEN VESSEL* at his funeral, I thought some of his friends connected with this magazine would like an earnest of that which we hope will follow.

GEO. BANKS.

With regard to the funeral, we are authorised to announce that Mr. Jones's wishes were carried out by his executor, Mr. Walter Howe, of 86, Mansell-street, London.

When I was preaching in Wales and in Herefordshire, I preached more than once for that quaint, cheerful, and intelligent minister,

THOMAS MUDGE,

of whom our contemporary says:—

“On June 23, 1883, there passed away this aged servant of Christ, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He had been the pastor of the Church at Fownhope for about twenty-seven years. Fownhope is a small village nestling among the hills and on the banks of the Wye, some six miles from the city of Hereford. Nearly sixty years ago there was formed here a small Church, which has been in existence until the present time. It was founded in connection with one of those schools known as ‘Gough’s Charity Schools,’ the master of the school being also pastor of the Church. In the year 1854 Mr. Mudge settled at Fownhope. He was a native of Wiltshire, having been born near Andover. As a teacher of the day-school and minister of the Church, he laboured indefatigably for a great number of years. Very many of the young people of the neighbourhood owed all their secular instruction to his clear and sound tuition, and of these not a few were brought, under his ministry, to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The day-school was given up several years ago, and Mr. Mudge devoted himself wholly to the work of the ministry. The congregation grew apace, until it has become one of the most active and flourishing village Churches in the county. Mr. Mudge had to resign the pastorate in consequence of the infirmities of age two years ago. His end was sudden at the last. He died on Saturday calmly and peacefully. A large number of friends came to the funeral. Divine service was conducted in the chapel and at the grave by J. Williams, of Hereford, and J. W. Townsend, Mr. Mudge’s successor as pastor of the Church at Fownhope. His aged widow, now in the eightieth year of her age, still survives him for a little while.”

VICTORY AT THE LAST.

We are still in the chambers of death. The following true report of

THE END OF NATHAN HART

may be more useful to souls troubled with the fears of death than any

sermons we could give. Hence, we ask our friends not only to read it themselves, but to get it read by all who are looking for

The coming of the Lord.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Kindly find room for a few lines respecting the death of my dear uncle, NATHAN HART, who died February 24, 1883, in his forty-seventh year. I have received a few lines from a friend who was with him from February 15 until he breathed his last, and she has written as near as she could what fell from his lips during that time. Others, as well as myself, feel a pleasure in making known a few of the Lord's dealings with his soul. For several years my dear uncle seemed very unsettled on the Lord's-day, and would sometimes go to one place of worship, and sometimes to another; but for the last year or so he came to Crowfield; and I have often heard him say how well he had heard our dear pastor, Mr. Dearing, preach. He was not one that said much; he said more on his death-bed than he did all the other part of his life concerning what he felt himself to be, and what the Lord was to him. He was, indeed, a disciple of Christ's who wanted that

"Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid."

My dear uncle did not find it an easy path; he did not get to heaven on flowery beds of ease, for he truly proved the truth of these lines, by painful as well as blessed experience, that,—

"True religion's more than notion—
Something must be known and felt."

I do hope that the few words that my dear uncle said may not be printed in vain; I hope they may be made a blessing to many a traveller in Zion. So prays—E. D. HART.

These are the lines which a friend has sent to me:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—At your request I will try and collect my thoughts in the best way I can, respecting my dear friend's last days on earth. I received a letter from his daughter, February 15, stating that her father was dangerously ill, and he wished me to go. I went at once, and found him very bad, and after having heard and seen the state he was in, he said to me, "Do you think there is any chance for me?" his feet and legs having been cold for three days. I said, "The Lord can wonders work." He said, "Yes, I have been looking for this. I have often told you I felt that something would befall me; for I have felt so bad when I have gone to bed I have been afraid to go to sleep for fear I should wake up in hell. I cannot feel what I want to feel; I feel I am the last and least, and the only one of my family left in the world; but still I do hope I have a love to the Lord and His people." In the evening a friend came in. After some conversation he prayed. He seemed to receive comfort. After the friend was gone he said to us, "Oh, that I could realise for myself what he said! how he was led to plead with the Lord for me!" All that night he was led to speak of the goodness of the Lord to him in various ways, for the Lord had blessed him in his family. The eldest daughter the Lord had been pleased to call by His grace, and to walk through the ordinance of baptism; and the other he had a good hope for. He said, "If the Lord

is about to take me away from them, He will provide and take care of the little girl." There are three girls left without father or mother.

Friday, February 16, his brother Jabez came to see him, and prayed with him; and after he was gone he spoke of having heard him so well: "I have heard him a great many times, but not like this; I have a hope that the Lord will hear and answer his prayer on my behalf."

Saturday morning, 17th, this passage of Scripture was blessed to his soul, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed these things unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." The Lord continued to bless him, and in the evening his tongue was set at liberty. He blessed and praised the Lord aloud for His mercy and goodness to him. He said, "Bless the dear Lord for this affliction; I would not be without it for all the world; blessed affliction!—look at what the Lord has done! (pointing to his strengthless limbs); I cannot bless and praise the dear Lord enough for this affliction;" he repeated the words over and over again, and he did sing of victory over death in a most triumphing manner. His two youngest children and an aged friend being present, said to him, "My dear brother, you always have been a singer, but I never heard you so sweetly before." "Yes (he said), I have been an earthly singer, and have been afraid I should break down—but in heaven there will be no breaking down. I hope soon to be there, and join that never-ending song." I cannot tell one-half how he did praise and bless the Lord for His goodness to him in his affliction; he was not in that happy condition long. No! the devil disturbed his comfort by telling him that he was trying to deceive his friends; that he was a deceiver. He said, "I expect my brother to-morrow; I expect my mouth will be shut; I shall not have a word to say to him." He said he did tell the devil if his brother did come, "and if the Lord is pleased to open my mouth to speak to him, I will tell him he is a liar to his face." But the devil was not allowed to harass him long.

Sunday morning, 18th, he seemed quite exhausted; we thought him fast sinking. His brother Nathaniel came to see him; he soon revived again. The Lord did open his mouth in a most blessed manner; his countenance bespoke more than he could express. He said, "Have I not proved the devil to be a liar?" He went on to tell his brother how Satan had tried him in all ways. After his brother left him, he said, "I do hope the Lord will give me strength to speak to my dear brother Jabez;" and Mr. Dearing came in the evening. It was a season to them long to be remembered, for the Lord did open his mouth, and set his tongue at liberty to speak of the things which he had seen and felt. He told Mr. Dearing he had set many times in the chapel, and had eaten and drank the blessed things which his Master had given him to speak to the people. He said, "You did not know it; I knew myself, and I kept it to myself then; I little thought the Lord was about to send this affliction upon me to tell you how He had used you as an instrument in His hand to comfort and bless my soul. I must tell you now;" but not one-half can I relate what he was enabled to say then. He said, "I remember you, my brother, giving out that hymn which the ending of every verse is,—

"With them numbered may we be,
Now, and through eternity."

He said it was the language of his soul many times since—

“ With them numbered may I be,
Now, and through eternity.”

His feet and legs were quite dead; yet he threw his arms about in such a manner, and told them how the dear Lord had brought him up out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, and set his feet upon a rock. He said, “ I have seen into both hell and heaven.” He would sometimes say (when he felt himself to be a little revived), “ Why, I thought the Lord would have taken me home before now.” Satan often said he would fall short at last, for there was such a steep mountain to climb: so he went to work in his own strength to make steps to it, until he thought he could reach the Lord’s hand; he turned to look down, for he felt pleased at what he had done, and in so doing his foot slipped, and he saw hell open to receive him, and a vacant place ready for him; he had only a thread to hold on, but all at once he felt a slight touch, and was taken from thence to a most beautiful place, where there was rejoicing. One asked what it all meant, and a voice said, “ Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?” I said it was a vision, for I could see him hard at work in his flesh, trying to work out his own salvation; but he found his flesh and blood too weak.

On the 23rd the Lord blessed him with peace and comfort. He said to us around, “ I shall soon be gone, for I have seen such grand things. I have seen a star come down from heaven, and another arose from earth to meet it, and they passed away so gently.” He saw a woman standing by, and he asked her what it meant. She told him the Lord sent that star to conduct the other to heaven. He said it was a lovely sight. A great deal more might be said that fell from his lips; many passages of Scripture were blessed to his soul—one especially: “ Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord; but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and truth’s sake.” He spoke of these words being blessed to him the last time he was at Crowfield. I and another friend sat up with him Friday night. He lay in a very peaceful frame, as if holding communion with his Lord. His last words were “ *Heaven! home!*” which he repeated until he died, which was on Saturday night, February 24, 1883, to begin a Sabbath

“ Where congregations ne’er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.”

Triumphing o’er death, he smiling did sing,
With heart, and voice, and breath, the praises of his King;
Who loved and redeemed him with His own precious blood,
And took him to rest in His mansion above.

It is a hopeful sign for the Churches, that while the fathers are going home to their rest, there are springing up a host of young men to fill up the vacancies death is making. It is not for us to review the value of the new comers, because we are confident that all the ministers whose ordination is of God are designed for special use and usefulness in the Churches. Very expressly, when going to the settlement of Mr. Joseph Wilkins, at Peckham, came those words into our heart,—

*“ His servants shall serve Him, they shall see His face, and His mark
shall be in their forehead.”*

These are the features of the Lord’s servants, and when they are seen in

them by the people to whom the Master sends them, a blessed union is formed, a successful enterprise will be carried on, and a good work will be done.

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, E., July, 1883.

"A WONDER-WORKING ALCHEMY."

"Working unlooked-for changes."

[That original born poetess, Mrs. T. Chaplin, penned a lyric, heading it, "Cowper's Cast-away," which our excellent friend, Dr. D. A. Doudney, inserted in *The Gospel Magazine*. We asked permission to give our readers the privilege to read it, and no negative being sent, we insert it. Many, like dear Cowper, "walk in darkness," and have no light shining. Our Lord may out of the bitter bring heavenly sweetness to some of His afflicted saints.—C. W. B.]

COWPER'S "CAST-AWAY."

No, Cowper, no, we dare not own
That last wild lay of thine;
We know "no light propitious shone:"
Thou heardest "no voice divine;"
But the Redeemer, having smiled,
Could never more forsake His child.

When that last wave, with wild alarms,
Engulfed thy shrinking clay,
The soul, upborne on Jesu's arms,
Sped its delicious way
To gaze on God, and feast its eyes
With one full smile of long surprise.

God is a true God—never breaks
A promise He has given—
Gives grace, and never fails to take
The gracious soul to heaven:
We rouse His wrath, but He relents:
He gives and calls, but ne'er repents.
And thou, O Cowper, ere the blight
Of mental blindness fell,
Leant on His promise with delight,
And joy unspeakable:
E'en thine own hand could record there
"His constant love, His faithful care."

"Amid the roaring of the sea,"
Didst thou not trust and sing,
"My soul *still* hangs her hope on Thee"?
Oh, painful withering [now
Of such sweet chords, whose tones e'en
Reverberate when tempests blow!

"E'er since by faith ye saw the stream
His flowing wounds supplied,"
"Redeeming mercy" was the theme
Which charmed ye till ye died:
Save when His hand, who gave the sight,
"Called for a cloud" to dim its light.

Was ever lyre so sweetly strung
To comfort those that mourn,
As when thy heart, with terror wrung—
Its confidence forsworn—
Poured forth its swelling in the lay,
"God moves in a mysterious way"?

"Blind unbelief is sure to err"
O'er such a death as thine;
"God is His own Interpreter,"
And may the joy be mine,
Though life be woe, and death be pain,
To feel that "He will make it plain."

Fain would I trust, but pleadings move
Upwards with eager pain
For those I love, for those whose love
I have been blest to gain:
O Jesus, let Thy presence shed
A glory round my dying bed!

Poor Cowper, though thy bitterness
Was only in the bud,
And all the full flower's sweetnesses
Perfume thy home with God, [fear,
Who but would crave, with hope and
To have its petals opened here?

God bless thy memories: they spring
With sweetness half divine,
In hearts which have an echoing
For life-throbs such as thine:
And that which this poor murmuring makes
Will hold thy music till it breaks.

Galleywood.

MRS. CHAPLIN.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS KERRIDGE.

"THESE all died in faith." So the Apostle by inspiration wrote in reference to the saints of God in Hebrew xi.; and that which is declared of them may also be said of every object of God's saving mercy. Faith is the gift of God. He also is the author and finisher of it; it is called precious faith, saving faith, justifying faith. We are not to understand it to be the original cause of salvation and justification, but the evidence thereof. Therefore, being justified by faith we have peace with God through our LORD JESUS CHRIST. Living faith and the life of God in the soul are inseparable; if we are alive from the dead by the Spirit of God we have a living faith; if we possess a living faith it is a proof we have spiritual life. Love also is another sweet accompaniment of spiritual life and faith, as saith the Holy Ghost, "Faith worketh by love;" all emanate from the God of our salvation. All the election of grace when brought into spiritual life possess the same living faith, but not the same measure of faith, as saith the dear Redeemer: "O, thou of little faith;" "O, woman, great is thy faith." Thus we see faith vary with God's children in degree, nevertheless it is one and the same faith to them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God and our Saviour JESUS CHRIST. One proof of possessing this precious gift is a living desire and seeking for it. Life in the soul seeks after living things, substantial and undying realities; nothing but a full, free, and unconditional salvation by grace will suit its case, or satisfy its vast desires. See the unfolding of Jesus' love to Thomas, who questioned His resurrection from the grave. "Thomas," saith the precious Saviour, "reach hither thy finger and behold My hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into My side, and be not faithless, but believing." Where now is Thomas's creature infidelity? Like the accusers of the poor woman we read of in John viii., it is put to silence, and that faith which Thomas possessed is brought into full exercise and power by the precious life-giving words of his Lord, "Thomas answered, My Lord and my God." Here is a sweet recognition and understanding, together with a holy boldness and freedom.

Last Sabbath day one of my brethren drew my attention to the fact of the recent death of one well-known to myself and many more who had been enabled, through grace, to preach God's Christ in various parts of the country; at the same time expressing a wish that a mark of regard should be publicly paid to the memory of one beloved by us through the medium of the EARTHEN VESSEL, that would carry the tidings where otherwise it would not be known. The deceased brother referred to is Mr. THOMAS KERRIDGE, late of Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex. I can give but a brief outline of the life of this man of God. I first became acquainted with him in the year 1864. He then resided at Long Melford, in Suffolk; prior to that time I have been informed he was connected with that body of people called Methodists. The late Mr. Samuel Kemp, who was then pastor of the Baptist Chapel, Hunts Hill, Glemsford, held an open-air service one evening at Long Melford, when by the unerring guidance of divine Providence he attended that service. The Lord was pleased, under that sermon, to open his understanding, and in mercy reveal to him the way and plan of salvation, by distinguishing grace. From that time he attended the ministry of Mr.

Kemp, at Glemsford. The Lord was pleased to bring him to see and practise the order of Believer's Baptism. On Lord's-day, July 3, 1864, he was baptized by our highly esteemed brother, Mr. Whorlow (now of Stowmarket) and received into Church fellowship the same day. From that time till the commencement of his painful and protracted illness, he continued to speak in the name of the Lord the truths of the Gospel of Christ where the Lord was pleased to send him. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing him was on the evening of January 7 of the present year, at Cavendish. His text was, "God so loved the world He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Particulars of his illness and death I am unable to give, but of him, with confidence, it may be said, he died in the faith, on Wednesday, June 20, 1883.

ROBERT PAGE.

Cavendish, July 5, 1883.

THE WOLVES IN WOOL.

"But where shall wisdom be found?"

DEAR FRIEND,—In this age of bustle and conflicting opinions concerning religion, by which many persons are rather staggered and confused in mind about it than made to see and feel what it really is, infidelity is loud in crying it down as nothing better than delusion. So that, one way or another, religion, as it is in truth and reality, has something to contend with in these days, as it had in earlier times, "and there are many adversaries." The object of this communication is not to decide the great question at issue between *such* religion and infidelity, as every grace-taught believer knows on which side of it the truth lies, *having the witness in himself*. No, it is rather to suggest the inquiry, concerning those who have not the same kind of experimental evidence to guide them to right conclusions about it, whether the general tendencies of the religious world, as observed by themselves, have not a good deal to do with the lapse of many of them into infidelity, and with confirming them in it? It is usual with those who deplore the existence of this great evil, in trying to account for it, to attribute it to other causes, such as the corruption and enmity of the human heart, and a depraved sympathy with the world's sin, which undoubtedly work that way. But those things are common to all in their state of nature, and yet there are many in that state who are not infidels. Infidels have become such chiefly from misapprehension of what religion really is, through the diabolical or foolish misrepresentations of it by its worst foes, and through the repulsive villainies of the wolves in wool.

Most of those of the present generation who are said to have broken wholly away from religion, and left the churches and chapels half empty, were brought up in some sort of connection with them, if only as Sunday-scholars, or attendants at public services. But they are gone, some into agnosticism, some into the wilds of dissipation and pleasure, and some into the dark depths of atheism. It can hardly be said of these men, at the least of their leaders, that they are *ignorant*, in the ordinary sense of the term. They at any rate are readers, both of their

own times, and of history. In reading the times we live in, with a view to forming their opinions of religion as it appears to them; what do they see? They see that the teachers and professors of religion cannot agree among themselves about what it is, or in what it consists; and that so-called Christians are not distinguishable from other people, except by their profession, especially as regards their golden rule. They see a variety of Churches, and of Church parties, striving for mastery, not unfrequently by base, despicable means. They see—or might if they got closer to what is going on—priests, parsons, and more private individuals, plotting, using deceitful dodges, and working machinery of mischief on the sly to ruin some rival interest, or some obnoxious brother, which must remind them of torpedoes and dynamite explosives, and afford them infinite amusement at the many ingenious ways there are of serving God, and of doing good to mankind. Or, if they read history, what does *that* show them? It shows them that, for many centuries before the present one, Christendom was mostly made up of murderers and martyrs; that the ruling powers were ready tools in the hands of a vile priesthood, to inflict the vengeance of a false and persecuting Church on such as differed from it and remained faithful to the Gospel.

And what must be the effect of all that on the mind of anyone who is already prejudiced against religion, but to make him more than ever averse to it, more than ever unwilling to believe *that* to be divinely true and good—the sum of all excellence—zeal for which has made its loudest pretended guardians such monsters, and entailed such miserable hardships on its truest and best friends. With a keen eye for religious imposture and sham, for detecting selfish designs under pious professional pretences, the sceptic finds enough on the wrong side of religion to satisfy him that his opinions of it are correct, and does not care to go out of his way to examine its other side in order to find the real truth of the matter, and thus to “prove all things and hold fast that which is good.” With so much at stake between the truth and him, he ought not to exult over the dross of a spurious Christianity without allowing himself to see the gold of the TRUE, of which the evidences are as real as those of the other.

However, strongly as infidelity is to be reprobated, and that on all accounts, it is but unbelief fully developed; and many an infidel has, through grace, lived to see his error and danger, and to become, in the language of one such, “a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.” Such is the force of divine truth upon the heart of man, making all in him that is opposed give way to it, when it is manifested to his mind and conscience “in demonstration of the Spirit,” and saving power to his soul. But all are not thus favoured; and that men of a certain cast of mind should turn to infidelity, in sheer contempt of the folly or ferocity which they mistake for Christianity, is the less to be wondered at, at least when only the human side of the matter is considered. For it is a fact but too well known to some that there are sound believers of long standing, who, with no great admiration of the lively farcical nonsense that has *rather* too much taken the place of sober seriousness in religious circles, have at times been so confounded by the force of what they had to contend with from the wolves and vipers of a false profession, that they know not what to think, either of other people or of themselves,

and must have ceased to believe in the reality of religion, but for what they saw of it in some others, added to the evidence and conviction of its truth which they had on other grounds corroborated by the Word of God, and by the working of His Providence.

Truly yours,

T. C.

Felmersham.

“I AM HIS.”

“THOU, Lord, this breast which once was dark
Hath wakened unto life;
Nor wilt Thou leave the struggling bark
To shipwreck 'mid the strife.”

“I AM HIS!” This sentence—so short, so certain, so full of heavenly cordials—belongs to the inner world, to the regions of spiritual life, to what David calls “the *hidden part*” (Psa. li. 6). Strange it may appear to the tender, humble mind that David, in his most penitential psalm, in his confessional unbosoming of his sorrowful soul before GOD, strange that his soul should rise up to such an apprehension of the hidden mystery as to exclaim, “*Behold!*” What? Why, this: “Thou desirest TRUTH in the *inward parts*”—in the mind, in the heart, in the conscience. But there is a deeper recess, there is a more secret habitation of the new-born soul than the mere inward parts; David calls it “the HIDDEN part”—“In the hidden part Thou shalt make me TO KNOW WISDOM,” to know CHRIST as the Husband of His spouse, as the Fountain of eternal life, as the Spring of divine love, ever flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb, and rising up again to its original Source in sacred raptures of experience, when all the *outside*, the past, the present, and the external future may be full of dark commotions of conflicting powers; yet, even then, FAITH, the nurse and the nourisher of the soul, shall whisper, “Christ of God is made unto thee wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;” “Christ *in thee* is the hope of glory,” the lifter up of thy head.

“Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on THEE.”

There is a countless quantity of outside, of visible, of practical religion. The Church of Rome is one grand show-bazaar. She sells her rich treasures to the highest bidders. Our own national Church is an astonishingly large ceremonial worker. “A Hungering Soul” writes thus:—

“Neither surplices nor choral services, neither bowings nor processions, neither flowers nor crosses, will ever feed a living soul, nor impart life to a dead one. If Christ came to demand, ‘Watchman, what of the night?’ must not many of the clergy reply, ‘Lord, I have tried to make Thy worship attractive?’ Might He not justly say, ‘Who hath required this at your hand? My command was, “Feed My sheep:” and you are confessedly trying to attract those who are not My sheep at all, instead of obeying My command.’ The true sheep echo the Psalmist’s cry, ‘How sweet are Thy words to my taste!’ The others say, ‘Our soul loatheth this light bread, give us attractive services.’”

The cathedrals, the abbeys, the magnificent Noncon. Churches, chapels,

halls, and external processions, all are public demonstrations of what is called "*religion*;" and I fear that, as these visible, these gaudy and noisy exhibitions increase, the interior, the supernatural, the genuine, heaven-born power and pleasure of GODLINESS IN THE HIDDEN PART, becomes less, and more difficult to find. But it is a settled law of the new covenant that all God's children shall be taught of the LORD, and great shall be the peace of His children.

"Not one of the ransomed shall ever be lost."

Although thousands of the redeemed are bound down here by Satan, by sin, by the world, by the flesh, by ceremonies, by cold creeds, and by cruel taskmasters, yet the Holy Ghost will ultimately lead all who are in Christ up the steps of GRACE to the palace of the great High Priest, where each shall certainly, confidently, joyfully, eternally sing: "MY BELOVED IS *mine*, and I AM HIS!"

I have longed to draw out some precious proofs from this high climax of the soul's assurance of its union to the Christ of God, but so many deaths, so many calls for help, so many appeals to visit, to minister, to write, and to wait upon the children of sorrow, that I must defer, for this month, to get into this river of love. May you, dear reader, in private communion, obtain some earnest of this exalted relationship, which stands far above the clouds of our fears, of our different feelings, far above the misty, murky, flimsy, frail ministry of many, and of the empty, wordy boasting of not a few. O, child of God, may you hear the precious Head of the Church say in your soul, "Thy Maker is thine Husband, the Lord of hosts is His name!" Then shall thy soul most comfortably re-echo,

"I AM HIS."

So believeth thy anxious servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

South Hackney, July, 1883.

"A WORD FOR THE DISTRESSED."

OUTLINE OF WEDNESDAY EVENING'S ADDRESS, AT CARMEL, WOOLWICH,
MAY 9, 1883, BY W. OSMOND, PASTOR.

"And straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer: it is I, be not afraid."—Matt. xiv. 27.

WE have often thought that the disciples of our Lord were highly favoured—not only to be called by the word of Christ at the first, but He was pleased to increase within them that life, and love, and knowledge as they were able to bear it. He said to them, "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit;" so in this divine ordination of continuous love the Lord was making known to them more fully Himself and the glory of His perfections.

Our text is a revelation of divine mercy and grace, to comfort and cheer the downcast and fearing of the Lord's family in their deepest distress is the immediate opportunity of Jesus to deliver them. The disciples were ready to perish in the watery wave; the storm had arisen,

and they were at least three miles from shore, and probably expected every moment to be lost. But Jesus appeared to their salvation and deliverance. In referring to the chapter we shall see plainly that the disciples' danger and distress was "divinely arranged," the Lord Himself knew what He would do, therefore He constrained them to get into the ship and go before Him on the other side; they, therefore, were in the path of duty; they obeyed the word of the Lord, although in this dangerous position. From this we may learn that obedience to the will of God does not always free us from apparent danger, neither may we expect it to be a smooth path. Our Jesus is the Speaker in the text, and this very name creates delight in the breast of every saint—a Saviour, a Friend of sinners; the poor, needy, helpless, homeless, hopeless, undone, lost, hell-deserving. A Saviour of such, how welcome. He must be great in love, mercy, and goodness, to save these miserable creatures from their sin and woe, from the wrath to come unto holiness, unto Himself and eternal life and bliss. He is a complete Saviour through all the way, in the midst of temptation, trial, fears, and foes. He is a "gracions" Saviour to sustain, strengthen, and support in all times of affliction, weakness, and bereavement. He is a merciful Saviour to sympathise and to help in every time of need. He is an All-sufficient Saviour to defend, to redeem, to justify and glorify all the dear people of God. This Jesus is the Speaker, hence His words are adapted to those to whom He spake; they were His disciples, exposed to danger, wind, storm, and wave, all tempestuous—a sight, an omen of death, as they supposed, the Spirit, and there were many about in that day, the fear and dread alarms of death and destruction. His words were timely, powerful, comforting, reviving, and strengthening to them.

Are not many of the Lord's disciples now on the troubled sea, on the billows and waves of time, tossed up and down, to and fro, fearing lest they shall perish; the storms of life, and the winds of persecution assail, foes without and fears within, external, internal, and infernal woes, seem to be the destruction awaiting them. But, no, Jesus is near; He speaks to thee in words of love and tenderness, "Be of good cheer: it is I"—not an evil spirit, not the spirit of darkness and death, but the Spirit of love, grace, mercy, peace, and divine help; it is I, thy Saviour, Redeemer, Comforter, thy Almighty Friend and Brother, thy God, thy Shield, thy everlasting Strength and Deliverer. "Be of good cheer" will dispel thy fears, will sustain and strengthen, and revive thee in all thy distresses; storms of sorrows may come, depths of affliction may be thy lot, but "be of good cheer" shall be the spring of joy and rejoicing; in the midst of tribulation; His gracious hand and loving heart shall chase away all thy darkness and tormenting fear. Yes, distressed soul, in His presence, power, and Word, shall all thy fears be removed, all thy joys shall abound, and thou rest secure in His love. We learn that in our extremity is the Lord's opportunity. Oh, for grace to trust Him when we cannot trace Him, that whatever our trial—and the trials of the Christian are various, multitudinous, and continuous—yet the Lord, the Saviour, the Friend that loveth at all times, is always near at hand in His Almighty power and Godhead. May the Lord the Spirit convey the blessing to every distressed soul, for His name's sake. Amen.

LINES ON THE LATE HENRY WALTER,

Who died July 14, 1883, in the 65th year of his age, at his residence, Wandsworth-road. For over thirty years a member of the Surrey Tabernacle.

"ONE gentle sigh his fetters break,
We scarce could say he's gone,
Before his spirit took its flight
To mansions near the throne."

He lived as a Christian; was a most devoted husband and loving father, rejoicing in a covenant ordered in all things and sure. He was one of those upon whom the Lord was pleased to shine so that he could with confidence say, "My Beloved is mine and I am His." He was never suffered to doubt and fear as some are. His language was—

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of All."

He leaves a widow and family to mourn his loss, but their loss is his eternal gain. The language of his widow is—

My dearest partner gone
To join the host above;
And there before the throne
To sing redeeming love.

We too shall soon be there,
And join to praise the King,
And in His glory share,
And of His praises sing.

"Thy will be done."
My God, how can I say
These words unless to me
Thou say'st, I am the way,
My glory thou shalt see?

He was interred at Nunhead Cemetery, July 18, by Mr. Mead, in the presence of a number of friends.

LINES SUGGESTED IN THE CLAPHAM ROAD, AFTER LEAVING THE PRAYER MEETING AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE, WANSEY STREET.

"Them also I must bring."

What a glorious consolation
(Tis the sinner's only trust)
To hear the Saviour's proclamation,
"Bring My sheep to heaven I must."
Dear Redeemer, must Thou bring them
To that home where sorrows end?
The monster death shall never sting
them,
Blest with such a heavenly Friend.
Must Thou bring them, blessed Jesus,
Art Thou bound by sacred ties,
From our bondage to release us?—
What a joyful, sweet surprise.
Must Thou bring them, Mighty Saviour,
To Thy Father's throne above?

Though they've mocked by their behaviour,
Yet they're objects of Thy love.
Must Thou bring them, Lord of glory,
All to hear the Gospel sound?
Tell, oh, tell the pleasing story
Unto earth's remotest bound.
Had'st not Thou Thyself thus spoken,
Such sublime and glorious news;
We who all thy laws have broken,
Dare not utter words like those.
May I be built on this foundation,
With Thy righteous image drest,
And hear the blessed declaration,
"Enter thy eternal rest."

LINES SUGGESTED IN THE SURREY TABERNACLE, ON HEARING A SERMON PREACHED FROM THE WORDS, "O IMMANUEL!"

Oh, Immanuel, God the Son,
What a victory Thou hast won,
Conquered death, and hell, and sin,
Thy beloved Church to win.
Oh, Immanuel, can it be
Thou wilt come and dwell with me;
And make my sorrows all Thine own,
To place me near Thy sacred throne?

Oh, Immanuel, God with us,
Did'st Thou for Me endure the curse;
And suffer on the accursed tree,
That I with Thee might ever be?
Oh, Immanuel, grant that I
In Thee may live, and in Thee die,
And rise triumphant in that dress,
Thy glorious, spotless righteousness.

HENRY WALTER.

OUR CAPTAIN AND HIS CONQUEST.

Extract from a Sermon by Christmas Evans.

AFTER the prophets of ancient times had long gazed through the mists of futurity at the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow, a company of them were gathered together on the summit of Calvary. They saw a host of enemies ascending the hill, arrayed for battle, and most terrific in their aspect. In the middle of the line was the law of God, fiery and exceedingly broad, and working wrath: on the right wing was Beelzebub with his troop of infernals; and on the left Caiaphas, with his Jewish priests, and Pilate, with his Roman soldiers. The rear was brought up by Death, the last enemy. When the holy seers had escaped this army, and perceived that it was drawing nigh, they started back and prepared for flight. As they looked round they saw the son of God advancing with intrepid step, having His face fixed upon the hostile band. "Seest Thou the danger that is before Thee?" said one of the men of God. "I will tread them in My anger," He replied, "and trample them in My fury." "Who art Thou?" said the prophet. He answered, "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." "Wilt Thou venture to the battle alone?" asked the seer. The Son of God replied, "I looked, and there was none to help, and I wondered there was none to uphold; therefore, My own arm shall bring salvation unto Me, and My fury shall uphold Me." "At what point will they commence their attack?" inquired the anxious prophet. "I will just meet the Law," He replied, "and pass under the curse; for, 'Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God.' When I have succeeded in the centre of the line the colours will turn in My favour." So saying He moved forward. Instantly the thunderings of Sinai were heard, and the whole band of prophets quaked with terror. But He advanced undaunted amid the gleaming lightnings. For a moment He was concealed from view, and the banner of wrath waved alone in apparent triumph. Suddenly the scene was changed. A stream of blood poured forth from His wounded side and put out all the fires of Sinai. The flag of peace was now seen unfurled, and consternation filled the ranks of His foes. He then crushed with His bruised heel the old serpent's head, and put all the infernal powers to flight. With His iron rod He dashed to pieces the enemies on the left wing like a potter's vessel. Death still remained, who thought himself invincible, having hitherto triumphed over all. He came forward brandishing his sting, which he had whetted on Sinai's tables of stone. He darted it at the Conqueror, but it turned down, and hung like the flexible lash of a whip. Dismayed, he retreated to the grave, unto which the Conqueror pursued. In a dark corner of his den he sat on his throne of mouldering skulls, and called upon the worms, his hitherto faithful allies, to aid him in the conflict; but they replied, "His flesh shall see no corruption." The sceptre fell from his hands. The Conqueror seized him, bound him, and condemned him to the lake of fire; and then rose from the grave, followed by a band of released captives, who came, after His resurrection, to be witnesses of the victory He had won.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"THE OLD ORTHODOX FAITH, THE FAITH OF GOD'S ELECT."—That is plain speaking, that comes home in strong sympathy with all the first and best feelings of our soul, when first we knew the Lord, and *thought* we knew ourselves; but although carried up in high faith and affection in and to the Lord of life and glory, we learned, afterwards, we did not know that the heart was deceitful above all things; that sin was a gilded, attractive, seducing, soul-destroying monster; hence there was a need's be, that by manifold temptations, our faith should be tried, even as by fire; so tried, that all our joys in the doctrines of grace, all our experiences arising out of the revelations of the Person and grace of Christ, all our apparent usefulness, all, all appeared dashed to the winds, and we—soul, body, possessions, prospects, yea, everything—was burnt up and

"Buried in sorrows and in sins,
At hell's dark door we lay."

Now, if there was not a predestination unto life eternal, a God-ordained election in Christ; if there was not a love that was everlasting, and a God who could say, "*I change NOT*; therefore ye sons of Jacob are *not* consumed;" but for these ancient bulwarks of sovereign mercy, how could any poor, Satan-wrecked soul be saved? How indeed! The Rev. Edward Wilkinson, of Christ Church, Leamington, has recently issued the fifteenth thousand of his noble pamphlet, entitled, *Death to Popish and Arminian Doctrines*, &c., which is published by Shaw and Co., Paternoster-row, from whom any bookseller can obtain this five-chambered revolver, and which is enough to lay all false religions in the dust, if the scales of ignorance, of darkness, and of spiritual death had not filled the natural man with enmity and malice against the sovereign reign and rule of the Lord God Almighty. Mr. Wilkinson, of Christ Church Lodge, Leamington, is a British back-bone believer, a most decided man of God, witness for truth, and, instrumentally, a firm defender of the faith. Read and circulate his pamphlet. One of the worst features in the ministers of this age is their hypocritical holding Calvinistic doctrines, but preaching a mixed and mongrel theology, which the Son of God did not preach, which God, by the prophets, did never sanction; which none of the apostles ever believed; nor is the Arminian heresy to be found in any of the ancient

confessions of the Church's faith. The Arminian heresy, *like a flood*, has overflowed the banks of our once Protestant England. Who shall drive back this flood? None can but the Lord. He will lift up a standard against falsehood. Mr. Wilkinson is one of the Lord's standard-bearers; encourage him.

The Treasury.—(John Haddon & Co., 3, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, E.C.)—This excellent, substantial, and well-produced volume is "a companion tune-book to Psalms and Hymns, for school and home, with additional tunes, chants, &c., compiled and edited by Joseph B. Mead." Mr. Mead has herein concentrated the excellencies of all standard collections. The value and usefulness of this work has been tested by some of our artistes, and it is become a beloved and fond companion. *The Treasury*, by Joseph B. Mead, will certainly become an extensively-used friend in Churches, schools, and families at home and in the colonies.

Mr. C. Cornwell's Report of the Discussion, &c., is receiving an extensive acceptance. The second thousand is now selling, and a new edition of the "*Peculiar Dome*" is issued. To be had of the author, 106, Dalryell-road, Stockwell, London, S.W.

TEARS OF THE BACKSLIDER.—All sorts of tears are considered in William Frith's "words of comfort to the tried, afflicted, and bereaved," which will be found in his new edition of that admirable little volume called *Tears of the Pilgrims*, which has been printed and bound in the best style by R. Banks, and is published by S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster-row. We would not send a packet of *saw-dust* to any of our pilgrims; but if any of the well-to-do charitable souls felt disposed to give us fifty or a hundred volumes of this *Tears of the Pilgrims*, we would send a copy to each of those aged, bed-ridden, and poor children of the faith to whom we are constantly communicating; and although some of them might not think William Frith's *Tears* hardly spiced high enough, yet all contrite spirits, all truly humble souls, would find some spiritual balsamic elixirs which, by the Lord's blessing, might enable them to sleep comfortably on the pillows of the divine promises. Mr. Frith is the minister of the Gunnersbury Martyrs' Memorial Church. What he preaches we know not; but he writes good things for sorrowful saints.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE

MR. CHARLES HILL IN LONDON.

"Heroes of the cross are found,
Standing on solid Gospel ground;
But still, the masses seldom care
To hear the man that's just and fair."

Thirty-five years since, or thereabouts, the late Mr. Smy, then the post-office president of Saxmundham, came to London and invited me to go to Aldringham, on the Suffolk coast. I went. What came of that journey I wish to relate another time. Young Mr. Charles Hill was then spoken of as a man of much promise. He soon became the pastor of Stoke Ash, where he has been pastor and preacher for something like four-and-thirty years. When I was listening to him the other evening, I thought of the old "*Hebrew name-expounder*" who once took me into his study, which was a square room, literally crammed with books from floor to the ceiling. He asked me if I knew which of the Hebrew tribes I came from. I told him my thoughts. He replied I was correct; but that conversation I also leave now. I felt exceedingly thankful to see and to speak to Mr. Hill; and when he came to my chapel, in Speldhurst-road, on July 19, and preached from, "Our Gospel came to you, not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance," I cannot describe how little I felt myself to be, and how richly endowed he evidently was as a minister of the true Gospel. As a preacher, as an orator, he has a mind (as Deacon Stanton said) like a fountain, and a manner most effective and telling. Only one thought here. The "*Hebrew name-expounder*" always declared that in a man's name there were, to some extent, the elements of his life. Ah, I said to myself, what a difference between "CHARLES HILL" and "CHARLES WATERS BANKS." In the first, "Charles Hill," there is a man, with a full-grown presence, a face of comprehensive mildness, with eyes of intellectual penetration, a regular Gospel mouth, a voice soft, sweet, and clear, a manner as *quietly forcible* as the most delicate hearer could wish; ideas fresh as the ever-flowing spring, and language chaste and superior. A "*Hill*" in every sense of the word; a fair and fruitful "*Hill*" which has been rising higher and higher in the esteem and in the affections of the people for many, many years; while the second "*Charles*," answering to the name, has been plunged into "*WATERS*" of almost every kind for over seventy years; and when he has

strove hard to get up out of the "*Waters*" by climbing up the "*BANKS*," stones have been hurled at him by sly, jealous, yet, perhaps, well-meaning persons, which have sent him into the "*Waters*" again and again. It was the lot of his father and his mother, and it has been the lot, more or less, of their first-born son, of whom the pastor of the Church to which Thomas and Kitty Banks belonged, said to the mother, after praying for her safe recovery from confinement, "Mrs. Banks, take this boy, and nurse him for God," which sentence, the mother told her son, "produced faith in her soul, that God would make some use of the boy-baby, then only recently brought into this world;" and when I can truly survey the streams of sovereign mercy which have ever followed me, whether in the *Waters* of affliction, or on the *Banks* of striving to rise up, when I survey the services the Lord has wonderfully given to me, although I have been as "a sparrow alone upon the house-top," I am filled with desires to praise God for raising up such blessed men as Charles Hill, praying also that Charles Waters Banks may of the Lord find mercy in that day.

THE RECOGNITION OF MR. JOSEPH WILKINS, AS PASTOR OF HEATON ROAD CHAPEL, PECKHAM RYE.

Two of the most entertaining and instructive services perhaps ever enjoyed within the walls of that noble edifice known as Mount Zion, Peckham-rye, were held on Thursday, July 12. It will be presumably gratifying to the London and suburban Churches to have Mr. Wilkins once more within their circle. We are, however, almost sure that our brother's absence from Suffolk will cause a vacuum which will be difficult to fill, and our regard for the Church at Wotton, in which he stood for some time as pastor, is great, arising especially from our personal knowledge of him and from the enjoyable remembrance we have of its earlier pastor, the late venerable John Cooper.

The services of the day were under the able presidency of W. Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, who gave out the appropriate opening hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

And Mr. F. G. Burgess, of Chelmsford, read 2 Cor. iv., and offered the recognition prayer. Mr. Beach followed with a happy speech, full of good thoughts for the pastor elect and for the Church at Mount Zion. Mr. Beach then called upon Mr. S. Wadsworth, one of the respected deacons, to state the reasons

the Church had in selecting Mr. Wilkins as their pastor.

Mr. Wadsworth remarked that after some months of earnest prayer to God that He would send the Church an under shepherd, agreeable to the apostolic statement (1 Pet. v. 2), which prayer the Lord mysteriously answered through the instrumentality of brethren W. Kempstone and John Wheeler; the latter friend knowing brother Wilkins was about to visit London to see his son from America, recommended the friends at Heaton-road to give him an attentive hearing for a Lord's-day, which they wisely acceded to, and the blessing resulting from that occasion led to subsequent engagements, which, in due course, terminated in his (Mr. Wilkins) being mutually accepted as pastor of the Church, and which the friends and ministers had come to recognise and to honour. Mr. Wadsworth coupled the name of his brother deacon, Mr. Richard Fenner, with the Church, and publicly acknowledged the timely assistance rendered by brethren Holden, Reynolds, Squirrel, Anderson, Box, Higham, Nugent, Kempston, Wheeler, Tooke, and others.

Mr. Beach then having expressed his appreciation of the call of the Church, asked brother Wilkins to confirm the statement, and to give some public expression of the principles he intended to set forth in his new sphere of labour. Mr. Wilkins very manfully and accurately declared the truths he intended to preach; and, as we were all happy to hear, he assured the friends that he was not a *Fullerite*, nor an *Arminian*, nor an *all-sides-man*, nor was he a *border-line-man*; he could not give his hand and heart, and wish God-speed to anyone who was not right and honest in the truth as it is in Jesus, although he loved all them that loved the Lord Jesus Christ. He also held with the Scriptural doctrine of the atonement, which he considered was an equivalent for the crimes of all the people of God, and not for more nor less. Mr. Wilkins also stated that in early days he was an Arminian, but being led to hear the late James Wells, God was pleased to bless the Word by him, which soon deprived young Joseph Wilkins of his Arminianism, and so confirmed the truth in his soul by the preaching of Mr. Austin. Mr. Wilkins intended to preach the truth as he had done for some years, in love, not at a sacrifice of one holy principle of God's blessed Word. Our brother Wilkins' speech was well received by all present.

Mr. C. W. Banks was the first minister of long-standing called upon to speak in confirmation of the statement made by the Church, and of the testimony of the pastor elect. Mr. Banks, taking Mr. Wilkins by the hand in a fatherly and loving manner, spoke of God, of heaven, of the Church and the world witnessing the circumstances that were taking place in sealing the union of the pastor and Church. Mr. Wilkins had been thirty-four years in the ministry, and out of that long period Mr. Banks had known him thirty years. Mr. Banks gave

a concise piece of biography, relating to another Joseph, as also of the Joseph Wilkins then present. Mr. Banks also spoke faithfully and firmly of the servants and their services, as recorded by John in Rev. xxii. 3, 4, and testified of the New Testament calling as being *certain*, for when the Master said, "Follow Me," they who were called were at once obedient to the call. The work of the ministry, said Mr. Banks, was a definite one, and men were called to be firm and certain in the enunciation of Gospel sentiments, and confirmed the expression of good Dr. Owen, that if we did not possess God here we should not realise Him in heaven. After a few more leading thoughts on the complexity of Christ, and of the Trinity in Unity as concerned in the salvation of poor sinners, and after wishing the pastor and Church every Gospel blessing, Mr. Banks gave place to Mr. John Bennett, who also rejoiced in the testimony he had heard from the pastor and Church, and considered with us that the worth of a man was not always to be measured by the pecuniary advantages or losses the Church might be subject to, nor was a man as the pastor altogether responsible as to the chapel being always filled.

A few more words of a solid and weighty nature by Mr. Bennett brought the afternoon meeting to a close. Mr. Beach announced the grand old doxology by Bishop Ken; and a goodly number of friends adjourned to the vestry, where a substantial tea awaited appetite.

In the evening, Mr. Beach presiding, gave out the well-known hymn,

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

Mr. J. Parnell offered earnest prayer; and after a few words from Mr. Beach, on the relative duties of Church members, Mr. P. Reynolds spoke on the true nature and constitution of a Christian Church. Mr. Holden treated faithfully of the duty of all members to sustain the principles of truth, and enlarged happily on Heb. xiii. 7.

Other speeches of equal interest and power were given by brethren T. Higham, F. G. Burgess, J. Wilkins, and the writer. We hope bright days are in store for the friends at Heaton-road, and that Joseph Wilkins will live long and at last die in their midst of a grand old age, crowned with ministerial success, and with everlasting life. This is the sincere prayer of
W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

LITTLE ILFORD. — DEAR MR. BANKS, — I am thankful to see by VESSEL that you are so much recovered, through the lovingkindness of my God vouchsafed unto you till now. I trust strength will be given you inward and outward, and that years of usefulness may yet be added, if agreeable to the will of your heavenly Father. We here are still provided for, the mighty storehouse being Jesus, ever the same. May you be kept near Him, be directed by Him; soon you shall be where He is, and behold His glory evermore. — Yours, J. D. F.

WHAT DO YOU PREACH?

BROTHER HANKS,—After considering your questions, I have determined to answer them. You say, "What do you preach?" I answer, in the full confidence and assurance of faith in what I state—The sinner's utterly lost condition by nature, and the Church's complete salvation in, by, and through the finished work of our glorious Redeemer. "Where do you get it?" By personal experience of it in myself, and by the gracious communication of the Holy Ghost, who shows me the great store and abundant riches there are in Christ Jesus the Lord, to fill the empty, to enrich the poor, to comfort the sorrowful, and to rejoice the heart of those that are in sadness. "What effect has it?" It makes carnal professors my enemies; but the dear, living souls in Zion rejoice and are glad, and testify to the fact that the Word of the Lord liveth and abideth ever. "Is there any living faith in the people?" Yes, and you find it in places where you least expect. In the various places I am privileged to serve in the Lord—in Essex, Kent, Surrey, Herts, &c.—I could, if it were necessary, show that there is a living people who hold fast the Word of Life, and abide by the truth, and will not confederate with error in any form or shape.

I personally desire to thank you for your outspoken and kindly article in July BARTHEN VESSEL, in reference to the miserable division some try to make about *Standard* and VESSEL men. I do know, having been amongst the people myself, that it is not in the people themselves this separation between brethren; many have asked me to tell them in what consists the difference; and some have said, "Are not you a *Standard* man? You preach like them, the same Christ, the same salvation, the same eternal covenant, the same Holy Ghost, the same new birth." Oh, brother, may the Lord soon take away from amongst us every thing that offends, and turn unto the people a pure language.

In the hope of eternal life, I remain, yours truly, neither a VESSEL, nor a *Standard* man, but a servant of Jesus Christ,

JOHN GARROD.

56, Brewery-road, Islington, N.,
July 12, 1883.

BUCKHURST-HILL. — The twenty-second anniversary of this cause was celebrated on Wednesday, June 20. The pastor, Mr. Henry Cousins, presiding, opened the meeting by reading Acts viii., after which W. Winters addressed the throne of grace. Mr. Cousins made a few introductory remarks on the position of the cause and his long-standing therein; Mr. Gordelier spoke well on title, "Baptist Chapel;" Mr. Dearsly unfolded the true meaning of baptism; Mr. Heath expressed his views on the qualifications for baptism; W. Winters dealt with the principles of the Baptists, and a few remarks by Mr. Vivian brought the meeting to a close. The attendance was good and appreciative.—W. WINTERS.

MEN THAT I HAVE KNOWN.

NO. 3.—JAMES WELLS.

The second godly minister that it was my privilege to hear was James Wells, in the old Surrey Tabernacle, Borough-road. James Wells was a man of God. He was not infallible, but he was a dear and highly-favoured man of God. Paul himself was not infallible. Though a dogmatist in divine truth, he was not a monopolist of human wisdom. He was a dogmatist when he said, "If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached, let him be an anathema." Nevertheless he says, "Think on these things; use your own judgment." He commended the Bereans for testing the ministry by the Scriptures, and he would have every man persuaded in his own mind. Paul had a mind of his own, and he wished other people to look at the great facts of revelation, not with his, but with their own eyes. Why should we believe what others believe, simply because they believe it? And yet there is this idolatry of opinion to a much greater extent than we can possibly conceive. There is too much rejoicing in John's light. When a minister becomes a favourite we are prone to accept all that he says upon trust. It must be right because he says it. That is moral infatuation; and observation has taught us that there is a good deal of this pinning of faith on the sleeve of our favourite preacher's habit of thought. Paul did not tell his hearers to accept what he said without the exercise of their own individual reason. No, but he said, "Judge what I say. I make no claim to infallibility. The truth I preach is infallible; but I am not, for I say some things by permission, not by commandment." Ministers, however divinely gifted, are but men; and they cannot but reveal themselves as fallible men. We do not accept all that Paul says by permission, any more than we accept the petulance of Elijah, or the passionate words of Jeremiah, or the angry utterances of Jonah. Paul says, "We know but in part." Then what mistakes may grow out of the other part, the unknown part.

I make these remarks because Mr. Wells, gifted as he was, had his weak points—may I not say, his crotchets?—for which some denounced him. But we esteemed him, spite of these, as we do Isaiah, notwithstanding he was "a man of unclean lips." God is wonderfully forgiving; and though we cannot understand our errors, He can do more than that, He can *forgive* them. Men are neither saved nor damned for their opinions. Men may hold very erroneous opinions, and have a faith vastly superior to their opinions. But is it not written, "They shall know the truth"? Yes, verily; and they shall. Martin Luther knew the truth, but he held opinions that were not true, not in harmony with truth. So our late friend might have held opinions that were not according to the oracles of God. Nevertheless he knew the truth, God's method of mercy, the glorious plan of salvation. He worshipped Christ as God, and believed in

Him as God-man, and trusted the salvation of his soul upon the full merit of His blood and righteousness.

When I was a young man my beloved mother gave me an illuminated Testament." The Gospels were illuminated with the four-fold figures of the living creature, as the four symbols of the evangelists; the man for Matthew, the lion for Mark, the ox for Luke, the eagle for John. The man for Matthew, as the early Church said, because he brings out Christ's kingly and human character; the lion for Mark, because of the strength, energy, and bounding rapidity of his delineations; the ox for Luke, because he indicates Christ's priestly and mediatorial offices; the eagle for John, because he soars to heaven, above the clouds of human infirmity, and reveals to us the mysteries of the Godhead, the felicities of eternal life, gazing on the light of immutable truth, with a keen and steady ken.

If I had written the life of Gadsby, I should have illuminated that life with the symbol of Matthew, for he was a man; and he swung the big hammer of truth with all the vigour of the man who swings the sledge-hammer in the forge. Oh, how the Word of God, from his lips, struck home upon the heart! Every word fell with power upon us. And if we were to select a symbol for James Wells, it would be Luke's, because the priestly and mediatorial offices of Christ were his favourite themes; and no man ever presented the suretyship engagements, the vicarious sufferings, the sacrificial and atoning death of Christ, in more forcible language. It was a dear thought to him that Christ was the Priest and the Sacrifice, the Offerer and the Offering. He offered Himself. He was the Priest, Himself the Sacrifice.—AMICUS.

"THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD."

What an inconceivable multitude of bodies will be delivered up from the depths of the mighty ocean! My soul stands amazed, almost to tears, at the thought! Oh, what scenes of sorrow! what shrieks of misery have been witnessed on the seas! Dr. Robertson says: "In a terrific storm in 1860 the ship *Success*, of Nantes, was wrecked in making Irvine harbour, on the Ayrshire coast. Her crew of seven perished, and their bodies were washed ashore. By the exertions of a sailor's daughter in the town an obelisk was placed over the grave in the parish churchyard in which the poor French sailors were interred, and the following verses were inscribed on the stone:—

"Seven dead the sea gave to the shore
To wrap beneath the sod,
Till they, and we, shall stand before
The judgment seat of God.

Their names, their lives, their faith unknown,
These dumb dead here arrive;
But what's now hid shall all be shown
When they stand here alive.

Sail on, dark coffin'd fleet of seven—
On to Revealing Day;
And may we make the harbour heaven—
Not lost nor cast away."

A BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL OF THE LATE MRS. S. COTTAM, OF SYDNEY.

Her convictions while in Church of England—invited to a baptizing service—her soul much exercised—her union to Christ—her baptism—her emigration to Australia—death of her husband—married to Mr. Cottam—heard Mr. John Bunyan McCure—her decision—trial of her faith—her sufferings, death, &c.

The late Mrs. Cottam was a native of Liverpool, England; her family being all members of the Church of England, she was brought up as a member of the same. When she arrived at the age of 18 years she married, and removed with her husband to Manchester, where she resided for some years, and continued a regular attendant at the Church of England. Some few years after her settlement in Manchester, one of her neighbours, who was a member of a Baptist Church meeting for worship in a small chapel in Oak-street, told her there was going to be some baptisms at their chapel on a certain evening, and invited her to come and see them; she readily assented, as she had never witnessed anything of the kind; in fact, she was almost ignorant of there being a denomination of Baptists. Accordingly, on the evening appointed she went, along with her neighbour, to witness the ordinance, and it appears the Lord blessed the witnessing of that ordinance to her soul, for in speaking of this matter, she said she felt her mind completely awed; she was thoroughly convinced that it was the true and Scriptural method of baptism; it caused her to search out all the passages in the New Testament which spoke upon the subject. The result was, her mind became fully satisfied; she wondered she had never seen the matter in its true light before. She had previously been the subject of strong convictions of sin, and of her need of a Saviour, and the witnessing of this ordinance having wrought so powerfully upon her mind, she felt quite sure that she could not rest until she had passed through it herself. Her perplexity was her felt unfitness. During this state of uneasiness, one of the city missionaries, in his rounds, paid her a visit, and, after reading a portion of the Word of God to her, and expounding the same, she opened her mind to him upon the subject, and told him her difficulties and anxieties. He sympathised with her, but, being a city missionary, he was precluded from entering upon *dogma*; so after engaging in prayer he told her he would go and see the Baptist minister she had heard, and state her case to him, which he accordingly did. The minister lost no time in visiting her, which he frequently did. She was led to the decision of putting on Christ by baptism, and united with the Church. How often would she speak of the happiness she enjoyed in connection with that little Church.

In consequence of becoming very much tried and straitened in temporal matters through the depression of trade, she, with

her husband, emigrated to this colony in the beginning of the year 1848. On her arrival here, she immediately sought out and became a member of Bathurst-street Church. Some few months after her arrival in the colony, her husband died, and she remained a widow for three years. In September, 1851, our brother Cottam arrived in Sydney, and became acquainted with our deceased sister, to whom he was married on March 22, 1852; so that at the time of our sister's departure they had been together just 31 years. On the arrival of our brother McCure in Sydney in 1861, they went to hear him preach in the Oddfellows' Hall, Sussex-street. They felt they could no longer remain members of Bathurst-street Church; accordingly, they sought admission, and were received into fellowship with this Church on November 4, 1861, four months after its formation. The ministrations of brother McCure was very much blessed of God to our deceased sister. She has often said that by the plainness and clearness of his preaching on the doctrines of grace, which so accurately accorded with her own feelings and experience, she soon thoroughly understood and rejoiced in them; and such was her delight in attending the means of grace, that she never allowed anything but sickness to prevent her from filling her place in the house of God.

Although our deceased sister was so well grounded in the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, and realised their blessedness in her soul, she was not one that could give expression to her feelings and experiences in words by way of conversation, but could do so very clearly in writing, as our brethren, pastors Young and Barnber, can testify by the large amount of correspondence that was carried on between her and them; but more especially was she zealous for the ordinance of believers' baptism by all who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus. One instance by way of illustration. Some years ago, when the late Rev. B. Quaife was preaching in our chapel, the ground of his discourse was, "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth" (Rev. xiv. 4). On the following day she wrote to Mr. Quaife, charging him with inconsistency in his practice as compared with his preaching, showing that they who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, follow Him *through* the water, for He led the way, and *commanded* His disciples to follow Him: "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Several letters passed between them upon the subject, when Mr. Quaife declined to continue the correspondence, saying there was no likelihood of arriving at a mutual agreement. But though our late sister was thus grounded and settled in her doctrinal views, and realised so much joy and peace in her experience of them, she was many times the subject of darkness and doubt, arising from a deep sense of indwelling sin and inward corruption, that, to use her own words, she was not able even to cry unto God for mercy. But when it pleased the gracious Lord to cause His face to shine upon her, she then saw that it was

her adversary, the devil, that had been assailing her.

About three years ago the cancer which resulted in her death began to form in her right breast. She sought medical advice upon it, but at the time the formation was so small that the medical men could not pronounce upon it, and there appeared to be no perceptible enlargement until about fifteen months ago, when it began to enlarge rapidly; it was then declared to be a true cancer, and incurable; she felt no pain from it, but about three months afterwards it pained her slightly at first, and nine months ago she had an attack of the sciatica, which gave her excruciating pain, and from that time until her death she was never off her bed, and though she suffered so much, she always maintained a cheerful spirit. She was never heard to utter a single murmur, and when reference was made to her pain, she would sometimes say—

"Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long.
 And then, oh, how pleasant
 The conqueror's song."

"My pains are nothing to what Jesus suffered for me." Although suffering such severe pain, often was she heard in the middle of the night singing in a clear voice, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "For ever with the Lord," and "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

These were her favourite hymns. She continued apparently in much the same condition as she had been for some time previous, neither better nor worse, until the Sunday before she died. On that day, between 11 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon, a sudden change for the worse took place; she was seized with most excruciating pains, causing her to scream so fearfully as to be heard a considerable distance off; but the pains did not last long, and when over she seemed exhausted for a time, and a friend who had called in to see her remarked as she was leaving that she would come again to see her in a day or two. Our sister replied, "I would rather you were coming to my funeral." In the afternoon she was more composed and cheerful, and entered cheerfully into conversation with her husband with reference to her funeral; she asked him when he expected pastor Young down from Lambton. On being informed, she said, "Won't it be nice if he comes down in time to bury me?" and thinking her husband might not like to bear her talk in that way, she said, "You know, father, there is no harm in talking about these things, as they will have to be done;" to which he replied, "No, my dear, say all that is in your heart;" she then said, "I would like to have that hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,"
 sung at the grave; and ask Mr. Evans to make a nice white wreath to place on my coffin; and if Mr. Allen should make any reference to me in what is commonly called a funeral sermon, I should like them to sing 'Vital spark' and 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.'"

In the evening she began to feel the pain again; and, in order to relieve it, she took a larger dose of medicine than usual, in accordance with the doctor's order, which put her to sleep, and she slept until noon the next day. When she awoke she wandered occasionally, and some of her friends she could not recognise; she continued in this state, but sinking rapidly, and on Tuesday evening, as she lay motionless and apparently asleep, her husband sat on the side of the bed, and in order to ascertain if she was awake and sensible, he stooped down, and, putting his lips to her ear, said, "My dear, is all well?" She immediately replied, "Yes, yes; all's well." He again said, "Do you feel Jesus precious to you now?" She answered, "Yes, precious, safe in—" but was not able to finish the sentence, no doubt meaning "safe in Jesus." She then opened her eyes wide, and looking her husband full in the face, passed her hand over his breast, and raising it to his head, motioned him to stoop to kiss her. This she did twice over; then she closed her eyes and never opened them again, but continued in that state until the next evening, when her spirit gently passed away, and joined the ransomed throng in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb around the eternal throne.

The notes of Mr. Daniel Allen's funeral sermon are before us, wherein most elaborately he showed the blessedness of those who are in the Lord, and added:

"Thus rests our sister in the tomb,
Till Christ the second time shall come;
Her spirit sings His praise above,
Where all is joy, and peace and love."

So blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, that if Bonner and Gardner were now burning those who love the Lord Jesus and His dear people in Smithfield, I certainly would go there as a candidate for their flames, if the Lord would allow me to do so. I can now understand dear Miles Careless being so sorry that he was kept so long from the stake, and his dear brother taken to it so soon. He so much longed to join in heaven his dear loved ones in the presence of Christ, to praise Him, even those who had gone the fiery way before him. Why should we linger here on earth's poor shores, when we are almost within sight of the heavenly glory? The cadence of their songs almost reach our ears; their white robes, like trailing clouds of glory, seem to be outlined over yonder. The stars are eyelet holes of heaven's glory.

"Hell's dark caverns lie down beneath,
Unlit by heavenly love,
But heaven is radiant with grace,
All's joy and peace above.
There is the great white throne,
What majesty sits there!
It is the majesty of love
That fills that holy chair.

Oh, see the crystal river flow,
Down from this radiant throne;
Look how the glorious spirits drink!
They drink without a groan.

Look how the well-pleased Son of God,
With smiles upon His brow,
Leads millions to that heavenly stream,
Where living waters flow.

Look how His kind and gentle hand
Wipes tears from every eye;
Look how His love fills every heart
In realms beyond the sky.

Look how that rainbow arch the throne
With colours so sublime;
His covenant love in this we see
Divinely made to shine.

Now let Him look which way He will,
He looks beneath that bow;
He looks in covenant love on us,
Poor worthless worms below.

Look how the Tree of Life still grows
In that celestial place;
Millions of spirits take from it
Both glory, truth, and grace.

Look how the golden streets do shine,
For glory is the floor.
The glorious angels march with saints,
And God in Christ adore.

Look how these mighty walls arise,
Defying every foe;
No powers of hell can enter in,
Nor child of God out go.

Look how the pearly gates appear
With an inviting God,
Who welcomes conquerors to His house,
Through death, with staff and rod.

Look at the glorious temple there,
Our God and Christ the Lamb;
For ever in this holy place
We shall adore His name.

Oh, see the blessed Lamb once slain,
What glories crown His brow;
Look how His scars for ever shine,
While angels praise Him now.

Hark! how the blood-bought host above
Conspire to praise His name;
Hark! how they shout before the throne,
'How worthy is the Lamb.'

'Tis thus our kindred in the Lord
Are now before His throne;
'Tis thus they love and bless His name,
And we shall join them soon."

Thus, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."
DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.
Sydney, April 8, 1883.

HACKNEY-ROAD. — At "Shalom," Oval, on Tuesday, 10, the 24th anniversary of Sunday-school was held. The pastor presided, and in his opening remarks spoke of the prosperity of the school, of its usefulness, and of the cordial unanimity of the teachers in the school and the Church. Mr. Mobbs read a report, which referred to the progress of the school, and also told us of two little ones who had left the school and gone to heaven, leaving a sweet testimony behind. Brethren Golding, Branch, Hall, Webb (all members of the Church and preachers of the Gospel), with brethren Hand and Hitchcock, gave excellent spiritual addresses, to the edification of the people. It was a good time. On the previous Sunday afternoon Mr. Myerson preached a sermon from the words, "Why stand ye here idle all the day?" — J. W. B.

BERKHAMPSTEAD. — John Shipton and his friends still stand out for the truth. Mr. East has been called away. On July 13, Mr. Shipton's anniversary was celebrated, and Mr. John Bennett poured out the Gospel in its original form.

SOUTH HACKNEY. — SPELDHURST ROAD.—Anniversary services commemorative of the 40th year of publication of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. We are unable to calculate the immense amount of real good that this magazine has done during the long period of its circulation. The poor sick saints of various causes of truth have been relieved by it, and the struggling ministers and Churches substantially helped through it, all of which will only be fully declared in the great day of days yet to come. Whatever hand or voice may fall unkindly on the head of the editor it will do him no real harm, as his work is genuine, motive pure, and success unquestionable. The editor gratuitously advertises the various meetings connected with Strict Baptist Churches, and has served scores of Churches to his own pecuniary loss, besides helping many a friendless and homeless parson. On the first of the two days of special worship brethren Walter Brown, H. F. Noyes, and C. Cornwell addressed the friends, and Mr. J. Wilkins preached a soul-cheering sermon on *Psa. lxxiii. 7, 8*. Mr. C. W. Banks presided in the evening, and expressed the sentiment of his heart that he was never more happy than when speaking, not of self, but of Christ, and could often sing,—

"Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me."

This was the realisation of his soul during his affliction, when his panting spirit longed for celestial rest, and thought he should have been there ere this. But God, who is all-wise, wisely ordered that he should live, and not die. The Rev. J. W. Banks followed with a spiritually eloquent address on Christ the Master of the House (*Luke xiii. 25*), the Head of the House, the Church, and described Him as the Overseer, the Upholder, the Foundation, the Example, the Pattern, the Servant, which characteristics were typified in Moses, Eliakim, son of Hilkiah, Joshua, son of Josedeck, and many other notable personages of Holy Writ. Speeches were also given by Mr. O. S. Dolbey, Mr. F. C. Holden, and Mr. J. Vaughan. On the second day, W. Winters presiding, called upon Mr. C. Gordelier to address the meeting, after which Mr. Obadiab Stephaus Dolbey, pastor of the Baptist Church, Slaithwaite, Yorkshire, preached a thorough sound Gospel sermon full of Christ, based upon *Ezek. xlv. 23*, "And they shall teach my people the difference between the holy and the profane." Our brother is calculated to fill a large chapel, and to reach the ear of thousands; may our Surrey Tabernacle friends give him a hearing. In the evening that ever-generous and genial-spirited brother, Mr. Henry Hall, presided, and Mr. Robert Banks (brother of C. W. Banks) offered fervent prayer. After a few words of real encouragement from Mr. Hall, Mr. T. Stringer (who had laboured hard to be present for a few moments) expressed his great pleasure in being able just to wish the editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** and all his friends God speed. Mr. Stringer was moderately strong, but we feared the excitement would

overpower him. We do hope, if it is God's will, that Thomas Stringer will again blow the Gospel trumpet on Zion's walls, as it is hard to see a brother like him, full of God's Word, laid aside by affliction while so many of our Churches want stirring up. Excellent Gospel speeches were delivered by brethren J. Parnell, W. J. Styles, J. Bennett, E. Sadler, C. Graham, of New York, E. Langford, H. Welsh, O. S. Dolbey, and others. The attendance during the services, though not over large, was appreciative, and it is to be hoped some permanent good was realised by many precious souls.—W. WINTERS.

PURE TRUTH MISSION.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

This mission was undertaken last May, with the object of distributing some old magazines, tracts, and sermons to the sailors visiting Hull, and to the inmates of the local charities. Since then the object of the mission has extended. Not only have some hundreds of ships been supplied with pure literature, but in several small towns and villages within easy access of Hull, tracts, &c., have been scattered. The greatest care is taken to distribute nothing which savours of the foul heresy of "man's free-will to do good." The choice is confined to those publications which fully recognise the unchangeable sovereignty of Jehovah in His Trinity of Persons, and which uphold the grand doctrine of grace as taught by the Holy Ghost to all the redeemed family (*John vi. 45*). The expenses of the year's work are all covered by donation. The cost of publications has been £12 14s. 4d. The carriage on the same has been 17s. 11d. The cost of die, stamps, paper, &c., was 10s. 5d. Many of the tracts have been recently purchased, and a fair stock remains for next year's distribution. The best thanks of the mission are due to the following gentlemen, who have spontaneously contributed magazines, sermons, and tracts: Messrs. T. Bradbury (London), A. Wilcockson (Hull), W. Bright (Bandon, Ireland), W. Cooke (Leicester), T. Hull (Hastings), Anon. (Hastings), H. Winters (Troy, N. Y., U. S. A.), and John Winters (Albia Troy). The railway carriage on any parcels of sound literature will be gladly paid. The address of the secretary is 12, Crown-terrace, Anlaby-road, Hull.

Hull, April 30, 1883.

"FREE - GRACE SERMONS" on Thursday evenings, by the brethren H. Myerson, J. Vaughan, J. Copeland, W. Winters, J. S. Anderson, Obadiab Stephaus Dolbey, and C. W. Banks, in Speldhurst-road, South Hackney, have been useful to not a few. We hope to continue them by other ministers, if the Lord permit.

IPSWICH.—Mr. Kern and his people have once more had our friend, Isaac Levinsohn, to preach Sunday-school sermons. Many flock to hear the converted Israelite, and valuable collections are raised.

POULNER, NEAR RINGWOOD, HANTS.—The forty-third anniversary of Sunday-school and the cause has been celebrated. On June 17 there was a special service for the young. Pastor G. Duffey presided. The children recited and sang special hymns. Mr. Marchant, of Burley, gave a sweet address. On Thursday, June 21, the annual tea-meeting was held. There was also a public tea provided; about 70 sat down. The splendid decorations of flowers and mottoes by the ladies of the cause called forth much praise from all present. At public meeting we were again delighted to see our friend, R. Jennings, Esq., acting as chairman. Pastor Chas. Hobbs, of Romsey, prayed. The chairman wished the pastor God-speed in his work at Poulner. Mr. G. Duffey gave reports of the past year. It was joyful to know that from the Church at Poulner two of their members had gone out to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. This was a matter of thankfulness to God. The Sunday-school was in a flourishing condition. It was also a pleasure that evening to have three nephews with them to speak a few words to encourage them. He believed that these three nephews of his owed their conversion, under God, to the earnest prayers of their grandmother, an old lady who had gone to glory two years ago, at the good old age of 93. He said this should lead us to pray without ceasing for the conversion of our friends, and then the blessing would come, even if not for many years, yet the harvest would come. Pastor J. Hooper, of Wimborne, said these village Churches enriched the Churches of large towns. The best ministers to go ahead in the work of the Lord were those who came out from village Churches. The more he knew of pastor Duffey the more he was attached to him. The young who left these little village Baptist Churches very often went forth telling out the grand fundamental truths of the Gospel. He said there were a lot of men in the present world who had no principle and no backbone of religion in them. These could listen to any preaching, no matter what it consisted of; but the men he wanted in their Churches were those who would stick to their principles, and not be persuaded to give up the grand truths of the Gospel. Mr. William Lloyd, colporteur of Poole, said his subject was in the words of the Lord to His disciples, "Let your light shine so that you may glorify your Father which is in heaven." He said, "Let us never indulge in vain conversation, but in such conversation as would glorify the Lord Jesus Christ." After the choir had rendered a hymn, entitled, "Is My Name Written There?" pastor C. Hobbs, of Romsey, said he was glad to know that the Lord had still a people to serve Him in Poulner. Never be discouraged, for God buries His workman, but still carries on his work. He appealed to the children in a solemn and suitable manner. Mr. Edwin Wareham came all the way from Clevedon, in Somersetshire, to show his regard for the pastor in his work. Let the teachers of the Sunday-school sow the seed

of the Word in faith, then the reaping-time would come. He had 300 children in his school, and he loved the work. After addresses from Mr. H. J. Wareham, of Wimborne (brother of the last speaker), and Messrs. Castle and Williamson, of Ringwood, the pastor closed one of the most successful anniversaries at Poulner by prayer.

CLAPHAM.—At the twenty-second anniversary of Ebenezer, Wirttemberg-street, Mr. John Hazelton preached in the afternoon, and Mr. C. Hill in the evening. At the conclusion of the afternoon service, Mr. John Hazelton said he had a very pleasing duty to perform. He then, on behalf of the Church and congregation, presented Mr. Hall, the pastor, with a very handsomely bound pulpit Bible, to be used in the pulpit as long as he lived, and then to be handed down as a heirloom to his family, together with a large-type edition of Denham and Watts' hymn-book. Mr. Hall, in acknowledging the presentation, said he was taken quite by surprise, and hardly knew how to express himself; but if that were possible, the union between pastor and people would be greatly strengthened. Mr. Hazelton then said he had yet another pleasing duty, and that was to present Mr. Deards, the clerk, with a copy of Denham's hymns for the use of the desk. [This Clapham "Ebenezer" has not reached one year over its majority without some Wintery seasons; yet, considering it was born in a storm, we cannot review its growth, its arrival to manhood, its harvests and happy days, we cannot look at the origin and the onward marching, the steady prosperity both of pastor and place, without hearing the sweet voice of grateful praise heaving up out of the souls of brother Hall and his faithful friends, exclaiming, "Surely, goodness and mercy have followed us all our days, and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."—C. W. B.]

CLAPHAM.—(From another correspondent).—On Tuesday, July 10, services commemorative of the opening of Ebenezer chapel, Wirttemberg-street, 22 years ago, for the worship of God, were held. The friends assembled in goodly numbers, and a large company sat down to tea. Mr. Hazelton preached in the afternoon upon the words, "I will be to them a God, and they shall be to Me a people," and Mr. Hill in the evening upon the words, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Both sermons were masterly expositions of divine truth, and were listened to by very attentive audiences. Mr. Styles gave out the hymns. After the afternoon service, Mr. Hazelton took the pastor thoroughly by surprise by stating that a few days since he received a note from the friends, informing him that as it was the twenty-fifth year of the pastorate, they wished the event to be noticed by some presentation to their pastor, as a proof of their continued affection, and esteem. The difficulty had been in deciding what form it should take, as he was so mercifully placed

in Providence that in earthly things he wanted for nothing. But they had thought that a Bible and Denham and Watts' Hymns would be a suitable testimonial, and those he (Mr. Hazelton) had the pleasure to present to his brother, which he did in a very kind manner, observing that it would be a heirloom to his brother's family after he had been gathered to his fathers. The Bible is a very handsome one, the very best the friends could get, and bears this inscription, "Presented to Henry Hall by the Church and congregation worshipping at Ebenezer chapel, Clapham, on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate, as a small token of their affection and esteem." The hymn-book is also of the best description, and bears a similar inscription. Mr. Hall was taken so thoroughly by surprise that he could say but little; but he thanked the friends as well as he could, and added that it was perfectly true that domestically, commercially, and in Church relationship, he wanted for nothing earthly. If he did, and it should be known, it would be immediately supplied by those by whom he was surrounded. Still, it was very gratifying to him to have received, during his twenty-five years' pastorate, so many tokens of his friends' affectionate regard. He had had, at different times, presented to him three purses of gold, the first one in 1858 (one was by the hand of the late Mr. Pocock), a handsome time-piece by Mr. Bloomfield, a gold watch by the hand of the late Mr. Thomas Jones, and now a very handsome Bible and hymn-book by Mr. Hazelton. He could not account for these marks of affection, only on one ground, the mercy of God, and to that God should all the praise be given. Mr. Hazelton then said he had not yet done, for he had also to present the deacon, Mr. Deards, who acted as clerk, with Denham's hymns handsomely bound, which he did in an affectionate manner. Mr. Deards, who was taken equally by surprise, expressed his heartfelt thanks in a very feeling manner, and said that while he did not wish anything of the kind, still it was very gratifying to him, as it proved that his services gave satisfaction. We understand that it is not only in the professing Church that Mr. Hall has had tokens of esteem, but that he has also received similar tokens in the world of commerce, the last being a silver tea-service so recently as Christmas last. The services in connection with the Sunday-school, held in April last, were also very satisfactory. Mr. Hazelton was then the preacher. Mr. Wilson was the chairman, and Messrs. Anderson, Bennett, Cornwell, W. Hazelton, Sears, and others, were the speakers. A very effective but short report was read by Mr. Stevens, the superintendent, showing that twenty children had been added to the school during the year, and that out of twelve that went up for examination at the Sunday-school Union, nine of them obtained prizes.

HAYES, MIDDLESEX.—Fortieth anniversary of Salem chapel was held on Tues-

day, July 10. Mr. Box preached morning and afternoon, and Mr. Shepherd in the evening. There was a very large attendance, many friends going from Soho and Dorset-square, who went down by road, accompanied by their pastor. The Word was much enjoyed, the spirit of unity and concord prevailed, and at the end of the day all united to "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—A CORRESPONDENT.

SOUTH-EASTERN.—We thought the Churches in this large district were well settled with young and gifted pastors. The list before us presents a fair prospect of many years of work and progress. Our loving brother, Isaac Levinsohn, we are assured, is doing well in the Bromley-road Tabernacle. Dacre-park gathers in increasingly. At Woolwich, Hope is buoyant, while the bishop at New-cross never worked with a more numerous or loving community. The Churches at Peckham are all pulling up the hill with zeal and prosperity. The Lynton-road (late R. A. Lawrence's) Church has called brother Tooke from Bury-St.-Edmund's to preach to them the whole month of August, which intimates his previous services have been acceptable. Brother Tooke has been through many schools; he has had a large number of Winters and Summers in the ministry. He is a man of first-rate constitution and character. He must have a ripe experience; all his antecedents are in accordance with Paul's charge to Timothy. We shall (D.V.) look in if he becomes a settled pastor. But, leaving Lynton-road, and, with a happy smile, passing Church-street, where one of the most honourable of pastors has been evidently sustained by the Lord; leaving Mr. Meeres safe for ever in the Lord's hands, we are called by "One with an Aching Heart" to view—not an earthquake, but a "Church-quake"—the history, trials, scenes of triumph and of tribulation. We must be better acquainted with them ere we say more than "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem. He gathers together the outcasts of Israel. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." Among the outcast of Israel, for between forty and fifty years, we have had our portion. We blame no one. The best reviewers of ancient and modern date show that when God intends to use a man, He will in some measure and manner, let Satan send the thorn in the flesh, and "I am crucified with Christ," will be his cry, his experience, and one part of his qualification. Atheists, free-willers, hypocrites in Zion, never get their hearts broken; they have hearts and heads as hard as millstones. Therefore to "Aching Heart" we say, be patient, be full of prayer, be quiet, be honest, humble, and wait. We have nothing to do with the ministers, deacons, writers, nor reporters. If you can "Cast your burden on the Lord" He will shadow you. No! we would not touch the case only strive to soothe—"AN ACHING HEART."

GRAYS.—The anniversary of this united and happy little cause of truth was celebrated on July 3. Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached a thorough sound Gospel sermon based upon Rev. xxi. 27, "The Lamb's Book of Life." The preacher noticed (1) the person described as the Lamb, supported by many suitable passages of Scripture, and (2) the book of life (not the death register). In the evening Mr. Geach, a good friend and brother from Gravesend, presiding, read *Psa. lxxxix.* Mr. Buttery offered a savoury prayer. Mr. William Heymer, jun., one of the deacons, read a brief annual report, which showed a slight balance in the favour of the Church, and a reduction of the standing liabilities of the same. Mrs. Back, of Gravesend, sent a kind donation, as did also a "friend from Colchester." Mr. Geach, who is practically acquainted with "the wonders of the deep," testified of the many mercies he had experienced during the 34 years of seafaring life, and of the hope of that felicity where there is no more sea. Mr. Shepherd followed with some sweet thoughts on the utterance of Job, "I would not live away." Mr. Noyes dwelt on Paul's voyage to Rome, and its happy result, "be of good cheer." Mr. Adam Dalton spoke well on the heaven-born principle, love, by which we know that we have passed from death unto life. Mr. Buttery, a warm-hearted brother, made some good remarks on the emancipation of a "black man," and on Christian charity; and we closed with a few words on the bonds of the brotherhood. May the sunshins of heaven rest upon Ebenezer, Grays.—**W. WINTERS.**

FISHERGATE, NEAR BRIGHTON.

—**BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—Tuesday, June 26, anniversary services were held under encouraging circumstances. Brother Mitchell, of Guildford, preached a well thought-out and savoury discourse. Excellent tea was provided, kindly given by Mrs. Paulson. At evening meeting our esteemed brother Boxell, of Brighton, ably discharged the duties of chairman, and to a full congregation suitable addresses characterised by the precious things of the kingdom were delivered by brethren Masterson, Nunn, Virgo, Read, Christmas, Mitchell, and brother Turner, the pastor, who, in a touching and grateful manner referred to the Lord's great goodness to them. Sixteen had been added to the little Church during the year, 12 of which by baptism, and there were evidences still of the divine blessing being amongst them. A happy time closed by singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," &c.

Gravesend, June 3, 1883.

—**TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.**—It is a great source of pleasure to be able to inform our readers that the cause at Zion is prospering through the instrumentality of Mr. Schofield. The spacious chapel is well nigh full, and it reminds some of the aged members of the days of the late John Warburton. On the last Sunday in June 16 were baptized, who, with three others, were taken into the Church.—**J. W. B.**

HAYES TABERNACLE.—The twelfth anniversary of R. C. Barden's pastorate here was held July 3, 1883. Mr. James Foreman gave a good discourse in the morning. In the afternoon Mr. John Hazelton was profoundly solemn and truthful. We bellow all who heard that discourse were sorely edified; feeling convinced that the preacher was "anointed with a fresh unction from the Holy One." Whoever may be cast away as unprofitable servants, we have an inward persuasion that pastor John Hazelton lives now under the wings of the mercy-seat, and will, at the appointed time, "enter into the joy of his Lord." Mr. Harris, of Shouldham-street, read out some grand hymns. Every part of the afternoon service was well sustained; all the company were fully satisfied, and they did not very anxiously anticipate the evening piece of patchwork. At this final service Charles Wilson, Esq., the Church's chancellor of the exchequer, called up the attention of the people to the practical obedience of the Christian in well supporting the cause. Messrs. E. Langford, Dearly, Warren (of Colnbrook) W. Hazelton, E. Beazley, R. C. Barden, and his old friend, C. W. Banks, all congratulated the pastor on having been sustained during his 12 years' stewardship in the Hayes Tabernacle with so much peace and hope of good success. Mr. John Wild, with his devoted partner, and his daughters, with their helpers, all united with loving hearts and beautiful hands to keep the natural powers well supported. The palm for courteous comforts, in every sense, is still carried off by the executive of the Hayes Tabernacle. Pastor Barden has, in every way, worked on honourably, industriously, and lovingly. We do trust his best days are there to come. We felt like a sparrow alone on the house-top. We felt it was our final visit. The ancient patriarch Jeffs was present; good farmer Mungeam, and many more, had travelled a long way to hear Mr. John Hazelton expound God's curse on sin, and Jehovah's faithfulness and justice in forgiving the true penitent at His feet. We should think that few, if any, retired from that service without a deep-fetched heart sigh over sin's miseries, and a silent hope of forgiveness from the God of love, of justice, truth, and grace. Wherever we go now, we feel the loss of dear old friends whom we have known so very many years, but the presence of young cheerful faces remind us of that old, oft-repeated, that most precious promise, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." The last verse, with which deacon Harris closed the afternoon service, is still the struggling desire of our soul:—

"O, Thou merciful Redeemer,
Helping more Thy name to glory,
Love Thee with intense affection,
LOVE THEE as Thy saints above."

Amen. Amen.—**C. W. B.**

—**BOTTISHAM LODGE.**—Our pastor, W. White, baptized two souls to his ministry in the open stream, June 3, 1883. There were about 800 spectators. The Lord is still

owning our pastor's labours. On June 12, 1883, our anniversary service commenced at 2.30. Mr. C. Cornwell preached from those memorable words in Rev. iil., "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed." About 160 took tea. At evening service pastor W. White took the chair. Brother Ashman implored the divine blessing; Mr. Wilson, of New Chesterton, spoke well on the New Birth; brother C. Cornwell on the Everlasting Love of God, which was well received. We closed by singing,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

WELLINGBOROUGH.—Notwithstanding the heavy rain that fell on the anniversary of Zoar chapel, June 27, the handsome little sanctuary was well attended with souls hungry for the Word of eternal life. W. Winters preached afternoon and evening. The soldier-preacher, Mr. Arthur Baker, who is now the settled pastor, gave us, with his many friends, a hearty welcome. He read the evening lesson, and offered fervent prayer. We are glad to learn that brother Baker has baptized several friends recently, and others are soon expected to come forward. This is cheering indeed. The chapel is beautiful for situation, built, we believe, during the pastorate of our brother, W. H. Lee, who did much good there in his term of office. Friends and supporters are rallying round the present pastor, whom we have long loved for Christ's sake. The genial Rushden pastor, Mr. George Pung, and many of his friends, honoured us with a visit on the happy occasion. The Lord bless the Northampton pastors, and may our brother Baker stand firm as he has done since called of God, and may the sunshine of heaven rest upon Zoar, making glad the hearts of the pastor and his joyful deacons. So prays—W. WINTERS.

HULL.—On the last Wednesday evening in May a few of the Lord's pilgrims were gathered together in St. Andrew's Church, waiting for the Word of life. The hymn before the sermon was the well-known one, commencing, "Approach, my soul, the mercy seat." One poor soul was refreshed by that hymn. The Rev. J. M. Sangar preached God's truth from Ezek. xx. 37, "And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." The Spirit of the Lord was surely present with the speaker and with some of the eager listeners. Mr. Sangar spoke of the spiritual separation going on continually. The Shepherd was described as bringing His sheep under the rod. The sheep of Christ were defined in faithful words. The distinction between the two seeds was insisted upon, and the final manifested separation described. The rod is an emblem of power. It signifies the calling, or the recognition of the sheep;

it signifies the sweet chastisement of the Shepherd, by which the sons of God are distinguished. The love of Jesus, the true Shepherd, is set upon the sheep, and it cannot be diminished by anything they can do. The love continues faithful, although the sheep prove unfaithful. The security of the sheep is in the bond of the covenant, a three-fold cord. This is the privilege of all God's dear children. Their "life is hid with Christ in God." May the Lord make manifest the savour of His great name by the instrumentality of the preached Word.—STEPHEN.

HOMERTON-ROW.—Tuesday, July 10, the first anniversary of the settlement of Mr. Bennett was celebrated. A large number of friends sat down to an excellent tea, which was rendered very pleasant by the beautiful flowers with which the tables were decorated. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel. We were much pleased to see such a goodly gathering; the number of friends being largely in excess of those present at Mr. Bennett's settlement a year ago. After a few introductory remarks by the chairman, Mr. J. Barmore (who was for many years a deacon with the late Mr. Palmer), the brethren present addressed the meeting on subjects chosen from Matt. xviii. Several of the speakers remarked that the subjects chosen were somewhat unusual, but notwithstanding this, the many excellent speeches which were delivered showed that the choice was particularly happy one, and made us wish that such subjects were more frequently handled at public meetings than they are at present. It would occupy too much space to give even a brief outline of the addresses, which appeared to be much enjoyed by all present. Mr. Meeres spoke on "The kingdom of heaven in the world;" Mr. Cornwell on the "Greatest in the kingdom;" Mr. Dearnly on the "Danger of giving offence;" Mr. Clarke on the "Right estimate of the little ones;" Mr. Lee on the "Law of the kingdom with a faulty brother;" Mr. Holden on the "Extent of forgiveness among brethren." Prior to the collection for the pastor, the chairman and Mr. Haines, the senior deacon of Homerton-row, addressed the meeting. They stated that since their pastor's sojourn amongst them they had been much blessed, and that although, on his arrival, the cause was very low, it had since slowly but steadily advanced. Although still few in number they were all, pastor and people, firmly knit together in the bonds of Christian love and friendship, and they hoped, with the Lord's blessing, to be present for many years on the like occasion. They were determined to do all in their power for the support of the cause and the encouragement of the pastor, and with much pleasure gave £5 each toward the collection, which altogether amounted to £21. Mr. Bennett then spoke a few words of thankfulness for the past, and hope for the future, and the singing of the Doxology brought to a close one of the pleasantest and most successful meetings which has been held at Homerton-row for a considerable time.—D. S.

WOOLWICH.—Carmel chapel was well attended on June 26 with godly and respectful friends, who met to give a hearty welcome to our brother, Mr. W. Osmond, to his new sphere of labour as pastor of the above Church. After an excellent tea, Mr. James Clark opened the service by reading a suitable portion of God's holy Word. Mr. E. Langford offered the ordination prayer, and brother Clark spoke encouragingly on the work of the ministry, and concluded with the blessings given by Moses in Numb. vi. 24-26. Mr. J. L. Meeres, presiding, gave a few kind words on the value of prayer and the presence of Jesus as supports in the arduous work of a stated pastor. Mr. H. Brown, with warmth and ability, dwelt on the essential qualifications necessary in publishing the glad tidings of peace. Mr. Dearsly spoke with earnest wisdom on the three great truths which should compose every Gospel sermon—doctrine, experience, and practice. Mr. Griffith remarked with well-timed truth on Barnabas as a representative preacher. Mr. Squirrel, the pastor of Enon chapel in the same parish, spoke with the utmost kindness and good feeling towards brother Osmond and his friends, and testified of the truth of the pastoral work as a divinely-appointed institution. Mr. Myerson beautifully unfolded the nature of the blessings expressed in the words of Moses to the children of Israel. Mr. P. Reynolds made some encouraging remarks of a spiritual nature. Mr. Osmond also favoured the friends with a few leading thoughts on his position as pastor-elect, which were supported by one of the office-bearers. We were not privileged to speak, as the time for our departure came before our name was reached. We wish our beloved brother, W. Osmond, and his Church, much of the sweet smiles of Jesus, as we do also the loving pastor and Church at Enon. There are people enough in Woolwich to overflow all the places of truth. Carmel is a very large place, and our brother Osmond has got a wide sphere of labour before him; God alone can prosper him. May the words quoted during the evening (Num. vi. 24-26) be verified in the experience of the pastor and friends of time-honoured Carmel. This is the heartfelt desire of—W. WINTERS.

ORPINGTON, KENT.—We had some happy anniversary days at Farnborough and Orpington (the native village of our now afflicted brother, Thomas Stringer) many years since; but the old ministers, the old pillars, the old chapel, the old doctrines, the old Church Order have all passed away. A new Baptist chapel is now in course of erection at Orpington, and a new style of things appears. We can only heave a sigh, praying the Lord to overrule all these changes for His glory. The complex character of the present-day ministry in the so-called Baptist denomination causes much inward pain to the hearts of not a few of the godly, who are not ministers, but who have deeply learned that it is by the grace of God alone they are saved.

HITCHIN.—Like the Zion of old, Mount Zion, Hitchin, is nobly elevated and surrounded with a beautiful shrubbery, the prettiest sanctuary in the parish. The 23rd anniversary was held on June 24 and 25. Mr. Samuel Banks, we were pleased to hear, preached two excellent sermons on the Lord's day, and which were much appreciated by many of the godly ones who heard them. On Monday, W. Winters preached in the afternoon and evening. A goodly gathering of friends partook of tea, and, considering the heavy rain during the day, the attendance was cheering. Mr. William Tucker has laboured in this Church as pastor for upwards of thirty years, not without his reward. We wish, however, the Lord would condescend to smile upon him again in his work of love, and fill the commodious chapel with anxious souls. This Church suffered much from the "sonship" question in days past, and has only partially recovered the shock. May the smiles of Jehovah shine upon it, prays—W. WINTERS.

SOHO, OXFORD-STREET.—The Suffolk and Norfolk Baptist Home Missionary Society was established at Wattisbam on May 8, 1834. Messrs. George Wright (of Beccles), Philip Dickerson, John Cooper, James Nunn, and S. Collins, were among those who originated the movement. The object of the Society is to carry the Gospel into the villages. To further the objects of this mission, and enhance the funds, a series of sermons and meetings have been held in London for this purpose. On Wednesday, July 11, Mr. Charles Hill preached a sermon in the above place from the words, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." The divine proprietorship, responsibility, and glorious object to be achieved, were dwelt upon by the preacher in a very savoury manner, and fell sweetly on the hearing ear.—J. W. B.

BRIGHTON. — BOND-STREET. — The annual excursion of Sunday-school on Tuesday, July 10, to the Chinese-gardens, Hurst. The weather was fine, and a thoroughly happy day was spent by a company of over 400 children and friends. Truly our hearts overflowed with gratitude, and finding expression in the oft-repeated lines, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Deaths.

At Camberwell, Mrs. Tooke, the wife of Mr. William Tooke, was taken home to glory on July 20, 1883. Highly favoured all through her illness. Her death-bed desire was that C. W. Banks should bury her remains, which he accordingly did, having known her as a cheerful and steady disciple of Christ for many years.

Fell asleep in Jesus, July 7, 1883, Mrs. Jennings, in the 88th year of her age. Many years a member of the Surrey Tabernacle. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.

In affectionate remembrance of John Saunders, born August 16, 1820; died June 17, 1883. Interred at Finchley Cemetery, June 21. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Deacon of Avenue chapel.

The Pastor's Farewell.

SERMON DELIVERED BY E. LANGFORD TO THE CHURCH AT CHATSWORTH ROAD, CLAPTON, ON LORD'S DAY, JULY 29TH,

Occasioned by his Resignation of the Pastorate.

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified" (Acts xx. 32).

THE words of the text were uttered by the Apostle of the Gentiles. We are thus accustomed to speak of Paul, and not simply as the Apostle of the Gentiles, but the *great* Apostle of the Gentiles; for truly a great apostle he was. God can make great sinners great saints. Paul was a great sinner, God made him a great saint; and having made him a great saint, He made him a great servant. And Paul the Apostle was as zealous in the cause of Christ—yea, more so—than Saul of Tarsus was zealous in the interest of Satan. The first thing in the text to which I desire to invite your attention is the appellation, *brethren*; secondly, the act of Paul in relation to the brethren; thirdly, Paul's reasons for the act.

Firstly, the appellation, "brethren." It points out the persons addressed by the apostle. Believers in Christ are the brethren of Christ; and as we bear this relation to the Lord, so in the same sense are the children of God related to each other. Those of us who are believers in Jesus Christ are *brethren born*, born again, born of the Spirit. It is impossible that we can become brethren by any other means. We must be born from above, be the possessors of a life which is spiritual, therefore supernatural, consequently not in the power of nature to produce (John i. 13). This is a matter about which we desire, and are determined to speak out most emphatically, because not only is there an idea abroad, but it is taught broadly and plainly, that through the application, by sprinkling, of a little water upon the face of an infant, the child so sprinkled is born again; or, in other words, becomes regenerate, is made a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Beloved, nothing can possibly be farther from the truth than such teaching. It is opposed alike to the Word of God, observation, and our own experience (James i. 18). We are brethren; in no other relation than this can we possibly stand to each other. We are brothers. Our Lord said, "Call no man father; one is your father, even God, and all ye are brethren." As such we are registered. It may be that you possess the old family Bible, in which is recorded the names of every member of the family. God keeps a book, and in it the names of all His children are registered; but it is worthy of observation, that whereas natural and earthly parents do not think of registering their children until *after* they are born, the great spiritual and Heavenly Parent registered the names of all His children in the Lamb's book of life *before* they were born. I would observe that we must ever stand in this relation to each other, we never can be other than brethren. God forbid that any of us should do anything to

disgrace ourselves and dishonour the family! But who can tell? We may be overtaken at any moment. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," is a divine injunction. Some have fallen foully and fearfully. What then? Would you take your pen and run it through your brother's name, and obliterate it? Suppose you were to do it, what then? Would he be less your brother? Not a whit. Oh, remember that "at best the best of men are only men." Then being brethren we are equally entitled to a glorious patrimony; to the incorruptible inheritance, eternal weight of glory, fulness of joy in God's presence, and the pleasures which are evermore at His right hand. Oh, fall not out by the way; but while ye deal faithfully with each other let not affection be wanting. Remember that ye are brethren.

Secondly, the act of the apostle in relation to the brethren: "I commend you to God and to the word of His grace." And I do the same; I commend you to God Almighty, to God allwise, to God allgracious, whose mercy is everlasting, and whose truth endureth to all generations. The apostle was no pantheist. He did not say, "I commend you to nature." He believed in a *personal* God. He commended the brethren to "nature's God!" Vital religion cannot exist where the personality of God is not believed in. Sure I am that that ministry is worse than worthless, it is pernicious to a degree, that ignores God's personality. Commending you to God, we commend you to a person of whom you have *some* knowledge. I emphasise the word "*some*." How little comparatively we know of God. To know all of God is an absolute and eternal impossibility. How can the finite comprehend the infinite? Paul has been in glory many hundreds of years, and yet, if it were possible to bring him into this house of prayer this evening and put the question to him in your hearing: "Do you, Paul, know all about God that can be known?" he would reply in the negative, "I know but little comparatively about the great God." Well, you know something about Him. You know that He is your God; and if He is your God, then He is to you what He is to Himself, a fountain of eternal and consummate blessedness. His infinite wisdom contrives the good of those whose God He is, and His infinite power effects it. I commend you to a person in whom you have great confidence. It is possible for our confidence to increase as we have dealings with each other. You, brethren, have had dealings with God; He has dealt with you *honourably, bountifully, and graciously*, therefore you have great, yea, may I not say, unbounded confidence in Him? You have also many times approached unto the person to whom I commend you. To come to God in prayer is no small privilege. What condescension on His part to permit sinners who deserve nothing short of hell to approach Him! Here is majesty and misery meeting with an emphasis. Oh, how very profitable and beneficial to us have been our prayerful approaches to God! To a Person from whom you have received many favours I now commend you. Although you have received many favours He has many more favours to bestow; and the favours He has to bestow, and will bestow, are as great, if not greater, than those He has bestowed already. I commend you to "The Word of His grace," the Gospel of Him, as He is the Author of it; of His grace, as grace is the subject matter of the Gospel: separating grace, saving grace, sanctifying grace. If we have God's Word in our hearts, then have we His

grace; for the Word cannot be received into the heart apart from divine grace.

Thirdly, Paul's reason for the act. (a) Paul could not *conscientiously* commend them to anyone else save and except God; nor can I. I do not commend you to Mary, I do not commend you to any of the apostles of our Lord, I do not commend you to any of the canonised saints of Rome—canonised sinners they should be called, many of them. I could not conscientiously do it; but I can in all conscience commend you to God. (b) Paul commended them to God, of whom he had been preaching to Ephesian believers for the space of three years. It has been our privilege to preach to you for the space of twelve years about God in Christ, His counsel and covenant. I have expatiated upon even as God has helped me; I have kept back nothing I knew, whether of purpose, promise, or precept. It were strange then if now that I am about to leave you I should commend you to another, and not to Him of whom we have preached so long. (c) Another reason may be assigned why Paul commended them to God: Because he had many times before commended them to Him; so have I you, both in public and in private; strange then if now we are about to part I should commend you to some other person. (d) The apostle commended them to God because he could do so without any misgivings as to the result. He knew that God was quite able to keep, support, and sustain them; so, beloved, in commending you to God I have no misgivings, I am persuaded in my very soul that God will be your shield and exceeding great reward. Around about you He will be a wall of fire, and in the midst of you He will be the glory. He has pledged His word never to leave nor forsake His people; He has been with you in six troubles, in the seventh He has not abandoned you, neither will He, come what will. (e) Paul was empowered to commend them to God, so do I, by virtue of my pastoral office, in God's name commend you to Him; I do so *now*. I have been present with you, with but very few exceptions, for twelve years. I have attended with what ability God has given me to your spiritual wants; I have tried to feed you as a pastor, I have tried to comfort and console you, I have admonished and exhorted you as a minister of Jesus Christ, I have sympathised with you in sorrow and in suffering. I do say in the presence of God who knoweth our hearts, that I have so thoroughly entered into your state and circumstances as almost to make your matters mine. I have taken you personally with your circumstances to God, and have prayed repeatedly and fervently that God would deliver and bless you; how much blessing there has been vouchsafed in answer to prayer the day will declare. And now, brethren, that we are about to part I commend you to God, and to the Word of His grace. To the Word of His grace, *because of its efficiency*, which is able to build you up. The Word is not efficient in itself, but only as an instrument in the hands of God. The inheritance is the "heavenly glory" which belongs to God's children, and them only. It is theirs by right of birth. This inheritance is a gift; it is not by the works of the law, it is Christ's bequest upon, and in consequence of His sufferings and death: an inheritance for which the children are made meet, and of which the possession of the Spirit is the earnest.

God's Word, through the Spirit of God, is able to build you up in

faith and holiness, to build you up by adding to you as a Church such as shall be saved; build you up upon the only foundation, Christ Jesus. Brethren, there are many errors both in faith and practice, and notwithstanding some who were with us have deserted their principles and forsook us, we through grace are what we were both in principle and practice, decided believers in the glorious doctrine of divine grace, also abiding by the ordinances laid down in the New Testament; and what you have been in respect of these matters all the while I have been with you, that continue to be though I may be absent from you, and the God of peace shall bless you. *Amen.*

FOR THE FARMERS AND ALL WHO WANT A LOAF OF BREAD.

"Showers of blessing! Joyful showers!
Making every heart rejoice."

[The following paper is from the pen of that thought-digester and truth-unfolder, Josiah Morling, the minister of Baptist chapel at Over. We give it with grateful pleasure.—C. W. B.]

WHITE FIELDS—HARVEST READY.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."—John iv. 35.

OUR blessed Lord and Master was a careful observer of circumstances, and He made use of those circumstances for profitable teaching. Why may we not follow so perfect an example? The words are now a literal fact. The fields are indeed "white already to harvest." Is there not also spiritual instruction to be gained? Temporal things are frequently suggestive of spiritual things. Hence, our dear Lord made use of them, as in this case, which is evident from the context. The white fields suggest a variety of ideas—

I.—OF RIPENED PURPOSES. When the husbandman deposited the seed-grain in the earth, his purpose might be considered in the *germ*. For a time it lay concealed in the earth's bosom, but when the blade broke forth there was the first opening, or unfolding to the eye of his purpose. From the sowing-time to the present there have been a great variety of changes, but—

"Eastern storms and nipping frosts
Have opposed its growth in vain."

And now, as the sun pours down his gold, and the gentle breezes come fanning across "the waving yellow crop," we seem to catch the whisper, "Man's purposes are ripened."

Before the morning stars sung together, or the mountains were brought forth, or the ponderous orbs were sent from their Creator's hand to play their part in the great universe of God, there lay concealed in His bosom the living germ, the undying purpose to bring into being, and save with an everlasting salvation untold millions of human beings. God, in due time, was pleased to make known to His dear people what His gracious purposes were. Nearly 1,700 years before the coming of Christ, the dying patriarch said, "... Unto Him (Shiloh) shall the gathering of the people be." As the Master uttered the words of the

text numbers were coming from the city of Sychar to see and hear Him. The poor woman had left her waterpot and gone into the city preaching Jesus, saying, "Come, see a Man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" Precious sermon, full of Christ! The people were affected; they came, and as they were drawing near, Jesus said to the disciples, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." Who can fail to see the ripening purpose of Jehovah? Read Isaiah xi., and see the revelation of new covenant purposes, and then turn to Acts ii., and there you get the purpose ripened. Thousands are gathered together to listen to men, upon whom the Holy Ghost had come extraordinarily, and who tell out the wonders of the cross. Men heard, cried, believed, rejoiced.

The saving purposes of our God are continuously ripening. The Reformers were raised up, who shook the world with their eloquence (*i.e.*, *Gospel* eloquence); and, notwithstanding all the blighting, withering influence of the twin demons—Infidelity and Roman Catholicism—God's purposes ripened. Men were saved. So is it still. There are men who love to preach the Gospel of the grace of God, and there are those who have ears and hearts to listen to, and love it. So shall it be till Christ shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and the divine purpose fully accomplished.

II.—AN INSTANCE OF DIVINE FAITHFULNESS. It is thus God fulfils His covenant promise. Every promise is the outcome and revelation of purpose. God purposed no more to drown the world with water, and promised accordingly. Part of the covenant promise was, "Seed-time and harvest shall not fail." Again, then, the whitened fields bespeak His faithfulness. "His covenant with the earth He keeps." How often, with glowing pleasure, have we looked upon His bow in the cloud! Is it not the promise of the Lord which keeps alive the hope and faith of the husbandman? So in the flocking together of men and women, eager to hear the Gospel preached. "Nations that knew not Thee shall run unto Thee." "The mountains of the LORD's house shall be established . . . and all nations shall flow unto it."

"He is faithful to His promises,
Is faithful to His Son."

Has God been faithful to ripen the corn, and shall He not be faithful in gathering from the four winds His elect? Aye, and shall He not also be faithful in ripening or perfecting the work He has so graciously begun in you? (Phil. i. 6; Psa. cxxxviii. 8).

III.—A RICH DISPLAY OF DIVINE GOODNESS. Thus God provides for man and beast. "Thou preparest them corn." "He causeth the grass to grow for cattle, and herb for the service of man." "Doth God take care for oxen?" Oh, what a God of providence is our God! In our wants His goodness has found occasion to display itself, not only in providing for our temporal necessities, but also for our spiritual requirements. Man sinned; Jesus died. He rose; He lives for evermore, that we may live also. In the great work of redemption Jehovah's goodness shines in full-orbed glory. Truly, "God is good, and doeth good."

IV.—REWARDED LABOUR. The labour of hope, of faith, of patience. "In all (legitimate) labour there is profit." The husbandman broke up the fallow ground, harrowed it, deposited the seed, weeded it.

Genial showers and a propitious sun have been mercifully bestowed to crown man's labours with success. Now, as we look upon the fields, they tell their truthful tale as to how the husbandman has cultivated the soil. Alas! of some it may be truthfully said:

"I passed by his *field*, and saw the wild briar,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher."

Others have laboured well, and are well rewarded. As a rule, in these things, heaven helps those who help themselves. The prophets laboured, Christ laboured. His holy apostles laboured, His servants labour still, in word and in doctrine, in hope, faith, love, patience. Christ shall surely see of all His travail and be fully satisfied. God's servants in all ages of the world labour according to the grace bestowed upon them for Christ's reward. Christ's reward will be the glorification of untold millions of precious souls.

V.—A CALL FOR CONTINUED ACTIVITY. Although God has very graciously brought the precious grain to maturity, He will not cut it down and gather it in for us. Man must do this, for which God gives will and strength. Work is no disgrace; it is an honour. Man worked before he sinned. The earth refuses to keep the wretch that will not work. "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." God is a Worker, Christ was a Worker. He must needs go through Samaria that He might preach the Gospel to the poor woman. "His disciples prayed Him, saying, Master, eat." See the reply. To preach to the citizens of Sychar was more to Him than His necessary food. The fields were white, and no time was to be lost. He thrust in the sickle and reaped many a sheaf (see vers. 41, 42). His servants must still work in preaching the Gospel, and in God's own good time the Holy Ghost shall work efficiently in the hearts, making men willing to hear the Gospel that they may believe, call upon the name of the Lord, and be saved. God's servants are employed by the great Husbandman to ministerially gather in Christ's sheaves, which is a labour of love. When men are eager to hear the Gospel, blessings are in reserve and near at hand. It was so with the citizens of Sychar. God give us plenty of work in the harvest of the Gospel, love and strength to do it, and many sheaves be gathered to the praise of His thrice holy name.

VI.—A REMINDER OF OUR ENTIRE DEPENDENCE UPON THE LORD. Man can sow, but He cannot make the seed to grow. Paul may plant and Apollos water. God alone can give the increase. We may preach till we have no lungs left, but if the Holy Ghost does not accompany the good seed with His unction, it will never germinate and bring forth ripe fruit fit for the good Husbandman. Oh, how often have we felt to endorse Montgomery's invocation to the Holy Spirit—

"Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power."

Would to God this dependence was often more humbly acknowledged, both in the pulpit and in the pew. It would be glorifying to God.

VII.—A GREAT CAUSE FOR GRATITUDE. "Oh, give thanks unto Jehovah; call upon His name; make known His deeds among the people." We are unworthy of the food we eat, yet God has supplied. Oh, how blessed is the thought that God will not bring His wheat to

perfection, and then lose it, but will surely gather it all in, not one little grain shall be lost, all shall be gathered into His garner. The Master said, "Lift up your eyes." Wonders of God's goodness are often nearer than we suspect. We should always be on the look out for fresh displays of His goodness. We need our attention quickening, "Look."

May reader and writer be found among the wheat, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Over, August 14.

AND HE LED THEM FORTH BY THE RIGHT WAY,
THAT THEY MIGHT GO TO A CITY OF HABITATION.—PSA. CVII. 7.

THE *Leader* is Jehovah, the Lord God of Israel. Every essential of a grand leader is found in the God of Omnipotence. An efficient leader requires wisdom, prudence, courage, decision, endurance, strength, and the power to command and influence his army. All these excellencies are found in their perfection in the Captain of God's host.

The Led are those who are under the guidance of their Captain. They form an immense army gathered out of all nations, and kingdoms, and people. They are pressed into the King's service, and yet when once engaged in the rank and file they willingly continue to swell the mighty company. They are taught every essential which is required of a good soldier. New recruits are at first in the "awkward squad," but soon they are put to higher points of drill. They are provided with all necessary information, and they are made to sit down and eat with the old members of the camp. Apparel is provided, good clothes are prepared, and no shoddy is admitted into the fine home-spun texture which is the feature of the clothing. The Captain is not imperious with His soldiers, for He admits them to great intimacy with Himself. He takes special pride in their cleanliness and morality, and He knows the name and circumstance of every individual.

The Way by which the army is led is the right one—the very right one, the only right one, the appointed one. Many ways present themselves to the imagination of the recruits, and sometimes they lose faith in their Leader, and would call Him to account, but by-and-bye they see the rough, rugged road, is wisdom's way, a way of peace and plenteousness, a way that leadeth to life; and their opinion of the virtues of their Captain is considerably enhanced. The Lord is the Way. He leads all His dear people by, and through, and in Himself. All the way is Jesus, and the led company love Him.

The City of habitation is at the end of the travel. Foretastes of its pavilioned palaces are enjoyed along the road, for the Captain shows pictures of the blessedness of the holy city to the soldiers when they faint and are weary. These are better than medicine. They restore suddenly and cause the wayfarer to go on the way rejoicing, looking earnestly and wistfully for the city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.

STEPHEN.

A LITTLE work by the late George Francis, entitled, "The Broken Law and Jesu's Blood," has just been issued by Robert Banks. Price 4d., post free 4½d.

THE CROOKS, CREVICES, AND CRITICAL CORNERS
WHERE OFT ARE CONCEALED THE SEEKING
SEED OF JACOB.

WHEN I took up my bundle of letters this Friday morning, August 17, 1883, some of which were earnest appeals for help from cases most pressing, distressing, and calling for immediate practical sympathy, I felt a sigh come out of my soul, crying, "God, *help me!*" and my mind ran back to the previous evening, when Job xvii. 3 was fixed in my heart, and from which words I went to Speldhurst-road, and preached with that feeling freedom so often the case with me years past and gone. The leading, starting, opening idea, was the fact, that Isaiah says, "An *HIGHWAY shall be there: AND A WAY!*" Of CHRIST the "*HIGHWAY,*" coming down from His FATHER's heart and throne, doing His FATHER's will, and returning again to His FATHER's right-hand, many are speaking; but of that "*way*" the vulture's eye hath never seen; of that most intricate path, through which many of the ransomed have to pass, each one by himself, but few are ever known to speak. A plausible, a rather eloquent essay-mixture of free-grace and of free-will; a preaching of what the LORD "*wants to do,*" but which man will not let HIM do, prevails more than ever; and by this amalgamation of grace, and the works of the creature, thousands are gathered into the visible organisations; but, if a poor tried speaker is compelled to enter into the hidden parts, where WISDOM holds her school; and the scholars learn, experimentally, that—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His *wonders* to perform;"

if, by the blessed SPIRIT, through the Word, the deep things of God are opened up, entered into, and proved to be that mysterious "*way*" of which the experience of Job, the cries and complainings of the Psalms, yea, the teaching of our Lord Himself, when He said, "I am the true Vine, and My Father is the Husbandman: every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit,

"He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit."

If, I repeat, a scourged, chastened vessel of mercy, who has been in the hot furnace, testifieth of these solemn and realised verities, but very few can bear, or understand, or hear them.

Only yesterday morning, as I came out of the office in Racquet-court, passing down Fleet-street, I saw a venerable, bent-down, pale-looking gentleman, who looked hard at me; but I never stay to speak unless first pulled up. Before I could cross over on to Ludgate-hill, this aged sire overtook me. I soon recognised he was a minister I had known and respected years ago. Gradually it came out his wife had died, his only living son, with a wife and three children, were without bread, and the almost four-score ex-pastor, to whom I was speaking, was without any home or means. Oh, such a tale of sorrow. I did all I could and promised more, as I seldom have much left when, as on that day, I had sent off to different sufferers as far as funds would allow; and when in the study I sat down to think, and seek for some word to carry up to

the people, Job's pathetic cry came inside of me, when he gave utterance to that extraordinary, that full-of-meaning sentence,

"PUT ME IN A SURETY WITH THEE!"

To write down now, to convey the inward flowing of feelings those words produced, is far beyond my power; but I went and spoke a little sermon, of which the following is the meanest skeleton:—

It is no small mercy that the Scriptures shew forth the many difficult places of experience into which the seekers after peace and salvation are often found. See here, Job is in a terribly painful case. His breath is corrupt, his days are extinct—that is, they seem to be come to an end. The graves are ready for him, and mockers are with him. He feels near death, and none but mockers and foes are with him. The text presents us with a scene in a court of justice. Job is like a prisoner at the bar. The mockers are witnesses against him, the judge is risen up to condemn him; but Job is led to see a way by which he may be saved, and he cries out, "Lay down now!" which means wait, pause, consider, hear my plea. There is ONE who will be Surety for me, and he cries, "Put me in a SURETY WITH THEE." Then, "Who is he that will strike hands with me?"

Now, this throws light upon that word of Paul's, "God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law." Souls born of God, who may have faith in JESUS CHRIST, come in conscience in their heart's feeling under the condemnation of the law. All their sins become as so many mockers to them, as so many witnesses against them. The JUSTICE OF GOD seems risen up to pass sentence of death upon the poor culprit. But he has faith in the Daysman, in the Suretyship of the revealed Redeemer; and such souls cry out, as Hezekiah did, "I am oppressed! I am burdened! I am sinful! But, Lord, do *undertake* for me. There is

"ONE WITH THEE!"

Put me in that Surety WITH THEE; then who shall effectually smite me?" It is like Paul's holy triumph, "If God be for us, who shall be against us? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?"

Now, this word "SURETY" stands between an historical, or typical, and an evangelical, pointing to our Lord Jesus Christ. Look at the historical, or typical, pointing to Jesus Christ. A history of wonderment is that of Joseph in Egypt. That Joseph heard nothing of his father and brethren until the famine brought the ten sons of Jacob down to him to buy corn astonishes me. Then, that Joseph should know them, and be rough to them, and determine to have Benjamin with him; the amazing grief and trouble of Jacob and his sons (when they wanted more corn) about taking Benjamin, is heart-rending, until Judah steps up and says "I will be surety for him. If I bring him not again, then shall the blame be upon me for ever."

So Judah prevailed, and the suretyship of Judah brought all things out well for Jacob and his sons. Paul brings out the evangelical part in Hebrews: "By so much was Jesus made the Surety of a *better Testament*." Now, Jesus was Surety in a double sense. He was Surety to God the Father, to obey, to redeem, and to present the people before Him, and He is Surety to His people that there shall be nothing on the part of God to hinder their safe coming home to glory. Oh,

JESUS IS A PERFECT SURETY!

He is Surety for all that God the Father could require of them. He is Surety for all that He Himself, as King in Zion, could require of them. He is Surety for all that the Holy Ghost could require of them. He is Surety for all the law of God could require of them, and for all the exhortations and commands of the Gospel could require of them. Hence, Paul saith, "Ye are complete in Him, made up in Him, secured in Him." For truly, Jesus has done all; He stands at heaven's gate, and says, "I will receive you unto Myself," and He guards hell's gate, saying, "They shall never perish."

Now, what the distressed, seeking, saved sinner needs is to be "PUT IN THE SURETYSHIP OF JESUS," as the ancients say, to be wove in with Christ, to see, to feel, to know

HE IS THEIR SURETY.

That He has and will secure them from all harm, and bring them home to eternal glory. "Who is he that will strike hands with me?" That is, if Thou, O God, do not put me in a surety with Thee, who in all the universe can make such a covenant with or for me as shall secure me from the law's tremendous curse, or from hell's eternal flame? I know painfully that this vital searching up, this deep exercise of the afflicted in Zion, is called "Mrs. Grundy's theology;" the worldly Christian says it is "the cant of the fanatic;" but, indeed, it is the ancient experience of Abraham, when a horror of great darkness fell upon him. It is a continuation of the soul trouble of Asaph and David, of Paul and Peter. It is "the fellowship with Christ in His sufferings," which, under God, brings us into much nearness and oneness with the Son of God, and works in us a godly sorrow unto repentance which needeth not to be repented of. I must not this month add more. So many of the brethren are coming in with their epistles, and that the Spirit of Life may bless them is the prayer of their servant in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

THE LIFE, MINISTRY, AND DEATH OF THE LATE MR. WILLIAM J. GOODING.

BY CHARLES MASTERSON.

THE subject of this memoir was born in the parish of Tuddenham, near Ipswich, Suffolk, on October 17, 1812. Under the ministry of that highly-honoured servant of Christ, Mr. Samuel Collins, of Grundisburgh, he was called by grace and brought into the fellowship of the Gospel. It was one Lord's-day in November, 1827, he heard Mr. Collins preach from the words, "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." That sermon was the means, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, of convincing him of his state as a sinner, and for fourteen days he suffered great distress of soul, crying for mercy, but thought there was no mercy for one so vile as himself. He was induced to go again to Grundisburgh, and this time Mr. Collins took for his text, "For there

is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease." The preacher so fully described God's precious method in dealing with the sinner that, as our brother has often said, he felt himself a sinner cut down by the convincing power of the Spirit; but as the preacher went on, a hope was kindled in his heart that there was pardon for him; and before the sermon ended his burden had gone, and he felt himself a new creature in Christ Jesus. That was indeed a memorable day in our brother's experience, and to which his mind frequently reverted amid the many conflicts and trials of subsequent years.

In December, 1829, he was baptized by Mr. James Nunn at Bethesda chapel, Ipswich. Soon after his baptism and union with the Church there he was asked to conduct a prayer-meeting in a large room in the village of Witlesham, where his godly parents resided. Feeling blessed and encouraged he then began—although with much trembling—to expound the Scriptures. In consequence of some little opposition from many of the poor godless villagers the meeting was removed to a small chapel in the same village. The friends there then requested our brother to preach, which, after much earnest wrestling prayer, he consented to try; and on January 11, 1831, he entered a pulpit for the first time. He was much helped of the Lord, though Satan suggested before going he would surely fail, and so make a fool of himself; but the words came with much sweetness to his soul,—

"How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God?"

It having been noised abroad that young Gooding was preaching, it was resolved that he be requested to exercise his gifts before the Church—a wholesome custom in those days; would that it was more in vogue among the Churches *now*; it would be better, we think, for all parties concerned. Having exercised his gifts to the satisfaction of the Church, he was sent forth to preach wherever the Lord might open a door.

In the beginning of 1832 a coloured man named Richard Preston came to this country from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to collect money to build a chapel for the Africans resident there; he also asked that young men with warm hearts would offer their services to assist him in preaching the Gospel to his coloured brethren in the colony. Mr. Gooding was the only one who volunteered his services. On June 21 a public meeting was held at Bethesda chapel to set him apart for the work of the ministry, Mr. Collins presiding; and after dwelling upon the importance of going out to such a distant colony in so great a work, called upon Mr. Gooding to give an account of his call by grace, his call to the ministry, and his views of truth; and this he did to the satisfaction of all present. Mr. Nunn, the pastor, then gave him the charge from the words, "The work is great and large, and we are separated upon the walls, one far from another" (Neh. iv. 19). Mr. Gooding sailed from Liverpool July 13, 1832, his father paying all expenses. Arriving in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on August 22, he was cordially received by the coloured people, among whom he laboured, with many seals to his ministry. In less than two years, however, he returned to England. Arriving in London he there met with a Mr. James, who was about to resign his pastorate at Hadleigh, Suffolk. Mr. Gooding was requested to supply the pulpit there, which resulted in his acceptance of the pastorate;

held by him for three years, baptizing twenty-nine persons. Here the Lord found for him a helpmeet, who still survives to mourn his loss. In the November of 1837 he was invited to preach at Tunstall, Suffolk. During his eight years' pastorate the chapel was twice enlarged, and 130 persons added to the Church. I believe I am correct in stating those years spent at Tunstall were amongst the happiest of his ministerial career.

Looking over his papers we find his American friends still felt and evinced an unabated interest in Mr. Gooding, and kept up a correspondence with him. This doubtless partially accounted for his desire to go back to the scene of his early labours. He resolved to return, but I believe this step he always regarded as being an *unwise* one. April 12, 1846, he sailed from London, carrying with him letters of commendation from the Association of Strict Baptist ministers in Suffolk, in which great regret was expressed at his leaving them. Arriving in New York he received an invitation from the Baptist Church in Jersey City, but here his stay was brief, as the people there wanting him to make some additions to the doctrines he had preached, this he said he could not, dared not do, for his business was not to manufacture a gospel, but unflinchingly to proclaim the one revealed and received from heaven. In less than a year we find him crossing the Atlantic again for his native land, having been strongly recommended and warmly invited to return by his friends in England. Mr. Gooding then settled at Hartley Row, Hants. For seven years he preached the Word there, the chapel was enlarged during his pastorate, and his labours much owned of God. Under the guiding hand of Heaven his steps were then directed to the Church at Halesworth, Suffolk, where he preached the Gospel for sixteen years, with many proofs of the divine presence and blessing, eighty-eight being baptized and added to the Church. In consequence of ill-health Mr. Gooding was compelled to resign, and for two years after resigning was unable to preach. Having, however, recovered sufficiently, he began his much-loved employ. It was on Good Friday, 1872, at Tunstall anniversary. He then supplied vacant pulpits; and in the following year came to Richmond, Surrey, where he preached the Word to a few of the Lord's people, till his health failed; this was in November, 1878. For five years previous to his death he had been a great sufferer, and confined to his bed three years all but three weeks; was most patient under all his sufferings, realising the sustaining power and sweetness of those truths he had so faithfully preached unto others, and rejoicing in the stability and suitability of that covenant which is well ordered in all things and sure.

In consequence of paralysis, which greatly affected his speech, he was unable to converse much. The question sometimes would be asked, "Do you wish to get well again?" and in very decided tones he would say, "*No, I want to go home!*" The portion of Holy Writ uppermost in his mind and often on his lips was, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;" and our brother was remarkably accurate in citing Scripture. The hymns so precious to him were those commencing,—

"Rock of ages, shelter me," &c.

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

Their excellent daughter Mary (*and God bless her!*), who with so much filial tenderness and unwearying love attended her dear father almost night and day, said to him, "Father, are you happy?" "Happy! Yes! yes! happy in the Lord; I have nowhere else to rest only on Christ. *He is my Rock and my Salvation!*" And then, with heaven beaming in his eyes, he tried to emphasise that verse:—

"Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness,
My beauty is, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

"And tell the people I am a poor sinner saved by love, blood, and power; and I hope to die shouting, 'Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!'" And when the beloved one was actually dying, lifting up his poor wasted hand he said, "Higher! higher! higher!" and straightway the immortal spirit took its flight to the realms of light on June 30, 1883.

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

On July 5, 1883, his mortal remains were laid to rest in Richmond cemetery, Mr. C. W. Banks, assisted by Mr. Hand, officiating on the occasion. And here we desire to record our grateful feeling for the kindness shown by our brother, Mr. Banks, and others, in ministering to the temporal necessities of the departed. May the God of all grace support and comfort the heart of the dear widow, and sanctify the stroke which has deprived us of a tender father, a faithful husband, a kind friend, and an earnest preacher of the Gospel; for as a preacher of the whole truth, as it is in Jesus, he was clear, bold, and uncompromising; and in the earlier years of his ministry his pen was occasionally called into requisition in defence of the same. He was a man of high character and decided principle. Many have had to bless God they were ever brought under the influence of his earnest labours. He preached salvation, which is the work of a Triune Jehovah in covenant, and died rejoicing in the same.

"Toss'd no more on life's rough billow,
All the storms of sorrow fled:
Death hath found a quiet pillow
For the aged Christian's head.
Peaceful slumbers
Guarding now his lowly bed.

O may we be re-united
To the spirits of the just,
Leaving all that sin hath blighted
With corruption in the dust.
Hear us, Jesus,
Thou our Lord, our life, our trust."

Brighton, August 10, 1883.

THE FUNERAL

was most respectably conducted. The sons, the nursing daughter, M. A. Gooding; the kind nephew, and other friends followed. In the cemetery Mr. James Hand read and offered prayer. C. W. Banks said: "I will not read any funeral dirge at this time. We have not come to say, 'Man dieth,' we know that is true every day and everywhere. 'Man wasteth away;' we have seen that in our departed brother; he has been gradually wasting away these many years. We came not

to ask the question, 'And WHERE IS HE?' No. There was something remarkable in his final expression. Early in the morning, when the dear wife was laid down to rest, and her daughter was dozing on the sofa beside him, she thought she heard him say, 'Fire! fire!' In a moment she was up, and asked, 'Father, do you want a fire?' His arms were stretched upward, and he said, '*Higher! higher!*' His arms fell on the bed, and his ransomed, longing spirit was gone. They could only look upon the lifeless corpse. What a moment! Scarce was there the dawn of day. Not another person in the house. The wife a widow; the nursing daughter an orphan: the husband, the father, the preacher,

"GONE FROM TIME FOR EVER.

The long-afflicted body we are now laying down to rest until the archangel's trump shall waken it, and call it up to see the KING in all HIS BEAUTY, and to behold the land of far distances. All this last night at times I have heard the words, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' Here is a journey where danger, distress, and sometimes despair, are found. It is a valley, a deep, dark valley. Here death throws its shadow, a terrible mist, a fearful cloud; in the shadow, in some cases, the law re-echoes its curse; sins all come up like ghosts; Satan may roar; conscience may scream; and all may fill the soul with dire misery. But this valley the soul must walk right through. Here is a man who said he would 'fear NO EVIL.' Not fear the evil one? Not fear the evil of sin? Not fear the evil of being forsaken of God? Not fear hell? No! 'NO EVIL.' Is this vain boasting? No; he is speaking to the Lord. He says,—

"THOU ART WITH ME."

Thy presence I feel; Thy promise I prove; Thy providence I see; the love of God is with me; faith in the Son of God is with me; the soft anointing of the Holy Ghost is with me; Thy rod of strength and Thy staff of guidance are my comforters. Our brother, Mr. Gooding, travelled through the twenty-third Psalm, and now he dwells in the house of the Lord for ever." Then went to the grave; the sun shone; the garden for receiving the dead looked splendid. We saw the coffin laid in the grave; a few words closed the solemn scene. I could not speak.—C. W. B.

THE BELIEVER AND HIS ECHO.

BY CORNELIUS CAYLEY.

TRUE faith, producing love to God and man,	Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove!
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?	Thy voice shall teach me nothing else [but love!]
The Gospel plan.	Nothing else but love!
Must I my faith and love to Jesus show, By doing good to all, both friend and foe?	Amen! with all my heart, then be it so: 'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know, And now to practice I'll directly go.
Both friend and foe.	Directly go.
But if a brother hates and treats me ill, Must I return him good and love him still?	Things being so, whoever me reject, My gracious God me surely will protect. Surely will protect.
Love him still.	Henceforth, I'll roll on Him my every care,
If he my failings watches to reveal, Must I his faults as carefully conceal?	[prayer.] And then both friend and foe embrace in Embrace in prayer.
As carefully conceal.	
But if my name and character be tears, And cruel malice, too, too plain appears; And if I sorrow and affliction know, He loves to add unto my cup of woe— In this uncommon, this peculiar case, Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and ble-s?	But after all these duties I have done, Must I, in point of merit, them disown, And trust for life in Jesu's blood alone? In Jesu's blood alone.
Still love and bless.	Echo, enough! thy counsels to mine ear Are sweeter than to flowers the dew-drop tear:
Whatever usage ill I may receive, Must I be patient still, and still forgive?	Thy wise, instructive lessons please me well;
Be patient still, and still forgive.	[well!] Till next we meet again, Farewell, fare- Farewell, farewell!

THE DOCTRINE OF REPROBATION.—No. 1.

BY W. WINTERS, WALTHAM ABBEY.

IS the doctrine of reprobation the result of God's sovereign, eternal, unconditional decree, or of man's judicial rejection of God and of the precepts of the Bible? This is a solemn question to treat of, and not one to handle lightly or to glory in, as some assert the Hyper-Calvinists do! It is not for the most enlightened of God to declare any living person, however base, a reprobate, if reprobation is entirely unconditional, because where there is life there is hope that such an one is in the eternal covenant of grace, though not yet born again. But if reprobation be conditional, then man's disobedience to the moral law determines his character before God and man at once, as he cannot be in the eternal covenant of grace and yet be lost, nor can he be base or spurious metal now before God, and yet before he dies become pure, genuine silver, accepting the word *silver* as a figure of speech, for base metal ever was base, and by no process whatever could possibly be made otherwise, any more than a sheep could become a goat, only by an entire reversion of the laws of nature which God has never in this respect decreed or permitted.

God never built a refinery for base metal, but He has for real gold, though it contains ever so much dross. The doctrine of reprobation, whether conditional or otherwise, is written for our learning; and although the word, as it stands in the headline of this paper, is not found in Scripture, yet certain cognate parts of it are declared by inspiration, once in the Old Testament and six times in the New Testament, and the one is equivalent to the rest. The word is given in Jer. vi. 30 (*maas*), Rom. i. 28, 2 Cor. xiii. 5—7, 2 Tim. iii. 8, Tit. i. 16 (*adokimos*). The prophet Jeremiah (vi. 30) may possibly allude to the state of apostacy into which some of the Jews had fallen, considering themselves of the seed of Abraham, and in possession of the law, the covenants and promises, yet were counterfeit, having only the form of godliness without the power, and were eventually rejected of God, who cannot err. The apostle speaks of some as being "reprobate concerning the faith," who never really possessed grace; they were not genuine, but spurious imitations of the true, men of corrupt minds, disobedient to God, wanting in understanding to appreciate the good, and devoid of desire to perform it. Such were given up to their own native hardness of heart to work all manner of uncleanness with greediness, terminating in eternal destruction. If we admit that reprobation is altogether conditional, then are we necessarily forced to admit that the acceptance of the godly by Christ is conditional also; and if such is the case, then in truth salvation is not of grace, but of works.

It is easy for some professors to conclude that such a doctrine as unconditional reprobation is contrary to the very nature of God, whose name is love; but that does not determine by proof the real fact of the case. It is not a doctrine we delight to dwell upon by any means, as it is somewhat repugnant to our feelings, but we are not called here to consult our feelings in the matter, for our feelings are often very deceptive. We are anxious, however, to understand the spirit of the revealed will of God, and in the light of truth we regard reprobation to be opposite to election. If God made choice of some to eternal life, which is amply stated and confirmed in the Scriptures, it follows of necessity

that some were rejected, or not chosen, and hence they live either in a profession of religion or otherwise, and die as they lived—reprobates! Thus it is seen, that as far as the decree of God is concerned, reprobation is coeval with election. The withholding of grace from some does not make them reprobates, though it proves God eternally willed not to give grace, as He is of one mind, the unchangeable Jehovah. He created the bodies and souls of all men, but He did not create their wickedness. He is not the author of their sin. In this sense the wicked are formed for the day of evil (Prov. xvi. 4), not to do evil, and are thereby left in their hardness. Is there evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?—that is, He has not reversed the natural order of things in that city by the blessings of His grace.

(To be continued.)

A WARNING FOR THE YOUNG AND ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE PENITENT.

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—How wonderful it is that God preserves you as He does, even to hoary hairs, for His glory, whilst your labours have been incessant for many years in His service and cause. Perhaps I think more of it as it pleased the Lord to call away my dear father in (as it is with some, in) the prime of life, in the zenith of his ministry, whilst you, with whom he had communion and fellowship, have been plodding on till now in this dreary vale of earth. I am also quickened into a review of the same by the fact that I have had recently, by way of contrast, to part with my second dear son, EDWARD THOMAS, aged 27 years, who died on June 2, at 11.30 p.m., at Luton, Beds, and his remains interred there in the family grave, with his grandmother, the late Mrs. Wm. Skelton, in the general cemetery. Mr. Cook, of Luton, Baptist minister, did service at the funeral, on June 7. I am happy to tell you my son died in peace, resting upon a free and full salvation by JESUS CHRIST. This seems to sweeten my cup which I have had to drink. When I think of God's goodness in preparing him for another world, I am overwhelmed in wonder, love, and praise.

He resided with me, in this town of his nativity, up to November last year, when he removed to Luton, with certain objects in view, taking up a young wife and two babies also. Whilst seeking the blessing of God to rest upon business pursuits he did commence there; a Winter's ill health, and death of the baby, blighted all earthly prospects, which ended also in his own demise. But in this town, whilst at home, I learn that a work of grace was begun in his heart, and was carried on by God, though in the early stages thereof I knew it not. How sad I feel it that Satan should have such power over the quickened heirs of glory, as to prevent them from unbosoming their troubled minds to their dearest friends. He was born unto the world rather a delicate child; grew up, like others, a lover of the things of this world. After school age, he went to work. Where he was employed he had a bad example set before him, and an heart ready to receive it; but on his death-bed he tells me of God's mercy, who left him not, but sent, as a shaft of conviction into his mind, that portion of Scripture, "Be sure your sin will find you out." This often hedged him about and gave him trouble and sorrow. When a youth, he was not fond of my taking him to our place of meeting for worship; like too many young people, who rather fancy walking in the fields with worldly companions. Do warn the young, my brother, against this worldly notion. Tell them my son wept on his death-bed—a man 27 years of age—when he remembered how unwilling he had been to go with me to the house of God. These were his words soon after I arrived on a visit to see him die: "Father, I have been a bad lad; you wanted to take me to the meeting, but I would not go." *And he wept.* What a thorn in the dying pillow, when brought to remember one's behaviour toward God, toward His people and toward His ways, *when it has not been good*; and except there be repentance all shall perish. Here, in this case, it was manifest a free confession and repentance. After he recovered himself, he broke out in blessing and praising God, that He had made him love the things he hated. Ah, and I could see he, through grace, loved me too, and that for Christ's sake.

It appears that the spiritual ministry of Mr. Cook was much blessed to him. Whilst there he wrote me: "Notwithstanding all my troubles, I would rather live here on dry bread than return to the potteries on any fare. I am amply rewarded by hearing the blessed Gospel of salvation preached!" Truly, these people were his people, their God his God, and there he desired to be buried; for he also added: "In fact, I desire to die here," his complaint being lung consumption. He was taken worse on Tuesday, May 29; hemorrhage came on, and with it darkness of mind, a *fear to die*. Tuesday in the same frame of mind, but asked his mother to read Romans viii.; afterwards he was more composed; but soon another heavy attack ensued; he lay down as dead, and it was thought so by attendants; but shortly he revived, and said, "I am *going to Jesus*. My consciousness to all around was gone; my eyesight and hearing; I have been as near to the gates of heaven as it is possible for a creature to go; and then, with emphasis and a loud voice, and his arm waving aloft, said:—

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd
With joy shall I lift up my head."

The last time he was out to chapel was on the Sunday morning previous. He heard Mr. Cook preach from that portion of Scripture, "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment." He told Mr. C., who visited him on Thursday, "that he felt it was a solemn subject. Once (he said) you looked straight at me; I felt it was a *solemn matter to die*; but the meeting was a happy one: that of perfect freedom." He said, "Never shall I hear you again," and wished Mr. C. to pray with him. He did, after remarking, "My dear young friend, you seem to require *praise* more than prayer." The parting was final in this world. My arrival was immediately after, for which he was longing and praying. He said to his aunt Hodges, from Dunstable, "I am glad you are come. I have one desire more—that I may live to see my father; pray for it." "I have been," she said. "Well, go on praying," was his request. Soon after my appearance, upon inquiry, he told me "the Lord had taken away all his fears of death." This he said with a sweet smile on his countenance. His remaining hours were passed with a patient waiting for the Lord to come. At one time he said, "He hoped for patience unto the end;" wished to have Romans viii. read again. On other occasions he would say, "It is up-hill work, and if the sun comes out hot, I can't live the day out." Then, again, he would say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Saturday proved to be a cloudy day, and he lingered until night, when he departed without a struggle. Before his departure, he wished me to tell them at Stoke the frame of his mind was that of the poet:—

"At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, sweet Spirit, come."

Dear brother C. W. Banks, we know you take an interest in the ingathering of God's elect, and the evidence of the work of grace in a sinner's heart. Brother David Smith, of Bilston, has been preaching to us at Hanley once more. He will forward to you other matter, which my son wrote himself. If you should feel inclined to publish anything about him in the *VESSEL*, what a mercy it will be if but one sinner's heart should be softened, and God glorified in their salvation. I returned home on Monday, with my own heart softened, mellowed and wet with the dew of God's heavenly grace and mercy through Jesus Christ. In the evening, I heard brother Archer, of Ramsgreave, near Blackburn, preach up the love, grace, mercy, and kindness which dwells in the glorious Person of Christ towards His beloved people. This He did at Hanley once more in our meeting-place, and truly it was good to be there. May God bless His truth and gather together a people who love it in North Staffordshire, that His ministers may not labour in vain, and that His holy Gospel may not be contemned or set at naught in these parts, is my humble desire. Every blessing God has to give through Jesus Christ be yours. May He uphold you from falling or failing until you are landed safe in glory, is my sincere desire. May we both meet in glory to swell the chorus of redeeming love. Amen.

W. H. SKELTON, SEN.

12, Church-street, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire,
June 15, 1883.

P.S.—My son leaves a widow and little ones. The individual practical sympathy shown to her by the Ebenezer chapel friends, and also by some kind neighbours, is worthy of heartfelt thanks to them, and praise to "God, from whom all blessings flow" in times of need.—W. H. S.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"*Pioneers of the Press.*" My attention has been called to the recent departure of Mr. T. B. Smithies, who, as they say, "died July 20, at the age of 68, after a long illness." He is spoken of as the pioneer of such serials as the *British Workman*, and others of a similar character. My thoughts carry me back to the different periods of my life when (—you big and rich editors and worldly proprietors may laugh at me for assuming to be a pioneer in the printing and publishing line, but as you have won so much, you may well laugh; and though I have lost so much I will not cry, for the fact that others reap the fruit of my suffering and sowing is a silent gratification to me. In the higher region our gracious and divine Master said, "One soweth and another reapeth." Referring to the God-sent prophets, Jesus said, "Other men laboured," but ye, the apostles, "have entered into their labours." Even so have I seen it, for from a poor little printer's slave I laboured, and others have reaped the fruit. Well, then)—when I was a very young apprentice Samuel Dobel, a minister of Cranbrook, in Kent, took a little liking to me, and gave me to print the first numbers of *The Inquirer*, a monthly which grew to large proportions. Of that I was the pioneer printer; and so heartily in love was I with the pen and the printing press, and the production of books, that before I was eighteen, when Limbird commenced his weekly *Mirror*, I prevailed upon my master, who was not much in the business, to allow me to commence a local monthly called, *The Weald of Kent Mirror*, of which, in those early years, I was sole editor, compositor, printer, and publisher, which I carried on for one year; then "the governor," feeling I was too much occupied with my monthly, threw such obstacles in my way that "*Old Misfortune*" (a continued companion of mine) caused me to bury in oblivion my pet *Weald of Kent Mirror*. I thought it a pretty, well-covered twopenny monthly magazine; but nearly all my idols have come to an end. When my *Mirror* died, when I had ceased my crying, and when my long and hard apprenticeship of ten years was completed, my literary friend, Mr. Samuel Dobel, of Cranbrook, recommended me to a scholastic gentleman at Rye, in Sussex, who determined to commence a weekly paper, called, *The Rye Gazette*, and engaged me to print it for

him. Consequently, I tied up my few goods and chattels in my printer's apron, flung it over my shoulders, bid adieu to "The Eagle Printing-office," in the large churchyard of Cranbrook, and tramped off to Rye, in Sussex, to print the first numbers of the *Rye Gazette*. This was about sixty years ago, before this nation was fully awake; for at that time we had no gas to lighten us, no trains to carry us, no telegrams to quicken us, no penny posts to edify us, no national schools, nor British schools, nor Board schools to instruct us; but, being naturally fond of reading, writing, and of silent thought, I picked up a few lessons while others went cricketing, swimming, fishing, and so on. Thus I—young pilgrim like—walked off to Rye, and into Rye I came. Of the advent of the *Rye Gazette* (copies of which I have still by me as "curiosities of my early efforts at the press"), and of the rise and downfall, of the resurrection, and final death of the *Rye Gazette*, I may give some account when the fit for reviewing the past comes upon me; for "though I say it"—as granny used to say, when she praised herself—"though I say it," there are very few living who have seen, travelled through, and suffered more from the amazing progress of the art and mystery of printing than I have done; and as "*Old Misfortune*" has, in one sense, fatally wounded me, before I die I may speak a word to the praise of that saving grace which, in spite of all my determined foe, "*Old Misfortune*," has done, grace has brought me on thus far. The pioneer of the *British Workman*, T. B. Smithies, was a charitable philanthropist, a constant worker for the people's good, of whom further notice may be given by C. W. BANKS.

Boy Life; or, The Early Struggles of Great Men. By William Winters, F.R.H.S. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row. Second notice. The Christian public has long been indebted to this ardent historical writer for many good books. And now the boys of this generation are laid under great obligations to him for one of the most interesting and inspiring books that we have ever read. It is a capital book. Parents should give a copy to all their sons; and if they have any genius it will stimulate their minds, and encourage their studies, and do them great good. In this day, when there is so much trashy, mawkish, and pernicious literature flowing from the press, it is refreshing to

read a book so full of wise counsels, and noble examples of persevering industry. Would God that we had more of this wholesome literature to strengthen the moral life and fortify the minds of our youth against the demoralising influence of the sceptical and impure publications of these modern times. If parents give their children bad food it will impair their health; and if they allow them to read impure literature they will be held responsible for the moral consequences. The food I take into my body affects me physically, and the food I take into my mind affects me morally. I cannot take any food but I derive therefrom benefit or injury; and I cannot read any book without being morally elevated or morally defiled. Parents should look as carefully after the library as the larder; after the food for the mind as for the food of the body. We wish for *Boy Life* long life and prosperity. We should like to see this good book in all the reading-rooms in England. Give it to your sons on their birthday, and we feel sure it will be to them the birth of many stirring thoughts, and probably of many grand results. God bless the author and the boys that read the book.—S. COZENS, Ipswich.

"*Milton after his blindness*," a portrait and a poem in *Day of Days*. Milton said,—

"I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme, to Thee."

The touching portrait in August *Day of Days* is worth framing. Get it at office of *Home Words*, in Paternoster-buildings, where also may be had *The Fireside*, which celebrated monthly shows you "The Chamois Hunter Attacked by a Gigantic Eagle." Oh, such a scene! "The Narrative of Captain Gill" has this precious motto:—

"God has His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell:
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of Him He loved so well."

In *Fireside* W. Poole Balforn's lines on "Prayer" (better than all Time's gifts) are worth reading and acting. Perhaps the line which may touch the heart-strings of some is the fine stanza of "CHRIST AT THE GARDEN-GATE" (the true Gospel ministry). The divine, the essential Gospel-caller, says,—

"Look on My hands and side,
For I AM HE:
None to the FATHER cometh
But by ME!
For you I died: once more
I call you home:
I live again for you,
My children, come."

The *Church Standard* has several portraits. Dr. Bradley, the new Dean of Westminster, looks full of intelligence, but worn with labour. He is only 60; but think of a young man reading nine hours and running nine miles daily; by always rising early and working incessantly he has reached a high position; but few of our cloth persevere so earnestly. Of the present Lincoln bishop it is said, "His whole character has always been narrow and exclusive." He would do well to come out and take the place of the good man whose remains we saw laid in the grave at Croydon. But, like "*we*," Lincoln is too old.

THE TERROR AND THE TRAGEDY OF THE CALAMITY. — Calamity, indeed! Have not calamities fallen upon the people on every hand? Who could fully depict the horrors of Ireland during the last year or two? What pen could describe the parental anguish of Sunderland? The wrecks and collisions on the seas? The death-strokes of the war and cholera in Egypt? The judgment falling suddenly upon the Irish approvers? The almost unparalleled sudden destruction and misery of the Italian earthquake? What do all these indescribable horrors indicate? Are they the children of blind fate, the accidents of mere chance? Nay, not so! It may appear to be daring presumption for any one sinful mortal to attempt an exposition of the *cause*, of the *author*, of the *design* of these dark and dreadful judgments, but when the "still small voice" speaketh through the Word into any soul, it is safe; it may be useful, to call attention to such a "THUSSAITH THE LORD," as may come to throw a warning light upon the succession of calamities which befall nations, or the sons of men, at any time. The fiftieth Psalm is one of those pieces of divine revelation wherein the blessedness of the true saints, and the awful end of wicked hypocrites, are set forth in the plainest of terms. Just set your heart for one moment upon the three last verses, wherein you have a *charge*, an *exhortation*, and the *characteristics* of all to whom God will show the perfection of His great salvation. The *charge* is thrust right home: "These things hast thou done, and I kept silence. Thou thoughtest I was altogether such an one as thyself." The persons spoken to are those who have taken upon themselves to declare God's statutes, and have taken Jehovah's covenant into their mouth. They have been proclaimers and publishers of the revealed statutes; yet they hated instruction, and cast God's words behind their back; slandering

and evil working have they been guilty of, and God has kept silence. Who can this charge be designed for but false prophets, wicked preachers, and unholy worshippers? All wilful perverters of the words of the Almighty, all false worshippers, all empty and presuming boasters, all who speak evil of their brethren, are here brought to the bar of God. He has long kept silence, and they have gone on; but now cometh the *exhortation*. Does the great Almighty God cut them off without warning? That is not His rule. Although in the Italian earthquake they were all revealing in their different amusements, when lo! the destruction came as in a moment. There is no ministry of God's sending but it has the warning voice, and the exhorting element in it. From Moses, down through all the prophets; from Christ, through all the apostles, and ministers of heaven's sending, all, in some way, warn and persuade men of the danger of being deceived—deceived most certainly the Irish assassins must have been, or they could not do as they have done. Ye cannot easily be mistaken as to the persons exhorted. It is

“YE THAT FORGET GOD!”

Not bold atheists, who *deny* God; but those who have professed to *know* God, yet in their works and in their false worship they *deny* God. To all such characters the exhortation is spoken,

“NOW CONSIDER THIS!”

Consideration is fixing the mind in a contemplative mood, and then turning the thoughts inward, downward, outward, and upward. Consideration is turning inward to see where the heart is, where the mind is, where the conscience is. Consideration is turning downward. Is Satan deceiving me? Is sin hardening me? Is the world alluring me? Consideration is turning the thoughts outward. Am I, in principle and in practice, seeking after God and His Christ? It is looking upward; as one saith, “Looking for, and hastening to, the

“COMING OF THE DAY OF GOD.”

Considering is putting up a pair of honest scales. Into one place the Word of God. Get into the other yourself. Oh, eternity is worth considering. The spirit of the age, the free thought, the new thought, and the plausible thought systems of the day are delusive and dreamified, to the ruin of many. Mr. Winters gives me the following, from the Dean of Carlisle. The dean says:—“To my judgment the great peril of the day is compromise, amalgamation, and suppression of truth by mutual consent;

a plausible but insecure union and co-operation not merely with known, avowed, and shameless conspirators and traitors, but with Sacramentalists, Sacerdotalists, and Nothingarians, who are all smiles and beaming piety, but who in heart hate the doctrine of justification by faith, who ignore the works of the Spirit, the conversion of the soul by grace, and such like grand and fundamental truths. Neither the Pope nor the infidel would make such havoc among us, if the little band of faithful men would come out and be separate! Our most dangerous foes are not the decorative and monastic Ritualists, nor the loud-barking atheist or sceptic; but the plausible, courteous, affliating, ‘dearly-beloved brethren,’ who would knit all the so-called Churches in one patchwork quilt, which might cover them in a soft and downy bed of spiritual sleep, leaving them to dream of security and charity, while the noxious errors which prevail among them are eating out the vitals of true godliness, spiritual experience, and sound doctrine.” The exhortation in *Psa. l.* is weighty, because of its author and its climax. It is Christ speaking. Mark its climax, “lest I tear you in pieces, and there be

“NONE TO DELIVER!”

In the Phoenix-park, when the assassins came, there were none to deliver. In the ship, when vengeance fell upon Carey, there were none to deliver. If you live and die forgetting God there will be none to deliver. Ah! you bold denouncers! you proud boasters! you carnal worshippers! God Himself give you, me, and all who profess His dear name, grace to consider our real condition, and may we of Him find mercy.

“By-and-bye,” says R. E. Sears, in his *August Life and Light*, “there will be

“A BLAZE OF GLORY,”

“in which the goodness and wisdom of God will clearly shine.” Beautiful prospects for the chosen, redeemed, called, justified, working, winning, preserved, corrected Church of the majestic and beloved Immanuel. In *Life and Light* Josiah Briscoe comes out as an average modern poet. On the “Only Name” he says,—

“JESUS! sweetest name in heaven!

JESUS! sweetest name on earth!

Happy they to whom 'tis given

Here to know and feel its worth,

JESUS only,

Charms the men of heavenly birth.”

Gospel Magazine for August, Mr. Battersby's *Sermon*, *The Silent Messenger*, *Paul*, a sermon by Krummacher, and a few mountains of MSS., and other works, press hard upon us.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

ANTICIPATIONS OF THE AGED.

"WE ARE TO THE MARGIN COME!"

"The Kingdom in Mystery," and "The Kingdom in Manifestation," are two edifying chapters in "The Closing Days of Christendom," by B. B. Wale. They deserve sacred consideration. Surely, we dwell in "The Kingdom in Mystery" as yet; but if here we have the SPIRIT, the smile, the saving grace of Christ in our souls, we shall presently come into "the Kingdom in Manifestation." Then, as the departing Spirit of the late Thomas Jones said, "There is no mystery here." In the Kingdom of Manifestation we shall "see as we are seen, and know as we are known." The sight there will never be weary, the knowledge never come to its climax. Then,—

"Far from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes."

What a contrast between this and that land

"Where everlasting Spring abides!"

What a difference between that "kingdom in manifestation," and our cloudy, changing, sinful state!

We look with pity upon those who have yet perhaps fifty years of labour in this sorrowful world; sometimes, for the moment, we realise a pure pleasure in the anticipation of the future. Not a few of us can say, "We are to the margin come."

"Is the venerable JOHN THOMAS still alive? That often bruised, nearly killed pitman-parson?" asks a neighbour. Yes, here is a note from him to us (dated July 30, 1883), and we sent to him a little cheerful help, August 8, 1883. In his note John Thomas says,—

"TO MY BLESSED BROTHER, MR. C. W. BANKS,—All mercy and peace be from Him that loved you from all eternity, and that caused your little heart to rejoice in the thought of seeing His face, without a veil between. Oh, what a rejoicing this will be! Unspeakable, after all the labour, the editorial work, the accusings, the buffetings, the slow driving, the mockery, and the contending for the faith of God's electing love to you. Yea, that will be sweet indeed. Cheer up, dear; the last step is near. We shall be across the ford shortly, with the ark of God's testimony before us. We are waiters in hope of glory. Glory, amen. When an interview with His Majesty takes place we bring you in all our prayers, making mention of your name. Have been long looking for a line, to help as a landmark of God's mercy."

We regret we cannot, so frequently as we desire, send to this living, light-a-fire, godly Welshman, who can nobly testify of the free grace of the Lord. There is that most ancient patriarch,

MR. R. HARVEY,

who is preaching, even at the age of 91. In a note from him we read as follows:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I received your letter, and am thankful to find that I have some friends who still think of me. My sight fails me; I cannot well see to read or write. I am now in the 91st year of my age. I have spent 69 years of my life in the work of the ministry. I have preached the Gospel of Christ in eight counties and in four chapels in London. I have preached in every town in Suffolk, also in South Norfolk, and in about 200 villages. All my work I have done on foot, so that, on a moderate calculation, I have walked more than the circumference of the globe for the purpose of preaching the Gospel. Under my ministry four young men have been called to the ministry. In four parishes where I first introduced the Gospel Baptist Churches have sprung up, chapels have been built, congregations gathered, Churches formed, and Sunday-schools instituted, and all continue in a healthy state. A few weeks since I visited the village of Dickleburgh, where I made my first attempt at preaching 69 years ago. I had the pleasure to meet with friends whom I baptized 52 years ago. I am informed that you lately visited Carlton-rode, and preached in a barn. I preached in the same barn a fortnight back, and this is not the first time that you and I have preached in barns. You may remember going to Farmer Plowman's, in Suffolk, many years ago, and preaching in his barn. I also preached in the same barn for three months. I am so infirm I can do nothing; am obliged to live on charity, trusting in the blood and righteousness of Christ for the future. May Heaven's best blessing attend you and your labours, and may your EARTHEN VESSEL be always well filled with valuable treasure. —Yours in the Lord, R. HARVEY."

MR. DANIEL MATTHEWS,

as a correspondent writes, is still alive, and holds the pastorate of two Churches—one at Willenhall and another at Rowley Regis. Both of these Churches have built new chapels within the last few years. Mr. Matthews has good congregations. Recently he had a severe illness, and many thought his departure was at hand; but he has been restored again. I think he is nearly 80 years of age. I am afraid his excluding every other minister from his pulpit will prove injurious to his Church when he is no more. I trust, however, that God will send them a man after his own heart, who will hold the truth equally firm, but with a little more charity.

When we were putting ink on the type-forms, as black as a little tinker, the then young Daniel Matthews commenced a ministry at Rowley Regis and in Willenhall, in which he has stood and grown, like a cedar in Lebanon, for full sixty years; and there he stands still, as firm to the truth as any man in the kingdom. He has lived, loved,

and walked in the Gospel for full two generations. We became interested in him some years back, from reading his writings, and although some of his friends have scolded us for daring to refer to him, we still have feelings of veneration and respect for the pastor of Rowley Regis and Willenhall Churches. He has outlived his old "bibliophile of distinction," James Crossley, who after writing immensely, and gathering together 70 000 volumes, piled up in pyramids on the floors of his house, has passed away at the age of 83, leaving his writings, his books, his riches, and all he had (his soul only excepted) behind. The venerable Rowley Regis pastor has been considered a *noble rock of truth*, which some have thought a little too high, if not somewhat too hard; but God made the rocks as well as the rivers, and He has made some ministers like rocks—they have stood firm, they have held fast, they have endured to the end, as Daniel Matthews certainly will, and when the Lord calls Daniel up to the higher home, devout men will make great lamentation over his loss; but that spiritual power which made and has kept good Daniel so firm, so long, so useful, and so happy, can make others to succeed him, although we have never seen successors to notable men yet. What a flow of spiritual power must be maintained in one man's soul to keep him as the fruitful father of the flocks under his care for so many years! Talk of the rocks! Does not the Frasnburg poet write intelligently, when he says,—

"Gazing through the sturdy ash
On the tumbling sea—
Fighting with surmings rash—
Came this thought to me:
God, who made the sea to float
Mighty ship and tiny boat,
Made the rocks that break;
But when dry the ocean bed,
When the sea gives up its dead,
When 'tis given to exlore
S creis all from shore to shore;
Then amid the tangled weed,
We shall find in vry deed,
Reasons he who runs may read
For the rocks that break,
Hidden now beneath the sea,
Let it be enough for me
'That the rocks that break
Are planted by His own right hand.
One day I shall understand—
Soon enough for me, forsooth!—
How they stood there 'for His truth
And His mercy's sake!'"

Amen, amen. And some of us who have been dashed on the rocks in the "tumbling sea" of this world, may yet hope to prove, most blessedly, that "all things do work together for good to them" who, like Daniel Matthews, are

"The called according to His purpose."

To the numerous friends who wonder and wish to know how I am, just a word on the month of July. Three Sundays out of the five was permitted to go through the usual services in Speldhurst-road. The second Sunday, July 8, and Tuesday, July 10, went through four services in connection with the Birtton anniversaries. Was at Mr. Joseph

Wilkins's settlement at Peckham, at the great meeting where Mr. Charles Hill described his forty years in Suffolk Churches, buried the remains of the late Mrs. Tooke, went again to Wooburn-green, and finished up the month by speaking from those words as they came into my soul,—

"I shall be anointed with fresh oil," which I pray God to grant may be true as long as I live. All the work for the press in July I was enabled to do, and to distribute about £20, which G. G. G. and other friends sent me for "Lord's poor." God bless you all.
C. W. BANKS.

NEW CROSS.—At Zion, Tuesday, July 24, special service was held to take steps to liquidate the remaining debt of £600 incurred some time since in enlarging and improving the chapel. More room is required for the Sunday-school, which will entail further responsibilities. The good folk here do not feel justified in incurring another liability while they have one on hand; hence this meeting. Mr. Anderson presided, and spoke in high terms of the ready response of the Church and congregation on all occasions when needed. Through the kindness and generosity of Mr. Fisher, their burden has been eased, who not only liberally contributed towards the liquidation of the debt, but lent them money at a small percentage. "I thank you all in the name of the Lord," said Mr. A., "for what He has enabled you to do; under these circumstances, I feel I can leave the matter in your hands. To His name be all the praise." Mr. John Box gave a soul-comforting address from the words, "Kept by the power of God." "Oh, brethren," said he, "how much of Christ's love is involved in covenant relationship." He said, "To be kept faithful to Gospel principles in this our day is no small mercy. This preserving power belongs to, and comes from the Lord. Mr. Griffiths spoke of the honour and happiness of serving the Lord; not for self-exaltation, but for His glory. No one ever regretted serving the Lord Jesus Christ. All who work for and serve Him here have a prospect of dwelling with Him for ever hereafter. Perhaps 50 years hence all who are now present will be in the bright and better world, uniting in one anthem, and "CHRIST will be their song." Mr. Marsh, once a scholar in the school here, now pastor of Laxfield, Suffolk, gave excellent addresses.—J. W. B.

THE LATE MRS. W. TOOKE.—Our ministerial brother, W. Tooke, writes as follows:—MY DEAR BROTHER,—This day (July 20, 1883) the Lord has taken my dear wife home to glory. She was highly favoured all through her illness; she is now with Jesus. I am sorrowful; but she is happy. It was her desire, on her death-bed, that you should bury her, and I shall be glad if you can do so on Thursday next. Peace be with you in the Lord, W. TOOKE. [Mrs. Tooke was a devout, faithful, and useful Christian. As she lived, so she departed, resting alone in the Lord.—C. W. B.]

BAPTISTS IN CITY OF NORWICH.

—A correspondent, on whose testimony we can fully rely, gives us a line or two descriptive of one of those happy Baptist Churches which generally result from the gratuitous devotedness of a perfectly free-grace gifted and loving minister, whose whole heart and soul is concentrated in the Person, work, and glory of CHRIST, and whose aim is, as an instrument in the Lord's hands, of building up the Church in the faith and unity of the grace and truth of the Gospel. Our friend says:—"I am thankful to have such a ministry to sit under as that somewhat young servant of God, Mr. THOMAS BULLMORE. I have heard him constantly just three years. He is very near of kin to Elihu; he is gifted beyond many, and so graciously balanced a man singularly raised up of God, and is signally blest. His soul is in his Master's work. The Lord says, 'They that honour Me I will honour,' and most truly it is verified in his case. I believe the honour of God is the mainspring of his life; he has ministered to the same people about eight years. We are of that type of which the Lord spoke—viz., 'I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.' We are like a large family with a good father and mother, good servants, as well as a good pastor, a good pastor's wife, a very part of himself. We have some dear men of God for deacons; the more active, or acting one, has the best name that could be given him, Mr. TRUE, and he is as true as his name. Here is life in all its stages; more children than others, but the four classes that John wrote to, babes, little children, young men, and fathers, are here. About three months back our pastor had the joy of baptizing eight believers, most of them seals to his ministry, all married persons but one. Last Sunday week our pastor preached one of the anniversary sermons at Orford-hill. Mr. Cock preached morning and evening at Orford-hill. They are prayerfully waiting the Lord to send them an under shepherd; they are a peaceable, truth-loving people. The sermon this morning was on Christ being led of the Spirit into the wilderness, and tempted by the devil; a solemn, deeply solemn time. No one knows but God *how* much of that path has been mine, but I have had that at times intermingled with it, 'If ye suffer *with* Him ye shall *also* reign with Him,' 'The Lord be merciful unto you and bless you. The Lord cause His face to shine upon you and *give* you peace.' So prays yours sincerely."

CLAPHAM.—Zion-hill, Courland-grove, so many years the field of battle against all the enemies of Christ, where the well-known Samuel Ponsford wielded the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God—this Clapham Zion is still the place where two seas meet. Master Thomas Chivers being the watchman, and of whom a correspondent says, very recently, our pastor, Mr. C., had the honour of baptizing four believers; one brother was 81 years old.

CLAPTON.—Interesting services of a valedictory order were held in Chatsworth-road Chapel, July 25. Mr. Charles Forster presided; Mr. W. Hazelton prayed. Mr. Forster stated the nature of the meeting as being somewhat painful, as he, with the ministers and friends present had met to bid farewell to Mr. Edwin Langford, whose wish was to resign his pastorate on the last Lord's-day in July, after 12 years of loving and useful service. Mr. Langford thought well, although against the wish of many warm-hearted friends, to resign his office as pastor, in which act we consider he has done wisely; he has not acted without maturity of thought and much prayer. Twelve years is no small amount of time to continue over the same people in a suburban Church. Mr. C. W. Banks spoke with much feeling and solemnity on the loss the Church at Chatsworth-road would necessarily sustain by the mutual separation of pastor and people. Yet amidst it all Mr. Banks spoke some comforting words on the promised presence of Jesus to the end of life. Mr. James Clark took a vivid survey of the fruitfulness of brother Langford's ministry during the past 12 years, and wished him God speed with an apostolic benediction. W. Winters enforced the fact that on looking at the many-sided circumstances connected with the resignation that Mr. Langford was to be commended for the serious step he had taken, and hoped that God would soon find another pulpit for the resigned pastor, and another pastor for the pastorless pulpit. Mr. W. Hazelton gave a warm and encouraging address, after which Mr. Forster presented a purse containing £20 to Mr. Langford as a token of the esteem in which he was held by his friends at Chatsworth-road. An illuminated card with a praiseworthy inscription upon it was also presented to Mr. Langford, who accepted the loving tokens with feelings of great tenderness and conspicuous emotion, and addressed the audience in words of truth and soberness, during which season many tears were shed by a great number of his warm-hearted friends.—W. WINTERS.

BROCKLEY.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—A very happy day was experienced by the friends at Brockley on August 5, when some believers owned their Lord by passing through the ordinance of baptism. The chapel and gallery was filled, and the greatest order prevailed. A free-grace Gospel is here preached, and appreciated by attentive hearers, many coming for miles round to hear the truth, as proclaimed by men honoured of God with a talent for speaking in His name. James Garrard, of Stowmarket, has, for the last four years, gone to and fro, sowing the seed, and his labours have been blessed, as seen by those baptized being seals to his ministry. He has often returned home fatigued, and almost worn out, yet he has felt encouraged by the numbers that have gathered together to listen to the word. May this be the dropping of a more copious shower is the prayer of ONE WHO WAS THERE.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—Thursday, July 26, we paid a visit to this ancient abbey town, about which the Bishop of the Church worshipping at Ebenczer, our beloved brother W. Winters, can tell many a tale of historic lore, beginning at Harold, the last Saxon King. The occasion was the seventh anniversary of the pastorate of our friend. In the afternoon, we heard from Mr. R. E. Sears an able and truthful sermon from Rev. iv. 2-4. He took us up to the throne, and showed us that it was universal, exalted, established, gracious, glorious, and righteous; then the Occupant of the throne, the saints around about the throne—a token of the covenant—and the seats all occupied; none empty. In the evening, after an excellent tea, a public meeting was held, at which Henry Lee, Esq., of Catford, presided, supported by J. Lee, Esq., and the following ministers: W. H. Lee, E. Casey, E. Langford, R. Bowles, F. C. Holden, W. Winters, J. Parnell, H. F. Noyes, J. W. Morton. The chairman, who said he was unsuitable for the position, proved himself eminently so, both by his excellent remarks on personal godliness in the soul, his judicious conduct of the meeting, and his liberality. Mr. W. Winters spoke of the past with thankfulness, and stated that the collections of the day would be devoted to paying off the mortgage, which amounted to £160. Addresses were delivered by E. Casey, F. C. Holden, W. H. Lee, E. Langford, and J. Parnell. The day was a very happy one. The collections were over £10, including £3 from Mr. H. Lee. The handsome little chapel was full. Brother Winters (as he always is) was kind and loving, and our prayer is that he may have a long, prosperous and happy pastorate.—J. W. NORTON, Upton-park, July 28, 1883.

BEXLEY-HEATH.—Our Sunday-school anniversary sermons were preached in July by Mr. S. J. Belcher. His ministry led us to hope a future day would find him the honoured pastor of some of our Churches to whom a young, earnest, edifying, and honest preacher, like Mr. Belcher, would, with the continued anointings of the blessed Spirit *with fresh oil*, be a gift of God, replete with rich mercies. A Sussex correspondent says their preachers so constantly preach of self, of sin, of Satan, and of sorrows, that he wonders who can their prompters be. We all have constant need to cry,—

“Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers!
Come, shed abroad a SAVIOUR’S LOVE,
And that shall kindle ours.”

If that prayer was solemnly poured out of the heart, and answered in the preacher’s experience, the black elements would be consumed, and the warm fire of Jehovah’s love would make the souls of preachers and people to burn within them. Dr. Doleful may have a work to do; but our Master never sent His ministers to be perpetually preaching the melancholy miseries of the fall, but the Gospel of the grace of God with invincible power.

HORHAM.—Lord’s-day, July 15, the Sunday-school anniversary of this cause was celebrated. W. Winters preached, and the children sang hymns in a most creditable manner. The attendance was astonishingly large. The village of Horham is pleasantly surrounded by Eye, Hoxne, Laxfield, Dennington, Occold, and Stradbroke. The Church at Horham has been favoured with some of the best of Suffolk pastors. The present chapel was erected in 1859. Edward Mauser was the first pastor, and the instrument in establishing the first Baptist Church at Horham. During the seventeen years of his pastorate he immersed 152 persons, and on January 5, 1816 (being then in the prime of life) he entered into his rest, aged 42. Matthew Harvey was the next faithful pastor, who served the Church for 28 years, and baptized 162 persons. In 1845 he resigned his office through ill health, and died June 22, 1853, aged 76. Mr. Harvey was succeeded in the pastoral work by James Galpine, who began his labours in this Church in the April of 1847, where he continued till his death, which took place on April 18, 1855, and was followed in office by the famous champion of truth, Mr. Thomas Hoady, now of Clare. The present pastor of Horham is Mr. Joseph R. Debnam, a hard-working and faithful servant of Christ. There are no less than nine village stations for preaching connected with this cause, which of course keep the pastor more than fully engaged. It is pleasing to find Mr. Debnam surrounded by a goodly staff of honourable deacons and loving Christian friends. May God long spare him in so large a field of labour, and crown him and his people with everlasting felicity. So sincerely hopes W. WINTERS, of Waltham Abbey.

DITCHLING.—**BEULAH CHAPEL.** In this quiet, pretty village, a Baptist cause was started about fourteen years ago, by brother Greenyer, who bought the ground, and built the neat little chapel, and there many years has ministered to the people the Word of Life with tokens of the Divine blessing. It was on Bank Holiday, August 6, anniversary services were conducted under encouraging circumstances. Many from Brighton were present, in order to express their sympathy. The preachers were brethren Masterson and Gray. The chapel has been recently renovated, the cost of which, I believe, was met by the generous founder of the cause.

CUCKFIELD.—Anniversary of Baptist chapel, Tuesday, July 31. Brethren Masterson and Boxell preached. The general feeling was, “It is good to be here.” The Lord was there, and many of His people. Our worthy brother Martin is still enabled to maintain his position, although much tried and opposed by the High Church party. Let us pray for and endeavour to do our best to encourage and support brethren who are boldly standing up in defence of the Gospel of Christ

THE DEPARTURE OF A MANCHESTER MINISTER.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LATE
SAMUEL ALEXANDER SMITH,

*Pastor of the Particular Baptist Chapel, Higher
Temple-street, Manchester.*

*The Lord's Work of Grace; Baptism
by the late W. Gadsby; His Pastorate
at Warrington and Manchester;
His Illness, Death, Funeral, &c.*

On Lord's-day, July 22, this faithful and laborious servant of God passed to his eternal home. In early life he had to fight his way with very little assistance. The only schooling it was his privilege to receive was during a period of about three months, his parents being either too poor to send him, or thinking, perhaps, as many do, that "what has been good enough for us is quite sufficient for the children." With the blessing of God he made his way in the world, so much so that at the time of his decease he had been in the service of one institution for more than 47 years; the respect in which he was held by his fellow-labourers was fully shown by the large number that were present at his funeral. At an early age the Lord began His work of grace within him. He had been sent regularly to the Sabbath-school at the only Strict Baptist cause in Manchester, and at the age of 18 he was arrested by the application of the words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." For more than three years he wandered in darkness, seeking hither and thither for relief for his discomfited soul, until one day, when following his daily calling, the Lord was pleased graciously to give him such a sweet and comforting view of the precious atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, that he hastened to find a retreat from the busy scenes of the world, that he might enjoy its blessedness more. The effect this visit had on him may be better understood than described. He used to explain it by quoting the verse of Watts,—

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

Not long after this, the privilege of following the Lord Jesus Christ in the ordinance of immersion was forced upon him. After speaking to the late William Gadsby on the subject, he was proposed and received as a member of the Church, the baptism taking place at the chapel in Manchester on November 1, 1840. He was shortly afterwards exercised on the subject of preaching, and named his convictions to Mr. Gadsby, who at all times treated him more as a son than in any other capacity. Mr. Gadsby encouraged him. He was invited to preach his first sermon on August 15, 1841. From that time to 1845 he laboured as a supply, visiting many of the Churches in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire. He received and accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Church at Warrington, and

commenced his ministry there on the first Lord's-day in January, 1846.

During the ten years of his labours in that part of the Lord's vineyard, there were 26 persons immersed, a new chapel was built, every penny collected for it, it was entirely free from debt, and a very prosperous Sunday-school established. He went from Manchester to Warrington every Saturday, returning on the Monday. His first acquaintance with the people at Manchester was at a tea-meeting held in the Packer's-room on January 1, 1856, to which he was invited. They asked him to preach for them on the Wednesday evening following, which he did, selecting as a text Rom. viii. 9. This led to a conversation which resulted in the formation of a Church, and an invitation being given, which was accepted, to be their pastor. He bade farewell to his Warrington friends on April 6, 1856, and the following Lord's-day commenced his stated labours at Manchester, the people meeting in the Cloth-hall, Salford, which, however, being found inconvenient, they afterwards removed to the Temperance-hall, Grosvenor-street. Two years and three months later, the new chapel in Higher Temple-street was opened, and the cause then inaugurated has been carried on, and is in existence at this day.

The late pastor worked hard as long as he was able, and was devotedly attached to his friends. About three or four years ago it was observed by anxious friends that there were signs of his health giving way. He was, however, favoured to continue his services partially until the end of last Summer, when he felt himself obliged to ask his deacons to provide a substitute during the Winter, but promising (D.V.) he would try to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper on the first Lord's-day in the month. Feeling himself slightly improved, and anxious to resume his much-loved work, towards the close of March in the present year, he intimated his willingness to conduct evening service from the beginning of April. He was, however, far from being well, and it was with difficulty he managed to get through the service. The following Lord's-day, just 27 years from the day of commencing his pastorate, he preached his last sermon from John xvi. 20. Some of those present can remember his earnest and affectionate words on that occasion, and will not readily forget his description of the joy to be revealed to the people of God when their days of sorrow are finished. Soon after this he had a slight attack of paralysis which his medical adviser looked upon with a little alarm; but gradually he rallied, and his friends again hoped he would be spared a little longer. Acting under advice, he paid a visit to Llandudno and Douglas for a few weeks.

On his return, it was plainly seen there was but little, if any, improvement. He could not attend to his secular duties with any degree of pleasure; he obtained further leave of absence, and went on a visit to his daughter in Derbyshire. He intimated his

belief that his end was not far off. Feeling himself daily growing weaker, in less than a fortnight he expressed a wish to be taken home; and though his state was very unfit for the journey, it was deemed advisable to comply. His condition now caused his friends to be very anxious, especially when the family doctor asked for further advice to be procured. Gradually he grew more prostrate, and took to his bed finally on the Tuesday after. Great prostration and weakness ensuing, it was very difficult to hold conversation, but the little that he had strength to say fully persuaded his friends that he had no fear of passing the valley of the shadow of death; his faith was unshaken, his hope was in Christ, and his affections were fully set on things above.

On Lord's-day morning (the day of all days that he loved most), July 22, his spirit joined the redeemed in glory, faultless before the throne of God—the last day on earth, the first in heaven. The Church has lost a faithful and affectionate pastor; the poor a liberal and cheerful helper; the Sunday-school a sympathising friend, and his family a wise and unselfish counsellor.

On the day of the funeral service was conducted in the chapel by our brother William Price; friends, some from a very long distance, filling all the available space. At the Ardwick cemetery, where his sleeping body was laid to rest, a still larger concourse of people were gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory. Mr. Price spoke some earnest and affectionate words at the side of the grave, after prayer and singing:—

“Nor let me drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness,
In **THEE**, and **THEE** alone!”

We left the body of our pastor until the morning of the resurrection.

On Lord's-day, August 5, a memorial service was held, the chapel being again well filled, many friends and old scholars who have left us returning for this occasion. Mr. F. H. Smith, son of the late pastor, conducted the service, which was very impressive; the text being (1 Thes. iv. 14), “They also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.” At the close of the service the scholars and choir sang a melody which was a great favourite with our pastor in his life, “There is sweet rest in heaven.”

ENFIELD.—Anniversary was August 14. Mr. J. L. Meeres preached and presided in the evening. Mr. R. Bowles made an address on the rain and the snow coming from heaven unasked for and unaided by man, displaying the sovereign power and wisdom of God. Mr. J. Bennett spoke well on the inner life of the soul and its practical evidences. Mr. W. Stringer treated of God's protection, as realised in the words, “Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.” Brethren J. Sampford, our Mr. R. Alfrey, and W. Winters, discoursed; and the friends separated cheerfully.

MR. JOHN TOWNSEND.

Compiled by One of the Family, and read at the conclusion of a sermon on Rev. vii. 16, by his pastor, W. J. Styles.

Our brother was born at Reading, April 29, 1803, and from his earliest years received the advantage of a godly home, both his parents living practical holy lives. His father was in the habit of holding family prayer three times a day. When he was a boy of seven years a friend came to visit his sick mother, and read Isaiah xl. The grand, wonderful words made such an impression on the child's mind that their power was never forgotten, though for some years after he lived a careless and, as he has said, a “wild” life; but, through God's sovereign grace, this was not to continue, for at the age of 21 he heard a sermon preached by Mr. Sherman, of Reading, from the searching words, “What think ye of Christ?” and from that day Jesus Christ was the “chiefest to him among ten thousand,” the altogether lovely. He spoke to Mr. Sherman, and told him he saw baptism right. The good man wisely directed him to speak to his parent's pastor, John Howard Hinton, who about this time changed his views on the Communion question. He felt he could not join himself with Mr. Hinton on that account, for even then he knew that none but members of a baptized Church should partake of the Lord's Supper. He therefore joined Salem chapel, Reading, then under the pastoral care of Mr. Cox, and was baptized by him August 8, 1824.

He served his apprenticeship and laboured for 14 years where his father had worked 42 years. In 1825 he came to London, and was employed over 50 years by the same firm.

The year after Salem chapel, Meard's-court, was opened (August, 1825) he joined, and remained a consistent member of the Church for 26 years; his pastor, John Stevens, was very dear to him, and he greatly enjoyed his ministry. It was his habit, on leaving business at 8 o'clock on the week evening, to walk a mile to enjoy part of the service, for Mr. Stevens often preached for 1 hour and 20 minutes. In October, 1851, our brother, with 52 Salem friends, joined Keppel-street chapel, which has now been his spiritual house for nearly 32 years. He always had a clear understanding about our distinctive denominational doctrines, and was always most anxious that others should know the truths that we as a body hold dear. Many prayers have ascended to God from him for the prosperity of our sanctuary, and for very many years the doors were seldom open when he was not to be found there. He was always ready and anxious to render a service to any who needed help. We gratefully acknowledge his kindness to others was returned in the kindness shown to him in his time of weakness and need. Many Christian friends, during his four months' illness, manifested almost a child's affection, and he derived much comfort from their visits.

For some years past his brain was somewhat diseased; and long since the doctor said

he was not responsible for his actions; but amid his strangeness and weakness we are thankful to remember that he was ever firm on the best things, especially during his last illness. No cloud or doubt was permitted to distress him; he was constantly declaring the great goodness of his covenant-keeping God, and showing, especially to his grandchildren and the young friends who visited him, the great and eternal realities of the things pertaining to salvation, thereby strengthening the faith of those who loved his God. His last conscious utterance was,—

"Other refuge have I none.
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

He left us to behold the King in His beauty on July 18, 1883. When we looked down on his happy, calm face our chief thought was that he was at rest after all his weary pain and toil, for Jesus had said, "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm." He was buried in Kensal-green cemetery on July 20, 1883.

WILLENHALL.—Pattison says "religion" in and about Wolverhampton is much older than the manufactures. Wulfere, the first Christian king of Mercia, set up a monastery here in 659. From the earliest days there have been worshippers of our adorable Lord here. At Wednesbury, in 1742, a rioter attempted to kill John Wesley. The Gospel has been sadly used in these parts in former times, but it still thrives. Our "Commercial Traveller," when in Willenhall, is advised to find out Mr. George Banks, in Gomer-street Chapel. We have been favoured to preach in Willenhall, in Little London, in Wolverhampton, in the Coppice, and all around those parts in years past; and we know the Gospel has many friends in what is called "the Black Country." At Gomer-street, Willenhall, Mr. George Banks is pastor, and a much honoured pastor, under whose ministry the Church, the congregation, and the schools are prosperous. On July 24 he baptized five believers. Many are being added to the Church. During his five years' work the garden of the Lord has flourished.

ESSEX.—South-green chapel, so long the quiet meeting-house of Strict Baptists, is now given up to the efforts of the popular army. Oh, how many changes in this life wilt thou pass through? Gradually, during the last sixty years, have we seen religion merging from the quiet, pious, solemn services of the sanctuary, out into a terrible noisy outrage upon modesty, and a warlike advance upon the masses. The doctrines of Arminius, delicately advanced by "new schools" from within, are carried into extremes outside the Churches of truth. Do they send any real converts from Satan to the Most High into your communities? We could mention some wretched instances of revolt from the various armies of men, but we would rather be commanded and empowered to feed the lambs and sheep within the fold.

IRTHLINGBOROUGH, NORTH.—The Strict Baptist Church here is happy and united under the pastoral care of Mr. F. Pearce. This was the scene of the labours of good old Mr. Trimmings for thirty years; and since he "fell on sleep" some of the noble sons of Zion have here preached the Word of life. Doubtless, some will remember that the celebrated John Corbitt went to take the oversight of this people, but was suddenly called home before he had preached one sermon as pastor. Both he and Mr. Trimmings were laid to rest in the pretty graveyard adjoining the chapel. Sunday, July 29, the sixty-seventh anniversary of the Sabbath-school was celebrated. I was helped to preach three sermons to large congregations. We endeavoured to cheer the "heavenly pilgrim" in the morning, to instruct the children on "Faith" in the afternoon, and to encourage the "Christian workers" in the evening. Suitable hymns and anthems were satisfactorily rendered by the children and choir. We were glad to hear that the teachers and friends were blessed through the Word. We were comfortably entertained under the hospitable roof of John Scarbrow, Esq. May great blessings rest upon pastor and people.—**GEO. BANKS.**

NOTE FROM AN EVANGELIST.—**MY DEAR MR. BANKS.**—In your note to me of March 24, you asked a very important question. You said, "What do you preach? Where do you get it from?" Oh, sir, how often have I had to cry, with poor Jeremiah, "The burden of the Lord." How difficult it is, sir, when there are no soft whispers in the soul! It is an easy matter for the organ-grinder to turn the handle, but not so to preach. Our great professors of music may use their hands and feet very cleverly on their organs; but unless the blower does his part (who, by the way, is often out of sight), there are no sweet strains. Oh, sir, how much we need to feel when standing up on the walls of Zion, the breathing of the Spirit. May the dear Lord enable you, even now, to still proclaim His name to His praise and glory. Many thanks for inserting those verses of Mr. Winters on *Standard-men* and *Vessel-men*. It is true indeed. Were I to relate to you my experience on this matter it would quite bear out the testimony of Mr. Winters. I know you will pardon a youngster who is trying to serve the blessed Master till He come. Yours in love,—**W. P.**

SYDENHAM, OXON.—August 5, our Baptist Sunday-school sermons were delivered by Mr. Geo. Banks, of Willenhall; and on the Monday, Mr. Holland opened his meadow for the children and friends to assemble in, and to inhale fresh air, and receive the bounties provided. Pastors E. B. Lloyd and G. Banks, with T. Wakelin, Esq., of London, in giving prizes, in exhorting and counsels affectionately expressed, tended to render the season profitable and purely pleasant.

THE LORD'S BLESSING AT PULHAM-ST.-MARY.

Sunday, January 7, was a glorious day at Pulham. In the morning we held a public prayer-meeting; and, oh, what a blessed outpouring of the Spirit there was! Love and unity throughout our place of worship was felt; the Lord was in our midst, and the whole place seemed to feel it (Acts ii. 1, 2). It was, indeed, good to be there. How earnestly did the friends pray for me, their unworthy pastor, that the Lord would continue me in the work a few days more. I was enabled to come up in the afternoon with this text, "THE LORD IS GOOD." With this sweet text the Lord enabled me to speak with much feeling about the past, and the present, and with deep concern for the future welfare of my people. Our chapel was nicely filled, and greater attention was never paid to the word spoken. Surely some real good must arise from such blessed opportunities! At the Lord's Table we seemed to have quite a large family, while the Master's presence was enjoyed. I told our friends I had to lay on the table for the collection one shilling from a sister in the faith as a token of her love to me and my people for what God had done for her soul by bringing her into Gospel liberty, under a sermon I preached some years ago in London. She was going to write to me again and again to inform me of this, but had not courage enough to do so till she read an article of mine in the *VESSEL* about sister Martin's baptism; she was then brought to a decision to show herself on the Lord's side, and the other day I had a letter from her to say she had, by the Lord's help, been enabled to go through the ordinance with much joy and rejoicing. Glory be to God for all such instances of love and mercy thus manifested: "The Lord is good." In the evening our prayer-meeting was crowded. We were again greatly blessed, and a day of the days of the Son of Man ended with such tokens of God's love to a few poor worms of the earth as will never be forgotten.

B. TAYLOR.

PRITTLEWELL.—Anniversary was August 7. Mr. W. H. Lee preached and presided in the evening. Mr. Lee referred to the renovation of the chapel, and hoped the debt might be speedily cleared off. Mr. Potter will be grateful if any good friends will help rid the cause of its present pecuniary burden. W. Winters spoke on the believer's rest; Mr. Burbridge on the glorification of the Father by Christ Jesus; M. Branch dwelt with interest on the Bible feasts; and Mr. Rider on the state of the ungodly.—W. WINTERS.

MEOPHAM.—Our anniversary was July 17. Mr. E. Langford preached in morning, W. Winters afternoon and evening. Mr. Adam Dalton, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Coombs, and other brethren took part in the services. The Church is in need of a good pastor.

HEREFORD.—Whitstone Strict and Particular Baptist chapel (the only one of the kind for many miles round) has been enabled to fight its way on through many oppositions and other difficulties, and has lived to see its sixty-first anniversary, when about a hundred and forty members and other friends sat down to tea, followed by a public meeting. The pastor remarked they had laid in their last resting-place the body of a dear aged sister (the oldest member of the Church). But they had not been without their joys, for it had pleased God to add five more to their number since their last annual gathering, making a total during the present pastorate of twelve souls added to the Church. The following ministerial brethren gave Gospel addresses upon "precious things:" Mr. J. Williams, "Precious word" (1 Samuel iii. 1); Mr. T. Mudge, "Precious blood" (1 Peter i. 19); Mr. J. W. Townsend, "Precious cornerstone" (1 Peter ii. 6); Mr. J. Clark, "Precious promises" (2 Peter i. 4). Also Mr. G. King and Mr. Rowberry gave impromptu addresses, in which they summarised the foregoing Gospel topics in a very savoury manner, which the brethren had already served up well flavoured with divine love. Thus ended one of the best annual festivals of the kind that has ever been known at Whitstone. So said many who were there. The Lord be praised.

ROCHFORD.—It is our regret to note that this cause of truth is low. The Church is unable to support a ministry every Lord's-day; with the exception of one Sunday in a month sermons are read, which, however good the sermons may be, or however well read, a cold, deathlike state of things is almost sure to result from such a practice. People generally prefer the word hot from the heart, as God is pleased to direct. It is to be hoped the Lord will not suffer the cause here to break up after maintaining so long an existence. Evidently if a change takes place it must be for the better. The good friends at Canewdon are ever willing to render help, but the expense falls heavy upon a few. May the Lord graciously interpose for His name and truth sake, prays W. WINTERS.

LUTON.—It is a pleasure to be able to say that at "Bethel" there is an increase in the Church and congregation. Mr. Newman recently baptized four, and the sanctuary is sometimes full; the school is prosperous, and the service of praise is sweet and harmonious. Mr. F. Fountain, of Sharnbrook, preached on the first Sunday in August; he is as hearty, as fluent, and as happy as ever in the work. Many enquiries after the editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. "I have never seen him," said one aged disciple, "but I read what he writes, and if you hear him, you cannot hear a lot of the stuff of the present day." Mr. Cook still holds on at Ebenezer, with a goodly congregation, preaching with all the ability with which God has favoured him.—J. W. B.

THE PROOF THAT CHRIST GAVE HIMSELF FOR US.

BY THE LATE THOMAS JONES.

DEAR CASSE,—The doctrine you touch on in yours is the great doctrine of the Gospel—that of Christ giving Himself for us. If such be the fact, it is impossible we can fail, for then Christ must fail, the Father must fail, and the Holy Ghost must fail, for these Three are One. His substitution in our law-stead must for ever exonerate us from curse and condemnation, or He was not able to bear the curse for us. But we know the fact of His suretyship, and the success of it, for we have felt His blood cleansing us from all sin, we have enjoyed the smiles of an approving Jehovah, we have been prompted by the glorious Spirit to cry with confidence, Abba, Father. Satan may accuse, but he can substantiate no accusation; the conscience may contract a tarnish through our close association with Kedar, but conscience cannot be seared, and it cannot become an evil one—viz., indifferent to truth, for it is sanctified to witness for God against all unrighteousness, whether of theory or act, and seeks health and satisfaction in the atonement of Jesus. The tongue of prayer may stammer, but the spirit of prayer never departs. Darkness may shroud our path, but the light of life is within, and being eternal cannot expire. We have this proof that Christ gave Himself for us, to satisfy justice, and smite with deadly wound our enemies. He hath given Himself to us, and filled our souls with glory such as is found not except the King be nigh. When we consider what we are by nature, and what we have been by practice, it appears the extreme of presumption in us that we should dare to entertain a hope towards God, and when we consider how great things He has done for us, what evidences of His love we possess, the great price paid for our redemption, the mighty deliverance by which He brought us up from the ruins of nature, and the death of sin, it appears the extreme of perverseness that we should ever doubt His love, or suspect His aithfulness. The Lord increase our faith. I am, yours very affectionately in Him,

T. JONES.

Chester, Nov. 17, 1844.

ICHABOD.

The noble buildings of the land,
Where vaunted praise is frequent given.
Are not the places God deigns
To meet the soul and fit for heaven.
When first the Light of lights drew breath,
A stable was the room He saw;
And still the people of His choice
In humble way together draw.
Thus did His people once resort,
For many years the praises sang
Of Him who had their souls redeem'd,
Now should they go? Ah, what a pang!
When looking round the motley crew,
What holy sadness fills their breast!
Carousings, Bacchanalian sounds,
The child of God finds here no rest.
Noting Hill-gate, W.

W. B. C.

HEMPNALL, NORFOLK.—An open-air meeting, August 6, was for the cause at Santingham, where a debt of £200 has been on the chapel for years. In 1881 a few resolved to use means to clear it. Collection cards were given out; kind friends helped. In November, 1882, we paid off £50; since then a friend sent us £10; we have £3 in the Savings-bank. On Monday, August 6, £5 was added to the £13, so we have £18 towards the next £50. We acknowledge the Lord's goodness to us, through kind friends. We thank Mr. G. Muskett, of Hempnall, to whom we are greatly indebted for giving us three teas, raising each time £5. May the Lord reward him. Mr. T. R. Debnam preached in the afternoon. At evening service Mr. Debnam presided. Brother George opened the meeting with prayer. Brethren Muskett, of Yarmouth, Fordham, and T. R. Debnam addressed the meeting. Donations, ever so small, gratefully received by R. Fordham, Tasburgh, near Long Stratton; by Mr. G. Muskett, Hempnall, Norfolk; or by Mr. T. Jeffries, Bracon Ash, Norwich.

WANDSWORTH.—The first anniversary of James Clark's pastorate was celebrated on July 31. Lord's-day previously sermons were preached by the pastor, John Box. Brother Clark's ministry is highly appreciated; the Church and congregation continue to increase. Brother Clark is an exceptionally good preacher, and a genial, Christian man. On July 31 Mr. W. J. Styles preached. A large company took tea, and a public meeting was held. James Lee, Esq., presided; fervent prayer by deacon Tomline. Mr. Lee spoke of his attachment to Mr. Clark, and of his love to the distinctive doctrines of truth preached by him. Mr. J. L. Meeres dwelt sweetly on the union of the believer to Christ. Mr. C. Cornwell gave an address on the language of Nicodemus to Christ, "We know that thou art a Teacher come from God." Mr. P. W. Williamson, W. Winters, W. Osmond, deacon Mulliner, and the pastor addressed the friends. The meeting terminated happily.—W. WINTERS.

BOSTON.—Sunday evening, July 22, four adults were immersed in Ebenezer Baptist Chapel by Mr. J. Bolton, the resident minister. This is the largest number baptized at Ebenezer at one service for many years. The discourse was specially appropriate.

Since with a triumph 'twas advertised
That "Bolton's work was all but done,"
Six candidates hath he baptized,
And seven times pronounced two as one
(by marriage).

Thus Satan does not speak the truth
When he foretells such evil things,
Whilst every word from Jesus' mouth
Is true—which many a comfort brings.

No weapon can the tempter form
To injure those in JESUS' hand,
Seeing He rides upon the storm,
And doth His servants' strength command.

—JOHN BOLTON.

SUFFOLK—The anniversary sermons of Zion chapel Sunday-school, David-street, Ipswich, were preached by the pastor, Mr. S. Cozens, July 29, to good congregations. The pastor spoke in the morning of the teacher's grand subject, "The Love of Christ;" and in the evening he discoursed on the teacher's text-book, "The Scriptures." In the afternoon the chapel was crammed to hear the children sing and recite, and the pastor's address on the subject of "Teaching." On Wednesday afternoon the children and friends took tea in the close of Mrs. P. Cobbold, kindly lent for the occasion. There was a large gathering, and the children and friends thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

REDBURN, ST. ALBANS.—The cause here, under the pastorate of Mr. Newman, is gradually growing, through whose preaching the Lord by His Spirit does bless the Word. On Monday, August 6, annual treat to Sunday-school took place. The children, accompanied by the pastor and friends, were marched to a meadow in the vicinity of the chapel and regaled with good things. There is nothing to mar the peace of the school, but the Salvation Army, who here, as elsewhere, draw children away by their musical instruments.—J. W. B.

PULHAM-ST.-MARY.—Our much-honoured pastor, B. Taylor, has been absent from us in July. Mr. Elsey, sen., preached for him one Sunday; then, July 15, Mr. Denmece preached our Sunday-school anniversary sermons, and young Mr. Jonathan Elsey, of London, preached at Hoxne. After that, on July 22, came the secretary of Association, S. K. Bland, Esq., and occupied our pulpit. We expect our bishop, our dear, faithful Benjamin, back by the end of July. Afflictions in himself, in his blessed wife, and in a daughter, all weigh heavy upon him, but almighty grace doth help him on. He has been a useful witness for Christ over forty years to this part of the country; he has thought over, prayed over, and preached out much of the precious Word of God. Our souls have been sustained; many have been called, baptized, confirmed, comforted, gone home, and their bodies buried in our "God's acre," by brother Benjamin Taylor; and we pray he may yet be long spared unto us, even to see his Pulham jubilee. Amen.

KENT.—Our anniversary at Sturry was this year conducted by a neighbouring brother. Mr. Charles Hancock is still the pastor. We are thirsting for a blessed shower from the highest heavens. Oh, why do we so faint by the way? At Egerton Postal Sunday-school annual meeting was on July 30. We rejoice to learn our affectionate and faithful brother, Robert Young Banks, was happily surrounded by a large company of friends; the aged and the young used every effort to make the anniversary profitable and enjoyable. On Sunday, August 19, the pastor, R. Y. Banks, baptized some believers. Praise God, the ransomed are still coming to Zion.

BOW.—The fifth anniversary of laying the first stone of Mount Zion was Tuesday, July 24. Mr. W. Carpenter preached. In the evening, H. Lee, Esq., presided, and referred to the trial through which Mr. Lovelock had passed in the loss of his beloved partner. Messrs. W. Winters, J. Bennett, F. C. Holden, H. F. Naves, Northfield, and James Lee gave very spiritual addresses.—J. W. NORTON.

"STOCK'S HANDBOOK OF REVEALED THEOLOGY."

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR SIR,—It is now upwards of thirteen years since I was led, in a very marked, morifol, and, to me, marvellous manner, to abandon "yea and nay" divinity, and to hold and uphold the Gospel of free, sovereign, immutable, and invincible grace. How I suffered in mind and soul under the contradictory system, which I professed for eight weary years, God alone knows! The wounds are healed, but the scars remain; and if I love our distinctive views with some little ardour, and inveigh against error with some little vehemence, I can at least plead that my affection and hatred are born of the recollection of anguish of spirit, of which I cannot even now think without a stirring in my heart like pain.

One book which not a little contributed to perpetuate my bondage, was "Stock's Handbook of Revealed Theology." Of this a third edition has just appeared. I am bold to say that a more subtle, mischievous, and misleading treatise could not fall into the hands of an honest but uninstructed inquirer into the truth of the Gospel.

The value of testimony depends not a little on the character of the testifier, and some of your readers may not be aware that the Rev. John Stock was originally a Strict and Particular Baptist minister. In 1841 Fullerism was greatly disturbing the godly of our Churches, and this zealous young divine volunteered to defend the truth against the encroachments of error in the opening article of the January number of a magazine which then was staunch for the truth, although now, I fear, such can hardly be said respecting it.

But, alas! for human stability, on February 27, 1842, Mr. Stock avowed that he was at one with those whose sentiments he had refuted thirteen months before, and he has since made them his chosen associates. What Strict and Particular Baptist then thought of his movements and standing is no secret; but those were the good old days of plain speaking and straightforward conduct. Oh, for another John Andrews Jones, to arise and bid our soft-speaking brethren to mind whom they commend, and to "meddle not with them who are given to change."

As to the book in question, I am surprised, ashamed, nay, indignant at what I have elsewhere seen concerning it. Has common honesty departed from our midst? Has the truth ceased to be important? Does error, craftily introduced in the midst of Scriptural statements, demand nothing but honeyed compliments, and smooth apologies? I do not refer to casual expressions. Every one has a right to select his own phraseology, and I would make no man "an offender for a word." I object to the *animus* and tendency of the book as a whole.

Take its teachings on the Atonement. Every Strict and Particular Baptist will admit the importance of this central truth, and will, it is to be hoped, concede that a treatise which is unsound on this point is radically and essentially untrustworthy.

The sentiment of our denomination is ordinarily styled the "commercial" view of the Atonement. The title may not be happy. "A commensurate Atonement" may be a preferable expression; but its meaning is well understood. "Two Lord endured" as our suffering Surety, "just that measure of punishment which was due to our iniquities." "There was no abatement on the one hand, and no excess of wrath on the other." Hence the Atonement, which is the result or outcome of those sufferings, is exactly equivalent to, and neither more nor less, than the demerits of the elect for whose sins it was made. These were the sentiments of John Stevens, who boldly avows that, had there been but one sinner to have been saved, Christ must have died. If the number of the elect had been greater, His sufferings must have been proportionately augmented. Our brother Chas. Hill expressly stated the same truth in a sermon at Providence Chapel, Islington, on June 27, while our brother Hazelton, to whom we all defer as the father of "the coming-up men" (as you, Mr. Editor, are wont to style them), has printed some wonderfully strong expressions concerning it. "It is said (by some) that we should not take a commercial view of the Atonement; but it is wicked, and ALTOGETHER OF THE DEVIL, to talk in this manner" ("Sermons," vol. I., page 4). God bless our dear brother for his honesty. It is of the devil to preach the Atonement as an "infinite gulf," a vague, undefined, purposeless tragedy, which has no definite penal relation to the sins of the elect, instead of a sacrifice by which exact satisfaction was rendered to punitive justice for the sins of the chosen of God.

This doctrine, which, on Mr. Hazelton's authority, is altogether of the devil, however, permeates Mr. Stock's book.

"The infinite sufficiency of the sacrifice of the Son of God is (he tells us) *self-evident*." "If every transgressor in the universe were to trust in it (query, even fallen angels, in whose nature Christ did not suffer), it would be a sufficient ground in the moral government of God for the pardon of the guilt of that transgressor." "If Jesus gave His own self, nothing can ever exhaust the intrinsic value of such an offering." "The indwelling Godhead of Immanuel imprinted its own infinity upon the value of His oblation" (second edition, page 182).

I am not discussing, much less attempting to refute all this. I merely cite it to show that the book is thoroughly rotten in the doctrine of the Atonement, and ought not, therefore, to be commended by an honest Particular Baptist.

Take, again, the Work of the Holy Spirit. We are wont to distinguish between the *operations* and *influences* of the Spirit. We hold that He *operates* before He *influences*. Regeneration is an operation of the Spirit. The sinner is not influenced or assisted to pray *first*, to believe *first*, to make some advances to God *first*. In a word, he is not *aided* to perform something in the energy of nature, for doing which spiritual life will be imparted to him. This is rank, utter workmongering and legality, as senseless as it is unscriptural.

This, however, is just Mr. Stock's doctrine. Hear him. There is a divine "influence by which men are awakened and convinced, and made to see their need of Jesus, (which) is only preliminary to regeneration. It is not the new birth itself, but a means to that end. We are not regenerated or made holy until we are reconciled to God by the death of His Son. Then we receive Christ, *who is our life*. The moment the soul is brought to embrace the Lamb of God (namely, as we have said, to do something in the energy of nature) it is made a new creature. To those who receive Christ, He gives the privileges of becoming instantly the sons of God." "This preparatory influence,

though not regeneration, is absolutely necessary to its production" (Second Edition, page 211).

Man, therefore, according to this divinity, is *helpable*. A divine influence may aid him to embrace the Lamb of God, and for this he will receive the privilege of becoming a son of God!

Dear Mr. Editor, is this your conviction? Did James Wells, John Foreman, Wm. Palmer, or Israel Atkinson, teach such rubbish? Nay, they taught,—

"How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God."

Would they have applauded a treatise containing the above paragraph? You know they would have denounced it as dangerous and misleading.

I am not attempting to review the book. My simple desire is to pen a word of honest caution and protest. I know that it contains many noble sentiments. So do Lord Byron's poems. It is candid and courteous in its references to those whose views it opposes. So are Channing's works. It quotes Scripture freely. So do the Christadelphians. Moreover, it contains much truth, very forcibly stated. *So much the worse*. The better the bait with which the barbed hook is concealed, the more dangerous it becomes to the silly fish.

I am second to none in desiring to treat Christian brethren from whom we differ with brotherly kindness. On neutral premises I am always willing to meet them, and many have blamed me for my readiness to associate with them. Of that, of course, I must be the best judge, and I am responsible to my Master alone.

For God's sake, however, let us keep the withering, blighting, heart-deadening doctrines of Baxter and Fuller out of our Churches and magazines, and save our young from their pernicious influence till they are of full age, and able to judge for themselves.

Pardon my plainness. Someone, I felt, ought to say a word, and I venture to trouble you with these few lines, remaining,

Yours very truly,

W. J. STYLES.

[We must confess we had but slightly glanced at Dr. Stock's volume, and considered it merely as a helper to students in the main points of the Gospel plan. We confess, also, to our ignorance of Mr. Stock's antecedents. Once, at Lockwood, when speaking to the late Mr. Crowther, of the Church at Salendine-nook, Mr. Crowther said of the pastor, "He is a very proud man;" and, further, we confess that we have no taste, no time, no genius for controversy. We were fourteen years in the Church of England, singing her Psalms with the choir, saying her prayers with the fine old clergyman; but as blind and as dead to Christ and His Gospel as any of the heathen can be. At the age of twenty-two, the Lord Himself called us out of bed early one Sunday morning. From that day to this the LORD JESUS CHRIST Himself, as the eternal Son of God, and as the Redeemer and Saviour of the Church His Father gave Him, the one glorious Mediator between God and the elect family, this merciful High Priest has been all and in all to us, and He has been, He is, "a friend indeed." We never were entangled in the free-will, the duty-faith, the Fullerite, or any of the Arminian mongrelisms. We never believed in them; we never had any connection with them. During the whole of the fifty-five years of our life in the faith of the Son of God, we have never in any wise had any fellowship with the doctrines or doings of man's free-will or open-communion practices. We have witnessed their progress, and have silently seen how wonderfully creature policy has gained the people, and has spread on all hands and in all lands.

This creature policy fully answers to the predictions of the inspired apostle, who solemnly declared that "the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times,

"Some shall depart from the faith,"

"speaking lies in hypocrisy," &c.; but how does the same inspired apostle direct us to behave under these circumstances? To Timothy he says, "This know, also, that in the last days perilous times shall come; men shall be lovers of their own selves . . . having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof;

"FROM SUCH TURN AWAY."

We have done so. There are men who can fight valiantly against all kinds of error; but we were nearly shot dead soon after we were put into the ministry. Every bone was broken. Between Almighty God and our own soul, we can declare that with a bleeding and sorrowing heart we have laboured now between forty and fifty years in the ranks of the poor, the weak, the afflicted, the dying and the dead; the worn-up poor pastors, the aged and helpless widows, the orphans of departed Churches, and the deeply afflicted in Zion. But in these works and walks we have had to travel alone. We have read, with fear and trembling, Isa. lviii., "Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness," &c. We have been led to consider the other fast of which the Lord speaketh, "Is not, this, the fast that I have chosen to deal thy bread to the hungry," &c. To the valiant warriors in Israel we have been obliged, in measure, to leave the work of going out to war. We have never been large enough, nor strong enough, nor well enough, to fight with the armies of the aliens. The proud, the pure, the prosperous, have looked down upon us with contempt, and passed on, while grace hath enabled us, in a small and silent way, to "draw out our soul to the hungry, to satisfy some souls in drought, and in the Lord alone have we delighted. Soon (very soon it may be), shall we stand before the righteous Judge. After so much mercy past, will He leave us at the last? We cannot but hope in His mercy, and wait for His salvation. Having failed to criticise Dr Stock's handbook, we admit Mr. Styles's reproof, because we would never sanction error; but while we live, and have the entire and absolute editorship of the EARTHEN VESSEL, we are resolved its pages shall never be filled with mere controversial papers. — CHARLES WATERS BANKS.]

SUFFOLK ASSOCIATION.—Extract of letter from one country minister to another:—"I felt annoyed yesterday on reading the sneer of the EARTHEN VESSEL at our Association; could not help thinking it would have been a more honest signature had it been 'Little Man,' instead of 'Long-acre.' It is to my mind a sad proof of the house being divided against itself when a magazine, professedly seeking the edification and spiritual profit of the Church of God, as well as being the bearer of the happy intelligence of Zion's welfare, stoops to such sarcastic tauntings."—"Long-acre" was a Suffolk pastor, and Association preacher. "Little Man" had nothing to do with letter referred to. If sneers had been seen they would never have been published. We wish the Suffolk Association the best of all blessings.—C. W. B.]

Girly.

On August 2nd, at Beech House, Ossory-road, Old Kent-road, the wife of G. J. Allen, of a daughter.

Marriage.

On Tuesday, August 7th, at St. Matthew's, Denmark-hill, by Rev. John Waters Banks, Chas. Wm., second son of W. Rex, Esq., of Regent's-park, to Lucy Waters, the youngest daughter of William Lovegrove, Esq., of Cold-harbour-lane.

Deaths.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS JONES.—DEAR MR. BANKS.—The last words of Mr. Jones were very sweet to me this morning, "It is no mystery now." The following lines suggested themselves to my mind, so thought I would send them you. He was a dear old pilgrim of Zion. His poor flock will miss him, like all Zion's witnesses who have gone before him. The salt of the earth is scarce, therefore very precious to the inhabitants of the land of Canaan, whose enemies are more subtle than the Egyptian taskmasters. May you still be spared, is the prayer, no doubt, of thousands, and we would join them with our hearty amen, for Jesu's sake. With our united Christian love and gratitude, yours in Jesus, — JANE LLOYD.

How great the revelation Jesus made
To thy dear pastor, who, expiring, said,

"It is no mystery now!"
'Tis all explained, the immortal mind is free,
Loosed from the element of solemn, sacred
mystery. [indeed!]

"No mystery now!" what weighty words
To cheer the sorrowing flock he loved on earth
to feed;

Though taken from your midst a little while,
You soon shall follow me and share His kingly
smile.

"It is no mystery now!" the vision for a time
Has burst in full fruition, Christ is mine!
His love, and blood, salvation's theme below,
Are verities! no doubts becloud them now.
Oh, happy, happy saint! we would your spirit
join [tial clime]

To sound the note, "free grace!" in yon celest-
Where sin, nor sorrow, grief, nor care,
Are known, no, never! never! there. J. L.

THE LATE J. B. SMITHIES.—The *British Workman* editor is gone. Mr. W. H. Collingridge, of the *City Press*, kindly sends us account of the funeral of this devoted workman in the cause of temperance, and a follower of Christ in the practical working out of the parables. We may read the following words spoken at the grave, exemplifying the character of the deceased, as a stimulant. The *City Press* says:—"Mr. Bevan Braithwaite, a venerable minister of the Society of Friends, dwelt for a little while on the chief characteristic of the life of their departed friend—a life of loving service for the good of others. The mainspring of this life was devotedness to the Saviour who had redeemed him, and he would have been the first to repudiate the idea that any works of his own, however valuable in the eyes of others, could be urged as a ground of merit. From the hour of his conversion unto the last hour of life, his language would have been that of the Apostle, 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us.' His life was one continued testimony to his Lord, and sympathy with him was ever the secret of all he did or attempted to do. He felt that he was not his own, and that he had been bought with a price. There was the truth which he felt more and more deeply as the years of his earthly life went by; and as the motive of all his loving efforts for the good of others, their friend would have said, 'He loved me and gave Himself for me.' The victory was his now. In closing, the speaker earnestly prayed that it might be their privilege to meet their beloved friend again in 'the better land,' and unite with him in heaven's eternal anthem of 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'"

Three Short Walks

THROUGH THE LANES OF NATURE, THE MYSTERIOUS HARVEST
FIELDS, AND UP THE HILLS OF GLORY.

"The harvest is the end of the world."

"Oh, everlasting rest, lift off life's load of care,
Relieve, revive this burdened breast, and every sorrow bear ;
THOU art in heaven our ALL, our all on earth art Thou!
Upon Thy glorious name we call, LORD JESUS. BLESS US NOW."

"NO neutrality!" cries the foreign author of a criticism on "Our Universities." "No neutrality!" cry our correspondents who write joyfully of Mr. Styles's critique on "Dr. John Stock's Theology." "No neutrality!" re-echo I, when the contention is between man's free-will and Jehovah's free and sovereign grace." One very excellent brother says:—

"I was personally acquainted with Mr. Stock, when at Chatham. He married here, and his first wife lies in a vault in the front of Zion chapel, Chatham. He was pastor at Zion about six years. He then went to Salendine-nook, afterwards to Morrice-square, Devonport, then back again to Salendine-nook. I believe he has always been a *Strict Baptist*, although he *does not* blow the Gospel trumpet with a certain sound."

Neutral ground will not do for me. I must be IN CHRIST, chosen by the Almighty God before time was born; or I am a child of the wicked one. CHRIST must be in me the only HOPE OF GLORY; or I am nothing but a barren fig-tree, a cumberer of the ground, and shall be rooted up out of all mere profession, and cast into the fire. The Spirit of the living God must have created me in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that I should walk in them; or I am only a lifeless branch in the visible Church, and shall be taken away, and all I have seemed to have will be taken away too; and there have been times when, like Abraham, "a horror of great darkness" hath overwhelmed me for a season, and "out of the belly of hell have I cried unto the Lord," and have been delivered.

I can approve things that are excellent; but Matthew Arnold's disquisitions on the God of Calvinism, and the God of Arminianism, and the awful outcry of writers in the *Worldly*, make me tremble. Abstractedly I am of no *ism* but *Bibleism*, divine revelationism, God-written and God-inspired truthism; these form my sheet-anchor. For half-a-century, or more, I have been weaned from all mere associated sections of religionists; bull-dogs I fly from; wind-bags I abhor. "Paucity, Presumption, Pride and Co.," I never could walk with. The Son of God called me alone, and in Spirit alone WITH HIM I have walked. The free-will Churches, many of them, and the writers on Christianity, as they call their ideas of religion, are much filled with such wood, hay, and stubble, as the following:—

"'Calvinism,' says Mr. Arnold, 'talks about God as if He were a man

in the next street;' or, as he elsewhere puts it, 'the God of Calvinism is a magnified and non-natural man,' who decrees salvation and damnation at His arbitrary pleasure. The 'God of Arminianism' is another 'magnified and non-natural man,' of different tendencies; and Mr. Arnold says, 'so long as we remain in this anthropomorphic order of ideas we cannot answer the question why a Being of infinite power and love made men such as to incur the penalties of this awful decree.'"

With a trumpet-blast, a popular organ says: "The Lord's Prayer is enough to kill all the Calvinism in the world, for we are all taught to say, OUR FATHER," &c. That Prayer was for the Saviour's own disciples. Redemption is a relative term. GOD's chosen, CHRIST's redeemed, the HOLY GHOST's quickened, called, and sanctified ones, make up the one Church, the one family, the one Spouse of whom God's eternal Son is the Head, the Husband, the All-and-in-all. The general and free-will Baptists have just shown, by figures and by facts, that great numbers of *their* people who are added to their Churches fall away rapidly; so that their false preaching, and undue pressure, which bring in many to swell their numbers, are speedily lost to them, and their difficulty is HOW TO KEEP THEM.

Altogether, with all the associations and enterprising efforts now put forth, I do know there is nothing will stand the fire which must try every man's work of what sort it is, but the pure golden grace of the God of Israel. The other Sunday night, after preaching, I was seized with a mental fit of melancholy most painful. It was indescribable. Knowing I was engaged to preach the next day at Two Waters' Harvest Meeting, I retired to my study and endeavoured to pray for a blessed incoming of some word from the Lord which might relieve me and raise me above that cloud of dark distress which so painfully enveloped me. I had not sighed and sought long, before a Scripture entered into and possessed my mind, although it did not free me from the wild waste of internal destitution to which I had been driven. The words were these:—

"SIX DAYS THOU SHALT WORK; BUT ON THE SEVENTH DAY THOU SHALT REST; IN EARING TIME AND IN HARVEST THOU SHALT REST."

In a moment the still small voice whispered, "There is a three-fold rest promised. A rest from labour, a rest in hope, and a rest in satisfaction." After six days' work comes the Sabbath of rest. After ploughing, and sowing, and waiting, and the earing season comes, there is a comparative

REST IN HOPE.

Then when the corn has become fully ripe, when the harvest has been gathered in, the wants supplied, the promise realised, there is

"A REST OF SATISFACTION!"

for surely, "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing and scattering precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, *bringing his sheaves* with him."

A good part of that Sunday night I went forth with a meditative weeping. When Monday came, I went forth on my journey. The clouds of gloom in the heavens, the showers on the earth, and the mud and the mire, were much calculated to overwhelm one's spirit, and cause

me to go forth weeping. Being landed on Box-moor, I thought of years, of anniversary days, and of special services long since enjoyed in these parts of the land, and of the departure of nearly all the good friends I have known here. I saw *Hope Cottages*, and reflected on the life and ministry of Richard Searle; how in flying from Waddesdon-hill to catch the train, he fell in the road and was suddenly translated. His life, his death, his wife and her being found drowned; the deaths of dear Hutchinson, the Bedmond pastor; of the ancient John Roberts and his believing partner; the original singer in Salem; the tall, noble, deacon Ewer, and the Widow Rowe's sister. Then I looked across the Moor on to the straw-platt works. Where is now those blessed Greens, the father and mother of William and Annie? "Oh, up yonder!" Still more painful came the message to me, "The remains of that godly deacon, that quiet, unassuming, that faithful brother Kingham, is just called away; his remains are to be buried to-morrow."

Oh! who can there be left to carry on the worship at Salem? *Who?* When time for service came, I found an assembly of people. Among them was brother George Holt, a native of that part, with his wife; William Green and his sister—stern believers in the truth; Deacon James Picton, friend Creasy, and two other gentlemen in the diaconate; a Sunday-school, a charming choir, and a well-appointed and lighted commodious chapel; and, after reading the parable of

"THE WHEAT AND THE TARES,"

and seeking the Lord's presence and blessing, I read my text: "Six days shalt thou work; but on the seventh day thou shalt rest; in earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest."

"*The Harvest*" is a most significant ordinance, both in the Old and New Testaments. It comes out in connection with the ceasing of the flood. It is in the history of Joseph's uplifting and prosperity, with the passing over Jordan, and in many other parts of ancient history. But the parable of the wheat and the tares is the most sacred piece of divine teaching, as regards the distinction between the Church and the world, which the Saviour's ministry produced. That parable hath been a little opened up in my soul with its grand and awful issues of late; although I have not ventured to speak of it in public, nor can I here yet attempt it, but ere I close up my long-sustained office of conducting this little brown pitcher I have a hope of giving a few words on that parable, the meaning of which was

PRIVATELY EXPOUNDED BY JESUS TO HIS DISCIPLES.

The parable, *publicly* preached to the multitude, but *privately* expounded to His own dear disciples, was a powerful example of what has been going on ever since in the Gospel kingdom. The public preaching is, to the multitude, a mystery still; but the most blessed SPIRIT doth "take of these mysteries of Christ," and doth privately SHEW (the spiritual, the saving meaning of) them unto His heaven-born children. In that sense "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show, or make known to them His covenant." The preaching of the Gospel has a two-fold power in it: First, to the multitudes who *hear* the Word as men proclaim it, there is a WITNESSING POWER; but, to the "new creature in Christ," it has a WORKING POWER. In the hands of the HOLY GHOST, and by His making it "sharper than any

two-edged sword," the Gospel becomes a generative, a separative, a discerning, a life and light-giving power; a new, spiritual, a supernatural, a divine creation is begotten in the election of grace, wherein the CHRIST of GOD is revealed, and the COVENANT of GOD is opened, which sacred verities made Paul exclaim, "By the grace of God I am what I am!" and "the things which were so dear to him"—all his Jewish religion, and his own produced righteousness, all his former and natural achievements, works, duties, and reliances, all these he counted as less than nothing when compared with "the excellency of the knowledge of CHRIST JESUS *his* LORD," for whom he willingly suffered the loss of all those things in which, before, he had thought, by walking in them, and by persecuting the true disciples of JESUS,

"HE WAS DOING GOD SERVICE."

Thousands upon thousands, in this Gospel-day, are in the same state as Saul of Tarsus was. They cleave to their own free-will notions; they believe all the whole masses of the people are to be saved; they hate what they call the "hyper-Calvinists," which is a false term; they sneer at the despised Strict and Particular Baptists; but we, by the sovereign grace of God, bow down with the Saviour, and exclaim, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that, while THOU hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, THOU hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, FATHER, for

"SO IT SEEMETH GOOD IN THY SIGHT."

And there we must leave it, while the American orators and the scientific Gossellers plausibly do away with God's eternal election of His people, and Christ's redemption of His Church, and as Hannah Dutton did write:

"The Spirit keeps election in His eye,
And knows exactly for whom CHRIST DID DIE."

While Jehovah's sovereignty in salvation is ignored, or falsely clothed with this new theology, we cannot but declare those things which are surely believed amongst us, quite confident that the foundation standeth sure:—

"THE LORD KNOWETH THEM THAT ARE HIS."

I have to train it off into Norfolk, and must leave the lanes of nature, the fields of grace, and the hills of glory untraversed, until (if my transcendently glorious Lord will permit) next month; and close this note by declaring that no type (in the Old Testament) of the harvest ever can exceed that of Job's. In the names of his three daughters are enclosed the whole economy and perfection of Zion's salvation—the HOLY GHOST declaring their character:—

"In all the land none were so fair
As ancient Job's three daughters were."

And their names are given:—

JEMIMA—"THE LIGHT OF TRUTH."

KEZIA—"the perfume of godliness and righteousness."

KEREN-HAPPUCH—"the horn of beauty and glory."

Of which more next time, from

Your loving, living, working

CHARLES WATERS BANKS,

Whose elder trees (in 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London) are shedding their leaves; but the Tree of Life, and every leaf, shall live for ever.

THE HARVEST OF 1883.

O! WAKE up my slumbering lyre,
Great Author of all that is good—
Who makest Thy ministers' fire
Fix me in a worshipping mood.
The lilies, when blooming in Spring,
The corn, ere beginning to ear,
The birds, by beginning to sing—
All told us that Summer was near.
Great hath been the goodness bestowed
By Heaven's omnipotent hand;
Whilst few to the sceptre have bowed
That's swayed o'er both ocean and
land.
The tiller may turn up the sod;
The sower, too, scatter the grain;
Except the increase be of God,
The labours of both are in vain.

The thunder, the locust, and hail,
Which scatter their terrors around,
Cause hearts in vast numbers to fail,
Which wait for the fruits of the ground.
The drought, too, which punisheth sore
The nations far over the sea,
Through mercy's been kept from our
shore,
Though we are not better than they.
How precious the promise He spoke,
Who showed how He cared for the poor!
The hawthorn, the bramble, and oak
Still tell us that promise is sure.
Our Summer and harvest are past
The swallows are quitting the shore,
The leaves they are withering fast;
Our barley and wheat is in store.

Be grateful, ye sons of the soil,
Nor murmur for that ye have not;
Remember, midst labour and toil,
Contentment's the happiest lot.

Boston.

J. BOLTON.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S VALEDICTORY SERMON
AT BROMLEY ROAD TABERNACLE,
SOUTH LEE, KENT, ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 26TH, 1883.

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen."
—Eph. vii. 27.

THIS is Paul's last farewell and benediction to the Church at Ephesus, which he dearly loved. A loftier aim and a better wish we cannot conceive in saying good-bye to those we love in our Lord Jesus Christ. The words of our text ring with a sweet and splendid pathos, which I feel is impossible to express or describe. The last words of friends frequently linger in the memory of those spoken to as a loved, familiar, and sweet presence. They often soothe and exhilarate us in life's struggles and sorrows with a marvellous and blessed fascination. Moses before his departure from the scene of his labours, with a pathetic eloquence and pious triumph, said, "The eternal God is thy refuge." Joshua, at the end of his labours, when ready to depart, said, "Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve Him in sincerity and truth." David said, "Now bless the Lord your God." Jehoshaphat: "Praise the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever." Paul: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Martin Luther: "Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, Thou God of truth, for Thou, O God, hast loved me much." John Calvin: "I beseech you not to follow the example of unbelievers, but praise God with all humility." Another said: "The best of all is, God is with us." These words, as they were uttered by these various holy men of God, were full of solemn testimony to the grace and power of God. Oh, how beautiful they must have sounded to all them who heard or read them! Are they not full of divine consolation?

Ephesus was a city memorable to Paul. When he was there he laboured hard and suffered much, so that through his preaching Christ crucified souls might be saved and blessed. After a weary sojourn there a Church was formed, and the Christians in Ephesus, with grateful hearts, remembered Paul, their spiritual father, even when he was far away from them. And now he was an aged man; the infirmities of old age heavily upon him; and being a prisoner in Rome, he fondly remembered his past experience in Ephesus. How vivid to his mind must have been, when in the wretched Roman prison, the memorable day when, in great fury and confusion, the populace shouted, "*Great is Diana of the Ephesians!*" I suppose Mr. Spurgeon will never forget the sadly memorable day when the confused cry was heard in the Surrey Music-hall, "Fire! fire!" Whilst with all the earnestness of a Christian minister he preached, men were crushed, and the evil report spread through the land. He certainly remembers the catastrophe; but he also remembers the good God, in His mercy, brought forth out of the confusion. Catastrophe! but spiritual triumph followed. And so aged Paul would remember that memorable scene in the theatre, when the great assembly stood up in confusion, and shouted with bigotted enthusiasm, "*Great is Diana of the Ephesians!*" God, however, caused His Word to go forth as a hammer, breaking stony hearts; and Paul triumphed, because of the many who were brought to the feet of Jesus, and rejoiced in His finished salvation. Thus Paul, remembering his labours and sufferings at Ephesus, he felt it peculiarly joyous to know that in Ephesus God had a people, and that they loved Jesus. And in language of splendid dignity and majesty he wished them farewell in the words of our text: "Grace be with all them that love Jesus Christ in sincerity."

And now, beloved brethren, as this is my farewell sermon to you, as a Church, I would accommodate myself by using this precious text as my farewell to you. Two years and a half I was with you, with the help from God, I have done my utmost to serve the Lord Jesus Christ and you His people. My constant prayer and desire was that God would bless and enlarge this Church with redeemed souls. The work has prospered; every branch of Church work received God's blessing. Sunday-school, Tract Society, Bible-classes, &c., started and carried on, and progressing well; brotherly love reigning. Now, however, it is my painful duty to leave you. God knows that it is great pain to me, for I have loved intensely my work here, and love you all who are God's people, firmly believing, however, that He who is *all-wise* has, in His providence, opened another door, and given me a field of large usefulness and greater responsibilities, to preach the precious blood of Christ, not to Gentiles only, but also to my own brethren after the flesh, for whose spiritual welfare I yearn. My wish to you, beloved friends, is the language of the text: "Grace be with all them that love Jesus Christ in sincerity."

I will now ask you briefly to observe,—

I.—*The character of the persons addressed.*

II.—*The nature of the benediction pronounced.*

I.—The persons are God's people, for "they love Christ." The Christian religion, which is the only true religion, is founded on LOVE. Religion without this is worthless and base. "*God is love.*" This we

see even when the representative of our race fell. God, in His infinite love of mercy, gave a loving promise that "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Look at the ancient world in heathenism. Heathens were strikingly assimilated to the attributes of their gods—viz., revenge, hatred, lust, licentiousness, murder, and all unmentionable vices. *The only true God is love.* Therefore love must become the noble characteristic of His people; hence we are to love the brethren, love our neighbours. Our blessed Lord came into this world the incarnation of God's love. "God so loved the world He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." True religion must produce assimilation to the God of love. The love of Jesus Christ in the sinner's heart is the most precious gem given by God. However bold you may be in professing the Christian religion, and hold its fundamental doctrines, and if you have not this love of Christ your profession will only be as a beautiful gold ring on one's finger, where there is a casement for a diamond, but the diamond is not in the casement; it loses, therefore, its value. Your professions may be good, doctrines grand, but without Jesu's love in the soul all is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. If you turn to your Revised New Testament you will see that His love is called *incorruptible*. Dr. Gill says, "True grace in the soul is an incorruptible seed." Certainly, beloved, this love of Jesus in the soul is placed by God Himself. It is like Himself—incorruptible. It is not a fleeting, earthly love, but a spiritual and eternal.

Paul looked on the whole family of God as one household, all true believers His brothers and sisters. Bishop McIlvan well said, "Where the Lord Jesus has a true believer, there I have a brother." Robert Hall said, "He that is good enough for Christ is good enough for me." To all here this evening who have the love of Jesus in your souls, I would say, "*Grace be with you.*"

II.—"*Love is the throne in the heart on which Christ sits and reigns.*" Brethren, our hearts are Christ's. To every penitent soul the divine demand comes, "My son, give me thine heart." Our affections must be set upon the things of heaven. Jesus, the most glorious Person, with the Father, is the soul's great object loved. "Whom have we in heaven . . . like unto Thee?" And where that incorruptible seed, God's love, reigns, you will invariably find that selfishness, meanness, will have no room in the heart; and if I see professors mean, selfish, &c., we can generally take for granted that in that heart there is very little trace of this love. To all of you, beloved, whose heart the Lord has turned from the world to Himself, I wish, "*Grace be with you.*"

Without *love* the heart is destitute of *sympathy*. We Christians sympathise with Christ in His sufferings; but until the love of Christ was within us we saw no sacredness in Gethsemane, no beauty in the cross of Calvary; the tears of Jesus, the crown of thorns, all these were meaningless to us. But ever since God has placed the love of His Son within us, how sacred Gethsemane has been to us! Olivet holy ground! the cross the greatest attraction! Oh, brethren, where men possess Jesu's love, how they will love to gather themselves together and meditate on the bleeding wounds, pierced side; and in the language of good Dr. Watts will say,—

"He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A saddened trembling shakes the ground.
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For Him who groaned beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood."

And so it is in our daily life; if we do not love persons we do not enter into full sympathy with such. Going through the streets of London I often see funeral processions in all their gloom, and they all tell one sad tale; but I am so accustomed to such scenes that generally I pass such spectacles without any particular feeling of sorrow. But when I see the funeral car, and peep through the carriage windows, and behold the faces of mourners whom I know and love, oh! how my heart then bleeds within me! my soul is sorrowful! Love within me to the mourner produces sympathy. Hence Paul loved the Christians at Ephesus, and they loved him. There was, therefore, a holy sympathy living in them; and Paul wished to all such persons possessing that incorruptible seed of love, "Grace be with you."

This love keeps the soul in communion with God and obedience to Him. Moses, with the law in his hand, threatened, heathenism revenged; but Christ's loving voice calls. See through His sacred life how this precept was true. Behold a man who was possessed of evil spirits, and by Christ's command the evil spirits left the man; this poor fellow's delight was to sit at Jesu's feet and do His will. Behold Mary Magdalene, having tasted Jesu's love, how delighted to be with Him. And so every poor sinner, when made possessed of Christ's love, finds it sweet to commune with Him, and do His will.

This love is undying; it is immortal, incorruptible. It cannot change nor pass away. One said, "It is not the puff of enthusiasm, not the seal of a sudden excitement, not a pathetic sympathy taking hold of a religious mood, but a love that holds the soul steadfastly to Christ.

"O blessed love of Christ!
 How rich and sweet!"

An old divine describes it: "A gracious principle wrought in the soul by God, which inclines us to delight in, esteem, and earnestly to desire to enjoy an interest in God's favour and communion with Him as our chief good, portion, and happiness, and fountain of all perfection and excellency, and which likewise disposes us to do good to all, especially God's people."

Lastly, I would say a word on the nature of the benediction, "Grace." The benediction is short, but in it is a body of divinity. It is full of the richest wealth imaginable. Grace! what is it? It is all God can give or man receive. Grace, beloved, is what we all need, and none of us can obtain it by our merit. Having it, we may well say we are rich indeed; but to be without it is to be in misery and woe. Grace! How often—yea, it always does give a light in the darkest experience of life. It gives hope in the saddest condition of life. Grace gives me a key with which I am enabled to open many locks, unravels the most tangled mystery. Grace! O blessed grace! My cup which is so bitter by it becomes sweetened, and I am consoled. Grace gives a splendid

and noble career. By it I have seen the dying saint strengthened, and triumphantly walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Grace be with you all, beloved. Favour, good will, beneficence, generosity, unmerited love, favour of God, divine influence, spiritual instruction, improvement, edification, final salvation, eternal life—all these included in the one word, grace. To all of you that love Christ with a love incorruptible, I wish, "*Grace be with you.*" Amen.

" O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine.

Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
Oh, make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy name.

Daily more filled with Thee my heart;
Daily from self more free;
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,
Of my prayer hearer be.

Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move;
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love."

PASTOR DEXTER'S LETTER TO MR. LEVINSOHN.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I should very much like to be at your valedictory service on Monday, but as that is quite impracticable, I wish to express the hearty regard I cherish for you, and my sincere desire for your future welfare and success in the important position you have accepted in the vineyard of our Lord, a position for which I believe He has specially prepared you by His providence and grace, and one which must necessarily call forth your warmest sympathies. May many of your brethren according to the flesh be blessed by your labours amongst them, and be glad to acknowledge Him as their Lord and God, whom now they despise as a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. And may it be your happy privilege for years to make known the hope of Israel by preaching and teaching Christ and Him crucified. I trust that, though you cease to be a neighbouring pastor, you may continue to live in our locality, and that we may often be favoured with opportunities of fraternal intercourse.

May your dear wife and family, as well as yourself, richly realise the blessing of Jehovah. Assure the friends at Bromley-road of my hearty good wishes for them. May they be so guided and blessed in all their future steps as a Church of Christ that God shall be abundantly glorified in them.

With earnest desire that grace, mercy, and peace may be with you all,

I am, your brother in the Lord,

WM. KNIBB DEXTER.

Yarmonth, August 25, 1883.

The Farewell Pastoral Meeting took place in the following week. Mr. T. Daynes Wood, the much honoured deacon, occupied the chair. He spoke of the happy union which had existed between their now retiring pastor and the members of the Church and congregation. It had been a very mutual union of peace and prosperity. Mr. Stringer, another very devoted deacon, came forward, and affectionately addressing Mr. Levinsohn, presented him, in the name of the Church and friends, with £20. Mr. Levinsohn gratefully and cheerfully acknowledged the same, and confirmed Mr. Wood's expressions respecting the truly Christian union that had existed during the whole time he had gone in and out before them in the Lord's name. Sympathetic and faithful words were given by Mr. William Flack, C. W. Banks, Messrs. Teall, Camp, and others, and the happy communion closed. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's work, as the representative of the Society on behalf of the Jews, will be a mission in which his whole soul will go forth with zeal and brotherly love. On Sunday, September 2, he preached a sermon in Speldhurst-road chapel on behalf of the Society; and he may be said there to have entered fully into his new vocation with faith and fervent desires.

THE DOCTRINE OF REPROBATION.—No. II.

BY W. WINTERS, WALTHAM ABBEY.

(Continued from page 275).

IT is plain from Scripture and from every-day life that the Gospel is hid from reprobates, or lost ones; that they cannot believe—they have neither the power nor the will to believe to the saving of their souls (John xii. 37—40), and hence their living and dying in direct antagonism to God's plan of salvation, after having heard it fully and faithfully preached, proves the fact. The Gospel is a parable to them, and they may be ever learning it, yet never able to come to a saving knowledge of it as the truth is in Jesus. Such are not only left in a state of spiritual blindness in which they were born, without any spiritual provision being made for them, but positively ordained to remain so for ever. Jude says (4) they were before of old ordained to this condemnation. The same class are spoken of by Isaiah, vi. 9, 10; Jer. v. 25, and referred to by Matt. xiii. 14, 15, Mark iv. 12, Luke viii. 10, John xii. 40, Acts xxviii. 26, Rom. xi. 8. And God says, by Paul, He will send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned, &c. (2 Thess. ii. 11, 12). Thus we say with Toplady, "the actions of God are the fruits of His eternal purpose," as in the case of Judas the betrayer (Acts iv. 28.) We do not say God made man to damn him, for God, as we have before stated, made man upright and in His own image, and though God did not decree man to sin, He sovereignly permitted many to live and to die in it, by the withholding His saving grace from them for whom the blood of Christ was not shed; and thus, as He decreed not to give grace to such, He permitted them, as a natural consequence, to be lost. Mankind is divided into two classes only (1): the world lying in wickedness, and (2) those given to Christ out of the world. The one class He loved from all eternity, and they were predestined to good works; and the natural antithesis is, the other He hated; the one He never beheld iniquity in through His beloved Son, and in the other class He never beheld any-

thing but iniquity, because they never were in Christ. The difference is seen in the case of Cain and Abel, and in the two brothers, Jacob and Esau.

This may be softened down, but it cannot be totally frustrated. It may appear harsh, but the question is, is it truth? (Rom. ix. 11). The apostle assimilates the sovereignty of God with that of the potter, who makes of the same lump one vessel to honour and another to dishonour. On the one side, the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction declare God's wrath against sin, and on the other side He makes known the riches of His glory in the vessels of mercy which He had prepared afore unto glory (Rom. ix. 21, 22, 23; see also Prov. xvi. 4, 1 Pet. ii. 8, 2 Pet. ii. 12, Jude 4). It is solemn to think of, but the names of the reprobates are not written in the Lamb's book of life (Rev. xiii. 8). Man is not saved because God foresaw from all eternity that he would believe, nor is he lost because God foresaw he would not believe, for if salvation had depended upon that condition, not a soul would have been saved. God looked down from heaven to see if there were any that did good, and He beheld none that did good; no, not one. Now, if man is saved because God foresaw he would believe, how disappointed the Almighty must have been when He looked from heaven and saw not one believer on the earth. We know that God repented that He had made man because of sin, but we never find that He ever repented that He had saved man through His beloved Son from before the foundation of the world. The Arminian believes that reprobates are persons who have failed in the use of opportunities, and having thus been tested, are found unworthy of approval, and are consequently rejected, or cast off, and that they are not rejected on account of any antecedent decree. The choice of some and the rejection of others agrees with the sovereignty of God, and therefore cannot militate against His divine attributes, love, mercy, and justice.

God's choice of some to eternal life was not at the expense of others—that is, He did not do any injustice to those He left without grace, seeing that none deserved anything short of eternal damnation, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. An illustration of some force has been drawn bearing analogy to the doctrines of election and reprobation, and is in harmony with the theory held in the golden age of scholasticism—*i.e.*, If, says the learned, I hold a stone in my hand, my holding it is the immediate cause of its not falling, but if I let it go, my letting it go is *not* the immediate cause of its falling; it is carried downward by its own gravity. If reprobation be the exact antithesis of election, why, say some, do we need a day of judgment? God has absolutely appointed a day of judgment because all are conscious beings on whom judgment should be passed. To the elect that day will be a glorious one. Jesus will come to be glorified in His saints and admired in all them that believe, to whom there is now no condemnation, nor will there be any then, and this fact heaven and earth will witness in that day, and if there be no possibility of condemnation, there can be no issue of trial (Rom. viii. 1). But the judgment mainly refers to the wicked. The reprobates, or those dying under the curse of a broken law, must of necessity receive judgment *openly*. Because they were not elected to salvation will not screen them, but because they lived and did enemies to God by nature and by practice, and had pleasure in unrighteousness (2 Thess. i. 8, 9, Matt. xxv. 34—41). May God ever keep us honest. Amen.

MR. CHARLES HILL'S GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THIRTY-FOUR YEARS' PASTORAL LIFE AND WORK AT STOKE ASH.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—We have read in the good old Book, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say that He is good." A few of the redeemed have, for many years past, been privileged to meet in a rural village in Suffolk called Stoke Ash. Many who from time to time meet beneath the roof of that large red-brick building, called Stoke Ash Baptist Chapel, experience God is good—they hear He is good, they also desire to acknowledge His goodness to them. One way in which they experience God's goodness is in having brought them out of nature's darkness into His marvellous light, thereby making it manifest they are among that number who are redeemed by the blood of an incarnate God. They hear He is good from the lips of one whom God has called to go forth and preach the truth faithfully, unreservedly, and unflinchingly, as it is in Christ Jesus. They also desire, by lip, life, and pen, to acknowledge how great is His goodness to them.

In July our dear pastor went to London for the Norfolk and Suffolk Home Mission. While there the London friends were very kind to him; one way in which they manifested their kindness to him was by presenting to him a nice family Bible. He brought it home, and from it was enabled to preach to us two sermons which caused our hearts to rejoicingly thank God, and say:—

"If such the sweetness of the stream
What must the fountain be?"

It happened that the first Lord's-day after our dear pastor's return from London, he completed the thirty-fourth year as pastor at Stoke Ash. Having a sketch of the sermons then preached, I thought I would send them to you to use in any way you please. God has indeed blessed, and is still blessing us at Stoke Ash. While we rejoice we do desire that all the honour, praise, and glory should be to Him to whom alone it is due. That God's best blessing may indeed rest upon your labours of love is the sincere desire of yours in Jesus,

P. BARRELL.

SKETCH OF A SERMON PREACHED AT STOKE ASH BAPTIST CHAPEL,
BY MR. C. HILL, ON LORD'S-DAY, JULY 29, 1883.

"Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which Moses and the prophets did say should come."—Acts xxvi. 22.

MOST of you know that I finish up thirty-four years' labour in your midst to-day. Since first I came among you, what changes have taken place—some pleasurable, some painful; but God hath set over the day of prosperity against the day of adversity; He has ruled all for the best. I was thankful when the language of the text came to my mind; I thought it very appropriate. It was the language of Paul, after twenty years' labour as a Gospel minister; it is mine after forty years' labour in the Gospel field. Thus the past calls forth songs of gratitude. Paul, you know, was one of God's favoured servants for ever; now he realises the fulness of those great facts that strengthened him here. Of him it may be said, The night is gone, the victory he has gained, the traveller has reached his home, the Christian gained his rest.

We have to speak, first, of the apostle's sustenance and strength. "Having obtained help of the Lord, I continue unto this day." (2) The character of the apostle's testimony: "Witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which Moses and the prophets did say should come." First, then, the apostle's strength and sustenance: "Having obtained help of the Lord," &c. Had not God upheld him he would not have kept in the pulpit twenty years. He had

to preach unpopular sentiments. If anyone do this he must expect to meet with difficulties. Many a one has been laid in a dishonoured grave by the world for preaching sentiments the world did not approve; but their work has been done, though the world knew it not. God's mills grind surely, although it may be slowly. "Having obtained help of God"—help was what he wanted; everyone wants help; God never made anyone independent; Gabriel is not independent. The angels in heaven, the devils in hell, both draw the breath of life from the all-creating hand of God. As a man he needed help, special help, as he had special work to do. He had a trumpet to sound, not with a velvet tongue; hunger and thirst he had to endure; as a man, in every possible way, the apostle was assaulted, yet as a man he was enabled to stand; all through his life he obtained help of God. Not only did he obtain strength physically, but mentally. He needed strength mentally. Our warfare is not carnal; it is not of flesh and blood; we have to fight against the wisdom and malice of hell, and the errors of the day. It required no small amount of mental power, for this Paul had also to write the indisputable, undeniable facts of the Gospel. Many would have been afraid to write what Paul wrote. His was no yea and nay Gospel; he knew what he wrote was true; he had tasted of its sweetness. See how, by his logical arguments, he confronted the prince of hell; he obtained help spiritually. The worldling can only live on the world's dainties; the epicure goes to the world to gratify the longings of his natural appetite, but give the very best dainties the world can afford to the apostle they would not have satisfied him. "Christ lives in me, the hope of glory." See the answer of the devils to the sons of Sceva—"Paul I know, Jesus I know; but who are you but hypocrites, false professors?" But Jesus—ah! we know who He is; at His word we tremble; and Paul, we know he is a genuine coin.

"Having obtained help of God," help sufficient, he was never short of it. "As thy day thy strength shall be." He read that promise in the distant land, near the thundering mount; he read it in the history of the tribes crossing the wilderness to go to the land of promise; he read it in his own life, and wrote underneath it, "Thy grace is sufficient for me; I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." He obtained help in right proportion, and at the right time. The promise made concerning him was he should suffer many things, great things, for Jesus' name sake, but the veil was not lifted to let him see all at once what he should suffer. None but the Master could do that, none but Jesus could pass through life possessing a knowledge of all that should come to Him, of all He must pass through before the end came. If Paul had been permitted to see at the outset what he must pass through ere the last word was spoken, the last breath drawn, he would have said, "Impossible! God Himself cannot carry me through." But little by little, bit by bit, it was revealed, and he found the help he obtained of God all-sufficient. He obtained help by the communication of the Holy Ghost, also by prayerful intercession. I am sure Paul prayed many, many times. He knew that by prayer God had ordained the blessing should come. He obtained help by the sympathy of his friends—those that God raised up for him. If alone, he could rejoice there were kindred spirits in the world who thought about and sympathised with him. He obtained help of God; continuance was sure, as

help was ever in proportion to his day. He might have sung the hymn you have this morning joined in singing:—

“ I have been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but Thou ? ”

Such is the testimony of every Gospel preacher. Now we come to the second position of my text, the character of the apostle's testimony. See its age; no new thing; the old, old story, testifying to small and great what Moses and the prophets wrote. None other things. We joy, brethren, in an old Gospel; we envy not those who are making new bridges to get to heaven. We will go the way others have gone. Paul gathered the truth from Adam to the end of the prophets, and went forth clad in God's strength, using God's weapons to do God's work. Paul preached a very restricted Gospel. He was confined to the truths the revealed Word contained. He preached Christ. So shall it be with us to our dying day. Christ, and Christ only, shall be our theme. Paul's was a universal, as well as restricted testimony, witnessing both to small and great, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, the same testimony—Jesus must die that we might be saved. It was a testimony that never changed. At the end of his earthly career, he stood a noble warrior, heaven's sun was shining upon him. Then he said, “ I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, I have kept the whole of it, its ordinances, its practices, I have let none of them go by unnoticed; but kept it all; now I am about to receive the crown of righteousness. Thus having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day witnessing, both to small and great, none other things than those which Moses and the prophets did say should come.”

Mr. Hills' afternoon text, Lord's-day, July 29, 1883: “ That Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles ” (Acts xxvii. 23).

The substance and success of the Apostle's ministry—the substance has always been spoken of in our world, although not in the same form—the substance of it was Christ. Moses and the prophets said He should come. Paul took it up and said, “ He has come.” I bring the very thing, says Paul, that is needful for you. People will never find their all, will never be satisfied until they find Christ. Christ was entirely and altogether the substance of the apostle's ministry. Christ! there is something marvellously strange in preaching Christ. One thing, the people are never tired or weary of hearing of it. Think of some of the heroes that have lived in our world. Suppose you told the history of their lives; soon the record of their words and actions would be ended. People would be weary of it, and would not leave their homes for a repetition of it. But just think of the many gathered (in places built for worship) to hear of Jesus to-day. Think of the many who have gathered to hear His name proclaimed since Paul preached; and yet people are not tired of the old, old story; for still many come, saying, as did some in the days of old, “ Sirs, we would see Jesus.” Paul could not do without Christ, God cannot dispense with Christ. He cannot speak peace to one sinner, cannot bless anyone, without Christ. If God cannot dispense with Christ, my dear friends, you and I cannot. Not only did Paul preach Christ, but a right Christ, the Christ of God. There have been many false Christs. If you were to go to France, also to

some other places, they would want to sell you a lot of little Jesuses: thus something else is put in place of Christ. But Paul had a great big Christ. Paul speaks of this Christ as a suffering one. I cannot conceive of a Christ not a suffering one. If you ask me what Christ suffered, I should think the best answer I could give you was to ask you what He did not suffer. The sufferings of Jesus were life-long. He suffered all the way through life. He suffered loss, pain, hatred, persecution. He suffered all pains; the greatest of all painful sufferers was Jesus. He left a heaven, and a God, to suffer with men, and for them. Christ lived not only as a man, but as a suffering man. Of all the atrocious murders, the tragedies that have taken place in our world, none are to be compared with the murder of Jesus. Trace the annals and histories, can you find anything compared with the murder of God's darling Son? His sufferings were substitutionary and satisfactory; satisfactory to God, and substitutionary for man. After His resurrection, Jesus said to the disappointed, cast-down, distressed disciples, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?" Thus the apostle presents to us a suffering, crucified Christ. Apart from Him and His sufferings, we could not have escaped the consequence of our sins. Paul preached a risen Christ. He should be the first to rise from the dead. Here we have the medal turned. 1. A suffering Christ. 2. A risen Christ. Two opposites. So you often see in God's Word something bright followed by something dark. Read through the Book of Proverbs. You see words relating to the godly followed by words relating to the ungodly, &c. A risen Christ, the resurrection of the body of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; for spirits cannot be buried. Jesus went into the grave, and came out of it. It was no new thing; it was just what Moses and the prophets said He should do. By His resurrection, He leaves a broken grave, open at both sides, one to enter here, another to enter heaven. "I know," says Job, "that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." The apostle said, "I point to Him of whom they spake." The great doctrine of the resurrection was what the apostle suffered so much for. Talk about himself, they listen while he tells of his own experience; but as soon as he began to talk about Jesus, and about His resurrection, they say, "Away with such a fellow from the earth." So it is now; while you preach experience people will listen; but preach a sermon full of Jesus, they go to sleep. They did not believe what the apostles said. Nothing, friends, but God's great power can make men believe the great facts of religion. We have a proof of it from God's Word. In hell the rich man prayed that someone might go and tell his brethren the facts revealed in God's Word. The answer he received was, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." The tormented one said, "If one rose from the dead they would believe." God said, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Thus we see hell's testimony confronted by God's testimony. One has arisen from the dead. Jesus was said to be the first to rise from the dead; yet others rose before Him. Lazarus, Jairus's daughter, the widow's son at Nain, all rose from the dead before Jesus. They all arose by the word of Jesus; but Christ rose by His own act. Who said to Jesus, "Come forth; hell, heaven, and earth are all silent?" In the

early morn, love led some to the sepulchre. Peter and John had not learnt the great secret. Women linger where men run to the lingering ones. The visitors came. He rose, the first of this dispensation. His resurrection opened this dispensation. He rose, the first-fruits of them that slept. The Jews had to gather the first sheaf, and carry it for a wave offering before the Lord. If that was accepted, the harvest was sure to be gathered in. Jesus is God's great wave-sheaf. By and by all the little ears shall be gathered. He has left the road of mercy for you and me to tread in. The great wave-sheaf is accepted, we read, with pleasure and delight, accepted in the Beloved. He came to show light to the people—*i.e.*, the Jews, and also to the Gentiles. Have any of the rulers believed in Jesus? Yes. Have any of the great? Yes. Some of all nations, some of the great and some of the small, of all ages and sexes, have believed in Jesus, because He has shown them light. Jesus says to Paul, "Go and tell to every creature the wonderful works of God, which shine brightest in the face of Him who lived, loved, suffered, died, was buried, and rose again, for all those unto whom He will show light." May He shine on your hearts, and bless you, for His name's sake. Amen.

THE SEVEN FALSE PROPHETS OF THESE MODERN DAYS.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF SERMON PREACHED AT ZOAR, DAVID-STREET, IPSWICH, BY THE PASTOR, S. COZENS, SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 12, 1883.

THERE is a good deal said against the ministry of the present day. We have too many men of "humble opinions," of abstract doctrine, and we have too many beliefs. We don't want men of humble opinions, but of strong convictions. Opinions are winds of doctrine as shifting as the vane on the tower of the Church. We have known men who have been all things by turn, and nothing at last. *Convictions* are like nails fastened by the Master of Assemblies in sure places. If God has fastened election by calling in your heart, if He has fastened redemption by the forgiveness of sin in your soul, you will not turn from Calvinism to Arminianism. If He has saved you by His grace, you will not rob Him of His crown. We don't want men of abstract doctrine, but of personal godliness. It is not what I know, but what I have *felt* of the good word of life. The man of abstract doctrine is like the waiter who puts dishes upon the table; but the man of experience is like a guest at the feast. Ask the waiter, "Is this dish nice?" and he says, "They say it is." But he doesn't know, for he never tasted it. The best book I ever read on the sun was written by a blind man, who had never seen the sun. So men may say a good deal about Christ, about the beautiful life of Christ, and be as blind as bats to their own personal knowledge of Christ. Is your knowledge book knowledge? or is it spiritual knowledge—the knowledge of Christ by the Spirit? We don't want men of beliefs, but of the faith of God's elect. The Churches have their respective beliefs, and the clergy are educated into those beliefs. They are tethered and bound by human creeds. But the truth is the only

creed of the man of God, and the Church of Christ. "*They shall know the truth, and the truth shall make them free.*" We have *scholarly* preachers who crucify Christ under their Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Pontius Pilate was a great scholar; he could write *truth* in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; but he crucified Christ. And we have heard some of the learned doctors deny the atonement of Christ. Strange that men in the Church should deny the foundational truth of Protestantism!

We have *sublime* preachers, who seem to live in some ethereal regions among the stars. They are far too lofty and sublime to come down to the guilty miseries of Adam's ruined race. Their pulpit is an infinite remove from the pew; and between their pious moods and the sorrows of the troubled, there is an impassable gulf. We have *speculative* preachers, men who dabble in speculative theology; men who claim for Darwin the credit of finding the origin of man; men who accept every new theory as indications of advancing light. They are the champions of science, falsely so-called; and they daze and confound their hearers with their vain philosophy. We have *sensational* preachers, men clothed in the blackness and darkness of Sinai, who utter words of thunder, and are redolent with fire and brimstone, and who try to frighten souls into heaven by preaching hell and damnation. Christ did not win His followers by the thunders of the law, by words of terror, but by words of love, by words of grace. We have *sentimental* preachers, men of fine feelings, who work more upon the emotional part of man than upon his moral conscience. Dead sentiments are as powerless as the dead cross that the priest held before the eyes of the dying artist. "Do you know this?" said the priest. "Yes," said the dying man, "I made it." Sentiments that find their echo in human knowledge is not the preaching that the yearning soul of man needs. We have *sectarian* preachers. The Church of Christ is not a sectarian Church. The Churches of Anti-christ are sectarian Churches, and the ministers of those Churches are sectarian preachers. But are you not a sectarian? No! emphatically, no! The Baptist Church is the Church of Christ. The schismatics from that Church are the sects. We have been called a *sect*; but we are not a sect. A sect is a dissenting denomination. We have not dissented from the Church at Pentecost; but all other Churches have. We have *scientific* preachers, mechanical preachers, men who have studied the science of preaching; and their sermons are a mechanical make-up from the materials in their study. The hashing-up of dead men's brains is an unclean work; for the living Jew was contaminated by the touch of death. When I was preaching in Yorkshire, not long ago, one of the members of the Church said of their minister that he was a "Cruden's Concordance" preacher. We want men that come to us with the divine authority of a "Thus saith the Lord," and with a direct testimony that says, "I have a message from God unto thee." It must be, "Thus saith the Lord;" and it must be "Thus saith the Lord unto thee." We talk too much in general. Christ did not. He did not swing His axe in the air. He laid it at the root of the tree. He did not bless everybody. He blessed the needy, the distressed, the persecuted. He did not invite everybody, but He invited the thirsty, the heavy laden. To some He said, "Go," "Go and learn." To others He said, "Learn of Me." He sends the scholars who know so much to their books. He calls enquirers to His feet to

learn of Him. Some get their knowledge from their books; others get their knowledge at the feet of Jesus. Where do you get your knowledge?

The preaching that God bids goes direct to the troubled heart (Isa. xl. 1), to the wounded spirit, to the hungry soul. "If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry," &c. (Isa. lviii. 10). We must sometimes draw the picture of our own soul, of our own experience, that the troubled one may see that as face answers to face in a glass, so experience answers to experience in the soul. To preach the preaching that God bids is to preach as upon oath the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The preacher must aim not only to preach the truth, but to win men to the truth, that they may be true men—true to themselves, true to men, true to God. The great business of the apostles was to shew unto men the way of salvation, to build up the saved on their most holy faith, to feed the Church of God. The preacher is a *teacher*, and he must preach *the* truth. Not a truth, but the truth as it is in Jesus.

The preacher is a *guide*, and he must preach the way to God with the voice of a guide, and lead on those who are committed to his guidance. "Ye become followers of us" (1 Thess. i. 6). They followed the apostles as they followed Christ. The preacher is a *watchman*, and he must preach as a watchman and give the hours of the night, and sound an alarm when dangers are nigh. The watchman is calling, "The morning cometh," &c. The preacher is a *seer*, and he must preach what he sees, like a seer. Paul says, "We see Jesus." "He was seen of me." Paul had seen more than he could preach, for he had been in the third heaven. What glorious things we have seen! We have seen Christ by faith; we have seen the book of life, and rejoiced greatly that our names were written in heaven.

In conclusion, it is a glorious thing when the ministry is made the power of God unto salvation, when it throws some gladsome light into the dark night of sorrow, when some cheering ray directs the lone wanderer in the way he should go, when the testimony to Christ, the great Burden-bearer, relieves burdened hearts of the heavy load of sin, and makes them happy in God and joyful in the hope of glory. God bless the ministry to these ends. Amen.

"MADE CONFORMABLE UNTO HIS DEATH."

WHAT Paul here did mean seemed out of my reach until Saturday afternoon, August 26, 1882, when walking in the royal park; thinking of those magnanimous words: "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,*" some whisper in me said, "The Spirit of Christ is far above the spirit of Satan, or the spirit of any fallen or intellectual nature, the Spirit of Christ is so far above the spirit of the world, so far above angelic or cultivated humanity, that not one of us could ever, of ourselves, attain unto it in the least degree; and in a moment the thought was suggested, "This is the *climax* Paul desired to reach when he cried out, 'That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made *conformable* unto His death.'"

Those are four wonderful lines; but the last is the climax. Oh! what does it mean, "being made *conformable* unto HIS DEATH"? In the death of Christ there were more principles than I can explain; but there was a perfect resignation to the will of God. Here Christ *gave* Himself. Here was an exhibition of John's saying (2 John iii.): "Jesus was the Son of the Father in *truth* and in *love*." Truth means the fulfilment of a promise; the carrying out of an engagement; the completion of a covenant. From before all worlds Jesus had engaged to do and suffer all this. All the prophecies and promises pointed to this sole event.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"TO STAY AT HOME IS BEST."—But *where* is MY HOME? At home in the flesh? Never! In temptation? Impossible! In the world? It has been a lodging which we tried hard to turn into a permanent and prosperous palace, but it failed to be a HOME. GOD IN CHRIST, in glory, is the only home of a new-born soul. Everywhere short of this home there is the stinging sentence, "This is NOT your rest, because it is polluted." Have not I travelled this little island over? For more than half-a-century I have been on the way. Was there ever any place of which I could say, "Here I could make my HOME"? No, none! Longfellow says:—

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander, they know not where,
Are full of trouble, and full of care—
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander East, they wander West,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt—
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky—
To stay at home is best."

For years have I prayed to be satisfied with Jesus Christ, and how well I recollect the late William Matthews saying,—

"To walk with God, to feel His love,
Is the young dawn of heaven above."

But how dreadfully the dogs of carnality aim to drive us out of the rest! LORD! draw me by Thy love! hold me by Thy power! train me for Thy kingdom! plant me in Thy garden!

"Where everlasting Spring abides:
And never-withering flowers."

"There may I see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in!"

Amen. Amen.—C. W. B.

FAITH AND LOVE: THE ARMS OF THE SOUL.—In seasons of soul-trouble, of sharp conflict between the flesh and the Spirit, what can a helpless creature do, but labour to hold fast to JESUS? saying or sighing:—

"Saviour, I would cling to Thee
Day and night, where'er I be;
I would live beneath Thy cross,
Counting all vain things but dross.
I would have Thee reign within,
Keeping me from every sin,
Till I reach the golden strand
Of yon bright and happy land.

I am clinging, Lord, to Thee,
Save from sin and make me free;
Come now, and within me reign,
Cleanse me from each sinful stain.

Here my all I give to Thee,
Take it now, and make me free—
Free from all my dross and sin.
Cleanse and keep me pure within.
I am waiting at Thy feet;
Make in me Thy work complete;
'Twas for this Thy blood was spilt;
Saviour! keep me from all guilt.

Into this poor heart of mine
Let Thy Holy Spirit shine;
Keep me ever by Thy grace
Ready to behold Thy face;
Keep my soul filled with Thy love
As it comes from Thee above,
Ready to be called away
To the realms of endless day.

I am clinging, Lord, to Thee,
Thou hast cleansed and set me free;
I am Thine for evermore,
Till I reach yon blissful shore."

"FOUR FEMININE CHARACTERS : LILY, HONORA, GERTRUDE, AND GABRIELLE."—Look at them well, my conscience tell, which clearest shews thy standing. From the human point of view no enterprise can be so daring, no speculation so uncertain, as the matrimonial voyage. Before setting sail on that sea, it will be safe, first, for thy soul to be married to our LORD JESUS CHRIST. Then, in the confidence of a true faith, you may sing:—

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall."

Husbands may be cruel, wives may be treacherous, but let the true Christian be joined in spirit to our anti-typical Boaz, and security against destruction will be found. See *Cheering Words* for October, wherein the looking-glass for the ladies is given. We ask young Christians to give *Cheering Words* to their young companions who are yet unyoked to any of the fallen of Adam's sinful family.

The *Monthly Record* for September (Racquet-court) contains Dr. Butler's address in Dublin, headed, "The Jesuits in Mexico." "The JESUITS!" Who are they? What are they doing? Are they only to be found in Romish countries and in Roman Catholic circles? How can they be known? Answers—Honest, true, and distinctive, would be acceptable. If no well-instructed scribe will furnish replies, we must attempt it. To be silent in these delusive times, or failing to warn the people of the fatal snares now everywhere deeply laid for the overthrow of our Throne, the giving-up of England to Popish cruelties—to hold your peace NOW is treason, passive rebellion, disguised apostasy; yea, as the PROPHECIC SPIRIT saith, in Psalm l., it is "seeing a thief, consenting with him, and becoming partners and partakers with an adulterous generation of so-called

JESUITS. Talk ye against the opium-eaters in other lands? Why, sirs, England is almost everywhere drugged to death with a most fearful narcotic! "Awake to righteousness, and sin not."

"MY OWN HIDDEN HISTORY."—You, honest young pilgrim, have questioned me, and urged me to commence that long hinted-at work, headed, "LET ME SPEAK BEFORE I DIE!" I wait for time, means, and the peremptory order TO DO IT. Like "Lacordaire," I believe that "Melancholy is the powerful ruler of all sensitive souls; it comes upon them without them knowing how or why—suddenly, secretly. The ray of light which gladdens others is a cloud to them, the festival which brings delight and gladness to some is as a spear to their heart. It is only God and our Lord who can avert idle, weary clouds from the hearts of those who truly love Him; the less real the cause of our suffering, the harder it is often to relieve." Many, many years have I been preserved in travelling through the different regions of this England with a spirit of melancholy. I see, and hear, men talking such stuff about themselves, and the people so pleased with the tongue-talker's twaddle, that I have long been convinced of the fact, that the mental and spiritual elements of the inner man are weak, wordy, and windy; a few exceptions may be found. I have just passed through a night of trying to think upon the words which took possession of me, and which rolled over and over my soul all the night, saying,—

"A MAN OF SORROWS, AND ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF!"

Many sorrowful men there have been, but of none other was it ever engraven by the inspired pen, except of the wonderful, mysterious GOD-MAN, who was emphatically "a man of sorrows." What sorrows were His! He, Jesus Christ, our Lord, was a man, a perfect, a pure, a powerful man. In that man dwelt all the "fulness of the God-head bodily." Never was anyone so pure, so white, so immaculate, so tender, so free, entirely free from all defilement as was "that holy thing called the Son of God." For Him to be sent away from His Father's bosom; for Him to come down into this SIN-FULL world; for Him to be despised and rejected of men; for Him to bear our sins in His own body up to the tree, was enough indeed to make Him a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. "Lacordaire's" testimony of *conversion* suits me well. He says:—"It is a sublime moment when the full ray of light

pierces the soul, and gathers all stray and scattered truths round their common centre. There is always so mighty a gulf between the moment which follows and that which precedes the same; between what one was before, and shall be after, that the word, "grace," was perforce invented to express the marvel, the lightning flash. I seem to see a man blindfold, moving on at haphazard; the veil is loosened, he is conscious of daylight, and then the moment his bandage drops, he finds himself face to face with the sun!" Ah! E. P. B., that morning in 1828, fifty-five years ago, when the Lord Himself called me out of bed, with "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light," yea, that was sublime indeed. There has been in my soul a struggle to preach Christ where He was not known. As Lacordaire says: "My aim is to make known Jesus Christ to those who know Him not, to contribute to the perpetuation of a divine religion, to alleviate as many sorrows and avert as much sin as is possible. By sovereign grace I became a Christian. Suffer me to rejoice therein, sirs; for never did I more realise what liberty is than the day when I received the power to speak of God. The whole universe opened before me, and I saw that man possesses an inalienable, a divine, an eternally free gift—that of speech. The word was entrusted to me, and I was bidden to carry it to the world's confines, without any human being having the right to silence me for a single day." At the close of his life he said to some, "I have been studying the Bible for thirty years, and every day I discover new light and new depth in it. Men's thoughts are soon fathomed and exhausted, but God's Word is a boundless fountain." Of the inner life: "Meditation, even if ill-performed, will at last bring about an increase of spiritual life if it is persevered in; if you do not attain perfection in it, you, at least, may acquire the habit of its first essentials, which are reading and thought." [I must cut this short, or I should occupy too much room. God permitting, the Spirit helping, the means appearing, I will yet speak before I die. If I die first, the kingdom of Christ will suffer no harm from that final disappointment of one whose whole life looks one perpetual failure, while the big boys, who have been to school, look with silent contempt upon the poor lad. And so let it be.]

JOHN MILTON AND HIS SONNETS.—*The Freeman* gives the following: "'We are not afraid to say,' wrote Lord

Macaulay, in one of his most charming essays, 'that though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost,' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It is impossible not to feel some pride in the reflection that both these eminent men were Baptists; and, as Baptists, it cannot but be gratifying to us to see that with every generation their intellectual supremacy is more widely acknowledged and more keenly appreciated, even by those who have least sympathy with what are called their 'peculiar views.' [But the Baptists, while they keep to the pool, are increasingly divergent in the pulpit. The old pulpit is dismissed, and the broad platform is caressed. "Stand fast," saith Paul; "Give us plenty of room; let us go about where new thoughts may drift us," say many of the rising race of pastors. We cannot help being jealous, because our love to the "great teacher" who "came from God" is deep and strong, and it cannot be carried about with every wind and wave.]

"*Death and Judgment*," a four-page, sober, solemn, Scriptural tract, by F. P. Patterson, jun., Lawson-house, Larkfield, Maidstone, Kent. Over 30,000 of this straight appeal to the conscience have been circulated. Mr. Patterson separates the precious from the vile, and in so doing puts into our hand a little messenger that any truth-seeker, any saved soul who is graciously led to desire to be of use to others, may circulate with confidence. It can deceive no one; it may lead many to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" Surely the Lord has raised up this speaking and writing witness for His own glory, and instrumentally to awaken the carnal and the careless. You who cannot preach from a pulpit may send these tracts in your letters, and circulate them in your travels. Come, sleepy disciples, wake up! everybody is busy to get in Romanism, Arminianism, New Theism, and wild noiseism. If we know Christ's truth by the Holy Spirit's teaching, can we hide such a talent in the earth? Shame on us if we can. Go on, dear Patterson, the Lord has taught you the way of life, and given you a gift to publish it. Let no man despise thy youth.

The Boston Watchman says it had been published that Mr. C. H. Spurgeon declared he would rather be a cannibal than a Close-communion Baptist. Mr. S. replies: "Dear Sir,—I am not in the

habit of speaking disrespectfully of Strict-communion Baptists, for I have a full conviction of their conscientiousness. As to saying that I would sooner be a cannibal than a Close-communion Baptist, I never thought so, and certainly never said so. I have not the slightest wish to be one or the other; but I rejoice in being a loving brother to the latter.—Yours heartily, C. H. SPURGEON." The "father of lies" has a large engine for coining injurious tales, and he finds plenty of agents to "wire" them through the world, but you seldom hear any evil report against men of no account. If a man is red-hot busy in the service of Christ, against such as come to the front these coals of false fire are hurled. Paul, Bunyan, Whitefield—yea, all who by press, pulpit, and practice have been persevering in the defence of the Gospel have been thus assailed, even our own little self, sad and bad as we have been represented, have thus suffered for half-a-century. But though faith hath been tried, it has not been destroyed; it is, we hope, THE FAITH OF GOD'S ELECT.

The Number of Anti-Christ (666) in the Names of Gladstone, Lateinos, Teitan, &c. By J. E. N. London: Published by Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street (3d.) The learned only can well weigh the unfoldings of the deep mysteries herein brought out and laid open for criticism and for faith. "The hidden riches of secret places" are to be searched out; but this is a day for little minds, for weak mental and ministerial powers, childish talk, presumptuous writing, stereotyped phraseism, for saying "A B C" over and over again, without spelling, advancing, or divining. Some thunder, little lightning. "Until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high" we shall be blind, deaf, hardened, and knowing nothing. In this "666" there is much to think upon.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE FOR THE PEOPLE.—In a literary point of view, and as an experimental history, the *Soldier's Experience*; or, a *Voice from the Ranks*, is "the book for the million." It is the testimony of an eye, ear, heart, and personal witness, written in an easy and instructive style. We knew the author's father, when he was pastor of Pitt-street chapel, Norwich, and met him at Mr. Lincoln's, in Pottergate-street, who was a kind friend to the late venerable Mr. Gowing, for whom we preached in his last days. Messrs. Benham & Co., of High-street, Colchester, have published this pleasing volume, of whom it may be had; also of the noble soldier himself, Thomas Gowing, Esq., at Leiston.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE CHELMSFORD MARTYR, AND THE FOUNTAIN OF TRUE BLESSEDNESS.

We understand Mr. Burgess is now the recognised pastor of the Strict Baptist Church in Chelmsford. It is the hope of many that the Church, with its new, young, studious, devoted, and rising pastor may, for many years, see the garden of the Lord flourish with truth, peace, and the increase of such as shall prove to be plants of the Lord's right hand planting. Three hundred years ago (in 1557), Chelmsford was the scene of a cruel martyrdom, in the case of one George Eagles. What a contrast between 1557 and 1883! Oh, ye who profess Christ in Great Britain, why are ye wrangling about parties? This "dite," and that "dite"? If ye are in Christ; if Christ be in you; if ye are, without doubt, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, then ye should walk in them. If now ye can go and preach Christ Jesus the Lord without the persecutors hailing you off to prison; if now ye may read the Word of God, and feed on it without let or hindrance; if now ye can sing the praises of God without fear, then how full of thankfulness ye ought to be, and if ye do not like the word *ought*, then hide your critical heads in shame; for ye deserve to walk in darkness.

Now ye rich Chelmsford Baptists, consider, in 1577 George Eagles was hung, and barbarously quartered, ere he was quite dead.

WHAT FOR?

Simply because he was detected praying in a corn-field, and because he would go hither and thither reading the Scriptures. He was a man of small means; he was of no position in the world; but his faith in Christ was *warm*. His efforts indefatigable. He spent his life in travelling and teaching, and often had to hide in the fields and woods for safety; but though a martyr for Christ, he triumphed over death, and the Saviour took him into a better world. Ah! Chelmsford Baptists, we pray that the Spirit of Christ may dwell richly in you, and that ye may have much zeal for Christ's honour and glory. Very recently, in "visions of the night," when that croaker of all deceitful foes, called *self-pity*, was tormenting us, and when we thought, as Jeremiah did, we would speak no more in His name, because we appeared, as the late George Abrahams once said to us, "God has left me long, and I tell Him I cannot go on so." Thus we felt, when a still, small voice said, "God so loved the world, that He gave

"His only begotten Son,

"that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "There!" said the whisper, "go and preach from that Scripture. Shew up the Fountain of all life and happiness, which is the love of God. The manifest proof of that love, 'He

gave His only begotten Son." The proclamation of this love, and its gift, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, what rivers of life flowed out of this divine ocean! When the post came in, there was one letter from that practical Christian, Mr. John Bonney, which I read, and because it is so good, I give it here just as it came to me:—

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—These lines from Mr. King, deacon of Surrey Tabernacle, were given me by his wife. Are they of any use? Faithfully,—J. BONNEY."

I could not do without THEE,
Oh, Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me,
At such tremendous cost!
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood, must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory, and my plea.

I could not do without THEE,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength, or goodness,
No wisdom of my own,
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And perfect strength in weakness,
Is theirs, who lean on Thee!

I could not do without THEE,
For years are fleeting fast;
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be past.
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I hope Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "IT IS I."

FOREST-GATE, NEAR STRATTFORD.

—Tuesday, September 18, was anniversary-day at Forest-lane Baptist chapel, where Mr. John Hunt Lynn has so successfully preached the Gospel for some years past. Not a few good old Christians have testified to us of the ability, power, faithfulness, and savour with which our brother unfolded the Gospel of God. But the voice of the crowd says, "Lengthen your cords! strengthen your stakes!" The population surrounding this place is much more than one hundred thousand souls, and the outside cry is, "There is no room for us in Mr. Lynn's chapel." This has long been the case. An effort is on its legs to build a larger place. The ground for a new chapel has been bought and paid for, and as soon as £150 more can be raised they will arise and build. We pray our God to touch the hearts of some who have the gold and silver to send their help as early as possible. At the anniversary, on September 18, Mr. Kempton gave them a sterling, truthful sermon. Mr. Harris, jun., presided at the evening meeting. Mr. G. W. Shepherd on "The Father of Lights," was experimentally choice, and truthfully eloquent. His mental, spiritual, and oratorical powers render him gladly acceptable to the public. John Hunt Lynn was full of holy life; W. K. Squirrel, with much emphasis, declared that Christ would cast out no true comers; J. Clinch spoke carefully; C. W. Banks said a few words on "The Father of Mercies."

EAST INDIA-ROAD.—A BAG FOR
ELIM CHAPEL.*To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."*

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—I have been a reader of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for more than twenty years, and of *Cheering Words* for many years. I often send them to different parts of the world. You know a chapel is being erected for Mr. F. C. Holden, of Coverdale-rooms, Limehouse, a worthy minister of the Gospel, one who preaches the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The Lord is blessing him in his work. Of the many thousands who read the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, surely some can help a little towards our building fund. Supposing two thousand of these truth-loving people would contribute only sixpence each to this worthy object, how very thankful I should be. Two thousand sixpences would amount to fifty pounds; the dear people would never miss the small sum of sixpence. I know they will be very pleased to place this amount into the hands of the treasurer; they have only got to see this letter, and the thing is done. Again, I do not think there is one cause of truth in England who would not be very pleased to give Mr. Holden a collection, and wish him God-speed.

Mr. Holden is well-known as a God-sent minister; he is blessed with five loving deacons, after a goodly sort, who love him, are all at peace together, and who are trying in every way to help him to lift the burden off his shoulders. You should just be there on a Wednesday evening to hear them pray. I know it would cheer your heart. We have a collection in the rooms every Sunday. Two young ladies stand, one each side of the room, with their little books. I would just say these young ladies are members, and you would be surprised to see how cheerfully the dear people give. We require a few hundreds of pounds more, and trust we shall get it. I remember once being at a meeting in the old Surrey Tabernacle. You were there, dear sir, and Mr. Wells was there, as happy as a man could be; and Mr. John Carr, a beloved deacon, was there; and Mr. Carr said, in his nice way, "Faith laughs at impossibilities, and says the thing is done." I know the meeting was convened for some charitable purpose. There is still a Mr. Carr, son of the above, who, through grace, is walking in his father's footsteps. Oh, how cheering is this to see the children grow up with hearts full of benevolence and love to God, who has done so much for them! After Mr. Carr had spoken, you said some encouraging words to us, and after you had finished Mr. Wells jumped up and said, "Brother Banks's bump of benevolence is so large it extends nearly all over his head." Oh, those were nice times, and then we all had a good laugh. I hope you will find space for this, and forgive me for sending it. With many thanks,—

A SILENT LOVER OF THE GOSPEL.
September 20, 1883.

[We will gladly provide a bag; it shall be called the "*EARTHEN VESSEL BAG FOR*

ELIM CHAPEL," to be emptied out on the opening day. At our office in Raquet-court, at our chapel in Spaldhurst-road, or at our elder-tree cot, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, cheques, notes, sovereigns, shillings, sixpenny-pieces, or any stamps, will be received and acknowledged in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* by C. W. Banks. We shall be ashamed to go to the opening if we cannot take a bag-full.—C. W. B.]

GLEMSFORD. — Our brother Isaiah Smith here met with a young man who was in an awful and dangerous state of mind. Isaiah Smith heard the poor fellow's statement, and spoke to the effect that God the Holy Spirit would teach him, that he might teach others that we are saved by grace, and that he would be brought through in God's own time. "No, no, sir," he replied, "I had light. I knew when I was preaching I was preaching lies. Now God has cut me down, and cast me out. I have misled hundreds and hundreds, and helped them on to hell; and now I am to suffer for it. I feel if time would allow, I could give you a sad tale." His mother was sent for by telegram, to fetch him from London, fearing he might commit suicide there. This she told me. I told her the Lord would preserve him from that. The young man replied, "No, no, He won't; nor shall I do it. I am too great a coward to do that. I am afraid, that's why I don't do it." Brother Isaiah says to us, "There is a blessed work cut out for some favoured one, to be the means, in God's hand, for good to him." Oh, what an unspeakable mercy to be taught right, led right, and kept right in this day of great delusion. It seems Arminianism is near being developed. A young lad, at a village near here, in reply to some questions, said, "Well, I have been converted three times. I have been to the penitent-form each time; but I don't see that it has done me any good. I don't think I shall have any more to do with religion at all." How different to God's own work! What grace begins, grace will complete. "The righteous shall hold on his way." Yours in the Lord.—ISAIAH SMITH.

COTTENHAM.—Lord's-day, September 2, the pastor for the day, Mr. Moxham, received thirteen recently-baptized believers into communion with the Church, at the Lord's Table, in Ebenezer chapel. Mr. Moxham took up the time usually occupied in the afternoon service in speaking to the candidates, personally giving to each of them a portion of God's Word for their meditation, accompanying each portion of Scripture with very salutary cautious, encouragements, and advice with respect to their present position, its obligations as members of the Church of Christ, and their conduct towards the world from which, by an open profession, they have separated themselves. The entire service of the afternoon was one of pleasure and profit to many, and reflected great credit on the officiator.

ARTHUR BAKER'S NOTE ON THE LATE THOMAS KERRIDGE.

DEAR BROTHER BAKERS,—I know you are ever willing to help to comfort all that mourn in Zion. As editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* you have sent many lines of comfort far and wide to the hearts of God's grace-called sons and daughters of our covenant-keeping God. Thus the deaths of many become known to us who are yet in the body. I see brother R. Page has kindly announced the death of brother Thomas Kerridge, whom I knew from my childhood. Of this good brother permit me to say a word. His sorrowing widow has requested me to do so. It may be said, to the praise of Jacob's God, brother Kerridge was not a stranger to the life and faith of God's elect, as set forth by Paul, the aged, in his second epistle to Timothy i. 12. I know he needs not my feeble pen to say aught of him. Were he here he would say, "Arthur, leave me, but exalt the Lamb of God, and crown Him Lord of all." Out of Christian love to him, I write to them he has left in the body to mourn, bless God, not to mourn for him as lost. No! he is for ever with the Lord, who bought him with His most precious blood. It was his soul's delight with all the power the Holy Spirit gave him, to set forth before the living and the dead in sin, God's Christ as the only salvation of God sent to the ends of the earth, some in glory, others on earth, who bless the God of all grace they ever heard his voice. To our God be all the glory.

The wise man says there is a time to be born. Our brother Thomas was born in the village of Friston, in Suffolk. In that village stands a neat Baptist chapel, and its venerable pastor, W. Brown, still lives. Under the ministry of this father in Zion, Thomas and Arthur were taught in the Sabbath-school. Arthur left home on Lord's-day, March 30, 1845. After some 27 years had passed away, Arthur Baker meets Thomas Kerridge as a brother in the faith and in the ministry. This was in the Baptist chapel at Bury-St.-Edmund's. I cannot now tell the feelings of love I had in my heart. I loved him; but now he is not, for God hath taken him. We cannot wish him back, but would bow to the will of God, who hath done all things well, and quote the words of H. Whatmough.—

"Dear saint, farewell, redeem'd by blood,
Thy friends attempt the praise of God;
His calling thee by grace;
For shortening tribulation's day,
Wiping affection's tear away,
And ending well thy race.
Redeem'd from death, ah! who shall tell?
Redeem'd to God, and saved from hell;
Who shall the grace explore?
Language is mute the same to find,
"The far beyond the power of mind,
We only can adore."

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death. It was well with my friend and brother Thomas. He has joined his beloved parents and sister, the late Mrs. Woods, the beloved wife of my dear brother, James Woods, pastor

of Baptist Church at Claygate, in Surrey. The widow tells me her dear Thomas was five months in the furnace of deep affliction, but blessedly stayed upon Christ His Lord, the Rock of salvation. His disease was acute rheumatism, heart and dropsy. His last words were, "Jesus will not leave me." He leaves a dear wife and eight children; but it is a rich mercy for our sister thus left, it is but for a few days, the voice of her Lord will say, "Child, come home." We would pray for the children, for who can tell?

Wellingborough, Aug. 8. A. BAKER.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—SCENES IN THE CHAPEL.—People pouring in; singing did begin, but the pulpit blank and bare, deacons looking full of care. Deacon Jeremiah announced that the pulpit-presumer came the previous evening, but—he was gone. Oh! men, be sure your sins will find you out, "H. H. H." It was considered most charitable to give our Hertfordshire "pastor" a purse than to do otherwise; but to many it was a scene of painful reflection. These and other like dissolving views cause many to look with suspicion on all new comers. "Let them first be proved." "The fathers did hold," said an American bishop to a young student seeking ordination, "that very few, if any, ministers are saved." Pride puffeth up, pride works mental and moral weakness. Satan is strong, knows how to lay snares, how to catch, and how to cast a man down headlong into the mire. Once really down, misery ensues. At ordinations the dangers are not sufficiently declared. "Lay hands suddenly on no man" is not heeded. Godly fear is slighted, many a prospect blighted, sins and sorrows come. Who must watch like the watchman, if he'd faithful be?

BRIGHTON.—"The Old Sailor" is not pleased with Mr. Dearsly leaving West Brighton; but the Sunday-school anniversary was hopeful. He thinks brother and sister Turquand work with patience and prayer. At Salem, in Bond-street, Charles Masterson grows, and "O. S." hopes many sinners saved by grace will come and help to fill the place, and swell the happy song—

"Tell it unto sinners, tell."

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DIE IN THE LORD."

How blessed are those that die
In CHRIST, their living Lord,
Their sins are washed away
By His most precious blood.
Their spirits gone on high
To feast upon His love,
They drink eternal pleasures in,
And dwell with Him above.
Give me one ray of hope,
A poor and sinful worm,
This blessedness be mine to feel,
With Christ I'll be at home.
Assure me, while on earth,
Sweet Spirit of my God,
My interest in Christ to know,
And reign with Him above.

G. LUOY, Sen.

NOTE FROM NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I herein send you a P.O.O. for 20s. Will you send Mr. Thomas Stringer 10s., and give the other 10s. to the widow of the late Mr. R. A. Lawrence? My dear wife well remembers Thomas Stringer engaging in prayer on Friday evenings at the Grove, Camberwell, in the year 1838, when the late dear Mr. J. Irons was pastor there. Ah! he is now enjoying the import of those sweet words he wrote:—

"Hark! how the choir around the throne
Adore their glorious King!
They drink full draughts of bliss unknown,
And hallelujahs sing.

Ere long I hope to join the throng,
And bow before the King,
And in the everlasting song
My hallelujah bring."

I read with pleasure Dr. Doudney's kind letter of sympathy with you under that temptation which beset you many years ago. I believe Satan is permitted to harass many of the Lord's people, at one time or another, while journeying through this world. But for the Christian's comfort the Holy Ghost by the apostle says, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man. But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Ah! my soul often prays, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe, and I will have respect unto Thy statutes continually." Good old Hannah, that mother in Israel, says, "The Lord bringeth low, and lifteth up." I can witness to the truth of it, for I have been brought so low as almost to despair—I say almost to despair of ever seeing the Lord's face with joy. Said one of old, "Thou hast removed my soul far off from peace; I forgot prosperity, and I said, My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord." Then, again, hope is strengthened, love abounds towards the ever-blessed God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, toward His blessed Gospel, His people, and His ways. Adored be the Holy Spirit for leading my poor soul by faith to Gethsemane's solemn scene, to Calvary's atoning blood. "I was brought low, and He helped me." Yes, "the Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and exalted be the God of the Rock of my salvation." Oh! how sweet to feel in our own souls that "this God is our God for ever and ever, and that He will be our Guide, even unto death." Oh! the thought sometimes comes in, it is presumption, and not faith, so to think. But God is faithful, by whom we are called to the fellowship of His dear Son, Christ Jesus, the Lord; and so my prayer shall be with dear Swaine,—

"And is my name enroll'd? do Thou, my Lord, assure;

Am I within that fold which Jesus keeps secure?

Then hold my feet in Zion's way,
Till Thee I meet in endless day."

Oh! the happiness arising from a sense of personal interest in that Scripture. "He was delivered for our offences, and was raised

again for our justification." I would say, with the poet,—

"Enough, my gracious Lord!
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

Yours in the hope of being for ever with the Lord,

WILLIAM SANSON.

[We have felt this note very precious. We trust the Lord will bless it to thousands of our readers.—C. W. B.]

CHELMONDISTON. — DEAR BROTHER,—I have read many precious things in the EARTHEN VESSEL, and I believe many dear Christians read it with joy continually, and bless God for both the editor and his work. I am happy to say we are comfortable with the friends here, and our services in God's house are declared to be appreciated and enjoyed by those who are really born of God the Spirit. We desire ever earnestly to contend for the precious truth as it is in Christ Jesus. There are many, it appears, departing from the grand old way-marks that our Christian forefathers loved and cherished as dear, or even dearer, than life itself. And we bless God that, through the Holy Spirit's teaching, we believe with them that salvation is all of sovereign grace, that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy;" also that true religion is a personal and experimental matter, something that must be known and felt, tasted, and handled. The subjects of this holy and heavenly principle must and will, in their right minds, live to the glory and praise of their divine Redeemer and Lord. Our daily prayer is that the holy and blessed Spirit will ever enable us to hold the precious truth in love. And the ordinances of the Gospel as they were delivered, we would desire ever to be the true companions of all that truly fear God, and love the glorious Gospel of free and sovereign grace which the blessed Spirit has made so dear to our hearts. May God, dear brother, continue to bless you in your good work abundantly. So prays, yours in constant love, JOHN CORDLE. [Glory be unto our God for such a testimony.]

BROADSTAIRS. — BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—I have run to Broadstairs for a breath of fresh air. On the Sunday we went to praise our Lord in Providence chapel, and heard pastor Carter preach the good news very truthfully. He is a sacred vessel of mercy. September 9 was anniversary; Mr. Carter in the morning, Mr. G. Walker in the evening. On the Tuesday there was what they call "harvest thanksgiving." Isaac Charles Johnson, Esq., was the chief, and good old friend D——, Mr. Walker, and the pastor made nice little essays; the choir was quite delightful. We were thankful for harvest mercies, and hope to be free from all the tares before long. Why have you not come down?

PERSEVERING INDUSTRY WITH A DIVINE BLESSING REWARDED.

As we often trained from the city of Worcester, passing the Malverns and Ledbury, we saw that handsome and extensive range of buildings called "GODWIN'S ENCAUSTIC TILE WORKS." When the Staffordshire Pottery man deeply defrauded us, many years since, we sunk in so much sorrow as to induce us to travel into Wales, to the Forest of Dean, to Clynderwyn, Swansea, Cardiff, and some parts of Herefordshire; and we providentially became invited to preach for some weeks at "Whitestone," an ancient Church of the Apostolic faith and order, where, we have always believed, the Lord in mercy carried us to be of some use, and where we found in "Purlbrook" Mansion, the late Richard Tyler, a deacon and the precentor to the Whitestone Church, whose whole family became such comforters to us, as it is impossible to describe. When they began to sing on a Sunday morning in Whitestone, we have sat in the pulpit weeping like a child; tears of heart-melting love so flowed that we often thought we should not be able to speak at all. For years Whitestone Church has lived in our warmest affections. Mr. WILLIAM GODWIN, the originator and proprietor of the "*Encaustic Tile Works*," has recently passed away from the varied scenes of his labours, and at his funeral in Lugwardine Churchyard, on Tuesday, Aug. 28, 1883, about 80 of the deceased's relatives, a large number of gentlemen from various parts, a host of the employes, servants, and friends followed in the procession, expressive of the high esteem in which Mr. Godwin was held. He came into this world in 1813, in the brick-fields on the banks of the Severn he worked through his earliest years. His native genius, his persevering industry, integrity, with providential blessings, carried him up into great prosperity, step by step, until he was deservedly distinguished as the producer of ecclesiological art treasures of the highest excellence and beauty. More splendidly handsome and durable flooring for mansions, churches, cathedrals, &c., were never to be seen; his works are to be found in all parts, and his character as a quiet, unostentatious, Christian man, will long be remembered, and extensively and sorrowfully missed. We believe his son, Mr. W. H. Godwin (whose deep-toned and loving Christianity we appreciate and proved for years) will continue to carry on the unique, elaborate and extensively prosperous production of material adornments so remarkably originated by his late and much-honoured father, to whose memory the Encaustic Tile Works stand as a beautiful and useful monument.

MARK'S TEY.—We, as a Church, are afflicted by the illness of our pastor, C. French. If it is the Lord's will, we would be thankful to see him brought out of this furnace. We are not forsaken. Mr. Bowls, of Colchester, has come unto us with "Thus saith the Lord," and we heard the good shepherd's voice.

SOWING SEED IN UNPREPARED GROUND.

That transparent personification of zeal and self-denying labour, Mr. Dobson, the governor of the Walworth Excelsior Temperance Society, recently conducted a large number of the members and friends on an excursion to Banstead Downs. Over 800 were supplied with refreshing provisions by Mr. Philcox, and meeds of praise were accorded to the managing conductor, Mr. Thomas, and other substantial friends. Charity is thus displayed, morality is promoted, the fallow ground is in a measure broken up, good seeds of kindness are sown; what the harvest of all may be no creature here can tell. We can see how admirably adapted for the kind of work is Mr. Dobson, how well qualified is Mr. Thomas, and how harmoniously the co-workers are constrained to help on an enterprise which seeketh the domestic happiness, the physical strength, and the general well-being of hundreds of our fellow-waders through the sloughs and snares of this sin-smothering planet. To do good unto all men, especially unto the household of faith, is the two-fold exhortation of the inspired apostle. Let us pray our God to enable us to try and work out both branches, which the Great Master gave us an example so brilliant and so blessed.

CARLETON RODE, ATTLEBOROUGH, NORFOLK.—We held encouraging harvest thanksgiving services Tuesday, September 18. About 150 took tea. The pastor, A. W. Ager, presided; Mr. Harvey, pastor of the Ellingham Church, delivered an address upon "Reaping," with wise and useful words; Mr. Dearnley, of Shelfanger, upon "Sowing," gave weighty advice to the young. Pastor W. P. Edger-ton, of Gamlingay, formerly pastor of Beccles, spoke upon "Unseen Forces," urging the thoughts that the forces of prayer, consistency, and kindness, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, would result in a harvest of blessing to the Church. Mr. Mostyn, of Ipswich, delivered a useful address upon "The Harvest a Witness for God;" and P. P. Woodgate, formerly pastor of Carleton Rode urged upon all present to keep to the faith of Christ crucified. A large number gathered. The collections were given to the pastor.

LEYTONSTONE.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—I venture to give you a short account of the Lord's dealings with a few of His people in Leyton. Some months back the Lord inclined the heart of a good Christian man to open a mission in Ashville-road, Grove-green-lane, Leytonstone. He rented a place, and supplied seats and books suitable for the work. This friend, having heard Mr. Hubbard preach, thought he should like him to take the charge of this field of labour. Mr. Hubbard accepted the invite. We trust the Lord has worked in this matter. Myself and wife (with some other friends) had for some time been praying the Lord to open a

cause where we might worship Him in spirit and in truth, and hear His gracious Word in Leyton. We have met to worship in this little place, and the friends requested me to take charge of the Sabbath-school. We have between 40 and 50 scholars; I am very happy in the work. We are anxious to be guided as to the matter of forming a Church and being publicly recognised. I told the friends that I thought you would assist and give the necessary advice, and I feel sure you will help and counsel us in this hopeful movement. You will have an interview with Mr. Hubbard and hear from him fuller particulars. Praying that the Lord will bless His work in Leyton and Leytonstone,—Yours in Christian love, WALTER JAMES, jun., near Leyton Station, on G. E. R.—[After interviews and consultation, it has been decided to form the Church and recognise Mr. Hubbard on Tuesday, October 2 (if the Lord will) at Zion Chapel, Ashville-road, Leytonstone, when the company of friends to Gospel truth, and to the spread of the same, is solicited on the afternoon and evening of the said Oct. 2.]

POTTON, BEDS.—From a local paper we take the following paragraph: "The annual sermons in connection with the Baptist Chapel Sunday School were preached on Sunday, August 19, 1883, by Mr. B. J. Northfield, of Ipswich, who is well known and appreciated in Potton, and in consequence the congregations attending the services were very large. In the morning the text was from 1 John iii. 2, and in the evening 2 Pet. iii. 9. In the afternoon Mr. Northfield gave an address to the children, teachers, and parents. Hymns were sung, and pieces of a devotional character were recited by the children. The collections amounted to upwards of £8 10s." At this place the late Mr. Wm. Lite laboured with signal success for twenty-five years, and then entered his everlasting rest. After a prayerful and anxious waiting for about five years, Mr. H. Hercock was chosen to the pastorate, who continued here about twelve years; and after being without a pastor about another five years we trust that the Lord will soon send a man after His own heart, if it be His holy will. May the Lord arise and still favour this part of His Zion, as He has most blessedly done in the past.

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SHULAMITE.—SOL. SONG VI. 13.
CHRIST and His Church are one, but two
When we asunder each do view;
What comeliness in Christ appears!
The same His Church's beauty wears.
How vile, apart from Him, they are,
But joined with Him thoro's not a scar.
How fair! no blemish can be seen;
'Tis sin alone that comes between.
One body and one Head are they—
But now they're wrapt in mortal clay;
Encumbered thus they drag along,
Unable oft to raise a song.
Their tuneless harps on willows' bough
They hang, till Hope instructs them how
E'en in this wilderness to raise
Sweet notes to their Redeemer's praise.
Notting-hill-gate, W. W. O. B.

PIMLICO.—The fourth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. James Hand was celebrated on Lord's-day, September 2, when two sermons were preached by the pastor, and on the Tuesday following Mr. H. Myerson preached a soul-stirring sermon in the afternoon from Rom. viii. 33. After tea, W. Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, presiding, called upon Mr. Cullingford, of Croydon, to offer prayer. Mr. Beach spoke sweetly on the glorious evidences of Christianity, and of the sovereignty of God as displayed in the dying thief, which character not only confessed his sins, but bore faithful testimony to the purity of Christ. Mr. C. Cornwell spoke well on the words, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." Mr. Ball, a worthy deacon, gave the annual report, which was of a most encouraging nature. W. Winters dwelt on the sufferings of the Christian, and Mr. Myerson grew warm in treating of the dead hearing the voice of the Son of God. Mr. J. Parnell dwelt with energy on the I AM's of Scripture, which speech was much enjoyed. Mr. Hand, the beloved pastor, unfolded the necessary distinction existing between the bondage of the law and the freedom of the Gospel, and confirmed the testimony of Merle D'Aubigne in the fact that there are three kinds of religion (and yet only one true religion of Christ)—namely, the religion of the priest, the religion of man, and the religion of God. The speeches throughout were certainly of the most lively and solid order, the savour of which has not left us to this day. Mr. Lewis, of Cobham, closed with prayer, and the doxology terminated one of the most happy meetings ever held in Rehoboth, Princesrow. To God be all the praise.—W. WINTERS.

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HASTINGS.—Mr. Barker's twentieth anniversary, recently held in the Wellington-square Baptist chapel, was an exposition of a rather long-standing union between pastor and people. It appeared that on Mr. Barker's first coming to Hastings, he had sought for co-operation with the previously existing Baptist Church; but a reply, in ten pages of writing, showed no such communion or fellowship could take place. The said letter Mr. Barker could not understand, but he had kept it as a curiosity. We first went to Hastings in 1826, 57 years since; only the venerable Mr. Fenner was then known as a Baptist minister. Hastings was then only beginning to enlarge itself; it had not 10,000 people at that time, now it contains above 50,000 inhabitants. It was in 1859 we preached a funeral sermon for that genial and sound-hearted man, William Abbott, who was preaching for a new Baptist Church, with which the noble and much-esteemed Mr. Gausden was connected. Poor Mr. Abbott was found dead in his bed, after preaching and breaking bread to the people. Richmond and Raunds had been the scenes of his former pastorate; and, if spared, he might have been useful in the rising cause. But the sudden and solemn event of his death cut off all hope, and we believe the Church

died out. Mr. Thomas Hull, of the East-hill Church, is much beloved by his people; "Old Humphrey," the useful writer, fell asleep in Hastings in 1854. It was at Hastings that William the Conqueror landed, and a victorious battle was fought. Religious people are numerous and various in this flourishing watering-place. Our readers here may not be numerous; however, a witness for Christ is maintained. Of Mr. Barker's faith we know nothing. He is represented as what is termed "a moderate Calvinist," an Open Communionist, a respectable, gentlemanly man, and a preacher of some pulpit talent. He said at his anniversary they lived and laboured only for the glory of Christ. What more can any minister aim to do?

WOOBURN-GREEN.—We have waited anxiously for the memoir of our late much honoured and esteemed brother in Christ, Mr. Richard Howard; but the long affliction of his son, Mr. Abraham Howard, who only can furnish it, has prevented our giving the much-desired memorial. The following inscription on the tablet in the chapel will express the deep Christian affection entertained toward him. We were in fellowship with Mr. and Mrs. R. Howard, of Wooburn-green, for near forty years, and we realise a sacred spirit of gratitude in being able to transfer the following inscription to our pages, for "the memory of the just is blessed." "Erected by the members and friends of this Church, in loving memory of Richard Howard, who was, by divine grace, 47 years deacon of this Church, loving the Gospel according to the eternal purpose of God in Christ Jesus, and being blessed with a deep experience, was often a profitable expounder of God's most holy Word. He triumphantly entered his eternal rest, January 12, 1881, in the 80th year of his age. 'Thanks be unto God, which gave him the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ' (1 Cor. xv. 57)."

POPLAR.—The first annual meeting commemorative of pastor's settlement was Tuesday, September 18. Mr. R. E. Sears gave a good sermon. At public meeting Mr. James Lee presided; Mr. C. L. Kemp prayed. The chairman spoke affectionately toward Mr. Noyes and his people, hoped prosperity would attend them. W. H. Lee showed the necessity of the Church watching and standing firm in the truth. Mr. Holden on the text, "The word was precious in those days;" W. Winters on the signs of the times, were well heard. Mr. Collier, the respected deacon, read a pleasing report, as sweet as it was brief, and which was amply substantiated by the pastor, Mr. Noyes, showing the wonders wrought during the short period of one year. Mr. Wilkins was good on the career of the Christian in looking backward, forward, and around; and Mr. F. Green made some solid remarks on the benediction of the apostle, and the meeting terminated by singing the doxology. —W. WINTERS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH AT ENON CHAPEL, CHATHAM.

In the early part of the year 1842, the Church meeting in Zion chapel, Clover-street, being destitute of a pastor, Mr. John Stock (whose handbook of revealed theology has been lately reviewed) was recommended as a suitable one. He had some time previously been preaching at Providence, Maidstone; from thence he went to Liverpool, and was invited to become co-pastor with Mr. Lister, of L. (whose remains lie in the Necropolis, West Derby-road). He had written several articles, which appeared from time to time in the *Gospel Herald*, about the years 1840 and 1841. The paper inserted in the January No. of 1841 was headed, "A Solemn Address to the Churches." Mr. Stock was then (though a young man) reputed sound in the faith. The Church at Zion, acting on the recommendation of several friends, gave him an invite to preach for them, which he accepted, and left Liverpool. After preaching a few Lord's-days to the satisfaction of the majority of the members, and to the dissatisfaction of some, a sermon from John v. 40 was published, the title of which was, "The Free Invitations of the Gospel Reconcilable with the Doctrines of Grace." This sermon confirmed some of the members of the Church in their judgment of Mr. S.'s ministry, and resulted (after some correspondence between them and the Church, copies of which I have now by me) in forty-one of the members of the Church at Zion leaving, having applied for and received their dismission to be formed into a distinct Church, according to Gospel order.

We first met in Hamond-hill Schoolroom on July 17, 1842, when the late J. A. Jones preached three sermons—morning text being Exod. xx. 24, afternoon Zech. iv. 10, evening Eph. i. 14. We were formed into a Church August 11, 1842, the brethren John Foreman, John Andrews Jones, and Daniel Curtis officiating. We were supplied by acceptable men, among whom were E. Mote, W. Alderson, E. Sedgwick, W. Roycroft, W. Chappell, and others, who are all now before the throne above. Our dear old friend, Mr. Thomas Jones, came to us November 12, 1843. After serving us a long time (at intervals) he left Brosely, Salop, and became our pastor, remaining with us till 1852. He has, however, paid us many visits since that time, there always being a loving attachment to him for the truth's sake.

We have passed through many changes as a Church and congregation, but have proved the faithfulness of our covenant God: "The Lord hath been mindful of us, He will bless us" (Psa. cxv. 12).

Clapham.

J. CASSE.

A MEEK AND HAPPY CHRISTIAN.

Mr. Thomas Pardoe was born of God-fearing parents at Cradley, Worcestershire, in the year 1810, and when of sufficient age was apprenticed to the carpet weaving. Residing at Kidderminster, on account of his trade, he attended the Baptist chapel in

that town, and became a teacher in the Sabbath-school. On a certain occasion, returning home from a social gathering of teachers, he was in company with my dear mother (who was also a teacher in the same school), when she spoke to him on the necessity of a work of grace in the heart, from the words of Paul to Titus, "Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded" (Titus ii. 6). The Lord was pleased to bless the conversation to him, but of his experience at this time, I am not able to give any information. He was baptized by a Mr. Stevens, and joined the Church in that town, and continued in membership there, till owing to the strike among the weavers, he removed from that locality. Coming to London, he after a time, with his late wife, joined the Church at East-street, Walworth, under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Jeffery Moody. In 1861 he attended at Trinity chapel, Boro', and joined there the early part of Mr. W. Hawkins' pastorate over that Church. About eleven years ago he was led to attend Mount Zion, Chadwell-street, where, after a little while, he joined, with his wife and two of his sons. He was much attached to the ministry of Mr. J. Hazelton, the pastor. On the evening of May 4, 1883, he was taken very ill, as though with a severe cold, but which proved to be bronchitis, and inflammation of the lungs. He gradually sank, till early on the morning of the 12th, when he breathed his last.

During the last two or three days of his life his mind much wandered, so that very little conversation could be held with him; but during an interval of consciousness the writer spoke to him in relation to his prospects in death, and as to the state of his mind. He answered, "It's all settled; I know where my hope is. I have not that fulness of joy, but I have a calm, and can quietly rest on the Lord; but my mind is so confused that I can scarce think at all. But it is all right."

The silver cord was loosed during sleep, which was very merciful of the dear Lord, or his sufferings at the last would have been very great. Through mercy he was preserved in the way, fifty-one, or fifty-two years, or thereabouts, and during that time served the office of deacon twice. His remains were interred at Abney-park cemetery on May 18, Mr. Hazelton, his pastor, officiating. A. J. P.

PECKHAM RYE.—At Heaton-road Chapel special services were held on Lord's-day, September 9, when the pastor, Mr. J. Wilkins, preached two sermons. On the following Tuesday afternoon Mr. Reynolds preached a sound, godly sermon, and in the evening, Mr. Edward Harris, being unable to preside, kindly sent a donation, and the chair was taken by the pastor. The subject which formed the basis of the evening speeches was, "Ye are God's husbandry." The services being those of thanksgiving to God for a bountiful harvest, the chapel was beautified with many and varied specimens of earth's productions; the "horn of plenty"

surmounting the pulpit was overflowing with choice fruits figurative of the Gospel and of heaven (to use the sublime lines of Milton) where

"The trees of life [far.]

Ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines yield nec-

The chapel in the evening, although the weather was very wet, was well filled, and it is pleasing to know that since Mr. Wilkins has become pastor, the attendance has greatly improved. Mr. F. C. Holden treated in a loving and Gospel order of being labourers together with God. W. Winters was followed by Mr. P. Reynolds on the nature of reaping; Mr. J. Curtis spoke interestingly on gleanings, and Mr. J. Wheeler made an appropriate speech, as did also Mr. J. Wilkins. The speeches were warmly and well delivered, and the choir favoured the audience with several very short and sweet anthems. It is to be hoped Mr. Wilkins will feel happy in his new sphere of labour, and that God will crown him with abundant success. This is the best wish of his friend and brother in Christ, W. WINTERS.

SOHO.—OXFORD-STREET. The remark that these annual social meetings of ministers and friends tend to strengthen the bond of spiritual affection and brotherly love was amply verified at Soho on Tuesday, September 4, for (after the usual and necessary refreshing repast) to see the numerous little knots of brethren greeting, and congratulating, and wishing each other God-speed, with a cheerful countenance and a hearty grip of the hand, brought to one's mind the exclamation of the Psalmist when he said, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" and then the words stole in softly,—

"In such society as this
My willing soul would stay."

It was the eighth anniversary of Mr. John Box's pastorate, the tenth of his connection with the Church, and there was a numerous gathering. Mr. John Hazelton preached in the afternoon. In the evening the pastor presided, and read from Titus the Spirit's inspired description of what a minister of the Gospel should be. Mr. Parnell sought the Lord's presence and blessing on the meeting. Before calling on the brethren to speak, the chairman said, "I feel my position to be one of great privilege, simply because I stand here in the love and affection of my people; although this is perfectly true, I have a desire to look higher. Our ranks have been thinned by deaths and removals, but His word has been blessed to the souls of His own people; therefore I am constrained to believe the Lord has a work for me to do here. 49 have been removed by death during the eight years of my pastorate, nine of that number in the last year; our brother Jeffreys was one of the last. His undeviating interest in the cause has left an influence which is still felt. The word we read at the opening of this meeting is very important to ministers and people, 'Hold fast the word of sound doctrine.' It is the business of the ministers

to speak out boldly and plainly, not dictatorially, but in a spirit of meekness and humility. The Gospel is the medium of instruction in all things. I stand before you with gratitude to God for helping me through the past eight years, and am in no way discouraged. Some of the younger members have presented me with these two splendid plants on the platform for my household, accompanied with a short note, which reads thus, 'To dear pastor and his wife, with a few of your young members' love.' It is short, sweet, and comprehensive. I thank them very heartily. I also thank the ministerial and other friends for their presence to-day. All these are encouragements which I highly prize." Brethren Sears, Anderson, Brown, Alderson, and Dearsly, spoke in very affectionate terms of brother John Box, and some very sound and experimental words of the Master whom he serves. A collection was made to strengthen a fund already started for the purchase of a freehold, for the establishment of a cause of truth when (in future generations) the Church at Soho would no longer be able to contend against the fabulous high price which property in the West of London commands.—J. W. B.

THE CHURCH AT CUBBERLY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

I send you short account of our little Church at Cubberly. It was, as you are aware, formed into a Church in 1823. Mr. Thomas Davis was its first pastor for some years; after his death Mr. Philip Weaver filled the office for about twenty years. It was his custom to go there only on ordinance days, the other Sundays were supplied by different men. Among them I was one, although the youngest, last, and least. I supplied there, for nearly two years, one (sometimes two) Sundays in the month. After Mr. Weaver died I was asked to take the vacant place. A Church-meeting was held, the result being I received unanimous invitation to take the oversight, or pastorate, and on Sunday, May 14, 1882, I commenced my labours. Some of the brethren relinquished their labours, consequently the work devolved upon me, except when the senior deacon occupies the pulpit. I have to work through the week to provide for my family.

Let me give you a brief outline of our proceedings. In the first place, the chapel was in a bad state. Last summer we set to work and had a thorough cleaning and painting. Our old seats were scarcely sale; we made an extra effort, we raised the money required, and have got our chapel re-seated. The Church and congregation are made up of poor people, nearly all being agricultural labourers. The most interesting news to you will be the following. On September 2 we had our baptism opened; two brethren followed their Lord through the water, both professing to be seals to Christ's ministry through me. "Not unto us, O Lord," is the heartfelt language of my soul. There are others with life implanted by the Eternal Spirit. Oh, that they too may be graciously

led by that divine power that worketh in us to follow their Master. If in harmony with His sovereign will, I hope to continue preaching the same great and glorious truths as in the past—CHRIST, a real, LIVING CHRIST, the theme of all we utter. Alas! there are times when one feels weary and tired after the hard toils of the week; and then tramping off to Cubberly and back home. But blessed be the name of the Lord, He knows we love our work. Oh, how sweet are His promises! How strong the grace He gives! Mighty the help He bestows! Very blessed is our meditation on the way. Yes—

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night."

In conclusion, I can assure you, and all who may be interested in Cubberly Church, that love, peace, concord, brotherly kindness, and sympathy prevail amongst us. Our congregations are good. The people dwelling in those vales and on the hills love the old story of Gospel grace. May copious showers of grace descend upon us, and a rich anointing of divine unction from on high, prays yours truly, THOS. JONES (Pastor).
24, Hatherley-street, Cheltenham.

"I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE NOR FORSAKE THEE."

Oh, no, Thou precious Jesus, I know surely Thou wilt not, [forgot;
Thy promises, so rich and full, can never be Not one good thing hath failed all through my fleeting days, [cease to praise,
God's goodness and His mercies I will never All through my hours of sorrow, when His smiles I have not seen, [between;
I knew Him ever present though a curtain came The blind of unbelief drawn down, obscured Him from my sight, [veil of night.
Yet He who stood behind, had power to lift the And shine upon my poor cold heart, which only needed rays [all dismays.
Of His dear countenance once shed to drive out Forsaken! shun such cruel thoughts, Jesus can never change: [love estrange?
He's promised an endless love—who dares His Unlike most earthly mortals, oft upon one creature set. [beget.
Oh, it is to all His chosen—those whom He did By shedding His most precious blood on the accursed tree; [ten thee.
Beloved, if thou'st felt the need, He hath begot- And if He hath begotten thee, then never fear He'll leave [earth-bound He'll relieve,
Thee once alone; oh, no, He'll not, though And lead thy soul to pastures green where living waters flow, [all time things below,
And make thee long to soar above, and leave He never will forsake thee; His oath's confirmed above, [pure love;
And ratified most surely, and sealed too with Therefore He cannot alter, neither break His firm decree;
Once He but loves, He ever loves to all eternity.
GRANDCHILD OF LATE REV. W. BIDDEN.
Yeovil, Sept., 1883.

DR. MOFFATT, once the enterprising missionary, fell asleep (in his 88th year), August 9, 1883. His life will form such a piece of history, as is rarely to be met with. It may be reviewed in these pages ere long.

KNOWL-HILL.—Our 57th anniversary was held on August 6. Nearly 40 friends left Reading in the morning. In the chapel many of the excellent of the earth have worshipped. A few still meet, but the membership is small. The usual congregation has of late increased, and rather more so since my dear father has, with other brethren, instrumentally renewed the work in this almost forsaken part of the Lord's vineyard. It was here the writer first commenced to speak in the Lord's name. What changes have taken place since then! How many fathers in Israel have gone home! Others soon, both ministers and members of the one great Church, must follow. Of the ministerial brethren in London who still remain, and who preached here in the former days of prosperity, I know of only the editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. Mr. Thomsett, of Reading, preached a good, instructive, and experimental discourse from the book of Job. After tea the evening service commenced. Mr. E. P. Brown, of Coggeshall, and formerly of Reading, then read a portion of Scripture and engaged in prayer. The text was announced, but to the great surprise of hearers and preacher, there was no sermon. After a few remarks, Mr. Brown assured the friends that he could not go further. The friends quite endorsed the remark made, "When the Lord shutteth no man can open." How humbling to man's pride is this experience, and more particularly to the ministers of the Gospel, "to the end that no flesh shall glory in His presence."

WIDCOMBE, BATH.—"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Twenty-third anniversary of settlement of the pastor, Mr. John Huntley, was held Lord's-day, September 2. Pastor preached morning and evening with his wonted energy. Mr. John Huntley is now the oldest Nonconformist minister in Bath, and it speaks well that after 23 years he is still contending for the "truth as it is in Jesus," to the joy of the many who assemble there week after week. Our pastor has had much to battle with; but notwithstanding all the difficulties of the way, the Lord has sustained him; and he is still determined, with the apostle, to know "nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." We trust that the Lord will still be with him and will make him to be more and more a champion for the truth. On Monday a thanksgiving meeting was held. A good number of friends met together for special prayer and praise on the pastor's behalf. Thus encouraged, he begins another year. May the God of all grace be with him and strengthen his hands. Lord's-day, September 9, the ordinance of believer's baptism was observed. The day opened with prayer before the morning service. Mr. J. R. Huntley, son of the pastor, preached a short sermon from the words, "And ye are Christ's." The pastor then baptized in the name of the Triune Jehovah 10 believers, one of them having reached the age of 74. May they be strengthened with all might in

the inner man, and in their conduct both in the Church and in the world, "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." The pastor preached in the evening from Acts xi. 23: "That with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord." After the evening service the candidates were received into the Church, each one being given an appropriate text. On Monday, September 10, a tea-meeting was held. At public meeting the pastor, Mr. Huntley, in his own characteristic way spoke a few words of encouragement, and was followed by Mr. J. R. Huntley and Mr. E. Millard. The pastor invited all the widows in membership with us to spend the afternoon at his house on the following Thursday, September 13. A conveyance was provided, and Shunem-villa, Widcombe-hill, the residence of Mr. John Huntley, was reached about 3 o'clock, and a very cordial reception was given to them. The old folks enjoyed themselves by walking round the garden, from which a very charming view of the country could be obtained. An old pulpit stands in the garden, formerly used at the chapel, from which many an old divine has been heard "holding forth the Word of Life." Through the kindness of the pastor and his wife an excellent tea and supper were provided, and the friends returned to their homes much gratified with their afternoon's visit.—W. P.

A SWEET MEMORIAL OF THE LATE W. CRUISE.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.—It was with a feeling of deep sorrow that I read in the E. V. for August of the death of that eminently godly brother, Mr. Cruise. I should like to bear my testimony to departed worth.

It is now about 18 years since I met with dear Cruise at Bethel Chapel, Old Ford. Well do I remember the kindness and tenderness of our departed friend when he invited me to address the Sunday-school, and how, at the close of the service, he uttered words of counsel and encouragement to the lad of seventeen summers, and when, in the order of God's gracious purpose, I was led to join the Church at Old Ford, under H. G. Maycock, and the ministry of the Word began to exercise my mind. Brother Cruise anxiously waited for an open door, so that I could use the gift which he believed God had bestowed upon me, and hence, through him, you were instrumental in thrusting me into the ministry.

I can speak of our deceased friend as the result of close and hallowed friendship. We laboured together in the Sunday-school, first at Bethel Chapel, Old Ford, and afterwards at Hope Chapel, Bethnal-green. I can say of him, "He was a good man," and a lover of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. He had a large, tender heart, and was in every way suited to superintend the school where he so long and earnestly toiled. His confidence in God and faith in the doctrines of sovereign grace shone with conspicuous lustre in his prayers and efforts, by

the Holy Spirit's blessing, to lead souls to Christ, and I feel certain that the dear friends at Hope Chapel will cherish his memory for years to come. Truly, "he was a burning and a shining light." His peaceful death agreed with his consecrated life, and now that he is gone can we not indulge the sweet and comforting thought that we shall meet again? We can picture our brother as he was, his earnest addresses and powerful prayers still sound in our ears, but who shall describe him as he is, among the ransomed before the throne. "Tis but a little while," and we too shall be there and "know even as we are known." Changes are taking place all around—superintendent Cruise gone; pastor Thomas Jones, whom I followed at Enon Chapel, Chatham, he is gone too, and when a few years are passed away we shall go the way whence we shall not return. God grant that we, like them, may be kept faithful unto the end, and finish our course with joy, then we also, like beloved brother Cruise, shall be able to meet death peacefully and welcome the hour of going home.

Accept dear brother, my Christian regards. You are still "in labours oft," affliction has touched you, but your old age is fruitful in service. May you yet be spared to serve your section of the visible Church in these troublous days, and when the end comes, reap the blessing reserved for the faithful and the true. Such is the prayer of the "once young lad," who remains, Yours in Jesus,

WILLIAM F. EDGERTON,
Old Baptist Chapel, Gamlingay.

The Manse, Gamlingay, Cambs.

IPSWICH.—The pastor and friends of good old Zoar chapel, David-street, held harvest thanksgiving services September 19. W. Winters preached. Mr. Samuel Cozens, the pastor, presided over public meeting. Mr. G. G. Whorlow offered prayer. Mr. Cozens spoke admirably on the thanks of the nation to Almighty God for a bountiful harvest, and for fine weather to gather it in. He also treated of the greatness of England in point of philanthropy, and its civil and religious liberty as enjoyed through the freedom of the press, and other blessings of equal worth. Mr. J. Cowell, of Harwich, drew the attention of the audience to the higher and more spiritual blessings realised by the saints of God. Mr. W. Houghton was beautifully instructive on the earth's increase. Mr. S. K. Bland dwelt with great meaning on the government of God in His providence; and Mr. G. G. Whorlow made an excellent speech on the character of Ruth, which, with a few words from the writer, terminated the happy meeting. To God be all the glory, Amen.—W. WINTERS.

CARMEL, WOOLWICH.—Anniversary services on Sunday, September 9. Three sermons were preached: morning by the pastor, W. W. Osmond; afternoon, Mr. F. C. Holden; evening, Mr. H. Myerson. On the following Tuesday a tea and public meeting was held, Mr. H. Hall, of Clapham, presiding. Although the weather was very

unfavourable a goodly number of friends assembled after tea to hear brethren J. L. Meeres, W. J. Styles, H. Myerson, J. W. Squirrel, and W. Osmond deliver short addresses on the various subjects allotted to them. A little disappointment was felt at the non-appearance of Mr. Styles. Friends will be glad to learn, however, that his absence did not arise from want of sympathy with the cause, but from inadvertence, having entered the wrong date in his memorandum-book. Mr. Meeres dwelt with sweetness on "The Rose of Sharon; or, The Glorious Person and Work of Christ as Prophet, Priest, and King." Mr. Myerson on "The Righteous Branch," and Mr. Squirrel on "The Plant of Renown." The speakers kept well to their subjects, spoke with some degree of discrimination and boldness upon the things of God, and firmly insisted upon an experimental acquaintance therewith, without which all is vain. A sound creed, a moral life, and a little head knowledge of the Scriptures is religion enough for thousands: like some nuts, they are all shell, look well to the eye, have a good husk, but nothing inside. A few remarks from the chairman brought the meeting to a close.—A. C.

THE PREACHER'S ONE SUBJECT.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."—1 Cor. ii. 2.

SINCE Christ hath appeared my soul to redeem,
My glory shall be constantly of Him;
I'll bless Thee, my Saviour, Thy grace I'll
proclaim.

And tell to poor sinners the power of Thy name
Thy Person so great, so glorious, and grand,
Help me to relate, and in Thy fear stand,
To tell of the glory, the grandeur, and grace,
Contained in the story of mercy and bliss.

No doings of men, no creature shall be
The subject proclaimed, poor sinner, to Thee.
For Christ Jesus alone can do thy soul good,
Who for sin did alone to bring us to God.

His Person, His work, shall be my delight,
His glory my aim. His power my might,
O, bless with Thy presence, my Saviour and
Lord,
All Thine own sent servants, Thy name to
record.

May sinners be born, Thy saints do much bless,
Thy Gospel adorn with ample success;
Christ, and Him crucified, our glory shall be,
And soon quite satisfied His face we shall see.

Ipswich. BENJAMIN JOHN NORTHFIELD.

Marriage.

September 4, at The Grove chapel, Camberwell, by the Rev. Thomas Bradbury, father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. William Lancelot Rolleston, vicar of Scaptoft, Leicester, and the Rev. George Davis, of Woodbridge chapel. Clerkenwell, Frederick John, eldest son of Frederick Bird, Esq., of Redland-house, Gauden-road, Clapham, to Maria Tuley, second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Bradbury, of Lovc-walk, Denmark-hill.—*Christian World.*

On September 19, at St. John's, Bexley, J. B. Lawrence (brother to the late R. A. Lawrence), of Upper Grange-road, S.E., to Sarah, daughter of A. Boulden, Esq., of Surrey Tabernacle.

The beloved Deacon Kingham of Two Waters has left us.

From 1483 to 1883.

"The darkness and the light are both alike to THEE."

IT must not be supposed that *everybody* is going in for the commemoration of Luther's birthday, 400 years ago, on the 10th day of November, 1883. The Roman Catholics have no very warm affection for Martin Luther; nor, in the authorised prospectus sent to us, from the Committee of "The Luther Commemoration," do we find any of the Ritualistic or Methodistical clergy coming to the front on this occasion. Neither will many who are ministers of the Gospel join in the celebration. A religious paper, who often throws a stone at the "Particular," "the Puritanical," and "the adherents of the Apostolic Order"—this neat and scholarly journal tells us that,—

"In the Scottish presbyteries arrangements are being made for taking part in the celebration; though we hear of one or two *eccentric* individuals who have tabled objections. Mr. Nicol, of Aberlady, told the Edinburgh Presbytery, when they were considering the subject, that 'he was not ordained to preach about Luther, that he was a free-born Scot, and he was not going to be tyrannised over.' Mr. Waldie, an elder, was the only member of the court who supported Mr. Nicol, saying that, 'as the ministers were being asked now to preach about Luther, they would be asked next to preach about Shakespeare.' Mr. Stephen, minister of Culross, has been laughed at for maintaining that there is no use for them to 'make a fuss' about Luther's centenary, as they are CALVINISTS, not *Lutherans*."

We know that between the genuine Calvinists and the rigid Lutherans there are differences, which we shall not discuss now. Martin Luther was, in the hands of the Great Author of all good, "the monk who shook the world," the man who dared to expose, to condemn, and to turn away from, the abominations of the great anti-Christ; therefore, as a servant of God, we recognise the grace, the power, the mercy of God, in raising up such a man; and in the work God enabled him to do we have a deep sympathy.

We are disposed to embrace every opportunity to witness for the TRUTH of the HOLY BIBLE; and, as the Word of God was such a blessing to the awakened monk—as he translated it, and circulated so many thousands of copies of the sacred Scriptures; as Martin Luther was such a *practical worker* in the Lord's vineyard—we are willing to do honour to his memory, and give people an opportunity of learning the amount of suffering, of self-sacrifice, and of godly zeal, a man will put forth at all hazards in the defence of "the faith once (for all) delivered unto the saints" when the grace of God is the strong arm that moves him in the accomplishment of some divine purpose. We may be condemned, but we cannot look upon a man who, in his pulpit, or on some platform, is all legs, lungs, arms, and boldness, slaughtering away; but who is never seen in any co-operative movement, any self-denying effort to promote the good cause, or to lift a poor one out of the distress or misery into which he may have fallen. Oh, ye *sound*, well-paid, pulpit-men, ask,

inside your own consciences, Are ye "followers" of the holy Master ye talk so much about? One of the most useful earthly mercies we now realise is "a partner in life" who will have no rest (when health permits) if there is any hidden-up case of actual distress made known to her. Yet, in all this work, there are few who are disposed to put forth a helping hand.

Now, to let people see an example of STERLING, PRACTICAL, CHRISTIANITY, we have invited our eloquent and energetic brother, Mr. W. Winters, to give a lecture in our Speldhurst-road Chapel, near South Hackney Church; and this Mr. Winters (of Waltham Abbey) has promised to do (the good Lord permitting) on Monday evening, November 19, 1883, at seven o'clock. If this meet the eye and touch the heart of any living Christian, we pray God to constrain them to come. May the exhibition of a practical Christian, whose name and fame still lives, act as an impetus to set many to work; so that

"The Bitter Cry of Outcast London"

may be ameliorated.

Mr. Archibald Brown's personal visitations in the haunts of awful poverty and misery, which is published in open day-light, is a cheering spot upon the dark canvas of our "*do-nothing profession of a SOUND THEOLOGY.*"

If the committee of the Luther Commemoration, instead of begging for £1,000 to make a grand show on the occasion, if they had determined to raise TEN THOUSAND POUNDS as a nucleus to a gigantic effort to meet the wants of our starving population in the metropolis, we should have thought much better of them than their published prospectus deserves.

GOD'S TRUTH, CHRIST'S GOSPEL, the HOLY GHOST'S essential POWER in the salvation of a sinner, must always be the FIRST WORK. But do let us keep this in view, that our Saviour spent the greater part of His time in feeding, in healing, in curing, in preaching by the bestowment of blessings. He was more occupied in WORKING for the present advantages of the poor than He was occupied in preaching. When He did preach, He proclaimed His FATHER's will, straight and clear. When asked to go and heal the sick or raise the dead, He went, and He never failed.

Of his preaching we cannot speak, but we do not wonder that Mr. Archibald Brown, has his East London Tabernacle so filled, seeing he obeys the Lord, as spoken in Isaiah lviii., "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? . . . to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house. When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh."

When we see the pastors and their peoples carrying out their Christianity as Christ did, as Paul did, as Luther, as others have done, we will then believe there is hope for the Church; but all the roaring and raving against others will never save a soul nor glorify a Saviour. I feel every line I write now may be my last, therefore I seek no man's smile, but I do seek the *good* of Zion, in exhorting her to shake off the dust, to put on her beautiful garments, and to go forth in the spirit of a man whose words demand our notice, who said, "As ye have therefore opportunity

“DO GOOD UNTO ALL MEN,

“but especially unto the household of faith.”

Come, then, brother Winters, with all the love that is in thine heart, with all the light that is in thine head, with all the talent that is in thy tongue, with all the grace thy Lord shall give thee, and shew up this

GOD-MADE REFORMER

in all the various characters he sustained as a pattern of that reformation which now appears to be fast sinking into an apostacy out of which it was only partially uplifted.

Dr. Wilkinson, in quoting Augustine on predestination, says:—“But that which Augustine adds in continuation must by no means be omitted. ‘Since we know not (says he) who belongeth to the number of the predestinated, and who doth not, we ought so *to feel* as to *wish* ALL to be saved. From this it will come to pass that whosoever shall come in our way, we shall desire to make him a partaker of the peace which we ourselves enjoy. ‘Our peace,’ however, will nevertheless rest upon the ‘*sons of peace.*’ Wherefore, as far as we ourselves are concerned, wholesome and even severe correction will ever be made use of by us as a medicine towards all men; both to save them from perishing themselves, and to prevent them from causing others to perish. But it will be of God alone to make that medicine *beneficial* to those whom He *foreknew* and *predestinated.*”

It is certain the world is full of mysteries; the visible Church is full of movements. We have on our table “The Church of the Three First Centuries,” by Dr. Lamson. Then there are twelve centuries variously historicised by the strong-headed students; but on Nov. 10, 1483, at Eisleben, in Saxony, of humble parents, was

“THIS INSTRUMENT OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE”

ushered into the world. Only GOD knew what was designed for the little boy called “MARTIN LUTHER.”

MONKISM AND MAHOMMEDANISM

were the two black clouds which were fast sinking what was called “Christianity” down into death. Master William Froggatt, in his book called “The Work of God in Every Age,” says: “Mahommedanism was the scourge which the Almighty employed for the punishment and removal of that Christianity which was not real, but was a degenerate and corrupt form of it, and was highly displeasing to our Lord and God; and He let this Mahommedan scourge come in, who drove the formal corrupt Christians at the point of the sword.”

There was a divine purpose of mercy in the Lord sending a man like Martin Luther. It was not what Luther made or did of himself; it was what God made him, and did by him. And this should be recognised in the forthcoming commemoration. Here let us pause. Let us pray that the coming assemblies may not be given up to pictures and to playthings, but that the purpose, promise, and power of God may be seen and acknowledged, and that a purer faith in a covenant Triune God may be exercised. That no man-worship, no creature-idolising may be seen; but that the power of the Holy Ghost may possess the hearts and minds of all who are the leaders; that Christ may

be exalted, God be glorified, the Churches truly revived, sinners effectually called, that the angels may rejoice greatly over saving conversions. So the Lord will have mercy upon us and upon ours, which is the heart-breathing of

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, October 20, 1893.

THE GOSPEL PREACHED AT ELIM.

*Substance of First Sermon preached in Elim Chapel, Pekin-street,
East India-road, Limehouse,*

BY THE PASTOR, F. C. HOLDEN.

"And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and three-score and ten palm trees. And they encamped there by the waters."—Exod. xv. 27.

SOME of you may think that I had fixed upon the text on this occasion for a long time; but it is not so. I could not have told you until yesterday what words I should speak from; they are certainly very appropriate. I hope what may be said upon them will be profitable. Of course, it was this passage which suggested to brother Kemp the name by which this new sanctuary should be distinguished, and it is very possible that he could preach from it better than I shall be able. Be that as it may, I will do the best I can, as the Lord may enable me. The text is part of a record of the journeyings of the children of Israel, God's ancient, chosen, covenant people, whom He had redeemed out of the land of Egypt, and out of the hand of Pharaoh. The song contained in this chapter is in celebration of the great victory God had given them. Now this people were a typical people, and the Lord's dealings with them were typical of His dealings with that people whom He hath chosen unto salvation. My aim, therefore, will be to try and point out to you the spiritual import of the text, and so to do it that each of us may judge for ourselves whether we have part and lot in the matter. We pray that this place may be a spiritual Elim—that is, a place where God's spiritual Israel may be brought unto—a place of spiritual power and strength, rest and refreshing, joy and gladness.

Now let us notice, in the first place, what is here said of Elim. "There were twelve wells of water." I shall take it to be a type of the Gospel, bearing in mind that Christ is identified with the Gospel. We cannot have the Gospel without Christ, nor Christ without the Gospel; and I am sure if the Gospel is not here, and Christ should not be here, it will not be Elim to the Lord's people. But, mark you, Elim signifies power and strength; hence, to make it a real Elim, there must be the Gospel, not in word and letter merely, but in power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost. Observe, "there were twelve wells of water;" that is significant, inasmuch as there were twelve tribes in Israel—a well for each tribe; pointing, perhaps, to the fact that in the Gospel there is enough for all the Israel of God. So we remember there were twelve loaves of shewbread, a loaf for every tribe. Some have thought there is an allusion here to the twelve apostles, whose testimonies are represented as twelve stars upon the head of the Gospel Church. Twelve thousand are said to be sealed of every tribe; the new Jerusalem has twelve gates and twelve foundations; and the Tree of Life bears twelve manner of fruits,

fruit all the year round; so that the number twelve is a very significant and interesting one, as it occurs in the Scriptures. "Twelve wells of waters;" I should say that, spiritually, they represent what Isaiah terms the wells of salvation, which I take to mean the blessed truths of the Gospel. Now let me name them: 1. Everlasting love; 2. Eternal choice; 3. Immutable decrees; 4. Eternal redemption; 5. Effectual calling; 6. Imputed righteousness; 7. Complete and satisfactory atonement for sin; 8. Forgiveness of sin; 9. Perfect sanctification; 10. Final perseverance; 11. Resurrection from the dead; and, 12. Eternal glory. These are the wells of salvation from which we hope, here in our Elim, to draw water from time to time, with joy.

Now the "threescore and ten palm trees." It is an interesting fact that seventy is the exact number of disciples whom our Lord sent forth in conjunction with the twelve apostles; but I do not see how there can be any allusion to them here, since the palm trees are descriptive of the place, and not the people in it. I know that, in Psa. xcii., the righteous are compared to the palm tree, but it does not necessarily follow that there is any allusion to them here. If there were, and I were asked, Where are your palm trees? I should answer that the friends who constitute this Christian Church are the palm trees; and it is a singular coincidence that there are just about seventy in number; but I consider that the seventy palm trees are expressive of the delightful shade and abundant fruitfulness of the place called Elim. And where shall we get such shade and fruitfulness as the Gospel yields, which testifies of Christ as being a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the storm, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; of whom I trust, it may often be our privilege to say, with the Church of old, "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet unto my taste." So, my friends, I regard the seventy palm trees at Elim to be expressive of the many and varied promises and blessings of the Gospel, which afford such sweet shade and shelter, as well as yield such abundant fruitfulness, support, and joy to the spiritual Israel of God. And this is the Elim I hope we shall find this place to be.

Secondly, we notice that here is the fact clearly stated: "They (that is, the Israelites) came to Elim." It is also a fact that we are come to the place which we have called Elim. Several inquiries arise out of that fact: 1. From whence did they come? 2. What did they come through to get there? and, 3. By whom it was that they came? 1. From whence they came. They came out from Egypt; so all who come to Elim spiritually—to Gospel waters, and Gospel shades and fruitfulness—must be brought out of Egypt—that is, out of the world, and out of a state of captivity to Satan and to sin. So, my friends, I hope we shall often find, when we come here to Elim chapel, we are come out of (and away from) the Egypt of this world into the place of Gospel rest and liberty. 2. What they came through—viz., the Red Sea, where they saw the salvation of God in their own deliverance, and in the destruction of their oppressors. Then, also, there was the bitter experiences of Marah. Aye, beloved, we too have come through something analagous to this: we have had to stand still and see the salvation of God; we have tasted the bitter waters of Marah; but God, our own

covenant God, has mercifully and kindly sweetened them; and now we are come; and thus in this same way we are come to Elim. Oh, my hearers, you can never know the sweets of Elim spiritually—that is, the Gospel—until you know something at least of the Red Sea and Marah. First the captivity, then the deliverance; first the bitter, then the sweet. “We came through fire and through water, but Thou broughtest us out into a healthy place.” And such was Elim, with its twelve wells of water and seventy palm trees. 3. They came to Elim. “Who brought them there?” The answer is, “*God Himself.*” Unless He had, not an Israelite would ever have seen the place called Elim. And this will apply, in its fullest extent, to us; therefore to Him be all the glory.

Lastly, what they did. “They encamped there by the waters.” My friends, let us do the same. Let us all stop here until God is pleased to remove us; and if any of you remove, in Providence, see to it, if possible, that you are encamping near some place where the Gospel is. But we hope you will all encamp here, by the waters of Elim, until God shall command you to go—not into the wilderness of sin which is between Elim and Sinai, but—up and into the realms of eternal glory. Amen.

“THAT MESSAGE WAS FOR ME.”

BY A LONDON PASTOR.

IT is a truth—one that delighted and encouraged God’s people of old—that “He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.” But it is in the Gospel, and under the mediatorial reign of our ever-loving and lovely LORD JESUS, that this truth appears in its indescribable brightness, and is ever and again realised and enjoyed in its incomparable sweetness and power. From Jesus’ lips we learn the truth, that “all power is given unto Him in heaven and in earth.” The power of right, as well as of might—a power that is displayed in majesty, yet often in mysterious mercy. The gracious Spirit has assured us that “It pleased the Father that in Him (Jesus) all fulness should dwell,” and a reigning Lord, full of communicable grace and goodness, is one of the leading notes in that music, which is and ever shall be, to opened ears, such a blissful, a joyful sound.

That the possession and the power are governed by an undying, an unflagging interest, we are sure, from our Lord’s own testimony from heaven itself. Each letter to the seven Churches of Asia opens with the cheering, yet often staggering declaration that “I KNOW.” Each individual believer’s history witnesseth to the fact that, *knowing* He will DO, and that DOING, He will make to Himself an everlasting, a glorious name in the superintendence and control of all that affects and sometimes so deeply afflicts the

“Weakest believer that hangs upon Him.”

This deep interest and constant control is sometimes manifested in an almost marvellous manner in His leadings of and dealings with His servants in their “work of faith and labour of love.” In preaching the everlasting Gospel, and in trying to “feed the Church of God, which He has purchased with His own blood,” He often proves that, not only is the commission to do so *His* to give, but that He constantly, personally

controls the work, to accomplish His own grace purposes, prove His own love's pleasure, encourage His often weary labourers, and manifest that "He will help, and that right early," every drooping, desponding, and often apparently despairing soul.

True! His "right early" is often but the moment before destruction. "The vision is yet for an appointed time; at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

It is some years since it was my honour and happiness for a few years to have charge of a Church in a well-known town in the South-east of England. On a certain Lord's-day I had spoken in the morning with a great deal of pleasure from the Lord's words to Zaccheus, to "make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." The day was wearing away. I had been meditating upon another subject with considerable quiet satisfaction for the evening service.

Sitting in my study, only a few minutes before starting with the family for chapel, and thinking upon my purposed sermon, an almost indescribable feeling took possession of me. I had not lost my text, nor my thoughts for the sermon; but a kind of mist, or haze, covered it, like a forbidding hand laid upon it. At the same time there came rolling into my mind and heart, without the shadow of any connection with what I had been contemplating, these words, "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for Me?"

They came with all that nnexplainable, but unmistakable, demonstration and power which is doubtless well-known to those whose blessedness it is to live looking to, waiting upon, and often anxiously listening for their Lord to speak. With the sudden change in my feelings, and a sort of solemn nervous trembling that seized me, the few minutes passed away, and it was time to start for chapel. There was no time for study or sermon-making then. Having reached the chapel, and having gone through the preliminary part of the service, I stood up in the pulpit, and in substance said, that while I had good reason for believing that the Lord had blest His own truth, and was still blessing it; yet leaving entirely the past, I appeared that night before them with a special message from God to some soul present, giving at the same time a few words as to how I came by it. Of course, these remarks brought all eyes upon me, and the congregation sat with wrapped attention. "Yes," I said, "I have a message from God unto thee. Listen, my friend, it is this: 'I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for Me?'"

Having read my text again, I observed that I might as well sit down, for my work was done for that night. However, I preached a sermon of some sort, and concluded the service. Having descended from the pulpit, and being about to enter the vestry, a stranger spoke to me, saying, "Pardon me, sir; I could not leave the house of God to-night without letting you know that message was for me. I shall see you before long." In a short time he came to see me; and then, and again before the Church, he told us his tale of mercy manifested, of personal proof given that Jesus still lived to "bind up the broken-hearted and proclaim deliverance to the captive."

For seventeen years he had been living a life of misery, a life of hard, black, and bitter bondage. According to his apprehension he had

entered that grim abode, over the portals of which, in scorching words, it is written, "*Whoever enters here leaves hope behind.*" He had heard all kinds of preachers, far and near, in church and chapel, but grew only worse. A friend asked him if he had heard the new minister at such a chapel (meaning myself). "No," said he, "nor do I mean to." However, he came one evening, and the effect produced was this—he left the house of God with this change: that when he entered all was thick, darkness, and despair—when he left, to use his own words, "he was as a man at the bottom of a very deep well; all was darkness around; but when he looked up, at a great distance there was light up there, but he was not in it." He came again the next week, and then the Lord was pleased to completely deliver him. He drew him out of the pit, placed his feet upon the rock, and verily put "a new song into his mouth."

This happy state of soul continued for about half the following week; then darkness gathered around him again, and through the suggestions of Satan and his own unbelief, he seemed to be worse than ever. His chief thought now was, "*It could not be real.*" The preacher was a young man, a stranger. His distress was of so long standing; he was an old condemned sinner, long feeling that there was no hope for him in God. He, however, decided to go once more, specially pleading that if indeed his deliverance was of the Lord, and through that young man as His servant, that the Lord would in some marked way confirm it. That was the night when the Lord gave to me that special message for him. "It was," said he, "as though God Almighty stood before me and spoke the words Himself as I sat in that gallery." "Oh! friends," he said, "it was a wonder that I did not *roar* from my overpowered feelings of wonder, love, grief, and shame at the Lord's kindness to me." What shall we say to these things? It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes. Courage, then, poor, downcast, drooping, and despairing soul. Jesus has not lost His interest in His work. His hand has not lost its cunning; He has not changed.

"He will not His great self deny,
A God, all truth, can never lie,
As well might He His being quit,
As break His oath, or Word forget.
He will come and save you."—*Homerton.*

A MAN! A GOOD MAN! A CHRISTIAN MAN!

"ALL men have sinned, and therefore all must die;
This must be true, or Truth must be a lie!
THE SOUL DIES NOT! 'tis an IMMORTAL spirit;
The body dies, 'tis sin's undoubted merit."

GOING to a funeral, the other day, my mind was much entertained with some thoughts on that full-bodied and brilliant Scripture in Isa. xxv.: "HE will swallow up DEATH in VICTORY, and the LORD GOD will wipe away tears from off all faces, and the *rebuke* of His people shall be taken away from off all the earth; *for*—

"THE MOUTH OF THE LORD HATH SPOKEN IT!"

Three painful evils will be clean gone for ever. That great monarch

who has, and is, swallowing up his millions, who revels amid seas, earthquakes, famines, pestilences, and a thousand paths of disease; that great king, that last enemy,

DEATH ITSELF SHALL BE DESTROYED.

The medical profession annihilated, the so-called undertaker dismissed, the grave-digger without employment, the cemetery turned into a paradise of beauty; sin and sorrow known no more; and the wholesale dealers in reproach paralysed in speech; and—

GOD AND GLORY SHINING FORTH IN THE PERFECTION OF SALVATION!

Oh, how I longed for a thousand tongues to proclaim the coming millennium of God's revealing, of Jehovah's promising, and which peaceful scene of heavenly bliss He will surely bring to pass.

But in the chapel-house of aristocratic tombs and sepulchres I dared not enlarge. When to the deep, dark, and gloomy grave we came, my spirit would attempt to speak to those around of that scene, the most awful, angels, men, or devils ever saw. I said, no man, no woman, can effectively deny, however they may differ in dogmas, that there are

SEVEN FACTS OF REALITY,

not one of which can be obliterated.

First, there is what to us appears a mysterious, dark valley, lying between this world and the kingdom beyond. On this side of that valley there are three facts; on the other side there are three. Here is *man's life*—man's chequered and, to him, an uncertain life—and here is death; for it is "appointed unto man once to die;" and here the Almighty hath given a sure word of prophecy, a true Gospel light; and to whomsoever the *light of life* is given, a safe passage through the valley is guaranteed.

There are three on the other side:—

THE JUDGMENT! THE HIGH HEAVENS! AND THE ETERNAL HELL!

The beloved John, in Apocalyptic vision, saw the three on the other side, and he saw the great white throne, and the dead (small and great) stand before God. He saw all death's store-houses thrown open and emptied. "The sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell (the dead who had not gone into the graves; and all who were found in the graves) were delivered up, and all the wicked were judged, every man according to their works. Now Stopford, now Canon Farrar, now gentleman White, and all disputers of God's revealed facts, what will ye say to

THIS EXTREMELY AWFUL CLIMAX?

"And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death; and whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire!"

Oh, my reader, if ye see the facts, the three facts I have named, to be true on this side of the valley, how can we dare to dispute the reality of the three on the other side? May the Holy Ghost enable you to

"MAKE YOUR CALLING AND ELECTION SURE."

These reflections have been drawn out from me on reading part of a funeral sermon preached at Zoar chapel, Ipswich, on Sunday, October 7, 1883, by Mr. Samuel Cozens, occasioned by

THE DEATH OF MR. EBENEZER HARRIS,

who was, by divine grace, a strong pillar in the Church of Christ at the aforesaid Zoar, in Ipswich's large city. Of the deceased brother, the pastor said:—

"Mr. Ebenezer Harris was a man—a man that had a mind of his own, an independent mind—a mind that was not in slavery to any kind of priestcraft or human dogmas. He had the mind of Christ, and a man possessing that mind can never be in bondage to men, nor yield his conscience to the dictum of those who assume authority over God's heritage. He was true to his convictions, and glorified God by his fidelity. The day before his funeral I was thinking what I should say at his grave. And the words of the Psalmist came softly stealing into my mind, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.'

"Our brother was a saint. I do not mean that he was sinless. None of us are sinless. He was a consistent Christian. 'Consistent Christian,' says the cynic, 'where will you find them?' Well, we do find them. Though not exactly consistent in all things, yet, nevertheless, consistent. We say the nugget of gold is rich—rich, spite of the alloy that is mixed with and dims it. We say that the sun is bright—bright, notwithstanding the dark spots on his disc. The brightness preponderates, and the spots are nothing to that brightness. Some philosophers are always watching through their astronomical glasses the spots on the sun. So prejudice, through the mighty magnifying glasses of envy and jealousy, is always looking for defects in the character. And if only a small scab or two appears on the forehead, you get a nudge in the side, and the moral philosopher says, 'That man has got the leprosy. Depend on it he is a leper; but don't say that I say it.' Flies have a passion for sores. I wonder if that was the reason why the devil is called Beelzebub, the god of flies? His children—those deadly flies envy, malice, and prejudice—eat up and vomit by the mouth of slander the defects of human life. It is more agreeable to us to approve that which is excellent. To speak of the meekness of Moses, not of his anger; to speak of the patience of Job, not of his impatience; to speak of the noble character of Peter, not of his weaknesses, for in spite of those weaknesses he was a loved and honoured servant of his Master. Our brother adorned the doctrine of Christ. He might have had his fantasies; we all have. But he loved the truth, walked in the truth, and lived out the truth. I speak from my own observations of him; and what else should I speak from? I never judge of people by anything I hear, for when I hear people defaming the character of others I always set it down to 'malice aforethought.' The more we are penetrated by the Spirit of Christ, the more we are permeated by the love of man, the more profound will be our respect for that precept: 'Speak evil of no man.'

"Let us speak of a man as we find him;
And censure alone what we see;
And should a man blame, we remind him
That from faults we are none of us free."

"You could not be long in our brother's company without hearing something about the Master he so much loved, and the home he was so intensely looking for and longing after. He was like a youth who had

finished his education, with his boxes packed and corded, waiting for the 'stage' to take him to his father and his home. We used to be proud to take home our school-work—our exercises. Our brother has taken his exercises away with him to be reviewed with grateful recollections of the patience and kindness and painstaking of his incomparable Teacher. He was a zealous member of the Church, filling his place in the congregation with marked punctuality and regularity. He did what he could by his constant presence, his earnest prayers, and his open purse, to support the cause of God. He dearly loved the house of God, and prayed earnestly for the peace and prosperity of the Church. And nothing but absolute incapacity kept him from his place in this house. The house of God was to him the gate of heaven. Our brother was conspicuously blest with a calm waiting for God. He could say with Jacob, 'I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord.' And how cheerfully he used to say, at the close of the Sabbath services, 'A day's march nearer home.' He was largely blest with the spirit of faith, and almost the last words he uttered to his beloved wife were, 'Have faith in God. Have faith in God for everything.' And he kindly added, 'Don't be alarmed at anything that takes place.' And he retained the spirit of prayer up to the last, and bowed the knee on the last day of his conscious existence on earth. We may say of him, 'He entered heaven with prayer.' He was dowered with patient endurance, and in all his affliction I never heard him utter one murmuring word; but he would often say, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.' He was a staunch friend, an affectionate husband, a fond father. In one word, he was a good man—made good by the good work of God's grace in his heart; and he drew great comfort from Paul's confidence: 'Being confident of this very thing, that He who hath begun a good work in you will finish it until the day of Jesus Christ.' The work is finished, and now he is with Jesus Christ, where we hope soon to join him. God grant we may! Amen."

[We can only add a secret prayer that this breach in the widow's home may be filled up by the Lord Himself; that the pastor and his people may see many such "Ebenezers" raised up in their midst. Such, indeed, prays Zoar's old friend—C. W. BANKS.]

FREE-GRACE MISSION.

AT the Cannon-street meeting, October 9, Dr. Wilkinson held on so long reading his papers and books that the people were gone before I had the opportunity of speaking. But in these pages many thousands may read a caution which I desired, in all kindness, to give that evening. I am, for near sixty years I have been, opposed to every kind of error. At the same time I have no sympathy, nor will I mix up with, that wild, rabid, un-Christ-like violence which some gentlemen are full of. I thought to express the following ideas. When thinking of going to the said grace meeting, the words written of the man after God's own heart appeared applicable to my feelings. When Uzzah was struck dead for putting forth his hand to prevent the ark from falling, and the Lord smote him, so that Uzzah died there, it is said:—

"AND DAVID WAS AFRAID OF THE LORD THAT DAY."

The ark of God was a type of Christ, and of His Gospel. The ark had been in captivity for above fifty years. David gathered together an immense number of people, and they resolved to bring the ark home to Jerusalem. And if you had been there—if you had seen the thousands of people assembled; if you had heard the music and singing—you would have thought it was a grand day indeed. A new cart was made, the ark was put into or upon it; Josephus says men, children, and oxen, all united to draw it away; but when they came to a certain threshing-floor the oxen stumbled, the ark trembled, and Uzzah ran to lay hold of it; and the ancients say he meant to take it on his own shoulders and carry it; when immediately the Lord struck him, and he fell down dead, “and David was afraid of the Lord that day;” and well, indeed, he might be afraid.

For fifty years I have seen Popery coming into England. I saw Cardinal Wiseman’s day of determination to convert England to Romanism. I have seen what they call “Archbishop Manning’s Ascendancy;” and Tractarianism grow into Puseyism, Puseyism into Ritualism, and Ritualism into Romanism. I strove my utmost, by press and platform, to resist them; and twice have I been smitten, so now I am quiet. But the many “*new carts*” made, in this day, to carry the Gospel on, has often stirred my heart to its centre. I must confess I am afraid. I will only say here, I trust Mr. Taylor, Mr. Symonds and, the Committee of the Free and Sovereign Grace Mission *know* that the Lord hath called them to their work; and then He will honour them in it. If this Society be of God, it will be like little David coming against Goliath, only here we have a large David, and not a little, ruddy-faced shepherd-boy. But what a huge Goliath even this large David has to oppose! Think of the hundreds of thousands of free-will Churchmen, scientific men, new-thought men, Unitarian men, and you will find the Goliath of our day, and his army, to be immensely large and powerful. Man’s free-will giant is marching through the Churches, carrying the masses with them.

Christ commanded His disciples to go into all the world, and to preach “THE GOSPEL to every creature.” He never sent them to preach the devil, nor mortal man’s corruptions, nor even good men’s deep experiences, but to preach the Gospel faithfully and clearly.

Now, WHAT IS THE GOSPEL?

When Thomas said, “We know not the way;” and, “*How* can we *know* THE WAY?” then CHRIST gave Thomas the true Gospel in five lines. He said:—

1. “I am the Way,”
2. “And the Truth,”
3. “And the Life.”
4. “No man cometh unto the Father,”
5. “But by Me.”

In Christ’s Gospel there is certainty, harmony, beauty, and safety. In man’s gospel there is no certainty, no harmony, no beauty, no safety. Give me a moment to preach the Gospel unto you. The highest authority in heaven or in earth said, *first*, “I AM THE WAY.” Where did this Way begin? How did it proceed? Where will it be consummated? *Where did it begin?* In the bosom of the FATHER. It was the eternal Son of God who said, “In the multitude of My thoughts

within Me, Thy comforts delight my soul." As the Father unbosomed His thoughts to His Son as in His bosom He lay, it set the Son rejoicing in the habitable parts of God's earth, and all His delights became centred in the souls of men. "Set up as Head over all things unto the Church;" all the members of the Church being given to Him, and He, the Son of God, receiving them; bowing down His back, that on Himself all their iniquities might be laid, and opening His loving heart to receive and embrace all that the Father would give Him; He, indeed, became the Way; He came down to marry the Bride His Father had given Him; He took on Himself her very nature, and so became one with her; and in that nature paid all their debts, atoned for all their sins, and rose triumphant over death and hell, ascended to His Father's throne to receive power to send the Holy Spirit to gather them, and to bring them home to glory. Yes, JESUS CHRIST is the WAY. He is the Truth of all the promises, and will be the Life of His Church in the glory-world to all eternity.

Heresies have their day; but they die out.

God, and His Christ, and His Truth, will LIVE FOR EVER AND EVER.

"The tongue-slaughtering" of this day will do no good. Pure love to God, to truth, to souls, will rarely get into a passion. Let us "try the spirits."

HAS OUR GOSPEL A MISSIONARY SPIRIT IN IT?

I READ of Japan, with its thirty-five millions of souls; then I turn to China, with its three hundred and fifty millions, and to other immense provinces whose inhabitants mainly sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; and the missionary leaders in England and in America declare that these harvest-fields are rotting, decaying, and are lost for want of *Gospel reapers*. But when, with inly weeping, I look into and around this gigantic metropolis, with its six millions; when I survey its cathedrals, its abbeys, its churches, chapels, mission-halls, and city, missionaries, with armies of every colour, class, and kind, when I still see, as our policemen, magistrates, judges, and juries see that awful sins run down our streets by floods, and that out of our six millions, not one half believe, or love, or look after *the Gospel* or show any concern for their soul's salvation—when I reflect upon all this, I come home to my own Bible, and I ask, "Is the parable of the wheat and the tares still true? Do the tares represent the children of *the wicked one*?" The Lord Jesus said they did. Can "the children of the wicked one" never be converted *savingly* to Christ? Nay, they are to grow among the wheat until the end of the world cometh. The divine Governor, the Great Immanuel, the precious Son of God, my Saviour, whom I love with a love that came flowing through Him from the heart of God Himself; this King of Zion, this Son of man, will then send forth His angels, and "they shall gather out of His kingdom (what are they? The tares? So much in appearance like the wheat that they are actually *found in* His visible kingdom, in His Gospel-professing kingdom! So it says. But the time cometh when the angels shall gather out of His kingdom—who? why)—

"ALL THINGS THAT OFFEND."

The Greek will justify this rendering, "All things that the *wicked one hath wrought*," and the tares in the Gospel are often to be known by this: that to the pure, white, heaven-born souls of God's children, these tares are an offence; for

"THEY DO INIQUITY."

But they are to be gathered out, to be bound up in bundles, and to be cast into the fire, while the *wheat*, the heaven-born, the Christ-sown seed, shall be gathered into the glorious Redeemer's barn.

Now, I wonder when the mission-people talk of the whole world being redeemed, and that the whole world shall be converted unto Christ; I wonder if this most solemn parable of

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES

is in analogy with the whole revealed will of God. Whether past history and the present panoramic view which we have of the state of Great Britain and of the whole world, bears any confirmatory evidence that the parable written in Matt. xiii. still holds true? I cannot see how it can be denied. Nevertheless, this does not at all negative

THE GRAND COMMISSION,

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized *shall be saved*."

The wheat are as much among the tares here as the tares are among the wheat; therefore the ministry of Christ teaches us to go into the highways and hedges, and call in the lame, the halt, and the blind; as Christ did essentially, so are we to do *instrumentally*. If we are saved, healed, lifted up, shall we not aim to be a blessing to others? As on the public platform I stand, mentally, in my mind, to "PETER PRECISION," I say, "You are content to go to your little coal-hole, and deal out a neatly constructed discourse to a handful of souls who have heard, and known, all you can tell them for many years."

Oh, ye ministers, ye deacons, ye professors, has not a spirit of slumber, of weakness, of prosaic argumentation, of lifelessness, fallen upon us? God only knows what intense feelings of concern for the souls of the people I have felt. When Christ is precious, when the Spirit's power is in the soul, when the Word is opened, heaven and hell are then deep and awful realities; but the people are unmoved. Oh, God, be merciful unto us.

Wherever I go I am told of the souls of the meek and lowly being wounded by that bold, that rabid, that condemnatory ministry which dares to sit in judgment over others, wasting time and breath that should be used in a loving proclamation of the fact that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." When it shall please the Lord to turn unto us a pure language, working in us a mind, a motive, and a manner which only aimeth to exalt the Christ of God in the real salvation of His ransomed flock, then we shall see our Churches filled, our people united, God's priests "clothed with salvation, and His saved saints shall shout aloud for joy."

We wish to notice the Hereford Evangelistic Institution in our next. For a shower of the *latter rain* we are waiting, and until the Spirit is poured upon us from on high, we shall never see the truly happy fruitful field. So believeth the

DESPISED FRIEND OF ALL GOD'S REVEALED TRUTH.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Luther Anecdotes: Memorial Sayings and Doings of Martin Luther; Gathered from His Books, Letters, and History; Illustrating His Life and Work. By Dr. Macaulay, editor of *The Leisure Hour* (London: Religious Tract Society). A sedate, yet pretty book. Just the issue for the season. Luther's grand statue at Eisleben forms the frontispiece. A full view of the Augustinian Monastery at Wittenberg faces you in "Introduction." Then the Town Hall and Stadt Kirche, at Wittenberg, with other wood-cuts, render the book lively; in fact, Martin Luther, from his birth to his death, is given in this serious-looking volume. It is likely to be used as a Lutheran present among Protestants, who gratefully acknowledge Doctor Martin Luther as the instrument raised up and employed by a merciful Providence in bringing forth the Reformation. But, while Luther was God's hand to bring in so marvellous a change, he was a sufferer, mentally and physically, and at what we now call the ripe, prime age of sixty-three, he swooned away to the bosom of his Lord. There is a mysterious living savour in Martin Luther's works and words, and this small octavo, called his "Anecdotes," sends forth a sweet-scented perfume of "the rose of Sharon." We do not exaggerate.

The Philosophy of the Dispensation, and Traditional Theology of the First Two Centuries. By David Milne, M.A. (London: Spottiswoode & Co.). This seven-and-sixpenny volume contains the result of more research, of more careful thought, of more weighing of the theories of men—yea, of more critical examination of the revealed will of (and way to) the heavenly kingdom, than you will find in the ministry of some men who have, as they think, preached or unfolded the Gospel for fifty years or more. It is clear there must be a *secret blessing* attending some men's ministry, above and beyond the talent of *talk* they possess, or more of them would fall into obscurity than do. *Self-satisfaction* is an awfully delusive dream. Many never wake up out of it here. "The early fathers" only knew of two sources of *safe instruction*: they were "the Lord's Scriptures and the Lord's voice." We believe the man who has an ear to hear the voice of the Good Shepherd, and to study closely, carefully, constantly, the Lord's Scriptures: that man will find the great promise true in himself, "It (the Word) shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life." To

us it is exceedingly blessed to know that the divinity, the theology, **THE TRUTH**, which the fathers embraced eighteen centuries since, cannot die out. It is like the never-ceasing, never-failing spring which runs among the rocks; it is ever clear, ever shining, ever flowing, ever refreshing. Oh, to drink thereof, and never die! We desire to go into this volume, and give a few suggestions! Run about less, boys; read and study more. So shall ye be blessed.

Ferndale; or, The Blue Ribbon Boy; Decision for the True, the Wise, and the Good. By William Frith, Minister of Trinity Memorial Church, Gunnersbury, W. (London: Partridge & Co.). This is a book for the boys. It is no fictitious, worked-up play; it is a record of facts; and such a series of life-scenes, enough to startle you if you have never seen the dark side, the down side, the horribly dismal side of this life. Get your boys to read this *Ferndale*; it may be as a double finger-post; on one finger are the red letters, "Dangerous!" on the other finger the sky-blue letters, "Delightful!" Every step in the wrong is fearfully dangerous; every step in God's right way leads on to the eternally delightful.

OLNEY AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.—This is a touching note in *Gospel Magazine* for October; and there are others which will draw out your *sympathies* towards the Lord's people and the Lord's precious truth, if you have any.

Klytia (London: Nutt).—What do they mean by asserting "Religion is a living thing, theology is its corpse"? Calvinism is becoming more and more the object of bitter contempt, and its preachers and professors are considered either out of their minds, or that they never had any mind at all; because we cannot change our creed, because we cannot receive or assent unto the variegated faiths of the day, we are scorned in South Hackney as some dangerous pilot. We bear it quite patiently.

Krummacher's Sermon on Paul, as not being the Man to Suit the Tastes of the Anti-Christian Confederation of the Present Age. With preface by Owen Jones, of Docking, Norfolk. We never think Paul any stronger in truth than our Lord Himself. However, read the sermon and see. The following, out of Krummacher's sermon, is very true: "On the banner of the present age is inscribed a word, which is often wrongly defined, and which is practised least of all by the standard-bearers themselves. This word

is *tolerance*. Paul knew this word, and who practised it in its true sense as he did? He did not debar the most debased sinners from hope; he bore with the most blinded heretics with affectionate patience; but he did not call their darkness light, nor did he tolerate their error as if it were truth, but, on the contrary, he opposed it. But the spirit of our time insists that we should overlook in indulgence and silence those points in which others disagree with us. This is the *demand* of the modernists, but it is not their *practice*. For when a man yields homage to the ideas and views of the Bible he is hated, cried out upon, and persecuted. Fine liberality this of the liberal age! But I hear someone say, 'You do yet worse!' We? 'Yes, you intolerants condemn all who do not agree with you.' But, excuse me; I am not the intolerant man whom you are breaking out upon, nor is such or such an one he, but Paul is the man. Yes, Paul does indeed condemn those who do not think and believe with him. And what does he say? 'If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be *anathema*'—i.e., *accursed*. You see that Paul knows nothing of that tolerance which you make your shibboleth, and therefore Paul is not a man for our age, for he is opposed to you, and you to him. Why do you rage against us? Raise your buckler against Paul! Rage against Paul!"

Love.—"Joshua Love" has written a book—it's such a beauty—wherein, 1. A song of Love is explained; 2. Love's thoughts; 3. Love's purposes; 4. Love's revelations; 5. Love's triumphs; 6. Love's espousals; 7. Love's home. Love declares "it is the most ancient, eternal, life-giving and consoling treasure in the whole universe." In the supplement there is an account of some of LOVE's MAKINGS. Such a list of divine creations, coming down to the "soul made a new creature in Christ Jesus," and when this "new creature" has its eyes open, while gazing upon "HIM that sits upon the throne," it whispers, so purely, so agonisingly,—

"MIGHTY GOD, while angels bless THEE,
May a sinner seek Thy face?
In Jesu's name may I address Thee—
Asking for Thy saving grace?
Grace to know Thee,
Grace to serve THEE,
Grace to bring me to THY HOME."

LOVE is jealous of her company, cannot dwell with unsanctified giants. We felt such a thirsting for this LOVE, we halted and waited for a South wind gently to carry us through the chapters; for, as Paul says, "All men have not faith, so

(we add) all men have not (THIS) LOVE." It is the "fulfilling of the law and of the prophets," wherefore it must be not only a brilliant base, but such a top-stone as the world never saw.

"O love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up with thee?"

A new religious illustrated paper was started on October 18, entitled, *The Christian Million*. The price is 1d. It is an exceedingly cheap and well produced paper.

THE LUTHER COMMEMORATION.—The Protestant Evangelical Mission has just issued a series of neat cards for distribution. The price is 1s. per 100. They will be found very useful for enclosing in letters.

"THE THOUGHTS OF GOD."

BY J. CASSE, SEN., OF ENON, CHATHAM.

How precious are the thoughts of God,
As they're revealed to me,
He says in His inspired Word,
"Tis there I'll meet with thee."
How precious at the mercy-seat,
His lovely face to see:
And there I've proved His promise sweet,
For there He's met with me.
He's precious in the house of prayer,
My Father, there I'd be
Found with Thy saints, Thy voice to hear,
And there to meet with Thee.
How precious are the promises
Of Him who cannot lie;
When to my soul He them applies,
They're precious then to me.
How precious when, by precious faith,
On Calvary's cross I see
My Surety bleeding unto death,
'Tis there He meets with me.
How precious Jesus does appear,
Communing thus with me;
In joy and sorrow I'll draw near,
And bless and meet with Thee.
How precious is a Three-One God,
In Christ reveal'd to me,
I'll praise Him for His faithful Word,
And long to be with Thee.

ENON.

Sung at the New Year's Tea-meeting, Jan. 1, 1846.

To God our own, the Holy One,
Who came of old from Teman,
Let songs arise in sacrifice
From grateful souls at Enon.
The Son of God the wine-press trod,
And drank of bitter Codron,
That we might prove forgiving love,
And saving grace at Enon.
On His blest head our sins were laid
(In us the law shall see none).
In Christ made just, in Christ we trust,
And no one else at Enon.
Spirit divine, upon us shine,
Our hearts impress Thy seal on,
Thy holy dew, we pray diffuse
On all Thy plants at Enon.
When Christ is crown'd, saints victors found
O'er sin, and death, and demon,
To join the song may numbers throng,
That were now-born at Enon.

T. JONES.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SURREY TABERNACLE ANNIVERSARY.

On Wednesday, Oct. 17, special services were held in that noble sanctuary, the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, to commemorate its opening, and the formation of the Church. I do not wonder that so many friends should seem to catch the spirit of admiration as they enter the building, akin to that of their forefathers in the faith, who looked with feelings of astonishment on the dignity and splendour of the first temple, and certainly the present occasion of the anniversary was of the most happy and interesting order. The glowing countenances of many of the friends betokened their inward joy, and the writer with them could sing, with hearty freedom,—

"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."

A sermon was preached by Mr. E. Forman, from "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." A large number of friends partook of a splendid tea. In the evening the audience grew large. The chairman of the evening was the highly-esteemed Mr. Albert Boulden, one of the deacons, who was surrounded by his brother deacons, men of sterling principle and godliness, and whose names are worthy of reiteration, Messrs. Mead, Rundall, Carr, Crowhurst, Pells, King, and Green. The ministerial brethren noticeable were John Mead, F. C. Holden, John Bush, Joseph Wilkins, E. Forman, W. Winters, J. Bonney, F. H. Noyes, N. Oakey, and others. Mr. Crutcher was there, whose noble face seems always to reflect with the light of his divine Master. The chairman, Mr. Boulden, opened the meeting with the well-known hymn, beginning,—

"Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing."

Mr. J. Wilkins offered prayer, which was followed by a hymn, read by Mr. John Bonney. Mr. Boulden made an intelligent and savoury speech, in the course of which he tenderly remarked on the past year's history of the Surrey Tabernacle Church, which was full of unmistakable evidence of God's gracious goodness. The Church, he was happy to say, was at peace, though numerically it was not so strong as in former years; but the attendance was usually good. The power of the preached Word had been greatly felt during the year, the result of which must redound to God's glory. Mr. Boulden could, with the Church, adopt the ancient motto of Samuel, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Mr. Boulden entered into the joys and sorrows of the Christian, and powerfully testified of the strength of God in keeping believers in the faith through the devious paths of life. He expressed the

felt necessity of a settled pastor. May God make one, and send him, and open the hearts of the deacons and Church to receive him, and then fill the house with His glory. Mr. Boulden informed the meeting of the several societies connected with the Church, all of which were in a healthy and flourishing condition. The Church continued to render great assistance to the Aged Pilgrim Society, and the Ladies' Benevolent Institution was in good working order, and very helpful to the poor.

Mr. John Mead arose and ably spoke on the characteristic features and progress of the Church of God. The subject-matter of Mr. Mead's remarks was based upon Psa. cxxvii. (mainly the latter part). The speaker treated of Christ as the happy Man of verse 5, in whom all the seed were happy, perfect, and free, being children of the promise. The writer followed with some remarks on the decision of character, which was supplemented with a hymn by Mr. Thomas Carr. Mr. J. Bush gave an experimental address on the dew, and dwelt very nicely on the manna. Mr. Samuel Crowhurst gave out a hymn, and Mr. F. C. Holden dilated on the endless fellowship of the saints, and of the power of the Gospel in building up believers, and of the dethronement of the kingdom of Satan. Mr. Holden's final utterances on prayer were well received. Mr. E. Forman brought up the rear with a short and pointed speech on the words of Christ, "Lo, I am with you always." Mr. Boulden gave out the concluding hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," and closed the spiritually joyous meeting with prayer and the Benediction, and the large body of friends dispersed, the happier for the occasion. Mr. Rundall ably led the service of sacred song. To God be everlasting praises given. Amen.

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

OPENING OF "ELIM" CHAPEL, PEKIN-STREET, EAST INDIA- ROAD, POPLAR.

"The Lord hath done great things for us,
whereof we are glad."

For some considerable time the announcement has been made that the Strict Baptists, as a body, were fast dying out. In a weekly journal, when the late John Foreman and James Wells were called home, it was published that *we* were the only remnant left, and that the sect must soon be altogether extinct. If the continued proclamation of "THE TRUTH as it is IN JESUS" had depended upon William Huntington it would have but a faint existence now; and if the life and usefulness of the Strict Baptists in London had depended upon the ministrations of John Foreman and James Wells—alas! we should long since have been laid in the dust. But both ancient and modern writers honestly testify that the people now called "STRICT

BAPTISTS" have existed from the day of Pentecost, through all the dark ages, through all the nights of persecution, that class of people who have, instrumentally, carried out the blessed Saviour's commission: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature: he that BELIEVETH, and is BAPTIZED, shall be saved," that people have, more or less, existed, and have lovingly and faithfully adhered to their Redeemer's last injunction; and our authorised registers will witness that we are increasingly honoured, favoured, and blest of the Lord, as years roll along, and as peoples multiply. We purpose to review the Strict Baptist Churches; but this is not the time nor the place. Some well-known proofs of God's mercy and blessing being with us, we may briefly notice.

On the lamented death of Mr. R. A. Lawrence, the Churches and friends immediately raised over one thousand pounds for the widow and family. When affliction fell upon our long-honoured brother, Thomas Stringer, help came from all quarters, and a public meeting is to be held in the Surrey Tabernacle on his behalf in February, when we are persuaded the zeal and love toward a brother so much esteemed will nobly appear. A few weeks since, on Mr. C. Cornwell reaching the fiftieth year of his age, the handsome sum of eighty pounds was presented to him, and a new Brixton Tabernacle is shortly to be erected for his ministry, which will require more than three thousand pounds, and it will certainly be forthcoming.

On Thursday, October 11, the new chapel erected by the Coverdale Church and congregation was opened, when such blessed fruit of faith in, and love from, Heaven's revealed way of salvation was produced as caused the hearts of all true believers to rejoice.

This erection of "Elim Chapel," in the Pekin-street, East India-road, has been no rash nor hurried speculation. For five years the positive, prudent, and united band of the "Coverdales" have been collecting money to pay for their new house of prayer. One Boanerges brother, who can pump as well as pray, can sow good seed as well as sing good hymns, stepped forward at the commencement of the collecting system, five years ago, and promised one pound per week for two years. This generous promise he fulfilled. Such an example caught fire, and it constrained others to follow in the wake of liberal giving. Yea, from the pastor down to the youngest and most gentle, such streams of help have been poured forth that the land was purchased and paid for, and a good freehold chapel has been erected, and only about £650 remains to be cleared off. Surely, as the long-favoured Coverdale band of truth-lovers have, by God's goodness towards them, so helped themselves, every disciple of our Lord, in all parts of the kingdom, will feel a pleasure in giving their mite towards speedily liquidating the aforesaid remnant of the cost. Thus shall this Elim chapel stand as a beautiful memorial of divine favour resting upon the Strict Baptists in London.

On Thursday morning, October 11, 1883, the doors of this new Elim were flung open,

in accordance with the spirit of Him who said,—

"Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth THE TRUTH may enter in."

And in the people flocked, to join in the first song, to unite in the first public prayer, and to hear the first sermon in God's newly-erected sanctuary.

Mr. G. W. Shepherd, the now well-beloved pastor of Mount Zion, Hill-street, near Dorset-square, appeared on the platform, and after the devotional parts of the morning service had been reverently observed, Mr. Shepherd read the text: "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven, and in the earth, is Thine. Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as HEAD above all" (1 Chron. xix. 11). The very reading of such a splendid and suitable Scripture filled the souls of the living in Jerusalem with holy solemnity, with joy, and an earnest anticipation of a feast of fat things, full of the marrow of that illustrious provision the Almighty Jehovah hath made for His people in the world, and more perfectly to be realised in the kingdom of glory on high. The people were not disappointed. The preacher, led by the SPIRIT of God, whose threefold power of inspiration, exposition, and application, was enjoyed, travelled through his text, to the edification of all who had ears to hear.

In the afternoon a social gathering assembled, under the wise and happy guidance of Mr. Charles Wilson, a deacon of Mount Zion. Mr. Griffith, of Bethnal-green, offered prayer, and the brethren Bennett, Carpenter, Cornwell, Wilkins, Sears, and others, gave short discourses. In the evening the new chapel was filled to overflowing, when Mr. J. M. Rundell presided; Mr. W. Webb supplicated for special mercies on all the family; Messrs. Bowles, Myerson, G. Webb, Noyes, Thomas Carr, G. Turner, Walter, jun., Capt. Mowatt, Parnell, Tooke, Kemp, Baldwin, &c., rendered the closing service variously edifying. £300 was gathered on the opening day. The entire cost is £2,100, and, as we have stated, all is paid but a balance of from six hundred to six hundred and fifty pounds. Mr. R. Bridges, jun., of Stepney, was the architect; Mr. Howard, of Canning-town, the builder. Competent judges have declared the whole of the work has been carried through in the very best, most substantial, and satisfactory manner. The opening day was auspicious in every sense; and before the pastor, Mr. F. C. Holden, his deacons, and people, a new era is blooming with prospects exceedingly brilliant. The chapel, when the gallery is added, will seat some five hundred persons. The Lord grant this new and handsome Elim may be the birthplace of a numerous seed, a shepherd's happy tent, where hundreds of the redeemed may be ripened for glory.

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,

KEDDINGTON, NEAR HAVERHILL.

—Harvest thanksgiving services were held on Wednesday, October 10, 1883. Two very able sermons were preached by C. W. Banks. Afternoon, the Word was felt to be very precious from Mark ii. 9, 10, "And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed be the kingdom of our father, David, that cometh in the name of the Lord; hosanna in the highest." In the evening the blessedness of the saints of God was set forth. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear" (Matt. xiii. 43). There was a good congregation both times, friends coming from a distance. The following ministers were present on the occasion:—Mr. Robert Page (Pastor of Providence, Glemsford), Mr. Isaiah Smith (Pastor of the Baptist Church, Great Yeldham), Mr. J. Crown (the Keddington pastor), Mr. Fairbank (Cavendish), and Mr. Hudson (Haverhill). All expressed they were pleased that opportunity afforded them the privilege of meeting once more with their esteemed old friend and brother, C. W. Banks. It was truly felt to be a good time, and a feasting for the souls of His people. Tea was provided; upwards of one hundred sat down to the refreshing cup, nicely arranged by our lady friends. It has been many years since brother C. W. Banks preached at Reboboth, Keddington. Many dear ones that he was first acquainted with have gone, "for ever with the Lord." A few of the old ones are looking for the blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ. The Lord has raised up others to take their places, of the same faith, one God, one faith, and one baptism. It was felt so by brother Banks, by the solemn remarks he made before the evening sermon, to find some gone, and others in their places; it filled him full of sorrow and full of joy, for some had gone home, and others following. As a Church, we are kept faithful in the faith once delivered to the saints. Brother Crown preaches a full Gospel, and his people want nothing short of it. At the close of the evening service, friend Dillistone, of Clare, gave a few closing remarks upon the Lord's goodness in giving us a bountiful harvest, which was a time for thanksgiving; also remarking the long family connection with his much-esteemed friend Banks. It proved as successful a meeting as we have had for some time. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—W. HUDSON.

HAYES TABERNACLE.—Like other Christian communities, our pastor, R. C. Bardens, his generous deacons, and friends, set apart Wednesday, October 17, for a harvest thanksgiving, which we have done for many years, and when grace enables us, offer praise for the past, and prayer for the future. We feel a gladness, and a little foretaste of the future grand harvest, when among the wheat we hope to stand, and sing in our Immanuel's land, "Glory to God on high."

BEXLEY-HEATH. — HARVEST SERMON.—Thanksgiving services were held at the Old Baptist chapel on Thursday, October 4. Mr. J. S. Anderson preached a soul-encouraging sermon. His divisions were two-fold, and looked first at the Gospel land in relation to this life; and, secondly, in relation to the life that is to come. The Christian's life, he observed, is a life of faith and not of sight, and he traced the failures of the children of Israel to the lusts of the flesh, while all their victories may be traced to the grace of God through faith. Adverting to the reports of the spies who went to spy out the land, the preacher dwelt upon the noble and faithful testimony of two men who were valiant for the truth, as opposed by the faithlessness and chicanery of the large majority. Truth, he said, is not to be decided by vote, for in reviewing the history and progress of TRUTH, God's people are always found in the minority, a statement worthy of the notice of all lovers of truth, who in these days have to contend for the faith against the blighting influences of Fullerism, which are so palpably permeating our Churches. Noah was in the minority while building the ark, the majority only discovering the difference between faith and sight when too late, when the stroke of divine judgment fell upon them, and the door was shut; but none were shut out who wanted to go in. The preacher looked at the land of Canaan as a type of Gospel blessings; it was and is known by its fruit, as the drunkard becoming sober, the liar truthful, the thief honest, and the impure chaste. And such were some of you; but ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit. In looking, secondly, at the land in its relation to the life that is to come, heaven is sometimes called paradise for beauty, a city for society, a country for its extensive area, and an inheritance for its security; for none should ever perish who had entered the path of faith. Our friends sat down to tea; then a public meeting, at which Mr. Anderson presided. The pulpit was decorated with bouquets, and three specimens of wheat, barley, and oats, in small sheaves. On the wall was hung a large banner, with white letters on a red ground, showing the words, "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness." On the table was shown some fine apples, and some flowers, supplied by different friends of the Church. The president made the opening speech, and called upon Mr. New to offer prayer and thanksgiving. Mr. Shaw, of Gravesend, spoke upon the theme of gratitude, followed by Mr. Smith, of Trinity chapel, and by Mr. Belcher, who has a call to supply this pulpit for three months. He spoke of the Lord Jesus Christ as a corn of wheat, and related some soul-inspiring themes on the resurrection. The evening, as well as the afternoon, was profitable and pleasant, and will doubtless bear fruit in the great day of accounts. The collection will be added to the Benevolent Fund, and assist the poor during the Winter.

COLLEGE - PARK. LEWISHAM.—Second anniversary of pastorate was held on Lord's-day, September 30. Mr. Hazelton preached in the morning; Mr. Styles in the evening. On Tuesday a large company heard Mr. G. W. Shepherd; about ninety took tea. At evening meeting James Mote, Esq., presided; Mr. Stringer (of Bermondsey) spoke in prayer. The pastor showed the past year had been one of light and shade; heavy clouds had gathered, and for several months there were no additions. Yet God had mercifully sustained, and within the past few months the prospect had greatly changed. Eight had joined the Church; congregations steadily increase; love and peace reigns; the officers, pastor, and people are united; and the school and Bible-class are rapidly progressing. The chairman expressed pleasure in being present; Mr. Shepherd spoke well on "The Fellowship of the Mystery;" and after a few remarks by Mr. Hand, Mr. Anderson spoke on "The Gospel, its Blessings and Privileges." Brother Hall (treasurer) confirmed remarks made as to the peace and prosperity existing, and told us the Church was clear of debt, pastor's salary and all other expenses had been met. He could thankfully say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Mr. Clark, Mr. Reynolds, and prayer, brought this happy meeting to a close. Collections amounted to over £12.

WEST BRIGHTON.—On Wednesday September 26, thanksgiving services at the Baptist chapel, Haddington-street, Cliftonville, in connection with Mr. E. Turquand's removal from that locality, were held. Mr. C. Masterson preached. A good company took tea. A public meeting was held. Specimens of fruit and flowers, gratuitously supplied, were gratifying. W. Payn, Esq., presided; Mr. Cousins offered prayer. After a few cheering words from the chairman, Messrs. Turquand, Gray, Greenyer, Read, and Freeman, were asked to address the meeting. Mr. Turquand referred to providential events that had transpired which would cause his leaving that locality. On the following Saturday a handsome time-piece, as a testimonial, was presented to Mr. Turquand by friends of the cause, who had subscribed to that object, with a most affectionate letter, expressing their Christian love and sympathy to both Mr. and Mrs. Turquand. On the following Lord's-day evening, after the sermon, Mr. Mobbs announced that a special prayer-meeting would be held on behalf of the two friends about to leave. Deacon Freeman took the chair. All present at the service remained to unite in those earnest petitions at the throne of grace on behalf of their brother and sister in the Lord who were about to be separated from them, commending them to the guidance and protection of their ever-present Friend. It proved a hallowed season, never to be forgotten. The Lord's great name be praised. Amen.

MENDLESHAM-GREEN.—On Lord's-day, September 23, three sermons were here delivered by R. A. Huxham, of Rattleleden. There are evident tokens for good amongst this much-tried people. The congregations were good, the collections encouraging. The savoury testimony of brother Huxham was acceptable. Next day "harvest-home" services were enjoyed. The people came in such numbers as to fill all with surprise. For many years past there has not been such a high-day, such a great and enthusiastic meeting, as this was. Mr. Knell read and prayed. Mr. Huxham preached, saying, "Thou, O God, hast provided of Thy goodness for the poor." A public meeting was held, presided over by J. Whatmough. Brother Fred Runnacles sounded out a good hymn. Brother J. Garrard, of Stowmarket, led us in prayer. Then followed sound, spiritual, earnest addresses by brethren Grimwood, of Stonham; Haddock, of Stowmarket; Dickerson, Garrard, Knell, Huxham, and the chairman, who hoped the baptismal waters would ere long be moved. The writer, who is still, through mercy, itinerating, frequently supplies this pulpit; but would rejoice to see the Lord send amongst them one who would feed the flocks of slaughter, and dwell among them, working with his own hands, that he might not be overburdensome to the humble poor. May the Lord continue to guide and bless them, prays,—J. WHATMOUGH, Stowmarket.

RAMSEY, HUNTS.—The Strict Baptists in this little town, famous in history for its ecclesiastical records, held Harvest thanksgiving services Monday, October 8. On Sunday, 7th, Mr. S. T. Belcher preached three sermons. On Monday afternoon a number of friends took tea, which was efficiently provided by the Ladies' Committee of the Dorcas Society. In the evening the meeting was presided over by Mr. S. T. Belcher, who spoke on the nature of a harvest thanksgiving. Mr. Willis, of Whitelessa, gave solemn words on the nature of the great harvest which is to come. Mr. A. B. Hall, of Chatteris, delivered an instructive address from the words, "Ye are God's husbandry." A collection was made on behalf of the Dorcas Society, and the chairman closed the meeting with prayer.

CLAPHAM. — LARKHALL-LANE.—An interesting service was held here Tuesday, October 2, in connection with the Ladies' Benevolent Society. After tea, Mr. Thomas Chivers, the pastor, took the chair. Mr. Ponsford read report; it appeared that £16 9s. had been distributed to the sick and poor, £2 5s. 3d. left in hand; about 112 visits to the poor and afflicted had been made by the members of the society. Appropriate speeches were made by Mr. Dearsly, who moved the adoption of the report, and by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Peckham, who seconded the same, which was supported by Messrs. Parnell and Jenner, all wishing the society the greatest prosperity.—J. W.

THE NONCON. KING.

SWAFFHAM RAILWAY STATION, Sept. 18, 1883.—“Good morning, sir. Are you off to London so soon?” “I hope so, sir.” “You have seen much of England during the last fifty years; what think you of Swaffham and of Necton, where you have been preaching?”

“Swaffham is one of the cleanest, most open, and airy combinations of quiet commerce and flower gardens that I have walked through lately; and I took a brief survey of her yesterday, and I felt gratified with the extreme neatness of the place, each inhabitant vying with its neighbour in clothing their exteriors with such evidences of solid respectability, and enlivening the whole scene by such innocent anti-gaudy displays of flowers, shrubs, fern varieties, and ancient geranium species as is not always to be met with in busy centres.”

“Oh, sir, I have known Swaffham for time beyond telling, and I can pronounce the Swaffhamites to be high up in a moral and successful status, a most precise people. But Swaffham also has the heraldry of Bible-ism from end to end. As soon as you leave the station here, the first noble attraction you behold is the beautiful Baptist Chapel, with her Jachin and Boaz pillars. Fine institution that! And the removal of John Wyard was an unhappy change for some. Did you know his father?”

“I knew the elder George Wyard, and heard one of his first sermons when he came from Over, in Cambs., to Soho, in Oxford-street, London. His text was, ‘Is there not a cause?’ He was a respectable, medium-class gentleman.”

“Precisely; and his son was somewhat like his father. John Wyard was here about eleven years; he had become a man of mark here, and his translation to a better ‘see’ was a painful event to some. But to a man who prepares his sermons and keeps them, to move now and then must be a relief. The new Baptist pastor here, Mr. Wilkins, has been a missionary, and is a hopeful man. Then at the other outlet of our town is the Primitive House, where old Mr. Lukeson says the prayers of the people are more weighty than the platform performances. In the centre of Swaffham’s commercial mart you cannot fail to behold the lofty spire of England’s National Church, where hundreds of worshippers meet every Sunday to sing praises to HIM who has declared Himself to be the God of Abraham, the God who spake the promise, the God of Isaac, the God who fulfilled the promise, the God of Jacob, the God who loves all the people of His choice, and severely tries, and proves the faith of all who hope in His mercy. To finish the religious monuments of Swaffham: in the aristocratic department stands one John Wesley’s Arminian schools; not far from which is Zion Chapel, reticently standing in the long circular, variegated walk, still called

“‘THE BACK LANE.’

And in this Zion Mrs. Hart will tell you she heard more spiritual news from heaven than

she ever heard in all the other sanctuaries in her life.”

“Might I be so bold as to ask you if there was any specific desire or object to be consummated by the sermons you preached in Swaffham Town Hall on Sunday and in Necton last evening, for I heard all the services, and expected to hear of some enterprise, but even to Necton pastor’s closing address I could gather nothing. That elderly lame gentleman, in the chapel yard, opened to me a little, but now one thing I wish to ask you—the train is not signalled yet.”

“Ask what you please, sir, and if there is time I will tell you, as far as I can, the object which moved me to come down to Swaffham—”

“Have you got your ticket for London?”

“Yes, all right; let us get over to the London side.”

“Do you know John Hazelton?”

“Yes, indeed I do; one of the best men we have.”

“Yes. I now and then get his sermons. John Hazelton, sir, is a good man.”

“I quite believe it.” “Well, now, the question is, You still are the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, are you not?” “Certainly, I am the only editor it has ever had yet.” “Have you entire control over its contents?” “Most decidedly.” “Why then do you insert sometimes the same articles as are in other monthlies?” “Simply because I do not know that duplicate papers are sent to me and to other serials at the same time. I wish writers would never send me anything they send to other editors.”

“I understand you. Let me say I have a series of papers headed, ‘The Noncon. King and his Staff.’ Do you think you could find room for a chapter monthly in the EARTHEN VESSEL? I have travelled extensively, and I know your CHRISTIAN RECORD, or EARTHEN VESSEL is extensively read by all parties. We have in Swaffham those who have taken it in from its commencement, nearly forty years ago, and they assure me it has steadily grown better in every sense. Now, there is a danger of approaching ‘the sin against the Holy Ghost,’ in their disputing the heavenly origin and the divine anointing of the man I have named, ‘the king of the Nonconformists’ all the world over.”

“You astonish me. My train is coming. Unless you let me see the papers you refer to I could say nothing.” “I am coming to London. I will come and bring some. I do not wish to idolise any man, but when I hear hard words thrown against one whose heart is right in God’s sight, whose work has been rendered useful in so many ways, I fear those who speak evil of God’s own servant must offend against the Almighty, and as I am decidedly a ‘New Testament Baptist,’ as you term us, I am anxious we should be free from the yellow jaundice; free from a cruel party spirit, from which you, as editor and as preacher, have suffered no little.” “I understand you.” “Good morning! Oh, the train cannot go on yet. Is it true that valiant mother in Israel, Mrs. Sarah Greaves, will write for you the history of the true Baptists in Swaffham?” “God’s mercy

permitting. And of Robert Robinson I expect to give some notes." "They tell me you Strict Baptists in London have no ministers now who can command a congregation out of their own nests." "We are off. Adieu. Hope to see you soon."

["A Review of the Progress of 'the Non-con. King,' the Times, the Works, and his Worthy Critics," will interest a future generation more than the present, but the author's motive in calling attention to the proofs of God's hand being in the advent, and in the subsequent career, has some weight in it. We are more anxious to look after Master Hubbard, the pastor of the small Swaffham flock; but he is such a tender, yet spiritually wise, brother, we must be careful.—Ed.]

SOUTHAMPTON.—DEAR SIR,—The friends who have assembled for worship in St. Andrew's-road schoolroom, had on Wednesday, October 3, a very interesting and happy day, occasioned by the opening services of their new chapel. We long lamented having no cause of truth where we could feel "no more as strangers, but as children at home." After much consideration and many prayers, the Lord appeared for us by moving the heart of one of our friends who had laboured long in endeavouring to maintain the principles advocated and enjoyed by the Strict Baptists, to purchase a piece of freehold ground, and make it over to trustees for the use of a Strict Baptist Church in perpetuity, on which ground our friends have built a pleasant-looking chapel and schoolrooms; the chapel will hold about 300 persons, and the school about 100 children. The trust-deed has been made out by Mr. Mote, to whom the Baptist denomination is under great obligation. Our friends, Mr. Sears and Mr. Shepherd, came from London to serve us, and each delivered a warm-hearted and soul-comforting discourse. Many remarked it was good to be there, for such truths were not often heard or enjoyed at Southampton. One hundred friends partook of a nicely served tea. Thus were we favoured to open our new sanctuary, enjoying the smiles of Him who has graciously regarded us with His watchful eye, and perfected for us what we had long desired. Our warmest thanks are due to our kind friends, Mr. Sears and Mr. Shepherd; and I am sure they did not come in vain. The following two Lord's-days, Mr. Bolton, of Boston, preached to us; we had good congregations. The truths he advanced were received with great pleasure. I have no doubt the Lord will make him very useful in His vineyard. Should any lovers of the truth visit Southampton they will receive a hearty welcome at Bethesda chapel, New-road; and should any friend feel desirous to assist us in paying for our building it will be thankfully received and acknowledged by our treasurer, W. S. Everitt, Cliff-cottage, Cedar-road, Bevois Mount, Southampton.—Believe me, dear sir, with every good wish for your health and usefulness, JAS. HAWKINS.

WALTHAMSTOW.—Ninth anniversary of formation of the Church at Zion chapel, Maynard-road, was Tuesday, October 9. Many friends came to tea; after which a public meeting was held. Mr. T. Austin (who formed the Church in 1874) presided. We were glad to see our excellent brother again in our midst, looking so cheerfully and physically well at his advanced age. Mr. Hubbard implored the divine blessing. Profitable addresses were delivered. Mr. Burbridge gave good thoughts from the words, "Then they which gladly received the word were baptized; Mr. Flack, "Let Zion rejoice." We sang, "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays," which, by the grace of the Holy Ghost, is calculated to lift up our hearts and souls. Mr. Holden was on that solemn question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Mr. Steed on "The Church of the living God;" Mr. Styles, "We are the Lord's." The harmony of the addresses indicated a living fellowship and decision to the faith. The ministers expressed their pleasure and satisfaction at the report; there was every indication of the Lord's blessing resting upon us. We are encouraged by good congregations, and hope to go on in the life of grace. We can see that the hand of Jacob's God is with us, and we hope to see many made willing in the day of God's power. We pray that our God may ever cause some to be found at Zion who love the truth, and who, through good or evil report, will still adhere to those old-fashioned truths which have been in all ages the glory of saints and martyrs, and which will live in freshness and beauty when the new-fangled theories shall be cast to the moles and bats. A few remarks from the chairman, and Doxology, brought the meeting to a close, many glorifying and praising God for the things which were told them. May it be the foretaste of better things.

"And when these meeting days are o'er,

When parting scenes no more shall come,

Oh, may we on that happy shore,

Each other meet in heaven our home."

—E. SMITH.

BRIGHTON.—The first anniversary of Mr. C. Masterson's pastorate of Salem chapel, Bond-street, was commemorated Lord's-day, September 16; sermons were preached by the pastor. On following Tuesday Mr. J. S. Anderson preached a heart-cheering sermon, followed by a tea and public meeting, the pastor presiding. G. Webb led us in prayer. The pastor stated the occasion reminded him of the many solemn heart-searchings he had when he contemplated leaving his friends in London to come to Brighton, especially when he considered the low state of Zion at Salem; but after much earnest wrestling with the Lord in prayer, he felt to come was the right thing to do; and as months passed away he had felt more and more convinced that the step taken was of the Lord, through the many signs following the preaching of the Gospel, and from that spirit of earnest, united prayer pervading their midst, together with that hearty sympathy and co-operation

of the friends in general, and especially of the office-bearers of the Church. The past year had been one of great mercy and many blessings: congregations had steadily but considerably increased; prayer-meetings on Sunday mornings, Monday and Saturday evenings, well sustained, while 45 had been added to the Church, chiefly by baptism. The Good Samaritan society had been resuscitated, a Tract society established, the Sabbath-school increased, and in a healthy condition, the pastor's Bible-class encouraging, and the general aspect of affairs reassuring, inciting feelings of praise and thankfulness to our covenant God, from whom all true prosperity comes. Suitable addresses were delivered by brethren J. S. Anderson, T. Boxell, J. Greenyer, W. Horton, W. Turner, G. Virgo, G. Webb, and T. Read. Congregations were large, collections liberal; the best of all, the Lord Himself was there, and to Him we would ascribe all the glory. Amen.

CHATHAM.—It was the great pleasure of the writer to visit the good friends at Enon Chapel, Nelson-road, Chatham, Lord's-day, September 30. The attendance was excellent, as was also the collection. The services were in commemoration of the opening of the new chapel, which

"Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face."

The edifice is compact and comfortable, but there is one piece of furniture lacking, which is a settled pastor, one of God's own make and sending. May God, in much love, honour this truthful people with the desideratum, as it is very evident there are several precious souls on the verge of uniting with the Church, but for the want of fatherly advice and the band of an affectionate pastor to encourage them, they hesitate to come forward. It is two years since the friends passed from the dingy, sepulchral old chapel to the beautiful little new one, and what has been done during that short time to pay off the building debt is amazing. May not the Church and office-bearers sing—

"Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
Our daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy."

The services of the Lord's-day having been attended with the smiles of heaven, the Monday evening service was anticipated with increased pleasure. After tea Mr. Joseph Casse, sen., occupied the chair. The beloved Mr. Drake prayed, and a right good spiritual prayer it was. Mr. Casse introduced the nature of the meeting, and his beloved son, Mr. Ebenezer Casse, the hon. sec., read the annual report, which encompassed the whole proceedings of the building arrangements from the beginning of the new chapel to the present time, and which was most encouraging. By-the-bye, a very interesting paper on the origin of Enon Chapel, Chatham, appears in the last issue of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** from the neat pen of Mr. Casse, deacon. Mr. F. Shaw, of Gravesend, addressed the friends on "Christ, the Founda-

tion of the Church," which foundation Christ embellished with His divinity and His obedience, and which was declaratively laid in the ministry of the Word. Mr. Adam Dalton spoke on holding fast the truth, which speech tended much to strengthen the hearts of believers present. The writer came in at the close. Mr. Sedgwick, of Luton; Mr. Vanheson, of Chatham, and other good friends favoured the meeting with their presence and help. To God be the praise. Amen.—**W. WINTERS**, Waltham Abbey.

GLEMSFORD.—Twenty-fourth anniversary of Providence Baptist chapel was on Lord's-day, September 16. Mr. R. A. Huxham preached three Gospel sermons; the people heard him gladly. In the morning the preacher dwelt principally upon the union existing between Christ and His Church; this delightful theme was dilated upon in that way which proved it was by the teaching of God the Holy Ghost. My prayer is that it may be seen that the Lord was pleased to send the Word home with power to the souls of some that were dead in sin, as well as make it a blessing and comfort to the Lord's living family. "I will sing unto the Lord, because He hath dealt bountifully with me," was our afternoon feast. In the evening our spacious chapel was well filled; we recognised with pleasure many of our friends from the Old Baptist cause, now known as Ebenezer Baptist chapel. The third and last text was Rev. v. 6; another stream of Gospel truth calculated to delight the souls of the poor in Zion, and glorify her Lord. Brother Huxham was quite at home with us, and we felt a kindred spirit to him. We closed these services by singing that much loved hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name."—**ROBERT PAGE**. [We were delighted to see our loving brother, Robert Page, at Keddington. The German's characteristic trinity, "A holy, happy, and hearty man," renders good Robert a pleasant friend.]

HOLLOWAY.—WEDMORE-STREET.—The friends worshipping at Elthorne-road kindly lent Mr. H. Boulton their beautiful chapel in which to hold their anniversary services. In afternoon brother Charles Cornwell preached a soul-stirring sermon. In evening Mr. Boulton presided, who acknowledged the Lord's goodness in preserving him as pastor for six years. The Church began with three members (one of which died some time since), and that number had increased to twenty-four; peace prevailed in their midst. The Sunday-school was doing well; there was a benevolent fund for the aged poor, and other charitable institutions; a building fund of £100; the friends were waiting to select a suitable site for building a substantial edifice. Mr. C. Cornwell spoke on the feasts of the Bible; Mr. T. Steed, and the writer spoke on the foundation of the Christian's hope. The meeting broke up happily. To God be all the glory. Amen.—**W. WINTERS**.

THANKSGIVING.

[Friends of the Lord's poor may read the silent testimonies of some of our correspondents. We do not always give names, because we would not hurt the feelings of the afflicted.—C. W. B.]

BELoved CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—Grace, love, and peace be with you. Postman was at our door at seven this morning, with your letter containing kind favour, which caused our hearts to bound within us, and to enlarge with love, praise, and gratitude to God, and warm, cordial thanks to yourself. Wife exclaimed,—

"He that hath helped us hitherto,
Will help us all our journey through;
And give us daily cause to raise
Fresh Ebenezer to His praise."

We had but 1s. and a few coppers for the week, and 5s. to pay for rent, which would have been difficult indeed. "Bless the Lord, O our soul, and all that is within us bless His holy name." When you spoke in your last letter, dear brother, that £1,000 for Mr. Lawrence's widow and children had been raised, I said to my wife, "Mr. Banks has made a mistake; he has put one 0 too many, and means £100." But when I read the *VESSEL* I found you were right. Oh, the lovingkindness of the Lord to dispose the hearts of so many to subscribe so willingly and lovingly to such a needy cause! My heart went out and up for you, my friend and brother, this morning, that our God will establish you, raise you up, send you forth with the Gospel message, blessing you with light, liberty, strength, wisdom, and every grace that you may answer this description, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

What a solemn charge! what a glorious message! Who is sufficient for the great work? Those only whom Jehovah doth teach, instruct, fit, qualify, and send forth into the vineyard with a "Thus saith the Lord." Glad you sent me February *VESSEL* to enable me to read that brotherly, loving letter to you from Dr. Doudney, and your paper, "The Eternal Smile that Resteth on the Covenant of Grace." What a mercy and a favour to be grounded and settled in the truth of that everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; and though we mourn over our sins here, God will not see them nor remember them against us at the great day.

"Bold shall I stand at that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay,
Since, by Thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?"

These words have often been sweet and precious to my soul, dear brother, concerning Jehovah's unalterable covenant.

"Tis like a living stream
Of waters sweet and clear,
There's not an if to foul the stream
Nor peradventure here."

Only let in one contingency, one if, but, or may be, you upset the whole system. But that is impossible. "I will" is the cause; "They shall" is the effect.

"Free in its fountain head,
The source from whence it came.
In wills and shalls of sov'reign grace,
Eternally the same."

There's my hope; sink or swim, live or die, that is all my salvation and all my desire; and even in my sad, sorrowful, self-condemning seasons, in my judgment. I have felt the stability of the covenant, though I could not rest assured of personal and individual interest in it.

It was like old times to my wife and myself to read the *VESSEL* again, after being deprived of them for many months. She was baptized by dear John Hazelton 22 years ago yesterday (May 5), and continued a member there for years. Should like you, some time, to see a letter by my son to his sister. He was brought under Mr. Wakefield's preaching at Parade Tabernacle. He is 19 years old. Had been a moral, upright, steady youth, but never seriously inclined. The Lord opened his eyes and his heart, and the Holy Spirit led him to Christ. He discovered at Christmas that his elder sister was seeking the Lord, though fearful and afraid she might not be seeking rightly, as she confessed to her brother. Hence he embraced the first opportunity of writing a letter to her upon the subject, which is the one I should like you to see. The Lord was pleased to convict, convince, and lead another daughter of mine to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the (elect) world, at the end of last year. She is 17 years of age, and my eldest daughter, already alluded to, is 21. Thus, beloved friend, I fully believe that three out of six are heaven-born and glory-bound. I wept, and sobbed, and prayed, and praised, telling the Lord He had done more for me in bringing three of my children to repentance than if He had sent me thousands of gold and silver.

Pardon me; I am shut in through indisposition, and it is a relief to my mind, as well as a delight to my heart, to relate the lovingkindness, gracious acts, tender dealings, marvellous doings, and wonderful interpositions of our covenant God in Christ, though I am out of the pulpit.

HORHAM, SUFFOLK.—Harvest thanksgiving at the Baptist Chapel was on Wednesday, Sept. 19. Many assembled at the devotional service in the afternoon, at which a God-honouring address was delivered by Mr. Broome, of Fressingfield. A public tea was held, the trays being given by the friends of the cause to liquidate the debt incurred in painting the exterior of the chapel. The evening meeting was presided over by the pastor, at which addresses were delivered by brethren Dennee, Cobb, and Broome. Mr. Debenham, the pastor, presented to the Church and congregation a pulpit Bible, kindly presented by an unknown friend.

LIFE AND DEATH OF DANIEL HERBERT; SUDBURY BAPTISTS, &c.

By W. WINTERS, F.R.H.S.

In the town of Sudbury the truth has been maintained with some success for many years at Ebenezer chapel, New-street, where a great number of God's best servants have preached. The Sunday-school anniversary was on July 20, when the writer preached three sermons to large congregations. On the following day the children of the school, under the superintendence of Mr. Scott and his good wife, were conveyed to Mr. Glover's field, in vanskindly lent by the ex-mayor of Sudbury, Mr. Whorlow. Many Christian friends united with them, and partook of tea. The town of Sudbury is of peculiar interest, not only for its antiquity, but for the weaving trade carried on in it, which appears to have been introduced into the neighbourhood in the days of Edward III., by a company of Flemings. The town is memorable as the birth-place of the celebrated painter, Thomas Gainsborough.

DANIEL HERBERT.

I was specially delighted on the occasion of the anniversary, to find myself in close association with several intimate friends of good old Daniel Herbert, of blessed memory. Mr. Alston and Mr. Smith very kindly pointed out to me the spot of ground in All Saints' Church-yard where sleeps the sacred dust of the immortal songster, who departed this life August 29, 1833. I regret to say there is not a vestige of a memorial-stone to mark the exact place of his sepulchre; and the only reliable source on this point, to which posterity must depend, is the well-founded tradition of the elders. I understand that application has been made to the clergy of the parish to be allowed to erect a head-stone to the memory of departed worth: but in this instance it cannot be done without the sanction of the Home Secretary. The clergy, however, suggest that a stained-glass window be inserted in the Church in honour of the sacred bard; but dissenters, it is presumed, will fail to see the suitability of such a memorial through the "dim religious light" of a transparent picture.

There is a stone on the right-hand side of the grave, to the memory of Joseph Herbert, who died in 1827, probably one of the family. Mr. Smith and Mr. John Wheeler personally knew Daniel Herbert, both being Sudbury men, and the former friend told me many quaint and interesting sayings and doings of the ancient local poet and musician, and pointed out also the house where he (Herbert) once resided, and the place where he used to preach.

On the death of Herbert, Mr. Smith was twenty years of age, and being possessed of a very retentive memory, he is now able and willing to interest inquirers for hours on the poet's life. In Herbert's time, the Rev. Henry Watts Wilkinson, M.A., son of the renowned Rev. Watts Wilkinson, B.A., was curate of St. Gregory and St. Peter's, Sudbury, and who, on one occasion, was greatly incensed against Herbert for writing in one

of the Church school-children's books, just before confirmation, to the effect that the pope, the bi-hop, and the devil, were united as one! The offender was near being thrust into the ecclesiastical court by the bi-hop, but his friends earnestly solicited Mr. Wilkinson to intercede with the bishop in his behalf. For this information I am obligingly indebted to Mr. Smith. Daniel Herbert's poems, in three volumes, are now scarce. Herbert says in his preface, "I flatter myself that the hymns will be received by those who know the plague of their own hearts, and have felt the power of efficacious grace."

It is recorded of Daniel Herbert that "he was a plain, unadorned, though faithful and honest messenger to dispense the Word of eternal life to the helpless family of Zion. In early life it pleased Jehovah to meet him with omnipotent grace, and put him into the happy possession of Gospel peace, at which period he gave him a promise that "his shoes should be iron and brass, and as his days so should his strength be," which, in the after stages of Christian conflict, was truly verified. This, indeed, was exemplified in the conduct and experience of our beloved friend who, for more than sixty years, knew what it was, by a living faith, to view his multiplied transgressions buried in the great fountain of a Redeemer's blood. His dear Lord imparted to him a clear perception, spiritually to enter into the great mystery of iniquity so opposed to the reign of grace in the hearts of God's elect, so that He knew how to speak a word of advice to the tempted and tried followers of the Lamb; and his Lord had designed him to be an instrument in His hand for good to the chosen seed scattered abroad.

Respecting the last few months of his frail abode, his friends evidently saw the gradual approach of his dissolution; and for some weeks prior to that period the Lord was pleased to suffer the great foe to shoot his fiery darts; yet under those dark seasons light sprang up, and faith would say, "All, all is well. I know in whom I have believed. Jesus is mine; He paid down a price for me, and I should be the basest wretch were I not to declare it." Sometimes he would say, "Satan is at his old work again, but he cannot come near. No, no! my precious Jesus will not leave me; He has promised me that which I am sure He will perform. He does supply my need. Ah! my precious Christ, what a sink of iniquity I am! I feel it, but I am washed. I will praise free-grace as long as I have breath. All my hope beyond the grave is Christ. I am justified by His righteousness; I have peace within, and will glory in my enfeebled state. I have been called an Antinomian for many years, but tell the professing world my faith is fixed on Christ the Rock, who is the self-existent, independent God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit. I feel His power, His love, His dear name, and I care not a rush for what they say. I have an anchorage steadfast and sure, and shall outlive the storm and enter the port, where envy and malice cannot come." Drawing near his end, he added,

"It will soon be over. Redeemed by precious blood, saved by sovereign grace, rich and free; I shall soon sing as loud as Paul the apostle. Come, Lord, with Thy smiles, and take thy poor servant home." This prayer his God answered, and gave him to enjoy a peace of mind that passeth all understanding.

On the evening when he died his spirit was calm and joyous. He entered the valley and shadow, exclaiming as his last words, "Ah, my Father! my Father! my Father!" and fell asleep upon his couch by his fireside, without a sigh.

He was born in 1751, and composed his three volumes of hymns in his native town of Sudbury, and fell asleep in Jesus at the advanced age of 82 years. The lines of Cowper are true in the case of Daniel Herbert,—

"They best can judge a poet's worth
Who oft themselves have known
The pangs of a poetic birth,
By labours of their own."

The grave of the poet has been entirely neglected, and, consequently, the mound is quite obliterated. Cannot a memorial copy of his works be published to preserve the name of so godly a muse from oblivion?

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

All things, and all men, and all companies are now becoming very great. The once poor drooping Eastern is now very great. Up and down her have I been carried many times of late. Coming up from the valleys, October 11, 1883, two of the cloth got in, and curiosity led to some little exchange of thought.

"Do you know if Chelmsford Baptists have yet found an under shepherd?"

"Yes; Master Burgess is settled there, and as he is the man chosen above many, some think it speaks highly for his genius and value. Surely he will help Walter, of Colchester, to inaugurate the Essex Baptist Association, which might be useful in planting mission stations in the many Essex villages where the GOSPEL is not much heard!"

"Walter has an organising brain and evangelising spirit; he is a solid co-operative with the different sections of the Strict Baptists; and if he gets the Witham Standards and the Waltham Abbey cheerful lovers of truth to amalgamate; if good Walter obtains the patronage of that fountain of charity at Chelmsford to be president, and the venerable Manea, father in Israel, to be treasurer, if he gathers a staff of genuine evangelists, who have been to Jericho, and have come right into Jerusalem, we think he may do good."

"Where have you been to?"

"To Kedington."

"Where is that?"

"Kedington chapel stands (like myself—that is, as some think—'no-where,' yet looking and going everywhere. Kedington chapel stands) looking out upon three counties, Cambridge, Suffolk, and Essex: it is a little walk out of Haverhill. Mr. John

Crown is the pastor, and good friends tell me he is the very man for the people. Yesterday was the harvest festival. That benevolent minister, Robert Page, of Glemsford, and that happy Isaiah Smith, Great Yeldham, helped in the services; and I was permitted to speak twice to encouraging companies."

"Tickets," cries collector.

"If I see you at Mr. Holden's opening I will answer about Glemsford; and I will hope to reply to your queries concerning the present race of so-called ministers of truth. Good morning."

[We had a little useful communion with Mr. W. Hudson, of the Pightle, Haverhill, who is preaching the Word in different Churches with reverence and a useful tendency.]

BETHNAL GREEN.—It was a delightful and spiritual meeting at "Hope" on Tuesday, Oct. 2. The very place itself, so clean and neat, very recently renovated by that untiring and zealous deacon, brother Youdan, who, with his brethren in office, gave a welcome to the friends who met to celebrate the 29th anniversary of "Hope." Mr. J. S. Anderson preached from Numbers xiii. 27, a sermon full of Gospel truth and Christian experience. At the evening meeting James Lee, Esq., of Bow, in a few kind remarks, introduced the subjects and the speakers, which were as follows.—Mr. Meeres, "The Believers' Living Redeemer;" Mr. Bennett, "Believers' Preference for Christ;" Mr. Sears, "Believers' Children of Promise;" Mr. Lynn, "Believers' Desire for the House of God;" Mr. Clinch, "Believers' Great Consolation;" Mr. Griffiths, "Believers' Final Triumph." The brethren spoke gravely and truly, to the comfort of God's own children, some of whom told me how their souls had been blessed. I have copious notes of the various addresses, but I know I must refrain from intruding on your space. God by His Spirit prosper "Hope." Amen.—J. W. B.

MEOPHAM.—Our friends desire to record their sense of the Lord's goodness in favouring them to witness the sixteenth anniversary of Sunday-school Provident Fund. Services were much enjoyed on Monday, October 15. In the afternoon the annual distribution, by brother E. Crowhurst, of the children's savings, and Mrs. French's bonus, together £30 5s. 4d., took place. This interesting business gave evident delight to all, and was followed by an address by pastor A. Dalton, interspersed with sound counsel to parents, children, and teachers. Then followed a kind and suitable address by superintendent Josiah Martin, and hymns sung by the children. A capital tea was served, kindly provided by Mrs. French. Evening meeting was presided over by Brother Dalton, being opened with prayer by deacon Bishop. The report was read by brother G. Taylor, from which it appeared that the late Mr. French, formerly a liberal contributor to the work of the Lord at Meopham, and a sympathising friend of the poor,

originated the society in conjunction with brother Josiah Martin, its object being the encouragement of habits of thrift and economy among the children. During the sixteen years of its existence the children have subscribed the noble sum of £554 5s. 9d., to which amount there have been added the yearly bonuses of Mr. French, and since his death, those of his much respected widow, to the amount of £39 3s. 8d., making the total £593 9s. 6d. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, brethren Martin, senr., Josiah Martin, and G. Wyard. The chapel was filled. A thankful, cheerful, and hopeful feeling prevailed, and the engagements of the day were concluded with prayer by brother R. Crowhurst, the well-known hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and the Benediction.

HADLEIGH.—The anniversary of Baptist chapel was held on Lord's-day, Sept. 23. Sermons were preached, morning and evening, by Mr. J. Cowell, of Harwich. The pastor, Mr. B. J. Northfield, preached in the afternoon from *Psa. iv. 7*, "Thou hast put gladness in our heart," &c. There were good congregations at all the services; we trust the Lord's blessing was enjoyed. On the day following, harvest thanksgiving services were held. Over two hundred took tea. At public meeting the pastor presided. Appropriate addresses were delivered by brethren Houghton, Bland, Kern, and Cowell, to a crowded audience. The newly-renovated chapel presented an attractive appearance; the mottoes, the fruit, and the flowers were cheering. The net proceeds of the united services amounted to about £20, which will clear the chapel renovation debt, and thus again have we abundant cause to bless the Lord and take courage. On the first Lord's-day in September our pastor immersed two believers in the name of the adorable Trinity; and again, on October 7, three more candidates made a public profession of their faith, acting in obedience to our Lord's appeal, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

MR. WINTERS ON "ESAU'S REPENTANCE REVIEWED."

"He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully, with tears."—*Heb. xii. 17*.

From this portion of Scripture Esau is generally represented as wanting to repent and could not, though he sought to do so carefully and with tears. In *EARTHEN VESSEL*, for April, Mr. W. Winters says, "They find no place of repentance in their consciences." Now it is well known that repentance is a change of mind. If the circumstances respecting Esau and his loss of the blessing be carefully looked into, I think it will be clearly seen that Esau did not want to repent with respect to anything he had done; he did not change his mind. Read *Gen. xxv. 29—34*, there you will see he sold his birthright at so mean a value as a mess of pottage. "Thus Esau despised his birthright" (*Gen. xxvii. 18—29*), Jacob craftily obtained the blessing.

Now, in this business, Esau had no hand; therefore, properly speaking, had nothing to repent of concerning it (*verse 36*). Esau charges Jacob with first taking away his birthright, and then (second) his blessing. And when Esau heard the words of his father, as in *verse 33*, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry (*verse 34*). Most people, when suffering through their own wrong-doing, express sorrow for what they have done. Esau did not say, "I am sorry that in my profanity I set so mean a value on my birthright as to sell it for a mess of pottage; but bless me, even me also, O my Father;" and Isaac said, "Thy brother came with subtlety, and hath taken away the blessing" (*verse 35*). And Esau said, "Is he not rightly named Jacob, for he hath supplanted me these two times?"

The question now arises, where, with this exceeding great and bitter cry, did Esau seek a place of repentance, and which he found not, although tearfully, and earnestly, or carefully sought? Certainly not in himself, for there he had seen no need of it; but in his father; he would like his father to change his mind, and withdraw the blessing he had pronounced on Jacob. But Isaac said, "I have blessed him, yea, and he shall be blessed" (*verse 36*). Esau again pressed his father for a blessing. "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me, also, O my father." And Esau again lifted up his voice and wept. But still no repentance or change of mind was found in Isaac, his father. He remained immovable, he did not bless him; but answered and said unto him, "Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth," &c. (*verses 39, 40*). "And Esau hated Jacob because of the blessing wherewith his father blessed him," &c. (*verse 41*).

Now, although the decree had gone forth that Esau should be the servant of Jacob, yet the way by which the blessing was obtained was in no way commendable, neither to Jacob nor his mother; they were both afraid to trust to what God had said, therefore resorted to a deceitful expediency, which brought trouble on the whole family; and as Jacob had meted, so it was measured to him again, between Laban and himself. Now in this business Jacob was not a mere youth, as is often expressed, but according to the margin of the Bible, was about 76 years of age.

Now what spiritual use can we make of all this? Although God has chosen His people in Christ to eternal salvation, yet there is no excuse for those who set a light value on the blessings of the Gospel, and go on, Gallio-like, in their profanity, caring for none of these things, and also set a higher esteem on the perishing things of this time-state than on the blessing of the Gospel, and look upon them as of no more value than a mere mess of pottage; therefore, says God, "Because I have called," &c. (*Prov. i. 24—32*). Thus all despisers of God and His goodness will find no place of repentance in God. He will remain firm and faithful to His Word (*Isa. iii. 10, 11*). The righteous will have to say

with regard to God's mercy toward them, "Not unto us," &c. (Psa. cxv. 1), while the wicked will have to say, when suffering the vengeance of eternal fire, "Have we not procured this to ourselves?"—R. G.

NOTTING HILL-GATE.—BETHESDA CHAPEL.—Special services were held here October 14 and 16, to liquidate the debt. Sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. H. Brown, and on Tuesday by Mr. Jas. Clarke. After tea a public meeting, Mr. Harris, of Shouldham-street, ably presiding. The chairman announced that seven members had been added to the Church during the past year. Mr. Brown said he had been labouring among them for more than four years, and not without the Master's blessing. He did not feel altogether satisfied. As regards the number of members, their losses were equal to their gain. Financially, they were in debt, some time since, of £800, and had spent £150 in repairs, alterations, &c. There had been collected upwards of £120, and had borrowed £200 from the Association of Strict Baptist Churches, for which he desired publicly to tender thanks in the name of the Church. Mr. Box, of Soho chapel, trusted, by constant effort, they would be able to get rid of the debt on the Church. We should trust God. What is He? In the Bible He is set forth in such characters that in all time we can hope. He is perfect in power, and able to help us in all our varieties of circumstances. He makes His people understand His great power, and then He adds His blessed promises. Mr. Curtis referred to Rev. iii. 4, "They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy." How solemn the reproof previously, in the beginning of this chapter! We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there are many Churches now to which such reproof would be applicable. The crowded state of Churches were no proof of their prosperity. It is the few godly, praying souls that meet together that help on the cause. We look at a field that has been lately sown, and we see but a tiny blade bursting through. You may cut it, but it has within it a power which nothing else beside possesses. Life comes from God. He is its Source and Father, whether natural, spiritual, or eternal. Are we walking with God? If so, we are in possession of a life that God has given. Mr. Reynolds said, What is the mission of the Church of Christ? It is now four years since your pastor came among you. The work should not be alone the pastor's, but unitedly that of the pastor and people. It has pleased Him to employ means in nature, and it is so in grace. Jesus was a Witness. In all the various circumstances of His life they were so many witnesses. As regards His Church He has graciously said, "Ye are My witnesses." If ever there was a day when there should be witnessing for Jesus it was now. Mr. Winters went into an elaborate exposition of what had previously been said respecting the apparent difficulty of reconciling the statement of Joshua as to the sun standing still, and the generally-

received Newtonian theory concerning the motion of the heavenly bodies. Dlogenes, while bathing in a tub one day, was accosted by the Emperor Alexander, desiring to know if he could be of any assistance to him. He replied, "Your majesty, the only favour I would ask of you is, that you stand aside, and hinder not the sun from shining upon me." Applying this to the Christian life, it shows grace in the heart, if we desire mostly the shining of the Sun of Righteousness. The chairman announced that the united collections during these services had amounted to £11 4s. 9d. Votes of thanks closed the proceedings, after which the Doxology was sung.—W. C. B., Notting-hill-gate, W.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—It is a heart-cheering pleasure to us to find some zeal in the best of all causes is burning in connection with Zion Chapel, High Wycombe. Mr. W. E. Palmer, the pastor, issues a little monthly bearing the title, *A Kindly Welcome*. From its October number we gather the following:—"We hope to commence two cottage meetings in connection with Zion on Tuesday, October 2, and Friday, Oct. 5. Our brother Collins has kindly fitted up a nice comfortable room at 51, Easton-street, and our sister, Mrs. Church, has given the loan of her room in Baker-street. May our heavenly Father bless the effort for Jesus Christ's sake. The ordinance of believers' baptism was administered in Zion Chapel on Aug. 26. Pastor W. E. Palmer, after preaching from Luke ix. 33, 'Master, it is good to be here,' baptized a brother and sister, the chapel being filled in every part. We hope soon to see others coming forward. Anniversary services held at Aylesbury Sept. 11. Mr. J. Hazleton preached morning and afternoon, Mr. J. Box in the evening. The chapel having been put in repair at a cost of £60, the friends had raised among themselves £46, now wanting £14 to free them from debt. Collection after each service was made for the purpose.

HAYES.—SALEM.—Harvest thanksgivings were held on Thursday, September 20. G. W. Shepherd preached in the afternoon to the edification of the people. Tea was then enjoyed. The evening meeting was kindly presided over by J. Curtis, and addresses by brethren W. Grew, J. Huring, G. W. Shepherd, and G. Wyard. The attendance was good throughout the day. For all these encouragements by the way the Church at Salem desires to be very grateful, and to be stimulated thereby to renewed exertions in the Redeemer's kingdom.

STOWMARKET.—At the New Baptist Chapel, Oct. 14, three sermons were preached by Mr. C. Cock, of West Mersea. We have just attained our majority, having been opened for worship in 1862. Oct. 16 we had thanksgiving service and anniversary of pastor's settlement. Mr. Dixon, of Bradfield, founded his address on "Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession." He did his

best to honour his Lord. At public meeting Pastor Whorlow presided (W. Clark, Esq., an old and esteemed friend of the cause, being so ill he could not come). The kind and genial pastor tenderly referred to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Clark and Mr. Franklin, and some savoury addresses followed. Messrs. Kern, Houghton, Cozens, Huxham, D. Dickerson and other ministers who heartily love the pastor and sympathize with the people, were present. Among them were brethren J. Garrard, W. Raynor, and J. Wright. The pastor and people have three thoughtful, godly, hard-working deacons, and we cordially wish them much true happiness, and that

"Solid joy and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know."

—J. WHATMOUGH.

A BROTHERLY REPROOF.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—We are enjoined to "rejoice with them that rejoice;" but herein some little discrimination must be exercised. There is a distinction between the rejoicing of a brave and earnest soul over a good deed done and the exultation of a mind possessed and animated by an unworthy spirit. This thought was forcibly impressed upon me as I read an item of intelligence in your valuable magazine of this month headed "Boston." In a few lines of prose a most welcome communication was made—that "four adults were immersed in Ebenezer Baptist Chapel by Mr. J. Bolton, the resident minister." Every Christian Church will rejoice at this fact, and rejoice the more deeply that God has thus displayed His sovereign grace in connection with a place of worship hallowed by so many sacred associations, and in which so many of the pulpit giants of God's cause have testified to the wondrous love of our Father in heaven. I wish I could stop with the simple record of this welcome fact. But I feel compelled to draw attention to the unworthy lines Mr. Bolton has added. With all respect for Brother Bolton's gifts, he certainly has not the poet's inspiration. That amiable weakness may, however, be tolerated; but as members of Christ's Church on earth, what shall be said of the self-glorifying and un-Christian-like spirit in which the lines referred to are written. The dissensions in connection with Ebenezer are well and widely known, and there is a most unhappy disruption in the cause in Boston; but no severance of brethren under painful circumstances can justify language the Word of God condemns on nearly every page. "Your glorying is not good," saith the apostle Paul of the Corinthians, and with all tenderness of feeling I fear

that this must be applied to the writer of such lines. I trust it is not Mr. Bolton's "work" that is being carried on at Ebenezer, as the first verse would lead us to believe, but that it is God's work. Unless this be so, the cause cannot prosper; and any cause conducted without the spirit of love is vain—

"Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still, I am nothing without love."

Many of your readers, with myself, will readily recognise the direction in which brother Bolton's shafts are directed. Is such the method by which a painful breach is to be healed? By the cords of love God draws rebellious sinners to Himself, and His ministers on earth must imitate the divine example, and be filled with the spirit of love, if they would have the "work of the Lord prosper in their hands." It is not by suggesting Satanic motives and malicious words to brethren who are standing aloof that peace and unity can be restored. What says Paul: "Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves." And again, he earnestly impresses upon the Ephesians what is so needful in the present day—"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." I would remind brother Bolton of the solemn words of Holy Writ—"He that loveth not His brother, abideth in death." Ministers, like ordinary mortals, are at times tempted to say things they regret, but the pen registers the matured thought. Hence my regret, and the regret of many, at the unworthy effusion which will find a long life in your pages. I trust a humbler and nobler spirit may animate brother Bolton in his work for Christ, and that he will labour faithfully on "endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Only by such a ministry can he hope to heal dissension, promote peace and goodwill, and draw the brethren together, so that the Church of God on earth may be united in holiest ties, and carry out its heavenly mission—

"The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve His love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?
Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ His Son!"

Hornsey, London. AN OLD BAPTIST.

[By reason of many journeys and crowds of letters, the foregoing has been delayed. We all are too much filled with self. In every part of the country the Churches are afflicted, weakened, yea, wasted by the offensive spirit of some who, instead of seeking to heal the breaches, do indeed deepen and widen them. Verily, we are guilty. May the Lord give us grace to profit by the wholesome, Christ-like spirit of "AN OLD BAPTIST."—ED.]

GRAYS.—The happy cause at the Grove stands far from the noise and bustle of life, like a "lodge in a garden of cucumbers," walled around and pleasantly approachable. October 10 many friends gathered, thanking the God of providence for a full harvest, and the interior of the chapel showed signs of plenty of what constitutes the staff of natural life. W. K. Squirrel preached a thoughtful sermon upon Prov. viii. 29—32. He dwelt considerably on the matchless Speaker, CHRIST, the wisdom of God. In evening James Mote, Esq., presided; Mr. Coombs offered prayer. Mr. Mote made an excellent speech on the promise given to Noah respecting the seasons for the universal harvest, and of God being the Maker of all things for His own glory, in contradistinction to man, who never created even an atom of earth out of nothing. Mr. R. E. Sears defended the Bible, and commended it as the greatest solace of the soul in trial when opened up by the Holy Spirit. W. Winters spoke on the spiritual harvest; Mr. Squirrel on the Gospel of Christ as a free gift—"nothing to pay"; Mr. Buttery enlarged with freedom and savour on God's first promise, and the meeting terminated happily with the Benediction. The friends are in real earnest here to raise a little fund to build a baptistry. Who will contribute toward this praiseworthy object? A word to the wise is enough.—W. WINTERS.

GLEMSFORD.—Re-opening services were held on Lord's-day, October 14 and the following day, W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, preached. The chapel has undergone a thorough repair; the old pews have been removed and new benches erected in their place; in fact, it looks like a new chapel. It has been in existence 54 years. The friends have now given the place of worship a more definite title, and strictly appropriate to the experience of the Church worshipping therein—namely, Ebenezer. The committee and other friends have worked heartily well. Messrs. J. W. Bigg, Keoble, Underwood, Gowers, Allen, Clarke, and Jarman, have acted a noble part in the work, and Mr. Crick has been exceedingly generous. Mr. John Ince, the contractor, has been laid aside by illness. It is to be hoped he will, by the blessing of God, speedily recover. On Monday W. Winters presided. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Page, the godly pastor of the new Baptist chapel in Glemsford, Messrs. Crown, J. Smith, Bowtell, and Furbank. The collections exceeded all previous ones. The Church is in want of a pastor; may the Lord send them one after His own heart, prays—W. WINTERS.

WIVELSFIELD.—Wednesday, September 19, harvest thanksgiving services were held. Brethren T. Boxell and C. Masterson gave sermons. The people were alive in the best things; the day throughout was most enjoyable. Brother Virgo, for many years the esteemed pastor of the Church, is happy and prosperous. May the smile and benediction of Heaven still be his, and yet more abundantly! Amen.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—EBENEZER.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held on October 4. Mr. Joseph Wilkins preached a sound Gospel sermon adapted to the occasion. In the evening the chapel was filled; Mr. J. G. Baldwin presiding, called upon Mr. James Loo to offer prayer, which was fervent and sweet. Mr. Baldwin, in the course of his opening address, gave the reasons of his pleasure on being present, which were much appreciated by pastor and people. He also spoke with much heartiness of the faithfulness of God in providence, and of Christ the bread of life. Mr. C. W. Banks stood forth with the greatest possible freedom of soul and fullness of utterance in unfolding the wonders of God's harvest, its perfection and rest, and his (the speaker's) testimony respecting the parable of the wheat and the tares was solemn and searching. Mr. Banks treated, as a leading point in his great subject, of the perfection of time, or (more correctly speaking) the centre of time, when Christ came to this earth, as also of His second coming. Mr. J. Buttery spoke with thought and love on the faithfulness of God in creation and grace, and of the Jewish feasts, which were all typical of the accomplishment of the great work of Christ, and of His spiritual harvest. Mr. F. Green, pastor of the Church at Hoxton, dwelt grandly on the great harvest of the kingdom as the concentration of the whole work of God, and briefly noticed the harvest of creation and of the people of the world, also the harvest of the Church, and the beauties of the design, purpose, and action of God in its completion, and the saints' anticipation and final triumph in glory. Mr. Green's address was adorned with some splendid specimens of poetry. Mr. J. W. Norton, of Forest-gate, made an intelligent and spiritual speech on the liberal provision of God, as being enough for all mankind if rightly used, and treated of the joy of the thankful soul, and of the abundance of satisfaction in the world to come. Mr. F. H. Noyes, of Poplar, nobly set forth the help of God in providing for His people and of the great bank from which they were always welcome to draw. A few very kind words in the form of a proposition was made—first by Mr. Henry Lee, secondly by his genial brother, Mr. James Lee. Mr. Baldwin accepted the thanks of the meeting for their appreciation of his labours as chairman. Messrs. Saunders, Alfrey, and Fellows were with the brethren who spoke. The chapel was neatly decorated with many samples of the earth's products. "The Lord hath done great things for us." So says the pastor,—W. WINTERS.

STOWMARKET, SUFFOLK.—At Bethesda Baptist chapel a harvest thanksgiving service was held on September 27. Tea and public meeting, presided over by the kind and genial pastor, Mr. D. Dickerson, with good attendance, and many ministerial brethren. The divine blessing having been implored, Mr. Houghton gave us an instructive address. Mr. Huxham lovingly and faithfully spoke of the lovingkindness the Lord has shown us, this season especially. Mr. S. K. Bland spoke tenderly and encouragingly to us all, giving many beautiful thoughts about our heavenly father's kindness even to the sparrows. Mr. Haddock and Mr. Knell having spoken, a happy meeting was brought to a close.

LITTLE STONHAM.—Our friends held harvest thanksgiving services on Wednesday, October 3. Many gathered together to listen to our much-esteemed brother, Mr. B. J. Northfield, who gave us two genuine Gospel sermons. It was a season of searching, edifying, and comforting. The chapel was decorated with fruit, corn, and flowers; but "the grass withereth and the flower fadeeth, yet the Word of our God endureth for ever."—S. G.

RATTLSDEN, SUFFOLK.—On September 18 harvest thanksgiving was held. A great number of friends came, and joined in singing His praises who has so abundantly "crowned the year with His goodness." A sight of the chapel at once carries the mind back to the good old days when our forefathers were a band of struggling pilgrims, fighting for that civil and religious freedom which we now enjoy; but which our enlightened and visionary madmen are trying to fritter away. Ladies had very tastefully decorated the venerable edifice at Rattlesden with almost every kind of fruit our land yields. Scripture mottoes were suitable and abundant; but there was no balderdash, no font, no flowery cross, but a quiet satisfaction in the souls of some that Christ is raised from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. Mr. Knell, of Kingshall, preached an encouraging sermon to the "seeking seed." After an excellent and well-served tea, a public meeting was held. Mr. Edwin Ennals prayed. Addresses by brethren Dickerson, Morley (of Norton), G. Ennals, Haddock, Knell, J. Whatmough, and Clover, who shortly leaves the neighbourhood, to the great grief of many poor, to whom he has been a nursing father. Mr. Huxham presided, and spoke faithfully of the Lord's mercies and our obligations; and in response to an earnest plea, the goodly sum of £13 was collected, which is devoted entirely to benevolent objects. May the Lord grant them peace, and prosper them in all true happiness. Amen.

A PATTERN CHRISTIAN.—"By their fruits ye shall know them;" not always by their tongues; albeit, they will not be silent when it is time to speak. We had abundant opportunities of seeing, hearing, and knowing the truly good man referred to in the following notice:—The late Alderman Osborne, of Banbury, among other benefactions, left to the trustees of Ebenezer chapel, Banbury, with which he was connected, the following sums:—An endowment of £1,000 for the support of a minister; to clear off the debt on the chapel, £140; for the poor of the congregation, £100; to be spent in coal and blankets for the poor at Christmas, £200; and to each teacher in the Ebenezer Chapel Sunday-school, the sum of £19 19s.; all free of legacy-duty. The catholic spirit of the deceased alderman is evidenced by the fact that his other benefactions include gifts to the Wesleyan, Congregationalist, and Primitive Methodist communities.

TRING.—A very happy and successful meeting was convened in Ebenezer, West-end, on October 11, to celebrate the anniversary of the Sunday-school. It was the great pleasure of the writer to speak to the people in the afternoon and evening, and the hearts of many seemed joyous and free. It is a source of great gladness to find the cause here so steadily prospering. Several beloved friends are thoughtful about joining the Church, and the Sunday-school is healthy, and working well under the able management of good brother Cato. There are, it is to be hoped, many happy days of prosperity yet in store for this deeply-tried and faithful cause of truth. At the meeting, brother Rickett and brother Kendall, two worthy servants of Christ, united with a good friend from Two Waters, to make the services of the day pleasant and profitable. May the blessing of the God of all grace shine upon Ebenezer. So prays—W. WINTERS.

HOXTON.—Third anniversary of Sunday-school associated with Bethel chapel was held on September 23 and 25. On Tuesday Mr. Sindou gave a rich sermon. Several friends took tea. Mr. F. Green, pastor, presiding, read

and offered prayer, after which he prefaced the service by a short and appropriate address. W. Winters addressed the children on perseverance, and its reward; Mr. John Bennett on the necessity of maintaining harmony in the school with the teaching of the pulpit; Mr. H. F. Noyes on the practical working of a Sunday-school; Mr. Boyd (from the Sunday-school Union) made a stirring speech on the initial characters, "L. S. D.;" Mr. Saunders was strong and bold in giving his experience of Sunday-school work, and he interestingly enlarged on nature and grace under the heading of concealment and development. It is hoped our brother (Mr. Green) will long be spared in usefulness with his Hoxton friends.—W. WINTERS.

ACTON.—Thanksgiving services at Baptist Meeting-room were held October 8. G. Herring preached, and presided at evening service. Mr. Garrod went to the mercy-seat; W. Beddow, Howard, Miller, Woodrow, and Garrod spoke upon "Natural and Spiritual Sowing and Reaping." A Roman Catholic lady provided the cake. The friends are anxious to erect a chapel in a central position. Will not some help them? They are deserving.

GUILDFORD.—At the old Baptist chapel, on Tuesday, October 9, a number of friends came together at a thanksgiving service for the bountiful harvest just ingathered. Two sermons by Mr. C. Masterson, of Brighton, were well received. Prospects, under the thoughtful ministry of brother E. Mitchell, are encouraging. May he reap soon an abundant spiritual harvest! The collections were for the Widows' Fund.

DALSTON.—Thanksgiving services at Forest-road were October 11. In afternoon Mr. Shepherd gave an excellent discourse, and he occupied the chair in the evening. W. Beddow prayed. "The Natural and Spiritual Harvest" was then well spoken upon by brethren Williamson, Eisey, Mobbs, Gilding, Moxham, Bennett, and Dearsly.—W. B.

GRATEFUL WORD.

To C. W. BANKS.—Just this brief note in order to thank you most heartily for all the loving sympathy and practical love you have shown to my dear friends during the long and trying affliction of our now glorified father, Mr. Gooding; also for kindly officiating at the funeral; am thankful for the departed that the end has come, that through sovereign grace the battle has been fought, and the victory won. With the rest of the sainted host he is now shouting, "A sinner sanctified by grace," and "Victory, through the blood of the Lamb." Oh, may this be our portion, when time shall be no more, and the will of our heavenly Father is accomplished.

I purpose to draw up a brief report of the departed. May our dear ones, the bereaved, still have a place in our sympathies and prayers, and the Lord support and comfort their hearts. Kindest Christian love to you and yours.

Most sincerely,

C. MASTERSON.

"THE PULPIT, THE PLATFORM, AND THE PEW."—Who in the world would be a preacher in these days, if he could help it? Mr. Spurgeon is giving advice gratis as to how to make the pulpit attractive, and to gather large congregations. It is a well-established fact that successful climbers up into popularity, or prosperity, always look with some sort of contempt upon the poor little things who never could get up the hill. "If they had only done as I have done, they would be as high up as myself." "I do not care a straw what they say of

me," said a once young preacher to us, "*now my name is up!*" If popularity or prosperity be of divine origin, the gift-receiver will unite with Paul, "I am what I am by the grace of God." But if earthly gain and fleshly glory be the beginning and the ending of a man's efforts, woe be unto him. Read Ezek. xxxi. "The *Standard preachers*," says our co-worker, ought to be printed. They were printed forty years ago, and sold by thousands. But such preachers are nowhere now. "The Pulpit," &c., comes under review, if possible, soon.

THE SIGHING OF THE NEEDY.

"In their affliction they sought the Lord."

I AM afflicted, Lord, Thou knowst!

My griefs are known to Thee;

The chastisements which Thou bestow'st,
Are no doubt best for me.

But I am sorely tried, cast down;

Thy Providence on me doth frown!

The groaning of the prisoner hear,

O Lord, and open wide

My prison doors; dry every tear,

The stormy sea divide.

I perish if Thou aid me not!

By earthly friends I am forgot.

O let the sighing of the captive come

Into Thine ear, and heal his broken heart,

Bid the poor exile welcome home;

Let love divine heal every smart.

Weary and worn, despised, oppress,

Give the afflicted wanderer rest!

G. H. M. READ.

BROTHERLY SYMPATHY.

"I can indeed sympathise with you, having myself suffered for years from bronchial affection, called consumption. May the Lord restore you, if His sovereign will; He worketh all things according to His own pleasure. You and I are both in His hands (we trust), and are united for ever to our glorious Head. But still, for the Church of Christ, as Paul said of Philippi, it seems more needful that you should abide. She can ill afford to dispense with your valuable labours. Many prayers will be put up in Christ's name that your life may be prolonged, and that you may be raised up to your work of faith and labour of love. I was at Cheltenham last Lord's-day, speaking at Bethel. You have preached there, and you would remember the senior deacon, Mr. Broom, of fifty years' standing. His wife, too, is a sincere devoted disciple of Jesus, and mother in Israel. We have talked of you many times. I found the journey too much this time. It is some years, my dear brother in the Lord, since I met you and brother Thomas Jones at 33, Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury. Mrs. Lloyd and I both heard you the last time you preached at Charlotte-street, when I shook hands with you, and have never seen you since. Commending you to God, wishing you every temporal, spiritual, and eternal blessing, and much of divine presence in your affliction, we are, yours gratefully—JANE AND O. LLOYD."

AN ACROSTIC.

Written upon the retirement of Mr. R. James, after forty-one years' ministry at the Baptist chapel, Yeovil.

Best, weary brother, from the toils of thy
ministerial life, [midst scenes of strife;
In joy and sorrow thou hast been a friend
Cheerfully hast thou sympathised with all the
Church's cares, [from many snares;
Hath solaced and comforted, hath warned
And now that weakness comes on thee, let
others try to prove [and love;
 REGARD, esteem, affection, to him they reverse
Daily proving what thou hast taught, through
Christ, who reigns above.

J ealous of nought, save love to Him, whose
love can know no bound;

A ll praise and glory to His name, let us sing
with cheerful sound; [early youth till now,

M ay He who has kept and taught thee, from thy
Ever keep, comfort, and shield thee, and bless-

ings still bestow; [life thou't know,

S o when thy days on earth shall end, eternal

GRANDCHILD OF THE LATE W. BIDDER.

Yeovil, October 9, 1883.

Marriage.

September 28, 1883, at Westminster, by special license, W. A. Hamill, son of J. Hamill, Esq., of Colorado, to Rosa Ellen, eldest daughter of Mr. Edwin Langford, Baptist minister, late of Olapton, now of Dover.

Deaths.

Mrs. Medhurst, of Bermondsey, the mother of the successful minister, J. W. Medhurst (who, with her husband, was in Church fellowship with us at Unicorn-yard) has recently gone through the valley.

Also good old Thomas Nicholson, a rare friend to the Forest of Dean, where the really poor will know the Lord has taken him home, at 76.

Dr. Ackworth, at between 80 and 90, has departed this life. His brother and nephews were in our choir at Crosby-row, where, in the gloom of tribulation, our ministry was a blessing to hundreds.

"There is a place, 'tis known to some,
Where no perplexing sorrows come;
Where doubt and unbelief are dumb;
Where the world's outcasts find a home—
It is the breast of JESUS."

"There is a name, and, oh! how dear
That name when breathed in sorrow's ear!
Lord, how I love it! write it here;
Unlock my breast, and, deep and clear,
Engrave the name of JESUS."

That loving, long-living, and laborious penman, John Dixon, has been bereaved of a patient, pious, and oft-praying wife, whose memoir comes too late for this month.

In affectionate remembrance of Sarah, youngest daughter of Daniel and Catherine Saggors, of 22, Albion-street, Bow, who fell asleep Sept. 24, 1883, in the 23rd year of her age, "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. i. 23).

THE LATE MRS. LOBB.—It is our sorrow, but duty, to record the decease of this excellent Christian lady, the late wife of our highly-respected neighbour and friend, Mr. John Lobb, Member of the London School Board for Hackney, and proprietor and publisher of the *Christian Age*. The deceased lady was interred in Abney-park cemetery on Monday, October 8, in the presence of a large number of friends.

Mrs. Burtwell, late of Coggeshall (the fond daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rowland), after a long affliction, departed this life, in London, and her remains were laid to rest in Abney-park cemetery, October 16. As I had known her from a child, and often heard her speak of her dark and distressing soul-trouble, her bereaved husband desired me to speak and pray at her funeral. Her condition of soul here, and her future joy, appeared exactly as described in Isa. xxv. 9: "And it shall be said in that day, Lo! this is our God; we have waited FOR HIM"—this she did long and beseechingly. Now I trust she can say, "*He has saved me.*" This is the Lord; we have waited for Him; we will be glad, and rejoice in His salvation." What a blessed change! Her bereaved husband's mother, the very aged Mrs. Burtwell, once of Bethnal-green, still waits by the river's side.—O. W. BANKS.

“Up into a High Mountain Apart!”

“I was not born for earth and sin.
Nor can I live on things so vile,
Yet will I stay MY FATHER’S time,
And hope and wait for heav’n awhile.

Then, dearest Lord, in Thine embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass that most solemn hour of death.”

WHERE CHRIST is a living Saviour in a heaven-born soul Christ will be in that soul what HE was in the days of His dwelling here upon the earth. HE then oftentimes withdrew somehow and somewhere. He would go away from all the noise, the work, the worry, the excitement, and the stir of the world.

I have always found it so; I must be away—withdraw out of the tumult of *Time’s terrible talk* and man’s selfish idolisation.

Reader! if thy soul’s health and happiness be of any value to thee, do, as much as in you is, seek retirement with thy Lord, and wait and watch for HIM; yea, I must tell thee, if He is thine, He will, with lovingkindness, draw thee unto Himself. Jesus’ “COME UNTO ME” is not simply in the time of conversion. No! it is often when the soul is weary and heavy laden, and can find rest nowhere; then with a mysterious power, Jesus sends a whisper into the weary heart, saying, “Come unto Me and ye shall find rest unto your souls.”

What a noise there is now with so-called “*armies*,” with evangelists, with missions, with meetings, and movements of every sort! One night I saw in my sleepless meditation the rush and running of millions in the valley of delusion, of distress, and of death; and as I looked at them I saw faintly the blessed Master taking some up into an exceeding high mountain, where some cried out, “Master, it is good for us to be here;” and memory came in quietly singing—

“When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there.
And view Thy face, and sing and love?”

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“Living and dying, may we Christ adore,
And with Him dwell at last for evermore.”

The swarthy waves of Winter are rolling in upon us; Christmas is near; the circle of one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three is about to break. Time with some of us will speedily be left behind: through the valley our souls will be flying.

WHERE THEN?

The renowned Samuel Medley once thought Satan might have a hand in the production of books, as they might occupy the time and the thoughts of people which should be occupied in contemplation of the Scriptures. No doubt there was wisdom in that remark; but I only care to write, to print, to publish such pieces and papers as may be, in

the Lord's hand, instrumental in leading the readers to the True and Eternal Word of God, and of opening some of the vital beauties and glories of the deep mysteries of Jehovah's divine economy of saving His people. Increasingly I know and feel that all writing, all platform speaking, all public ministrations, must fail of accomplishing God's purpose in them except the threefold power of the HOLY GHOST accompany such efforts.

The natural world is one of God's Bibles; there you *realise* the vital powers; you *feel* them; they affect you. As in Christ's spiritual kingdom there must be a trinity of powers to make the Word successful, so in the world of nature there is a trinity of powers always in exercise to keep the world in being and in progress—

THE DEW! THE SUN! THE WIND!

These are the wonderful powers God hath created in order to render this planet healthy, habitable, and enjoyable.

It is beyond the reach of Satan individually, or of sinners collectively, to set up a planet as a counterfeit to ours. The dew, the sun, the wind go on sovereignly, independent of men, they tarry not for the sons of men. When, however, you come into the spiritual kingdom, although the HIGH AND LOFTY ONE, who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is HOLY, although He hath shut

THE CHURCH OF HIS CHOICE

safe in the ark of the everlasting covenant; and the all-glorious SON of God hath engraved in golden letters thereon, "*These shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hands*,"—yet, from some source or other, there have risen up, in these dispensational ages (as Paul's prophetic spirit declared) perverters of truth, disputers, vain janglers, rude, unruly, heady, high-minded mortals, many of whom have distressed the Church of the living God most painfully. No dew is on their branch, no sun of righteousness shines in their souls, no North wind awakes, no South wind comes to carry their word home with saving power; hence, they roam from Dan to Beersheba, until they fall altogether. But in Christ's kingdom there is the dew, the sun, and the eternal wind; so that the truth lives; generation after generation, there is a people who know the Gospel to be the power of God, unto their soul's salvation. To make it so, there must be, first of all, the *breathing* of the Word into the soul of that man who is to be as God's mouth unto the people. When men can take what text they please, or of themselves can decide upon which subject they will dwell, I fear the whole work is of the flesh. The natural and the intellectual powers of some men are eagle-like, gigantic, and marvellously eloquent, and they may sway the people, and by the strong waves of their rhetoric may control them to an unlimited extent, yet leave them short of CHRIST, leave them destitute of the saving grace of the eternal God. But, if the inspiration of the Almighty God breathe the Word into man's mind, it will—

Secondly, unfold, lay open, and make plain the mind of God in the Word; as Elihu said, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them UNDERSTANDING." The letter of the Word, as Trap said, is like an oyster: unless you can get open the shell, no meat will you find. Then the—

Third demonstration of the power of the Spirit is that of carrying

the Word home into the souls of the people, so that the preacher shall know, some people shall know, that "our Gospel came not in word only, but in power, in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." Thus "salvation," in this department, is entirely of the Lord.

These things, I must believe, I have been the subject of for very many years, although adversity of every kind has attended my trying course.

On Saturday morning, Nov. 3, 1883, at an early hour, these words fell upon my Spirit when silent in meditation before I was up, "For I know whom I have believed." "There," an internal voice said, "There is

"THE KNOWLEDGE OF FAITH."

As though Paul said, "I know who it was that spake to me. I heard His voice, and fully believed all He said." Then comes—

The essential WORK OF FAITH: "I have COMMITTED UNTO HIM"—that is, the entire salvation of my soul.

The beautiful REST OF FAITH is expressed: "I am persuaded HE is able to KEEP that which I have committed unto Him."

The trial of faith is in the introduction of the text. Paul being appointed a preacher, an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles, he was the subject of great sufferings; "for the which cause I also, suffer these things, nevertheless I am not ashamed."

In this age of what the new schoolmen call "*the freedom of faith*," which means that every man may believe what seems reasonable and right to his own mind; in this time when "the old dogmas are flung to the winds;" in this singular time when Churches, creeds, clergymen, and men of every class and colour immensely abound; it is now of individual moment and of vast importance to know wherein and on what basis a man can experimentally stand so as to be SAFE for ETERNAL GLORY. And this sure Foundation, this soul-assuring pledge of safety, can only be realised in the personal knowledge of the Son of God; in the marvellous work of a God-wrought faith, which carries unto CHRIST, and leaves all with Him, with an unwavering persuasion that He will "keep THAT which I have committed unto Him AGAINST THAT DAY." When David Stanton (my long and esteemed deacon) asked me of the state of my mind, I looked him full in the face, and I said, "Before God, I assure you I have no high and holy joys, neither have I any desponding fears; but I have committed all into His hands against that day!"

Beloved friends, I am permitted by a merciful Providence to finish another volume of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD." It is more than forty years since the title and design first flew into my mind. I do, in silent retirement, beseech the ALMIGHTY LORD GOD to pardon the many imperfections and mistakes I may have made therein; and I do most anxiously pray that a blessing may still attend its going forth, and I do humbly pray the Lord may maintain His own servants, gather in His own ransomed, glorify His own Son, and that amongst the millions who shall unite to crown the Saviour Lord of all may be found your servant in the truth,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, E., Nov. 16, 1883.

WHAT ROBES?

To the Editor of the "EARTHEN VESSEL."

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Love, mercy and peace to you, from the loving Lord Jesus Christ. I have been in Victoria a month. I crave your indulgence for a few pages upon the article of "I. C. J., Gravesend," relative to the "Announcements" of "Phylogonius," that "the robes of the saints (Rev. vii. 14) require *no washing* in the blood of the Lamb to make them white." Your correspondent "I. C. J." did right in saving the holy saying from the obscurity of "Phylogonius." Thousands of dear, good men for ages have been puzzled, and much perplexed in their minds about this sweet portion of holy and most infallible inspiration, as well as the "Churches in Suffolk and Kent," referred to by "I. C. J."; yet none of these have doubted the sacred text. Commentaries have been very unsatisfactory upon the text, it is true. They have mostly left the difficulty where they found it—viz., in the ceremonial law. The great difficulty in the minds of many has been, "Can the robe of the imputed righteousness of Christ require washing in His blood?" The answer is, and ever has been, "No."

If the work of sanctification by the Holy Ghost, or faith, and hope, and love are spoken of as robes, can they be said to be washed in the blood of the Lamb? The answer is still, "No." The work of the Holy Ghost is no more defective than the work of the Son of God. Then some have resorted, as "I. C. J.," to the resurrection of the body to solve the difficulty. But none of the saints will, in any sense, take any part in raising their bodies; they are entirely passive under this great deed of God (Phil. iii. 21; Rom. viii. 11; John v. 28).

Sin ends in their death by the blood of Christ (1 Cor. vi. 20); and they sinlessly sleep in Jesus (1 Thes. iv. 16). Their bodies are to be raised, quickened, and changed by Jehovah (1 Cor. xv. 45); not washed from sin (John xiii. 10). Washing these robes by the believer is an act of faith in the blood of Christ. But faith ends when the soul of the believer enters glory (1 Pet. i. 11). The resurrection of the believer's body will not be by the actings of his faith, but by the power of his God. All that the child of God will have to do then will be to put his already raised body on.

"My purer spirit shall not fear
To put this body on:
Its tempting powers no more are there,
Its lusts and passions gone."

Lusts and passions ended at death in Christ *sleeping*. Awaking in His likeness, by the glory of His power, will be at the last day, which cannot be this work of faith, washing our robes from sin in the blood of Christ (Zech. xiii. 1).

"To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye."

This is an act of blessed faith. Again, Rev. vii. is not about the resurrection of the dead, but about the *sealing* of the saints of God by the Holy Ghost (Eph. i. 13) unto their salvation before the resurrection takes place, or the visible creation be destroyed (see verses 3rd, 4th, and 9th).

“If once upon our hearts we feel
The love of God impressed,
The mark of that celestial seal
Can never be erased.”

Thus far the difficulties of “*the washed robes*” remain *unremoved* by “J. C. J.” and *denied* by “Phylogonius.” What does it mean then, seeing the words are true, gloriously true? The godly excellencies, the conversational habits, or the spiritual dispositions, in which God’s people walk in this world are intended *conversational garments spotted by the flesh*. These godly excellencies, or spiritual dispositions, they carry into glory, washed in the blood of the Lamb. The ungodly have their robes in like manner, both in this world and in hell. David said: “Let them be clothed with shame and dishonour” (Psa. xxxv. 26). “Pride as a chain, violence as a garment” (Psa. lxxiii. 6); “Cursing” (Psa. cix. 18); “Shame and confusion” (ver. 29). “His enemies will I clothe with shame” (Psa. cxxxii. 18). Here the ungodly are said to have six robes: *shame, dishonour, pride, violence, cursing, and confusion*. In these dispositions and habits they walk on earth and in hell (2 Sam. xvii. 23; Esther vii. 7; Acts i. 18). It was thus with Ahithophel, Haman, and Judas. Now, if the ungodly have robes of spirit, habit, state, or dispositions in which they are clothed here and in hell, why should not God’s children have godly robes of holy habits and dispositions in which they walk here and in glory? Here these their robes of holy habits and dispositions are defiled by the flesh, and they wash them by faith in the blood of the Lamb.

In like manner God Himself is said to have robes of habits and dispositions in which He appears before men, devils, and angels. He is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength (Psa. xciii. 1). “Thou art clothed with honour and majesty;” “Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment” (Psa. civ. 2). “Righteousness shall be the girdle of His loins, and faithfulness the girdle of His reins” (Isa. xi. 5). “For He put on righteousness as a breastplate, and an helmet of salvation upon His head; and He put on the garments of vengeance for clothing, and was clad with zeal as a cloke” (Isa. lix. 17).

Now here are nine robes of habits and dispositions in which God appears: majesty, strength, honour, light, righteousness, faithfulness, salvation, vengeance, and zeal. His robes are spotless, and need no washing; but our robes of habits and dispositions are spotted by the flesh, and we wash them in the blood of the Lamb (Jude 23).

What are the robes of habits and dispositions in which the saints of God walk in this world and in glory before God, men, devils and angels? 1. *Humility*: “Be ye clothed with humility” (1 Pet. v. 5). 2. *Charity*: “Above all these things put on charity” (Col. iii. 14). 3. *Bowels of mercies*: “As the elect of God” (Col. iii. 12). 4. *Kindness*: “As the elect of God” (1 Pet. iii. 4). 5. *Meekness*: “Put it on as elect of God.” 6. *Longsuffering*: “Put it on as the elect of God.” 7. *Praise*: “The garment of praise for heaviness” (Isa. lxi. 3). “These robes are the *new man*” (Col. iii. 10; Eph. iv. 24), who is to be put on by the elect of God. I like the No. 7 very much. None of these seven robes constitute “the best robe.” The poor prodigal had some of the seven robes before the best robe was put upon him (Luke xv. 22). He was nicely robed in the habits and dispositions of humility, meekness, and

charity. When he received the best robe he took also the garment of praise.

Now, my dear brother, pardon my unkind reflection upon the Church of this age. She seems so much to sleep in dust now that these seven robes are so laid aside by her, that no one seems to know what they are, where they are, nor what it is to wash them. We are where we need for God to say, in the majesty of His power, "Awake, awake! put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city" (Isa. lii. 1). When God shall do this again, then ministers will know these seven robes again by seeing them in the life of the Church of God; and by a consciousness of the spots of the flesh in these seven habits or dispositions they will know what it is to wash them in the blood of the Lamb before they walk the golden streets in glory with Him, or stand before His throne.

These seven robes do not misplace, or displace "the wedding garment" (in Matt. xxii. 11)—which is the imputed righteousness of Christ—any more than a lady's dress displaces or misplaces her other robes. We read of "the garment of salvation" as well as "the robe of His righteousness" (Isa. lxi. 10). We read of "the king's daughter being all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework" (Psa. xlv. 13). One robe does not destroy another in the mind of the child of God. The dead Calvinist holds "the best robe" of the imputed righteousness of Christ as a grand idea in his mind; but he so uses it as to annihilate the seven robes of godly conversation in which the child of God walks, and which he washes in the blood of the Lamb. The dead Arminian holds, as a good idea in his mind, the seven robes of the saints; but he annihilates the robe of Christ's righteousness by them. The child of God, as distinct from both these, says: "O let me be justified in the obedience of the Lord Jesus, and let me be clothed in humility, meekness and love, as the habits of my life to all eternity."

Thus I have spread out the robes in which the saints of God appear, and which are washed in the blood of the Lamb, as distinct from "the best robe," which we do not wash.

Will you let me show why these robes must be washed by the saints?

1. David's robe of humility was very beautiful when he danced before the ark (2 Sam. vi. 14). But oh, how he stained and spotted it, when he sent Joab to number the children of Israel (2 Sam. xxiv. 1). Now, before dear brother David's robe of humility would be nice and white for him to stand before the Lord with don't you think it would need to be washed in the blood of the Lamb? Preachers, prayers, singers, and workers in Zion all get this robe of humility terribly spotted by the filthy sin of pride.

"Innumerable foes attack the child of God;
One mighty foe deals wondrous woe, and hurts beyond them all.
'Tis pride, accursed pride, that spirit by God abhorr'd;
Do what we will, it haunts us still, and keeps us from the Lord.
Against its influence pray—it mingles with the prayer;
Against it preach—it prompts the speech:
Be silent—still 'tis there."

Thus we have need to wash our robe of humility in the blood of the Lamb, to remove from it the filthy stains of pride. I suppose no

one but a carnal professor will deny that we shall walk the golden streets, and stand before the throne, clothed in humility, meekness, and love. These robes will then be blood-washed from the sins of pride harshness, and malice. The Lord be praised for the prospect.

2. The robe of charity is stained by hatred, anger, and malice in the Churches—in us, personally—as in Jonah, Eli, Paul, Barnabas, and others. What “debates, envyings, wraths, strifes, backbitings, whisperings, swellings, tumults” (2 Cor. xii. 20). Oh, how much our garment of charity needs washing from this filth of hatred and malice before we stand before the throne.

3. The robe of mercy is spotted by unmercifulness of ministers, deacons, members, masters, fathers and neighbours. Oh, how Luke vi. 36 is violated in our midst! “Be ye merciful, as your Father also is merciful.” We should be clothed with this. We seem rather to be robed in the skins of lions, tigers, and wolves, comparatively. Oh, very moral, strictly prudent, are the savage brutes among us. The saints are defiled in their robes by these hardened monsters, and need to have them washed in Jesus’ blood.

4. The robe of kindness is spotted by the most savage unkindness in our churches, homes, and societies generally. There are most blessed exceptions, I do, from my soul, thank God for them. What unkind remarks about the preaching, the praying, the singing, the time, the place, the manner, and the matter! What unkind words and deeds one to another, and one of another, in Zion! Yet, we are commanded to be clothed with kindness. “Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted” (Eph. iv. 32). I do wish, in my soul, the Lord would influentially order Zion to awake and put on these beautiful robes. I would love to see a whole assembly dressed in them, at once to sing, at once to pray, to hear of heaven, and learn the way. As it is, we have great need to wash this robe in the blood of the Lamb before we stand in it before the throne.

5. The robe of meekness is foul with hardness of heart: stone-hearts are the hearts of the day. Moses had this robe in the most beautiful order of all men, yet he stained it in saying “Come hither, ye rebels! must I fetch you water out of this rock?” They provoked his spirit, so that he spoke unadvisedly with his lips, so that it went ill with him for their sakes (Psa. cvi. 32). He spotted his robe of meekness by the sin of his flesh, so that before he could stand in that robe before the throne, he had to wash it in the blood of the Lamb.

6. The robe of longsuffering has hardly been seen in the Churches since 1688. How soon ministers, deacons, members and friends lose all patience with one another, and are ready to fly in each other’s faces at the third or fourth offence! “Let patience have her perfect work,” saith the Lord. “In your patience possess ye your souls.” Be enclosed in it as in a robe. When did we ever see a man so robed? Some who can suppress impetuous speech, think they are patient; but certainly, more foully impatient and malicious tempers I have not known. Here then we have many stains upon the robe of longsuffering, which make it necessary that we wash it in the blood of the Lamb before we can lift up our heads without shame before His heavenly, holy throne.

7. The robe of praise has been, and is now, tremendously defiled in the singing-pew all around the organ. The notes, the time, the sounds,

the expression, the parts, the pianos, the crescendos, and fortissimos have excluded God and His Christ from the robe of praise. "They honour Him with their lips, but their hearts are far, far from Him." This is our singing habit. In this I take shame to myself, and do seek to wash this, my robe of praise, in the blood of the Lamb. Again, we sing God's hymns of praise, not only with indifference and pride, but with ingratitude and unthankfulness. We sing: "O bless the Lord, my soul." But, what do we feel? Where is the soul?

"Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies."

Thus, of this robe of praise we have to cry with dear John Newton:

"Wash our souls and song with blood,
For by Thee we come nigh to God."

It is true that, in some measure, the people of God are robed in these seven godly excellencies here on earth; but it is also sorrowfully true that—

"Our best is stained and dyed with sin;
Our all is nothing worth."

Therefore, these seven of our best things so stained, must be washed in the blood of the Lamb before they enter glory.

(*To be continued.*)

ALARMING FACTS.—CONVENTUAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

BY C. G. DEWSBURY.

IN glancing at the various convents, monasteries, etc., that are being built in all directions, we are made aware of this great portentous fact—the alarming increase of Roman Catholicism, the origin of which is not far to seek. The *Rock* states:—"The body of Jesuits who, soon after the expulsion of the Order from France, opened a collegiate school at Hale's-place, just outside Canterbury, recently purchased another estate on the banks of the Stour. When their new college is finished, the Canterbury Jesuits will have the largest establishment of their Order in England. The college will be capable of containing not less than a thousand pupils. The Carthusians are also at work; and an enormous monastery, the largest of its kind existing, styled 'St. Hugh's, Parkminster,' is being built at Cowfold, in Sussex. There are no less than 450 workmen employed upon the building. Beginning with an area of 110 acres, the monks of St. Bruno have by degrees enlarged their property to 600 acres, so as to be able to enclose themselves within a wide ring of their own land, keeping out all intruders. The monastery itself, with squares and quadrangles, gardens, and outhouses, occupies about nine acres and a-half, and measures half-a-mile in circumference. The length of the cloisters is 1,200 yards, but so striking is their effect of distance that visitors are said to have left the place declaring that there must be several miles of these walks. When finished, the monastery will provide accommodation for fifty or sixty fathers and the same number of brothers of the order.

At the present time, although it is garrisoned by only a small contingent of pioneers, no less than four languages are spoken—viz., Italian, French, English, and Celtic Irish. The establishment is said to be very self-contained, and quite independent of outside help. There are a number of workshops, a forge, a bakehouse, a laundry, a tailoring and shoemaking department, an apothecary's shop, and carriage sheds and stables. Of course it is served only by male hands, whether in the kitchen, the laundry, or elsewhere. When the building is completed it will be occupied in force, and Sussex will then become once more familiar with the monk's gown and practices. Thus we see the compulsory breaking-up of the monastic bodies in France has induced a swarm of monks and nuns to visit this country, and establish themselves in safety therein."

These French priests are ever on the watch for any favourable opportunity of buying up buildings suitable for a seminary, monastery, &c., for the furtherance of their plans and the spread of their religion in our midst. The Papists on every hand are gradually, but surely, making headway in all directions, influencing the ignorant and illiterate by their smoothness of speech and various devices to get them within their clutches. In viewing this subject without prejudice, what conclusion do we arrive at? That the institution of convents is unauthorised in Scripture, and not requisite to a life-giving service to God. The divine command given in the New Testament is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." "*Go ye!*" Not confine yourselves in a building, and there mortify the flesh, do penance according to the whims of the so-called confessor; alas! how many souls, we would inquire, are saved through this scandalous system of penal servitude?

If the inmates of many a convent could speak their own mind freely, they would soon demonstrate verbally the doings of the Papists within the walls of those living dungeons. This subject demands of every thoughtful Protestant his most serious and careful examination, in order to draw the public attention to the abuses of conventual life (see "Life in Convent," by E. Watson). Thus the keynote of warning is raised. Take up the echo and alarm, oh, ye followers of the meek and lowly Jesus! Send forth the united supplications of the Church militant to the Triune Deity, that He will put forth the right hand of His power and crush down this great wickedness in the earth; that the places now localised by this system may soon disappear, and Christ only be exalted. Let not the commemoration of Luther, the German Reformer, pass by without some effort made to revive His work, which has brought such blessings to mankind, and opened up to civilisation and humanity a liberty of conscience and religious toleration, while before his advent religion was under the sway of the Roman Pontiff.

On looking at the subject of priests and nuns, we are soon made aware of the blind prejudice and bigotry that characterises this class of individuals from those who proclaim the pure Gospel in its integrity and simplicity as it is in Jesus. There are numerous cases on record of Catholics, on taking a little trouble to search after truth, having been rewarded, after careful examination (by the Holy Spirit's teaching), of a glimpse of Christ, our Saviour. Such has resulted in their secession to the ranks of the true believers, the so-called heretics of by-gone

days. Thus this teaches this one grand lesson, that to arrive at a proper conclusion it only needs testing to convince the reader of its authorship, that He who died on the cross is the only Saviour, and that all that believeth on Him shall be saved, for this is the philosophy of simple regeneration through Christ alone. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Oh, that the God of the Bible would enlighten many a deluded Romanist by His Holy Spirit, and so enable them to look away to Calvary for forgiveness and mercy, instead of to the priest, like unto himself, vile and of the deepest dye; no absolution is needed from the hands of these confessors, in the place of Him before whom the very angels in heaven tremble, the SON OF THE MOST HIGH. How long, O God, wilt Thou permit these things to be? Send forth Thy Holy Spirit like a two-edged sword, and pierce the conscience and influence the heart of many who are led captive through their own superstition and ignorance, that they may realise and possess the liberty whereby Thou dost make Thy children free!

Oh, that the commemoration of Martin Luther's birth, that "champion of truth," may be the means of opening up and inspiring more enthusiasm on the part of Protestants by endeavouring to rescue perishing and deluded worshippers of the Church of Rome! Oh, may the teaching that the Reformer inculcated and upheld amidst such strong opposition be the only Gospel of to-day, of saving from life unto life to all that believe. He taught "*justification by faith*—that is, that we are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works or merits."

The Emperor of Germany, in announcing the 400th anniversary of the birth of Luther, prayed that the celebration may be of lasting benefit to his beloved country and Church. May we not well echo his prayer, and seek that the influence of his life-work may extend to our beloved land, and everywhere in the Church of Christ? Let us, then, honour his beloved memory, and thank and praise God for His great work, which in His infinite wisdom He permitted His servant to accomplish by holding up to the ignorant and superstitious CHRIST ONLY, and Him crucified, instead of the Virgin Mary, the goddess of the Romish Church, enabling them thus to realise the beauty and simplicity of the doctrine of *justification by faith*, and not by good works, which will atone for nothing, apart from being justified before God.

APOSTACY! DESTITUTION! AND DEATH!

"The things which are seen, and temporal."

THE voices which are heard on every hand are startling, fearful, and heart-rending to all who have strong sympathies toward God's holy cause and the well-being of our fellow-men. Let us simply listen to the three voices sounding out and shrieking so pitifully just now.

First, *the Apostacy*. THE EVANGELICAL PROTESTANT UNION held its conference in Manchester in October. The Rector of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol, JAMES ORMISTON, preached the sermon on the words,—

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

Mr. Ormiston showed that each dispensation in the world's history had begun in purity of divine revelation, and had ended in human apostacy. There were now, in the visible professing Church, three signs of a fast approaching apostacy. Every spiritual, every divinely-instructed child of God must see there is a general depreciation of the authority and supremacy of the written Word of GOD the FATHER; then there is a denial of the Headship of JESUS CHRIST the SON; and a widespread dishonouring of the Person and work of GOD the HOLY GHOST. These are evils; man is being deified; God is being testimonially dethroned. These signs are as prevalent in many of the Dissenting, as in the National Churches.

Destitution is a second voice. "A loud and bitter cry" comes up from the destitute, degraded, and perishing condition of hundreds of thousands of people in London, whose most horrible state of living is worse than the beasts which have their caves, and dens, and holes in the earth. To read the authenticated and well-attested reports of the misery of our fellow-creatures is appalling to the last degree; but what can be done? What can the general redemptionists say to this state of things? Appealing to the freewill armies in the so-called religious world, we ask you, Has the eternal God loved these most degraded creatures "with an everlasting love"? has the Son of God shed His most precious blood to redeem *them*? Has the dove-like, the pure, and blessed HOLY GHOST, the Revealer of Christ, strove with them, and all in vain? Oh, ye freewill, classical, refined gentlemen, who never set a foot in these highways and hedges, instrumentally to pluck as brands from the burning any of these awfully-sunken creatures, what can ye say to these things? What will ye do to recover them? If ye will visit them, if ye seek to reclaim them, if as God's sent servants ye can save them, we will rejoice. But,—

"The carnal mind, God's Word declares,
Is in a state of death;
There may be flesh, and bone, and skin,
Alas! there is no breath."

We cannot dwell upon these scenes of indescribable misery so truthfully drawn and declared by the "Long and Bitter Cry of Lost London." It is a deep, dark sea of depravity and distress, setting all our thoughts at defiance. But what are these thousands but moral suicides? They will drink their bodies, their souls, their families down to perdition, whatever may be done for them. It is as though, like Sodom and Gomorrah, they were given up to the work of wickedness; and we fear that this enormous six-millions "Great London," with all its immense instruments to soberise and solemnise its flood of ungodly people, will, ere very long, be left to sink into its own blasphemies, corruptions, and death. Moody comes declaring we are all religious shams; and if the doctrines of man's ability to help to save himself—if the new theologies—if the almost universal contempt now thrown upon God's sovereign will and rule—if these proud, presumptuous do not bring down the curse upon this idolatrous city, we are deceived.

The third cry is Bishop Ryle's at Liverpool. At the opening of some conference the Bishop spoke of—

"The Approaching Death of the Church."

He said: "It is my firm conviction that we are in great danger, and that unless a God of mercy interposes in some marvellous way our dear

old Church cannot live much longer, and must go to pieces and perish. I do not see the slightest likelihood of either of the two great parties or schools of thought in our communions giving way or tolerating one another. The one party seems determined to go back behind the Reformation and re-introduce things which our Reformers rejected; the other party is equally determined to stand fast and have no change. There can only be one end to this state of things. If God does not help us, *the Church must die*. I have no doubt we deserve no better when I think of our past unfaithfulness, and our many sins of omission. But I cannot see the apparently approaching death of such a grand Church as the reformed Church of England, with such vast fields of usefulness open to her, without deep sorrow; and so I say to all, Pray, pray, pray for the Church of England."

Well, now, this is a pitiable chapter for a good bishop like "Canon Ryle," as we used to call him. His bishopric is not a bed of roses. He is anything but a perfectly happy bishop. And what comfort can we minister unto his dear distressed soul?

Having been trained up in the Church of England our first twenty years, we felt naturally interested in her welfare, and we shall never attempt to injure her. But she has been permitting her leaders to carry her back to Rome instead of forward to Jerusalem. From St. Paul's Cathedral, in the centre of our great metropolis, down to the village temples, Ritualism is carrying our National Church into Romanism; therefore, for such a Church and such false leaders we can but tremble. Were her Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Deacons as much alarmed as is the Liverpool ambassador, they would turn Martin Luthers and Hugh McNeils at once; there would be a purifying storm. It will come! but how or when, we know not.

There is a CHURCH, A BRIDE, whose life is hid with CHRIST IN GOD, and (however hidden she now may be) "when Christ, who is her life, shall appear, THEN shall she also appear with Him in glory." Until called to go up higher may we—

"Wait on the Lord, and keep His way,
Keep Calvary's cross in view:
Trust not thy wisdom or thy strength,
'Twas JESUS died for you."

The souls spiritually grafted into CHRIST will be more weaned from Churches, from ceremonies, from associations, from all created streams, so that they may grow up into HIM who is, who will be their All-in-all. So believeth

C. W. BANKS.

South Hackney, November, 1883.

[There is one other jealous cry coming up full of anger from Leicester; and the papers called Baptist weeklies have allowed the Leicester foemen to publish a most un-Christian-like letter against C. H. Spurgeon, because in his *Sword and Trowel* he has faithfully witnessed against "The Baptist Union" for inviting a minister into their public assembly, and allowing him to speak; thus fraternising with those "who reckon our LORD JESUS CHRIST to be no more than man, if even a perfect man." We belong to no Union, no Association; for fifty years we have stood alone; but when a corporation like the Baptist Union mixes up with such opponents to the vital principles of the Gospel, we can but thank God there is any one man who will not sanction such anti-Christian movements.]

ROMANISTS ROARING! PROTESTANTS REJOICING!

JUST as if a wasp had stung them, the Pope's pedlars have been assailing Martin Luther wickedly; but the hearty Protestants have gone on their way rejoicing, and everywhere

"JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH"

has been the watchword of the grateful Christian, even that faith which was first in the mind of God Himself "Who first trusted to Christ," that faith which brought the Son of God into our world, that faith which the blessed Spirit worketh in the souls of the saved, that faith which will never let a true believer fall into final condemnation, that faith which Luther preached—not in the pulpit simply, but whose life, after his conversion, whose life, practice, and pursuit was one brilliant exhibition of

THAT FAITH WHICH JUSTIFIES AND WHICH SAVES,

which is not a theological creed schooled up in the brain, but is a potent power which carries all before it, looking to, leaning on, and following after Christ in every walk and way of life. "The Luther Celebration," as it has been termed, has brought out the thoughts of many minds which we would be pleased to give our readers in brief. We may do so, but there was one illustration, plain, but so true. The Exeter Hall preacher said he had heard of a book called "Every Man his Own Lawyer," and it had been said, such a man must be a fool. But, now, in the air there was something which might be labelled, "Every Man his Own Saviour," and such men would be worse than the other. We only place our motto upon the coming chapters this month, which motto "The Watchman on the Walls" wrote many years ago. He said:—

"LUTHER, just like a blazing star,
Through popish mists he shone afar,
On dark, benighted lands;
The Gospel's joyful news would tell,
In spite of Satan, Rome, or hell,
The Pontiff's bulls, or bands."

To be continued, if the Almighty continues C. W. B.

THE LATE MR. R. HODDY.

THE church at Chadwell-street, Clerkenwell, under the pastorate of John Hazelton, have sustained another loss. Mr. Hody was, for the past 13 years, a member at Chadwell-street, for seven and a-half of which he sustained the office of deacon; taking a very prominent share in the responsibilities of the Church, and being very energetic in all the institutions connected therewith, he will be much missed. On the last Lord's-day morning in October, while at family prayer, he was taken suddenly ill, from which he never rallied, but on Thursday, November 8th, after much suffering, his soul entered into rest. On Thursday, November 14th, his remains were taken into Chadwell-street Chapel, where Mr. Hazelton conducted the service, and spoke in the highest terms of the deceased. At the conclusion, the procession followed the remains to Abney Park Cemetery, where Mr. J. L. Meeres committed the body to the grave. The funeral sermon was preached on the Sunday evening, November 18th, from the words chosen by the deceased: "Christ is All-in-all."—J. W. B.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

THE PULPIT TALKING TO THE PARSONS.

"A difficult lot to deal with,
Still, let's see if they will hear."

Old Richard is in the pulpit; he is nervous; it comes as he can get it. He says, "We are the ungodly man's Bible. It is us they read at home and abroad, by night and by day, and when the influence of our communion with Christ is such that they are compelled to acknowledge the reality of the results—they will go with us, for they see that Christ is with us, or, rather, that we are with Him. When that grand old missionary, Judson, was laid aside from work, his wife thought to divert his attention from his pains by reading to him some newspaper sketches of himself. In one he was compared to the heroic Paul, in another to the loving John. The old hero was annoyed, and exclaimed, 'I do not want to be like Paul, or John, or any other man. I want to be like Christ. I want to place my feet in His footprints, and to measure my smallness and shortcomings by Christ's footsteps only. Oh! if I could only be more like Jesus!'"

THE CROSSES AND THE CURVES IN THE MINISTER'S LIFE.

A death-looking youth walks in just as the Bishop commences a chapter on the rough pathway. He says, "There will be times when life's road will not be as straight as it seems now, and when your progress will not be so marked and rapid as at other seasons, and thus you will specially need Christ's guidance, and to be assured that you are following Him. Thank God it is so! Thank God for the curve as well as the straight line. Waiting at Shrewsbury-station recently for the 'Flying Zulu,' I found it was twenty minutes behind. The inspector said the time would probably be made up before Birkenhead was reached, not so much between Shrewsbury and Chester, because of the curves, but more between Chester and Birkenhead, because of the straight line. Just so is it with the railway of life; the road is up and down, now straight, now winding. Take that view, my friend, to-day. Anticipating your life ministry, don't imagine your course will be even—it will not. You will have the night as well as the day, the darkness as well as the light, the curve as well as the straight line. Mr. Phillips, of Newcastle Emlyn, finds a beautiful illustration of this in the river Thames. He says that if that river ran in a straight line from the

Cotswold Hills into the sea, it would go through London at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, and so not be navigable. So God has put a few curves into its course: it winds hither and thither, and at length passes through London in a quiet and majestic way. God will do so with you, my brother, so does He with all His children. He will put a few curves in your course. On one side of life's valley you may have to visit the quiet churchyard, on another side to come into contact with the rock of temptation or of trial, and thus He will fit you for service here, and for joy hereafter. Amid those windings follow Jesus Christ, for He passed through the winding road before you, and as you follow Him you will lead others. Because of your sorrows, and of the comfort which Christ gives you, you will be able to comfort other sorrowing ones. Because of your disappointment, and of the way in which Christ meets it, by giving you more of Himself, as you have less of men, the better you will be able to cheer other disconsolate hearts. Because of your temptations, and of the victory Christ enables you to win, you will be able to succour those who are tempted. In a word, because Christ is your friend, you will be the true friend of others. Because you follow Christ, they will follow Him also. Because of your faith and trust in Him, they will trust in Him under all the changeful circumstances of life, feeling as did one before them—

"I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see:
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee."

"Amen," said many.

"What have you pencilled down there in your book?" "Why all," he said. "Did not the late Thomas Binney, when asked the best method of pulpit study and delivery, say, 'Gather your material all the week, and set fire to it on Sunday in the pulpit'?" For the young man just recognised they sung,—

"Oh, Jesus, he has promised
To serve Thee to the end:
Be Thou for ever near him,
His Master and his Friend,
He will not fear the battle
If Thou art by his side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be his Guide.

His foes are ever near him,
Around him and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield his soul from sin.
Oh, let him hear Thee speaking,
In accents clear and still,

Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh, Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shalt Thy servant be.
And, Jesus, he has promised
To serve Thee to the end:
Oh, give him grace to follow
His Master and his Friend.

* * * * *
Oh, guide him, call him, draw him,
Uphold him to the end
And then in heaven receive him,
His Saviour and his Friend."

Oh, with what unnotious fervour do we
thus pray in singing for all good, all
truly gracious servants of

"OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

Calvinism and Faith. Prof. Maclaren, in the inaugural lecture at the Knox College, on, "Calvinism in its Relations to Other Theistic Systems," argued that Calvinism embraces all the positive truth which is found in the systems with which it may be brought into comparison. It contains, therefore, the elements of a perpetual vitality, and can never pass away. On one occasion some one remarked, in the hearing of Carlyle, that belief had done immense evil in the world. "True," he replied with vehemence, almost with fury; "true, belief has done some evil in the world; but it has done all the good that ever was done in it, from the time that Moses saw the burning bush, and *believed* it to be God appointing him to be the deliverer of His people, down to the last act of belief that you or I executed. Good never came from aught else."

A LONG AND FEARFUL CURSE.

Those who deny the long-continued anger of God against those who die impenitent, cannot deny the following: "When God sent the promised Messiah in the Person of Jesus Christ, the Jews despised and rejected Him. When Pilate said unto them, 'What shall I do then with Jesus, who is called Christ?' the Jews all said unto him, 'Let Him be crucified.' Pilate then took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person;' but the Jews said, 'His blood be on us, and on our children.' This curse has pressed heavily on Israel ever since. The blood-accusation against Israel has a human side, but it has also a divine side. I see in it the finger of God. The Jews said nothing for a time; afterward they owned I was right. They said, 'We are indeed worse than the Egyptian magicians, for they knew that they were smitten of God, but Israel knoweth it not.'"

Mr. Matthews, at the close of an address delivered in Edinburgh, closed by asking, "What shall we do with the Jews? Drown them? They will not drown; they went through the Red Sea. Burn them? They will not burn: Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego passed through the fire. Hang them? The gallows erected for Mordecai was filled by Haman. Let us labour for their conversion."

OUR WORLD'S FUTURE.

We did open our eyes with happy anticipation when we read the following remarks made by Mr. Charles Hill at the Norfolk and Suffolk Home Mission meeting. He observed that the history of our world was unique. We saw many other splendid worlds, but we doubted whether any of them was like ours, stained with the blood of God's own Son, or had hills and dales which had listened to the groans and prayers of a Divine Mediator. He believed by-and-bye the world would be as free from sin as it was at its first creation. He had no belief that it was going to be blotted out of existence. If, then, God was going to save the world from sin, how did He intend to do it? By the operation of mission work, and first and foremost of Home Missionary Societies. It was the work of the mission to implant in sinners the want of Christ, for Christ would come to none who did not feel the want of Him. He pointed out Christ's own mission during His life was a home mission, and He commanded His disciples after His death to begin their work at Jerusalem. He did not approve of all agencies employed for the spread of the Gospel. He had no great belief in the Salvation Army. The agencies that God employed were in accordance with, and not contrary to His character. He did not think that the Apostle Paul could have joined in such a movement, and he could imagine the Master Himself, if He were on earth, saying to its promoters, "Who hath required this at your hands?"

"TO WHICH CLASS DO YOU BELONG?"—The Pure Truth Mission has a tract upon *The Two Classes*, which the Scotch clergy now call harsh Calvinism. We believe those who have the Spirit of Christ in them will see this tract is true Bibleism, and the circulation of such plain testimonies must have a divine blessing. They can be had of Mr. Wileman, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

The Banner of Israel is a most ably conducted journal, and is well-supported by believers in the Identity controversy. Price 1d. London: W. H. Guest & Co.

"WASH ME, SAVIOUR, OR I DIE."—
Preach the atonement! Write and speak
of the atonement; let men dispute or
deny it, the fact that hundreds of thou-
sands in all ages have fervently cried out
for, and have realised its sin-conquering,
its soul-purifying benefits, is, to them at
least, a most certain proof of its being
ordained by God for the full salvation of
all His predestinated and called children.
John Aldis, in his Brixton sermon, said:
Charles Wesley, in good health, happy,
circumstances, with everything to make
this life sunny and gladsome, heard the
words, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no
part with Me;" and he sang:—

"Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me—but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till Thou the sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love."

Poor Cowper was maddened by disease;
his spirit, like a caged bird, battering its
bleeding wings against the bars; but he
could rise to this height and lift less
gifted souls on his pinions too, that they
might see the glory and feel the calm,
and so he sung:—

"Though the poison works within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait,
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.
The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
Or blest with liberty again,
Would mourn were he compelled to wear
One link of all his former chain.
But, oh, no woe invades the bliss,
Where glory crowns the Christian's head,
One view of Jesus as He is
Shall strike all sin for ever dead."

The fountain is open, the Spirit's grace
is mighty. Thank God for so many as
have found life. The river flows, and
"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and
whosoever will, let him take of the water
of life freely."

REV. J. BATTERSBY.—We have four
sermons preached in London, published
in Moorgate-street, by Mr. Stidstone—
*God's Love to His People, The Best
Robe, The Crown of Righteousness, and
Spiritual Life*. Mr. Battersby has
entered into Christ's kingdom, and in his
preaching he cleaves close to those things
which make for the soul's salvation.
Were you to read volumes of divinity, you
would never find the godly man more
clearly defined than in the following few
lines: "Wherever the holy principle of
spiritual life is in exercise, God will be
both loved and feared. There will be
ardent longings after Him; submission
to His holy will; and a fervent wish that
His glory may be paramount. There
will be an earnest clinging to Christ, a

constant looking to Him," &c. In this
description of the higher spiritual life,
some poor tried things may appear to be
cut off; but in the spiritual mind it will
be as Mr. Battersby declares.

An elder, indeed, is Mr. W. Matthews,
a senior deacon in the Church at New
Cross. He has recently passed by the
82nd milestone in this his life's journey,
and on that occasion his esteemed pastor,
Mr. J. S. Anderson, addressed to him
some well-constructed stanzas, which are
inserted in the Nov. *Silent Messenger*.
There is nothing of empty praise in the
verses, albeit "the praise of holy men is
a promise of praise from their Master;"
but that stout, straight, strong brain of
Zion's pastor can only PRAISE GOD in
reality; hence, in addressing his most
venerable deacon, the writer wisely be-
gins at the throne of grace, and there, he
says:—

"I bow the knee, and pray
That God the SPIRIT may
On this your natal day
Lead gently up
Your soul to Pisgah's top
There joyfully to stop
While milk and honey drop
And fill your cup."

And thus, in a prayerful strain, the pas-
tor pleads for blessings on the aged sire.

A new weekly national paper, *The
Star of Israel*. This paper is to throw
light upon the memorable times through
which we are passing. No doubt, it
will be a blazing "Star." It is not
everybody that can make a star; but we
are told, in the prospectus, that "*The
Star of Israel*" will prove by incontesti-
ble facts that IT IS THE PAPER divinely
ordained to give light to the nation," &c.
We pause, and say no more on that head.

SUFFOLK.—DEAR C. W. B.,—I have
never been in Church fellowship since my lot
has been cast here. At Aldringham and in
Tunstall I have privately worshipped. But
what changes these Churches have passed
through since you came and preached from
"I remember thee," &c. The good old
farmers are all gone. At Tunstall the other
day, one Mr. Glasgow came to be the pastor.
The hope is that (as Melancthon said in the
funeral sermon for Luther) "the disease
of the age being great, God gave a *severe
physician*." I mean, we do not require
mere tell-tale talkers, but thunder and
lightning, ploughing preachers. God the
Holy Ghost only can make such ministers.
Mr. Glasgow gave a clear account, the
gentlemen who came to recognise him spoke
well, the people looked glad, and homeward
by himself walked—ONE WAITING FOR
THE RAIN. Tunstall, October, 1883.
[Who can tell us the Christian name of that
Mr. Almond, of Aldboro', who sent for us to
hear his dying testimony?—ED.]

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE STRINGER JUBILEE FUND.

To the Readers of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR FRIENDS.—Lovers of God, Christ and truth, friends of the Holy Spirit through the truth, friends of Christ in the truth, friends of God by the truth, believers in the sayings of Jesus, and followers of Him in His only authorised Gospel ordinances, God-fearing admirers of the grand and glorious doctrines of sovereign grace, taught distinctively first by Jesus Himself (not Augustine, Luther, or Calvin) and published by His inspired Apostles, succeeding teachers or publishers of doctrine being either disciples and emulators, or imitators and impostors.

All readers in sympathy with truth are respectfully informed that a committee is formed to raise a fund, to be called the Stringer Jubilee Fund, and now they appeal for immediate aid, by donations and contributions (if only small) to enable them to help and honour that sturdy labourer in the Gospel, THOMAS STRINGER, now debarred from his loved employ by affliction.

For fifty years, with untiring energy, masterly boldness, gifted eloquence, and unswerving fidelity, he has proclaimed the glorious Gospel in our churches; while his able ministry in the past commands our respect, his faithfulness to his principles our admiration, any weaknesses or failings demand our charity. Certainly his present circumstances, coupled with his long and honourable connection with us, entitle him to our commiseration, and should beget practical sympathy from the thousands who have derived profit and pleasure from his ministry. Will each reader, while the subject is fresh upon their minds, send a donation small or great, in stamps, P.O.O., or cheque, to the Treasurer? The list of contributions will be read at the Tabernacle Meeting.

There will be only one public meeting for the fund, held by kindness of Deacons at the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, Walworth-road, London, first Tuesday in February, 1884. The committee ask ministers and deacons to keep that day open, and kindly assist them by inviting their hearers, and they pray it may be a glorious Tabernacle Meeting sanctified by the Master's presence, baptized in blessing, and crowned with love. Will country ministers, or any friends, address a post-card to the Secretary, and tickets for meeting will be sent free.

Committee (other names to be added): Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Crowhurst, Deacon S. Taber; J. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., Gravesend; Mr. Kemp, Minister; Mr. Myerson, Pastor; Mr. Phillip Reynolds, Pastor; Mr. Rundell, Deacon, S. Taber; Treasurer, Mr. James Lee, Lawncote House, Forest-gate, Essex; Secretary, J. Bonney, Devonshire Works, Mile End, London, E.

Notice to the Committee: Gentlemen,—Kindly meet Secretary at the Tabernacle first

Monday in December, half-an-hour before prayer meeting, to settle definitely the form of the February meeting. Come if possible, or send suggestions by letter.

CITY ROAD.—Tuesday, October 30, services were held at Jireh. Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached from "All are yours," which was pronounced to be a profound Gospel discourse. Mr. W. Kennard presided at the evening meeting, and in his opening remarks spoke on the influence of the Gospel. No one can tell what will be the result of preaching the good news of salvation by the atoning sacrifice; its influence has been seen and felt recently in Madagascar. We cannot tell what influence the preaching of the Gospel at Jireh may have on this neighbourhood; it has been proclaimed here; and we want to see that Gospel preached everywhere free from the trammels of men. Mr. Linsell said: My dear Brother and Christian Friends, we are again pleased to meet with you and give you a hearty welcome. We can give no highly-coloured account of our prosperity; our position is not so low as many might expect, as the longest and darkest night must give way to day, so we feel certain the present night time of our spiritual state will give place to a bright sunshine. Our pulpit has been supplied by brethren of various gifts, now we have given brother Waite a unanimous invite for four months. Financially we want £38 to clear our way. Mr. W. Hazelton gave a neat and concise address on "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy." Mercy looks upon us in a state of misery and leads us up to the great remedy. Mr. Meeres, on the supremacy of Christ, gave some excellent remarks suggested to him by the words, "The Father loved the Son, and hath given all things into His hands." Christ's is a *universal* reign. He sways the sceptre over the whole world, visible and invisible; over all kingdoms, all must be submissive to His will; and although when on earth, He was maligned and called Beelzebub, yet in love and compassion He ruled and reigned, and did many marvellous works. Although Christ's reign is universal, there is a sense in which it is *limited*. It is also *experimental*. Christ reigns here in the hearts of believers; in this we do, and yea will rejoice; other lords have had dominion over us, but now through mercy we are His; however mysterious to us are the workings of His will as seen in the present state of the Church, still He reigns. Does He reign in your heart? It must be a personal matter—a personal reign. Did religion take you up, or did you take up religion? Can you answer the question? The Christian loves the reign of Jesus in the heart, and wants Him to reign more, and if we know anything of the reign of grace here we look forward to the day when we shall be with Him for ever. Mr. Osmond's remarks on Jesus as the believer's faithful able, true

and abiding Friend, were excellent and worth printing. Mr. Reynolds gave words of encouragement to Mr. Waite (who is to supply Jireh for four months), and hoped while he preached inside, the people would use the means outside. Mr. Sears spoke of the delight it gave him to work for so good a Master. Mr. W. Winters brought the meeting to a close by saying, there is always something exhilarating about the name of Jesus, to love and serve Him here is good, but the hope of living and reigning with Him eternally is infinitely, inexpressibly better. £6 10s. was collected. Donations will be thankfully received by Mr. J. S. LINSELL, 42, Elmore-street, Islington, N.—J. W. B.

THROUGH DEEP WATERS.

Mrs. Sarah Dixon, the wife of the Ven. John Dixon, was born Feb. 22, 1802. It was her mercy to have Christian parents. From childhood she was fond of attendance at the house of God, but she was not made *savingly* acquainted with the kingdom of God till about the close of the year 1821. Her sister being dangerously ill, she spoke to her on the subject of death, who, though evidently dying, desired to hear nothing about it. Her mother had expired sixteen months before, in happy calmness of mind, feeling herself a *victor* over the monster death by the blood of the Lamb. Sarah was struck with the vast difference between the two death-bed scenes, and the Holy Spirit wrought the conviction in her soul that unless she herself experienced a great change it would be impossible for her to have on her own death-bed that heavenly peace which her mother possessed. She now felt her state as a guilty sinner, deserving hell. At times she was ready to conclude that she should never obtain mercy; but, in general, she was the subject of hope in the Friend of sinners, till the early part of 1823, when, under a sermon preached by Mr. Fowler from Isa. xxvii. 13, "And it shall come to pass in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come who were ready to perish," she was favoured with rest, peace, and joy from the Saviour, exclaiming, in the assurance of faith, "My Lord and my God." A short time afterwards He spoke to her in these words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Her confidence in Him as Her Redeemer did not continue unabated, but she always felt in possession of a good hope, of which neither Satan nor unbelief could deprive her.

In June, 1825, she entered into the marriage state with a citizen of Zion. A succession of changes and afflictions attended her with him. Her maternal sufferings, from a peculiar cause, were very lengthy and severe. When approaching them she was strongly tempted to destroy herself, which vexed and grieved her, causing her to beg earnestly divine help, and she was kept from yielding, in the least degree, to the horrible suggestion. In one season of protracted anguish she was constrained to sing for joy. Although she bore many children, yet only

one was born alive, "and she called his name Samuel, because she asked him of the Lord."

Towards the close of 1831 she was dangerously ill with a tumour; but she was enabled to look death full in the face, believing that Jesus had deprived him of his sting. This Scripture was applied to her, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord," and she quite recovered.

While getting better, her mind became impressed with the subject of believers' baptism; and, in reading a hymn by Mr. House on the sufferings of Christ, her attention was fixed on these lines:

"No sprinkling drops could e'er explain
My Saviour's agonies and pain;
The sorrows were a mighty flood
That overwhelmed the Son of God."

And she felt convinced that if she publicly professed herself a follower of Him she must be *immersed* in water.

Having got pretty well, she attended, with her husband, Mr. Foreman; and as the Holy Spirit blessed the ministry to her profit and comfort, she joined the Church there, and was baptized in April, 1832. Between this year and 1838, she, with her partner, experienced several changes and trials, in the Providence of God. Occasionally, her spirit was ruffled and agitated, but generally she was enabled to confide in Him, in the immutability of His oaths and promises. In the early part of this year she had a very serious illness; flesh and heart seemed ready to fail, but her spirit "rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Twice within a few days she felt happy in the consciousness of being folded in Jesu's arms, in the bosom of eternal love! She felt loth to re-engage in this world's concerns. Her joy did not continue through her illness, which lasted six weeks, but she was enabled to cast her cares on Him whom she believed would never leave or forsake her. The Lord intended her abidance in this world many years longer. After her husband had been an itinerant preacher from 1841 to 1845, he laboured for twelve months in a Suffolk village; then during eight years in a larger one, near Bedford; afterwards at a seaside town, Dover, for one year; and subsequently nearly three years in the county town of Kent, Maidstone. Thus a good deal of change and travel fell to her lot. During this long time she was the subject of a fair measure of health and strength, with several interruptions of short illness. And, with her husband, she often realised the Lord's providential care, as well as His loving-kindness and tender mercies to her soul. She was highly esteemed by those who well knew her, especially as a *sympathiser* with the sick and afflicted, as her kind sympathy was truly *practical*, unlike many whose soft words are plentiful.

After leaving Maidstone, her husband remaining unsettled, she was dismissed, with him, to brother Wyard's, Lever-street, St. Luke's. On brother W.'s leaving there, they joined brother Plack, Wilton-square, New North-road, having removed to that part. Twelve years hence they came to Lewisham. Her son's wife dying childless, he wished us

to live with him. Thus our God gave us a comfortable home in our old age. In the Summer of 1883 her liver became disordered, and though she got very much better, yet in two months she fell back, till a fortnight afterwards she was confined to her bed room, and soon to bed. Her mind was kept staid on her covenant God, and Satan not permitted to harass nor distress her. On the morning of the 17th she said to her son, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." She gradually sank, and at 9.40, night, calmly fell asleep in her precious Redeemer.

We had been dismissed to College-park Chapel, brother W. Hazelton's, where we found his ministry profitable, till age and weakness prevented her attendance. The advanced age of 82 years was nearly reached by her. Now she will be ever young in His immediate presence, praising and adoring Him who washed her in His own blood to present her faultless before the throne of glory. And I, being close to eighty, am waiting to be called there.

JOHN DIXON.

Lewisham, Oct., 1883.

PRESENTATION AT BRIGHTON.—

An interesting presentation took place on Sunday, Nov. 4, at the afternoon service of the Young Women's Christian Institute, Holland-road, Hove, which is conducted by Mr. G. T. and Mrs. Congreve. The anniversary of the birthday of the former afforded an opportunity for the members to show their gratitude to their President and Secretary, and ninety members of the Institute subscribed for and purchased a beautiful marble inkstand for Mr. Congreve. A handsome tea service and tray was also presented to Mrs. Congreve. These were accompanied by an address, which expressed a hope that both of their beloved friends might be spared to preside over the meetings of the institute for many years to come. The success which had attended the work during the first year afforded much ground for hope; and the address concluded by assuring Mr. and Mrs. Congreve of the assistance and sympathy of the members in the endeavours of the former to promote the further development of the institute.—*Sussex Daily News*.

BOW.—Interesting services were held on Sept. 16th, to celebrate the first anniversary of Mr. W. H. Lee's pastorate. Mr. Lovelock presided, and invited the ministers present to speak on "The Queen of Sheba's Visit to Solomon," which was dissected into such very narrow, but nice looking joints, that it was with difficulty one speaker kept from trespassing on the others province. The purpose for which she came, what she heard, where she came to, what she found, what she brought, &c., &c., were spoken to by the brethren Bennett, Clark, Clinch, Cornwell, Dearsly, Lee and Noyes. The chairman manifested his ability for the position in a clear, out-spoken, Christian manner, and told us they were moving on quietly, steadily, and unitedly.

IPSWICH.—**ZOAR.**—Another member gone to glory. Our old friend James Smith, passed away from all his afflictions to the eternal home of all the redeemed, Oct. 20, in 73rd year of his age. He had for several years been a consistent member at Zoar, where, in conjunction with his wife, who is now left a widow, he acted in capacity of chapel-keeper. For many years he had suffered from *hernia*. His natural strength being brought down, not able to labour for the "bread which perisheth," he was often in very straitened circumstances; but through it all our faithful God and Father brought him. In a very grateful, warm-hearted way would he tender his thanks to those who rendered him pecuniary assistance. He was a man of sterling truth. There were times when he found great liberty at the throne of grace; when he would plead very earnestly with God for spiritual life and for Zion's prosperity. Now he has gone to join the high songs and the praises of the Lamb before the throne. May our gracious covenant God be very merciful to the poor widow and be a husband to her till she hear His voice calling her to the mansions prepared in our Father's house on high. And may He who loveth the gates of Zion bless Zoar abundantly with peace and prosperity, is the prayer of ONE WHO LOVES HER.

WILLENHALL.—Services in connection with the Church worshipping in Gomer Street, were held on Nov. 11th and 12th. Our brother W. Winters preached three sermons full of Gospel instruction and sweetness. Quite a host of the friends testified of the benefit and encouragement derived from our brother's testimony. This was his first visit to these parts, but we are sure that a long union has been formed which will not soon be broken. His genial company and zealous preaching have secured a lasting niche in our memory. The cause here, though having passed through trying times, is now in a flourishing state. Additions have been made to the Church during the year, and the word has been enjoyed by many. Sunday-school and adult Bible-class are working harmoniously, and the week evening meetings are well attended.—G. BANKS.

LEDGBURY.—Mr. W. H. Smith, late of Tenterden and Beccles, is now "placed" by the Baptist Union, at Ledbury, as the agent of the British and Irish Home Missions. We have known these parts for some years. Pure Gospel truth has not, perhaps, been successfully represented. What Mr. Smith will do for Ledbury and its surroundings remains to be seen in the future. He enters on a Gospel farm which requires skilful, spiritual, persevering, work. We shall rejoice to know Mr. Smith is more honourably successful than some of his predecessors have been. At Fownhope, the successor of Mr. Mudge is about to build a new and larger chapel. There are very, very few, of the "Strict Baptist" churches in these parts of England. Many old friends are gone home; a few are rising up, we hope.

A LONDON PASTOR'S MIND AND MEDITATION WHILE WALKING HOME.

From a private note we borrow the following. It is too good to be buried in oblivion. It may be a live coal touching some cold heart. Knowledge heads are not so scarce, but new hearts bubbling up with love to a Triune God, with a love of firm decision for truth, are not so plentiful. Listen to this.

"As for me, with the world seething in sin, and the Church slumbering in apathy, I am determined to know nothing among my fellow-sinners save Jesus Christ, and Him, not pre-existent, but crucified, and to declare, as far as I have light, what His crucifixion involves and secures.

"I have, through infinite grace, a real, personal love for my divine Master, and all who are loyal to Him, but mere *'quid nuncs'*, as old Mr. Ryland called them. I loathe them, and I despise men who use them to sow discord among brethren.

"Poor, weak, and worthless though I am, I do cling to the mighty One, the all-competent Saviour of the chosen of God.

"Last evening, after a somewhat heavy day, as I was on my way home through the fog, my heart began singing. Do you know what it is to have a song in your heart? This was the song—

"Almighty God, sighed human breath,
The Lord of life experienced death;
How it was done we can't discuss,
But this we know, 'twas done for us."

What a sweet solace for a poor tired minister's perplexed mind and weary heart! *How done?* Well, discussion is profitless, but oh, the blessedness of knowing 'twas done for us, for me, poor tired, cast down, stumbling, halting, fearful, fretful me."

STOCKPORT.—In a M. L. train we crossed the bridge, looking down into the smoke beneath where whirlpools of business sweep away every day. Don't know any court or corner where a Strict Baptist could creep in here. Old Master Pyewell has been Baptist minister here nearly 30 years. He came in his prime; now having reached his 70th year, the people very honourably gave him two months rest and holiday, and put more than £100 in his pocket. We hope he will quite return to the days of his youth, and that his next 30 years may be times of ingathering of some of our Lord's redeemed sheep. His chapel in Greek-street will hold near a thousand. A friend says to me, "In these exciting times it seems to be very perplexing to know just what is the right thing to do. I cannot go on with all this excitement. I feel it is God alone that can really change the heart; it is He alone that can speak peace; human aids fall very short. What can we do better than plead earnestly with our God that He would pour out His Spirit and work mightily in our midst. We need it in Stockport; here is so much sin and drunkenness at our very doors, in spite of all the so-called revivals, Salvation Armies, Blue Ribbon Armies, &c., it makes me feel how puny human efforts are!"

A LITERARY MEMORIAL TO THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was delighted when I saw our highly-esteemed brother Winters's suggestion about trying to bring out a new edition of good Daniel Herbert's Hymns and Poems. I, for one, feel a special interest in this, because of the blessing the Lord made them to my soul when I was in the greatest distress of mind through Satan's suggestions and temptations. I thought all what I had felt and enjoyed of good things was nothing but a delusion, and never shall I forget the horror of mind I was in. One day, seeing a book lie on my dear mother's table, which had just been borrowed, I took it up and began to read, and, to my astonishment, read the very state of mind I was in. Light and peace, in a moment, sprung up in my soul. I was at once delivered out of a dreadful state of bondage, and actually jumped for joy by the side of that table. It was the first volume out of which I read, to the best of my recollection; and I directly procured all three volumes in cloth, and then got them bound in the best style, costing me in all 18s., which I ever after looked upon as a most valuable treasure.

Being in the city of Norwich the last month, and conversing with a godly lady, who is over 80 years of age, she said to me, "Do write, sir, and try all you can to get Mr. Winters to go forward in his object; and if he will, I will give you a sovereign towards a new edition of Herbert's Hymns and Poems." I will cheerfully be another sovereign; and promise to obtain all the subscribers I can. Several persons have asked me at different times to get them a copy; but, of course, being out of print, I could not obtain one. May I be allowed to suggest that as Herbert's talent lies couched, in my humble opinion, entirely in the first and second volumes, that these two volumes be got into one, leaving the third volume for a future consideration? Many times have I carried the first and second volumes with me, when visiting the sick, and I can assure you that the Lord invariably blessed the reading of them to those I visited. I sincerely hope that all lovers of truth, who are at all acquainted with the work in question, will now arise and say, "Come, let us up and be doing, for our God will bless us." Hoping our dear brother Winters will meet with every good success, I remain, Mr. Editor, sincerely yours,
B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, Oct. 3rd, 1883.

[For years I have known persons anxious to obtain good Daniel Herbert's Poems. But, to produce a handsome edition, complete in one volume, would be a costly enterprise. Friends willing to encourage such an effort, should write to Mr. W. Winters, Waltham Abbey, without delay.—C. W. B.]

NEW BRIXTON TABERNACLE.

The interesting ceremony of laying the memorial stones of this building took place on Tuesday, Nov. 13. They were laid by the pastor, our brother Cornwell, and our esteemed friend and brother, I. C. Johnson, Esq., of Gravesend. A goodly number of friends assembled on the site of the new building, which, we were glad to see, had progressed so far. The proceedings commenced by our brother Cornwell giving out the 700th hymn in Denham, which was sung with spirit. Prayer was then offered for the divine blessing to attend the erection of the new tabernacle, and upon all concerned therein, and upon the whole Church of God, and that no accident might befall any engaged on the work. One of the deacons then read the Articles of Faith of the Church, which were embedded beneath the stones. Mr. Cooper, one of the builders, presented Mr. Cornwell with a silver trowel, in his and his partner's (Mr. Macey's) names, and Mr. Cornwell proceeded to lay the first stone, which he did in a masterly manner. The stone bore the inscription, "This stone was laid by Mr. C. Cornwell, pastor of the Church, November 13, 1883. 'Salvation is of the Lord' (Jonah ii. 9)." After the stone had been declared duly laid, Mr. Cornwell addressed the friends from the words, "Good will towards men," and made some sweet and savoury remarks thereon, and at the same time upheld the doctrines of distinguishing, free and sovereign grace. Our brother W. H. Lee gave out another hymn, and Mr. Johnson then laid the other stone, having also been presented by the treasurer of the Building Committee, Mr. C. Peacock, with a silver trowel, and having declared it truly laid, he also addressed the friends in a kind and genial way. The friends well weighted the stones by their contributions, Mr. Cornwell leading with £25, and Mr. Johnson with £10. The inscription on the second stone was, "This stone was laid by I. C. Johnson, Esq., November 13, 1883. 'By grace ye are saved' (Eph. ii. 5)."

The friends then adjourned to the school-room in Russell-street, and partook of a good and comfortable tea, plentifully provided by Mrs. Cornwell, and in the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by our friend and brother, Mr. Albert Boulden, of the Surrey Tabernacle, who gave out the hymn, "Kindred in Christ." Mr. Taylor engaged in prayer. The chairman then called upon the secretary, Mr. Gray, to read the report, which he did. The chairman having in a few kindly, well-chosen and Christian words expressed his sympathy with the undertaking, called upon the brethren, J. Hand, J. Bennett, J. Clark, W. Hazelton, S. Ponsford, F. C. Holden, and the pastor to severally address the meeting, which they did in a truly loving, manly, and Christian spirit, extolling and lifting up a gracious and loving God, a precious Christ, and an everlasting salvation, and perfect righteousness through the finished work of God's dear Son. Our brother Lee was especially happy in his description of the

work of flags at sea and on land, and his comparison of them with the lifting up and unfurling the banner of the everlasting Gospel, and especially so in relation to the banner of love mentioned in Solomon's Song ii. 4. Mr. Bennett was full of fire and energy. Mr. Holden gave good advice to the friends at Brixton to go on with the good work in confidence, courage, and prayerful perseverance; and, in short, all spoke well and nobly for the cause and their dear Master. A collection was made and a happy and enthusiastic meeting, and one which was felt to be a refreshing season from the Lord, was brought to a close by the singing of the Doxology, and the benediction pronounced by the chairman.

The total collections and donations to the present time, including £5 by the chairman, amount to £343, and our friends earnestly ask aid and assistance from the Churches of Christ to enable them to successfully carry out this noble undertaking; they also ask the prayers of all the children of our God to guide and direct them, and that when completed the glory of the latter house may be greater than the former, and that the house may indeed be filled with the glory of the Lord, and that it may be truly a banqueting house to God's elect and chosen family. The total cost of the building, including school and pastor's house, will be about £4,000. The chapel is to be opened in May next, and the friends are anxious to pay off as large a portion of the debt as possible by that time.

G. F. G.

SNODLAND.—Snodland is a growing neighbourhood, and will be a place of no small importance, in the beautiful county of Kent, in the course of a few years. The Baptist cause is a new branch of an old stock. The friends living in Snodland finding the journey to the good old Ryarsh sanctuary to be too far, felt themselves justified in trying to establish a place of truth in their immediate neighbourhood. Mr. T. Hollands, with his coadjutors, have worked hard to get a place to meet in for divine service, and their united efforts in this direction have been greatly blessed of God. A lecture hall has been secured, which makes a suitable little sanctuary. Mr. E. Wood preaches three Lord's-days in every month. In the vicinity of Snodland the followers of Emmanuel Swedenborg appear to flourish, but it is our opinion that the cause of truth has the most legitimate right to be called "The New Jerusalem Church." Mr. Hollands and his friends had special meetings on October 25 to commemorate the goodness of God in giving a bountiful harvest. In the afternoon Mr. Coombs, of Gravesend, read and offered prayer; and the writer did his best to preach; after which an excellent gathering of friends partook of tea. The evening meeting was presided over by Mr. E. Wood. Mr. Parish prayed. Speeches were delivered by Mr. Wood, Mr. Worzell, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Coombs, and the scribe.

—W. WINTERS.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—Our little village has been rather startled of late by several sudden and solemn deaths. John Lobb, the editor of the *Christian Age* and a member of the Board School Parliament, has been bereaved of his beloved wife, a painful stroke for such an energetic man. We have had ten years' in the Gospel here, quiet, persevering work, but the heavy mortgage, the ground rent, the property tax, and many incidentals keep us under pressure; in the absence of any golden pillars, making no charge for sittings, and a succession of repairs required in the chapel, fully absorb all financial incomings. Our office appears to be to take care of the poor; that is a continuous, grateful, and acceptable employment. With a very large park on our right, an extensive common in our front, and aristocratic roads all around, we are only a thinly populated village. Almost close to us are more than a dozen Romish and English churches, Congregational churches, and other denominational places of worship. Then the general feeling is, we are exclusive, bigotted, and dangerously high; hence here we must be small, but our chief friends are men of faith, of prayer, of decision for the truth, and often "out of weakness we are made strong." We expect to have some special services in Nov. to clear again our heavy liabilities, which have hitherto been honourably met. We shall soon leave all these earthly cares behind. There is "no temple" at home. John says, "I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Light of it," and there is "nothing to pay."

NUNHEAD - GREEN, PECKHAM- RYE.—We are pleased to inform our friends our brother, Mr. John Mead, has consented to become the pastor of the Church worshipping at Nunhead-green (near Peckham-rye), and that he will commence his labours on the first Sabbath in the new year. It is very encouraging to have to state that after supplying the pulpit occasionally for over ten years, not a dissenting voice was raised against his settlement, either by members of the Church, or from the seat-holders, who number between two and three hundred; also that the Church is still prospering, and our brother dwells in the hearts of the people as much as ever. In proof of this we have collected nearly £400 off the chapel debt within twelve months. We can say with one of old, "What has God wrought?" We desire to take this opportunity of thanking the ministering brethren who have so kindly supplied the pulpit. May the dear Lord reward them an hundred-fold for their kindness, especially our dear brother, Mr. Meeres, who has been such a firm friend so many years. May the Lord return to him more than we can ask or think, and spare his valuable life for many years to come, that he may be instrumental in administering comfort and consolation to the Church and people of God.—I remain, yours truly,
—T. F. P.S.—The particulars of the recognition services in VESSEL for January.

DEPTFORD.—One Sunday in October: Zion Sunday-school, New Cross, held its 34th anniversary; pastor J. S. Anderson preached. Report showed over 400 scholars. Pleasing results of a large band of earnest workers rendered the meetings delightful. Mr. Hancock preached once more on "The Autumn of Life" at Tunbridge. We are now getting into the Winter. How well the Scripture saith, "Work while it is called to-day." Just as our eyes were opened, we saw the going off of William Huntington and his race of spiritual giants. "No men like them," the fathers used to say. Then we saw the going off time's labour of such men as George Coombe, who began at Horsell-common and died at Soho, in 1841; Daniel Curtis, David Denham, and a group of such men, once in their prime, now nowhere here. Then the Gadsby line, the Foreman, the Wells's, the Philpots—oh, what armies of the Gospel soldiers I have seen flourishing and vanishing. Now the grave fathers, John Hazelton, J. S. Anderson, and their staff. But the brilliant race of young Apolloses, Tituses, Timothies, Winters's—oh, what a day they are having! Well, 'tis "LIFE, buoyant and light, then DEATH, that silence so sullen." Boys! be earnest and be true; soon the night will come to you.

STEPNEY.—In the time of the Commonwealth, Mr. Burroughs preached at 7 o'clock in the morning, and William Greenhill at 3 in the afternoon; hence Hugh Peters called them

"THE MORNING AND EVENING STARS OF STEPNEY."

William Greenhill is a star in the Gospel heaven still by his laborious exposition of Ezekiel, and Burroughs left a seed and savour behind him which still bears fruit. In Wellesley-street, Stepney, stands the Baptist chapel called "Rehoboth," where the Luther-like Thomas Steed is pastor. We commemorated his ninth anniversary, Oct. 28 and 30, 1883. The sermons on Sunday were by the pastor; and on the Tuesday Mr. William Winters gave us a sacred exposition; a plentiful tea feast was enjoyed; and a fellowship service in the evening, when bold and decided speeches were given. Some of us remember well the grand old Cave Adullam, when crowded in full length, galleries, sises, and vestries, we have often been almost carried in the Gospel chariot, up into the heavens of light and glory. The venerable William Allen, the pastor of the Cave for 20 years, died August 16, 1854. He was our companion in the ministry, our friend and fellow-worker; we loved him in the Lord, and so did hundreds of those who received and lived the truth. But they are all gone home, and we, as one alone, wait until our change shall come. Then, away from all things here below, we do hope to realise in full the truth of Watts's stanza, which our little soul sings so freely to herself,—

"There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise."

MR. E. LANGFORD'S WELCOME TO PENT-SIDE, DOVER.

An interesting gathering of friends was found in the above place on Tuesday, Oct. 30. It was a sort of welcome to Mr. Langford, late of Clapton. There was a large number at ten, and a still larger number in the chapel at 6.30. Mr. Langford presided. After singing, Mr. Carpenter, one of the deacons, prayed. Mr. Langford opened the business of the evening by stating the leadings of the Lord in regard to his call and coming to Dover in a very clear and lucid way. The invite was unanimous, and indications were plain that the hand of the Lord was in the circumstances and events that led him to decide to accept the call. He felt happy in his work, and worked in harmony and comfort with the deacons and members. The cause was low, but there was considerable increase in the attendance since he had been among them. There was a Bible-class, and the numbers attending was largely increasing. The finance was well sustained, and he felt greatly encouraged. A short speech and statement of Mr. Carpenter showed that the place had been repaired at an outlay of £72; £60 thereof had been raised and paid among themselves, and they had something more in hand, and it was hoped that though there was not to be a collection that evening, it was intended to try and clear off the balance of that debt.

Mr. Scott, the deacon and treasurer of the Church, was then called. In a very neat and telling way he referred to the late pastor, Mr. John Austin, his helpful ministry, following up the references which Mr. Langford had made to his illness and funeral, by some extracts from sermons preached by Mr. J. Austin only a few Sundays before he was laid aside and called home.

Several instructive addresses were delivered by the ministers present. Seasonable counsel was offered in profitable words, and with brotherly kindness. The work of the pastor and also of the Church was referred to in a pleasant and firm way. It was shown that the true intent of Christian organisation was that activities and ministries by Christian men and women were to be a blessing and help to the world, and also for the spread of the truth, the edifying of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the ingathering of sinners.

The choir rendered some anthems in a very pleasant manner. The congregation took part in the singing, and were very attentive, and, we hope, helped and comforted in their faith. It was felt to be a sacred and stimulating service. Reverent and adoring worship was rendered to the Triune God. He is worthy. Those who honour Him will have honour. This honour have all His saints. May Pentside Church and pastor have this. So prays,—J. H. DEARSLY.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—Seventh anniversary of Ebenezer school was celebrated Lord's-day, October 21. Two sermons were preached by the pastor, W. Winters. In the

afternoon a children's service was held; Mr. Randle Ash, formerly superintendent of the school, gave out the hymns, specially composed by the pastor, and fifteen of the scholars recited portions of Scripture on the life of Moses. A good number of parents and friends were present, and much enjoyed the service. A teacher's tea was afterwards provided in the schoolroom. On Thursday a series of dissolving views were given by Mr. H. J. James, with apparatus lent by Dr. A. Priest; and on Lord's-day, November 4, the annual prizes were awarded to the scholars of the school. The teachers were active in making the children and friends happy. The ordinance of believer's baptism was administered by the pastor on Wednesday evening, October 24. May the Lord continue to smile on Ebenezer, Waltham Abbey.

WILTS.—At Zion, Trowbridge, the ministry of Mr. Schofield is being honoured; several additions have been made this year. There are 200 members, and the average attendance at communion may be put down at 160. The word is well received, the chapel is filled, the Sunday-school is large and well conducted, and the cause altogether is very prosperous. Mr. Schofield, who is from the late John Kershaw's Church, is a plain, clear, out-spoken man, just in his prime, has a very tender and sympathising heart, and preaches the Gospel in a feeling and experimental way, contending for the work of the Holy Spirit in the beginning and carrying on the work of grace in the sinner's heart. He is quite opposed to free-will and duty faith, but is not uncouth towards those whose eyes have not been opened to see the truth. The business affairs of the Church, school, sick society, poor fund, and other institutions connected with the place, are carried out by Messrs. Applegate and Long. Mr. Aram, who has a noble Bible-class, sends his Christian love to you, C.W.B. At BRADFORD-ON-AVON there is a fine chapel, and presents an opening for a decided Gospel ministry. Mrs. England told me they cannot do with a yea and nay talker. Mr. Kevill and others supply the pulpit. They have a fair congregation, but a man with whom I got into conversation in the street said none of the congregations about here are so good as they used to be. CALNE.—I could not hear of any place of truth in this Parliamentary borough, but there is a nice little place at Studley, about two miles out, near the "Golden Gates," on the Marquis of Lansdowne's estate; they have no pastor yet. At DEVIZES, on Tuesday, October 2, where Mr. Hemmington is pastor, they held their anniversary services, "Young" John Warburton and Mr. Schofield preached. They are all hoping to see better days. Mr. Westlake has left Hilperton, and gone to Plymouth. So there are in this, as in every other part, pulpits without pastors.—J. W. B.

ISLINGTON.—Thirty-third anniversary of Providence Church was Tuesday, November 13. Mr. J. Hazleton preached; C. Wilson

Esq., was president; Mr. Mayhew prayed. Mr. P. Reynolds gave interesting speech on present position of the Church. Seventeen had been admitted into membership (twelve by baptism). Four members had been removed by death. The respective speakers were Messrs. Anderson, Winters, Shepherd, Green, Wilkins, and Dalton.—W. WINTERS.

LEYTONSTONE. — ZION CHAPEL, ASHVILLE-ROAD, GROVE GREEN-LANE. —The formation of the Church at the above Strict Baptist place of worship took place on October 2, at Mount Zion chapel, Maynard-road, Walthamstow, kindly lent by the deacons for that purpose. C. W. Banks preached at 3.15, from "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." Tea was provided. At public meeting C. W. Banks presided. Mr. H. Hubbard gave his experience, call by grace, faith, &c. Mr. John Redhourn, deacon (late member of Salem chapel, Wilton-square), answered for the testimony of the members of the new Church. Mr. Banks then gave the right hand of fellowship to the newly-elected members. Mr. Flack administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to the Church, and as many of the friends of the same faith and order who desired to sit down. Mr. Flack gave the charge to the newly-elected pastor, and Mr. Holden gave the charge to the Church. Mr. Banks then closed the meeting with prayer. There were many ministerial brethren present who were unable to take part in the proceedings owing to the lateness of the hour. We noticed a number of Mr. Flack's children present, for they love to call him their father, and help him with their presence. The service was an exceedingly interesting one, and we believe the presence of God was in our midst. May the Almighty, who gave the desire for the new Church, bless it at all times with His presence.

MR. HENRY DUNKLEY AND THE NEW BAPTIST CHURCH AT WALTHAMSTOW.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have great pleasure in informing you that we have recently been formed into a Church, after meeting in two private houses, and, for the last eight months, in the Lecture-hall, Marsh-street. We started with twelve members; now we number twenty, others are waiting. Our congregations are generally very good, and we believe the work is of God. You will better judge of the state of things by the letter sent below.

On Monday evening, October 22, the friends held a tea-meeting, after which Brother Hutchings read a most excellent essay on the character of Jacob, at the conclusion of which our brother proceeded to read the following letter:—

"To Mr. Henry Dunkley.

"DEAR SIR,—We, members of the Church and congregation under your pastoral care, have for a long time felt a strong

desire to present you with some token of our love and esteem; but various circumstances combining have caused the desire to go ungratified. From the first, your labour of love amongst us has been unremitting, the blessing of the Most High has richly attended your ministrations, the dew has descended on our fleece, judgment has been enlightened, our hearts have warmed under the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, rendering the scene of your ministry the house of God and the gate of heaven to our souls. Prayer has unceasingly gone up, and is still ascending. The prospect is cheering; the Church is enlarging; the congregation is increasing. We hope the day is not distant when the little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. We are encouraged as we reflect, that nothing is too hard for our Master, the Lord of the vineyard, to accomplish. A faithful preached Gospel is His own appointment as the chief means whereby souls are convinced and quickened, the building of mercy reared, the number of the elect completed. May the work, by the power of the Holy Ghost, so prosper, enabling us to relieve you from the cares and perplexities of business, that your energies and talents may, unfettered, be wholly devoted to the work of the ministry. We likewise pray your valuable life may be prolonged, your spiritual ministrations be more abundantly honoured and blessed, that the choice gifts of heaven may copiously descend and rest on your amiable partner, Mrs. Dunkley, and your interesting family. For these, and all needful blessings, we shall, dear pastor, continue to pray, whilst such as we have will we cheerfully give unto you.

"Accompanying this address is a very small token of love. Would that the gift was worthy of your acceptance.

"Signed, on behalf,

"REUBEN CURTIS."

The token of love referred to was then presented, amidst great enthusiasm, consisting of a beautiful silver chronometer watch, with hair guard, mounted in gold; also a purse containing £3 4s. Our recognition services at Christmas.

Yours truly,
HENRY DUNKLEY, Pastor.

WORCESTER.—Is it not a grievous matter to think that the lovers of truth in this great Cathedral town do not unite together in Church fellowship and contend for the New Testament order as set forth therein? I know there are some here who are Strict Baptists, and others of the same faith are about to take up their abode here. Mr. Thomas A. Taylor, the Superintendent of the Free and Sovereign Grace Mission, has been here in the Town-hall. There was a good attendance, and many coincided with the lecturer's sentiments. Instead of evangelism in some places it is more like heathenism. Strict Baptists of Worcester, awake! and take your light from under the bushel.

SWAFFHAM.

"THE NON-CON. KING."—The packet has come safe to hand. We shall, if permitted, look carefully through the history. Whoever it may be, it is not the American traveller, whose faith and speaking is in accordance with the free-will, the duty-faith, and the power of any one to be saved at any moment. This kind of teaching is to us contrary to the divine revelation. The salvation of any soul is of God, from the first to the last. We must have, in preaching, heaven's harmonious truth. We warn young people against being carried away by the exciting novelties of the times. Mr. Walter Wren, writing to a respectable journal says:—"Your reporter asked, 'in bewilderment, the secret of the impression' produced by Mr. Moody's sermon, which was to him an 'inscrutable mystery.' Mr. Sankey said he called the 'inscrutable something' the Spirit of God, and added, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.' The Greek is 'The Spirit spiriteth where it willeth.' That this is the correct translation is proved by the words which go before and those which follow after, as any one can see who will read them."

That is a strong testimony in proof of the necessity, the sovereignty, the efficiency of the Holy Ghost, in the good work which He only can begin and carry on, in the souls of saved sinners. Let us—if God command, and send us forth—let us "preach the Word," and the Spirit will give *spirit*, will breathe, will quicken whom He will; and His work will be "perfected unto the day of Jesus Christ." We sit in judgment over no man, except he come professedly in the name of Jesus Christ, but not with the Spirit of Christ, nor according to the truth of Christ; then we must obey the Holy Spirit, whose command by that lovely and faithful John, is straight, strong, and unequivocal, when, speaking of a minister who abideth not by 'the Law of Truth,' John says, "Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in 'The Doctrine of Christ,' hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your houses, neither bid him God-speed, for (mark you, Mr. and Mrs. Pliable! Listen, you who are caught by signs and exciting shews, we ask you to consider well the decision John comes to) for he that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds."

Who, then, is the Non-Con. King, the pretended soldier? He is not the man our Swaffham author has written of; neither is it Dr. Rees, who died the other Thursday morning, on his 81st birthday. "He was," says Addy, "the great central figure of Welsh literature and Nonconformity. He was emphatically and in the highest and truest sense a man of the people, as well as of the pulpit. He wrote for them, he preached to them, mixed among them, and laboured with them. The present generation may be said to have been nursed upon his knee." Dr. Rees! in all true principle and

practical working, Rees was the man for the people. But he is gone, we hope to glory, for, truly, like all taught of God, he did sing under Christ's shadow—

"Here let me live! here let me die!

All other refuges deny,

A sinner sav'd by sovereign grace,

And Christ, alone, my Hiding-place."

God's Eternal Son is Prophet, Priest, and King in Zion, and none but He! A wonderful history, however, is on record of one who, by divine purpose and by Almighty power, is set up, head and shoulders above all Non-Con. ambassadors; and as Swaffham has had its watch-tower and its watchmen too for over fifty years, a view of the rise and progress of Open Communion Churches has been recorded, and here are chapters of amazing interest. We cannot go in for all that is written, we pause before we record

THE SWAFFHAM WATCHMAN'S TALE.

A literary paper on November 8th, gives Moody's career as "Commercial Traveller for the Kingdom of Heaven." Moody's commencement, picking up poor children out of the Chicago slums, was something like our old printer friend, Robert Raikes, in the city of Gloucester. Mr. Moody's progress has been so novel, so rough and rustic, that we tame English people (simple and easy caught) are just the fish for the big Chicago net. The heavy expenditure involved by the committees' multifarious mode of procedure is, to our mind, quite unjustifiable. We are, however, perhaps, stepping beyond our jurisdiction in suggesting that while thousands around us are starving, while churches, halls, and mission rooms are everywhere to be had, to expend large sums of money in erecting temporary tabernacles, in employing agents, in printing and in various expensive movements, does not to us look quite Apostolic; but a bold, determined man will have his own way, or he will not come at all; and if as

A ROUGH PIONEER,

the Almighty God has ordained to use this man, who are we that we must murmur? Still, in all the modes of worship we only can admire truth and solemnity. But Moody is brusque, full of business tact, and habit, and called his Chicago hall "the finest Christian workshop in the world." Very well! we must leave the Americans to pursue their own course. Moody is a kind of "Non-Con. King" all over the State of Illinois and elsewhere, but he is not the man our Swaffham Watchman means.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—There was something interesting about the last meeting held here. Two circumstances were forcibly impressed upon one's mind. The first was the subject chosen for the evening's meditations—viz., "The distinguishing doctrines of grace as set forth in Rom. viii. 28," &c. The second feature was the speakers, who were nearly all young men. Neither one of these have scarcely reached 30, yet they were elected to speak on the fundamental doc-

trines of the Gospel, and each delivered himself well. Certainly Thomas Steed was there, and he watched them very narrowly. Mr. Steed's subject was "CHRIST'S EXALTATION," and he told us there was no other subject worth talking about. Christ is Head over all things to the Church; no duty-faith or free-willism can alter it. Man is spiritually dead, till the Spirit of the living God breathes a desire in his soul. Christ will be exalted here in the hearts of His people; and when the last elect vessel of mercy is gathered home, He will say, "Here am I and the children Thou hast given Me." Then with Christ shall He be eternally exalted in heaven. William Hazelton said: This Rom. viii. is one of the sweetest ones written by the inspired apostle. "Predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son." This one sentence is a sufficient answer to those who declare the fundamental doctrines lead to licentiousness. Mr. Moxham was free on the "Sure Calling." Mr. S. Kevan sedately spoke on "Justification Complete." Mr. Copeland on "Glory in Reserve," was sweet and gentle. Mr. Styles thanked the ministers and friends for their attendance. Mr. Mundy prayed; J. E. Elsey conducted the meeting excellently. The people sang,—

"Once more before we part
We'll bless His sacred name,"

and then separated.—J. W. B.

PIMLICO.—Special meetings were held in Carmel chapel October 23. Sermon in the afternoon by Mr. G. W. Shepherd. Tea was pleasant. Evening meeting conducted by Mr. Charles Wilson, with whom it is always a pleasure to meet on such occasions. Mr. Woodrow led us in melting strains to the throne of grace. Mr. Wilson gave a few introductory remarks on the blessedness of a truly grateful heart, and urged the friends to unite together in restoring the chapel, which, as far as the building goes, is the one thing needful. Mr. H. Myerson, Mr. J. Hand, Mr. R. E. Sears, W. Winters, Mr. J. Clark, and Mr. J. Parnell, the pastor, all on different themes, came up well. Our brother J. Parnell is doing a really good self-denying work, and deserves the hearty sympathy and co-operation of all lovers of the Gospel of Christ.—W. WINTERS.

Deaths.

MEMOIR OF MRS. C. CASSE.

The subject of the following brief sketch was born June 4, 1820. In early life the Lord implanted His fear in her heart, by means of the prayer, on one occasion, of the late G. W. Lewis, who was then, and many years afterwards, pastor of the Baptist Church of Christ at Zion chapel, Chat-ham. He (Mr. Lewis) was praying for the ungodly sinner, and mentioned in prayer the awful sentence that the Lord Jesus would pronounce at the last day on those who died in their sins, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," &c. This made a deep

and a lasting impression on her mind. The Spirit of God watered the seed He had sown; but she never fully realised her acceptance in the Beloved until the year 1838, when she lost by death her dear mother in a sudden manner (her father died in 1825). Then the Lord sweetly visited the orphan, and gave her much comfort from that well-known verse,—

"I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

Psa. xxvii. 10 was also applied, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." She has often referred to happy seasons she enjoyed in the house of dear W. G. Lewis, being employed there as domestic servant. His ministry was also much prized by her.

In June, 1839, she was baptized at Zion chapel by him, with ten others, two of whom are still in Church fellowship with us at Enon. In God's good providence we were united in marriage in 1845. The Lord has blessed us with six sons and three daughters; one of each have been removed from us at different times in a very sudden manner. But I feel assured they had fled for refuge to Jesus, the lost sinner's Friend. For some years we had to prove the goodness of God to us in providence, and can enter somewhat into the feelings of dear William Huntington when he was prompted to publish his book, "The Bank of Faith; or, God the Guardian of the Poor."

I shall not soon forget the year 1871. One after the other of the family were laid down with the small-pox. When matters seemed to come to a climax, I was like Jacob, saying, "All these things are against me." At the same time my dear wife was inwardly singing that sweet hymn of Pearce's, "In the floods of tribulation," &c. Then, and also on other occasions, she would sing, "Sweet affliction, thus to bring my Saviour near."

But, to come to the closing scene. Just one week before she left the world, we both went to see one of our sons, who is an inmate of the County Asylum. This was a source of great affliction to us both. I shall never forget that journey while memory lasts. I had been much favoured with a love visit a few weeks before, and the words in Jer. iii. 19 were exceedingly precious to my soul. I had spoken to my dear departed one of the blessedness I had felt when our faithful God first applied them, "Thou shalt call me, my Father; and shalt not turn away from me." After getting into the train to return home, I thought, should an accident (so called) happen, I shall go direct to glory, and see the smiling face of my dear Redeemer, and hear His lovely voice, saying, "Come, ye blessed of My Father," &c. I little thought at that time that in one short week the desire of my eyes would be taken away. She was taken ill on Lord's-day morning, October 28. We went for the surgeon, but every means employed proved ineffectual. A few evenings before she died she wished me to read to her John xiv. In answer to my inquiry whether she was cast down, she said, "No!" At

another time, replying to a question I put to her, she said,—

"I rejoice in deep distress,
 Loaning on all-sufficient grace."

She was unconscious for the most part the day she left us, and entered into rest on Thursday afternoon, November 1, 1883, in the 64th year of her age. The text in the almanac for the day was "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Mrs. C. was a remarkable instance of the sovereignty of divine grace, being the only one, as far as we know (excepting a dear sister who passed away triumphantly 42 years since) of her family who was taught the plague of her own heart, and looked to the bleeding wounds of Jesus for healing. The Lord sanctify this painful bereavement, both to myself and every member of the family, some of whom, I am deeply thankful to our covenant God to be enabled to say that they are walking in the fear of the Lord.

"One gentle sigh, her fetters broke,
 We scarce could say, 'She's gone!'
 Before her willing spirit took
 Its mansion near the throne."

Chatham.

J. C.

HOMERTON-ROW.—The late Mrs. Caroline Goodchild died at Walthamstow, September 17, 1883; was interred in the parochial cemetery on the 22nd, in the presence of a number of old parishioners from Hackney, and friends from the Homerton-row Baptist Church, who had gathered to see the mortal remains of their oldest member committed to the grave, having been in communion with the Lord's people for more than 43 years. Her father, a builder, erected the chapel in Homerton-row, and several members of the family made it their sanctuary and spiritual home. Some are still present; others have fallen asleep. At the age of twenty she was baptized by the pastor of the Church (then the late Daniel Curtis), and received into fellowship May, 1840, and continued a member of that portion of the Church of Christ till her divine Lord bid her home. Though constant to her own faith and order, she was most liberal in spirit to all who held salvation by grace through faith in Christ Jesus. As a wife, she was attentive to home duties, and a valuable partner to her husband, a chemist and druggist of many years standing. As a mother, she saw her children educated, and trained them up in the fear of the Lord, no doubt looking forward to the times when they, if spared, should prove a joy in after years; but God, who had ordained otherwise, bereaved her within a few months of all her children. Her eldest son, who had taken a degree in medicine; her second son, who bid fair of becoming an architect of no mean ability, and her daughter, who was comfortably married to a draper in Norfolk. In the loss of all these she repined not, or charged God foolishly, knowing that for them to be absent from the body was to be present with their Lord; but no doubt the heavy stroke was irrevocable, and it was deemed advisable to reside at Walthamstow. Her disease was incurable, and she became a great sufferer. The acute pain rendered it very difficult to receive or hold any conversation with friends; but the grace of patience was exemplified in her case, and God's Holy Spirit enabled her to realise the promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." She breathed her last in peace, and now she is "for ever with the Lord."

A USEFUL LIFE.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—As a minister of Jesus Christ you ought not to be robbed of your wages; and it is a pleasure to bring before your notice any instance in which the Eternal Spirit has been pleased to honour the ministrations of the Word of Life through your instrumentality. The subject of this memoir, Samuel James Turquand, of Leytonstone, departed this life September 26, 1883; his mortal remains were interred in Ilford cemetery October 2, in hope of a better resurrection, believing he sleeps in Jesus, having "redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." He was born at Titherly, Hants, in 1815, and removed with his parents to Milford, near Lymington, at the time James Harrington Evans seceded from the Established Church, who being followed by a number of parishioners, a commodious chapel was erected in the Baptist connexion. His honoured father, Mr. James Turquand, was settled over the cause as minister and pastor, in which capacities he was made a blessing to many souls. Amongst them his son, Samuel James Turquand, was met with in a gracious way when at an early age, and his beloved father was favoured to receive him into the Church militant after a public profession of his faith by believer's baptism at seventeen years of age. His petitions at the throne of grace, especially at the early Lord's-day prayer meetings, proved there was a power given to wrestle with God with importunity and submission. He exerted a kindly influence over his brother and sister, and was active in the distribution of tracts. We cannot but adore the Giver of all grace, who enabled him to walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith he was called to the end. In the providence of God he was removed to Southampton, and attended Dr. Draper's ministry; from thence to Camberwell, where he was led to attend at Grove chapel, and under Mr. Joseph Iron's ministry his mind was established in the distinguishing doctrines of grace, and led into the deep mysteries of the everlasting covenant which emanated from the eternal mind of Jehovah, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." On removing from Camberwell to Walthamstow, and passing through trying dispensations of providence, he was led to attend the ministry of Mr. George, of Arthur-street, which proved comforting and supporting to his mind, as well as to that of his beloved partner in life. In many ways he helped the pastor and the Church by conducting the financial affairs: also the Sunday-school, as secretary, &c. Having an engagement at the Commercial and General Assurance Company, Cheapside, he removed with his family to the offices, during which period he attended the ministry of Charles Waters Banks, then labouring at Crosby-row, whose ministry was greatly blessed, being peculiarly suited to the trying circumstances under which they were then placed. He subsequently removed to Leytonstone, and joined the Baptist cause under Mr. Bradford, where his sound judgment and faithful services were greatly appreciated by pastor and people, acting as deacon and secretary for the Church, and leader of the choir. He was also highly esteemed for services rendered to the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society, of which he was a trustee, and in connection with which he acted as chairman for some time. Thus ended a useful and honourable life, deeply lamented by his widow and family, and by his brother,—**EBENEZER TURQUAND, Lessness-heath, Nov. 13.**

Mr. Rayner, one of the original promoters of the Baptist cause at Halling, near Rochester, has passed away. In Maidstone Cemetery his remains were laid to rest. Mr. George Webb conducted the funeral service.

Mr. William Mitchell (half-brother to the late James Wells), a member at Salem, Croydon. The Lord was pleased to take this suffering pilgrim home on Sunday, August 12. For some time past he had been waiting and longing for the summons, yet praying for patience to say, "Thy will be done." His mortal remains were interred in Croydon Cemetery on the following Thursday. Dear old father Griffiths officiated, who spoke most solemnly and impressively on the subject of death, as having universal dominion over all classes of Adam's sinful sons and daughters; but he always left his sting behind when he came to fetch a believer home. After singing a suitable hymn at the grave we left the body of the dear old saint, after 78 years of wilderness journey, to rest in peace till the great resurrection morn,

"And His triumphant Spirit comes,
To put it on afresh."

On the following Sunday evening Mr. Griffiths preached a sermon in reference to his death from the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," in which he brought out many deep and telling ideas on this great and solemn subject. The deceased was a lover of the truth as proclaimed by his brother, James Wells, to whom he was most affectionately attached. His sermons and writings also were much prized to the last, and we have no doubt but that these two redeemed spirits have now met before the throne to join the everlasting song, and crown Him Lord of all.—J. CULLINGFORD.

The Church and Sunday-school at Ebenezer, King's-cross, passed through a sharp trial in the sudden death of our dear brother Langley, at the early age of 35, leaving his third wife behind, with three young children. He came home from work ill, with inflammation of the lungs, July 18, and on Saturday, July 21, calmly fell asleep in Jesus. On the following Thursday a large company assembled at the chapel; about 25 of the men under his employ being present to pay their last tribute to his worth. After reading, a short address, prayer, and singing, "When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come," we repaired to Finchley-park Cemetery, where we left all that was mortal to the custody of the silent tomb, until the glorious morning of the resurrection. On the following Sabbath C. Holton preached a funeral sermon. We leave our dear sister to the kind care of Him who said, "Leave your fatherless children, and I will care for them; and let your widows trust in Me." [We hope the Lord, by some of His people, is coming forth practically to care for, to comfort, and to help the widow and orphans thus bereaved.—ED.]

DEPARTURES BY THE APPOINTED TRAIN.—The stream has flowed so fast, the following has been much delayed. The Church at Raunds has had to sustain another serious loss through the demise of Mrs. M. A. Smith, who was called away home, after a few hours' illness, on Saturday, August 18, 1883, at the early age of 29. She had been connected with the cause from childhood, having passed through the Sunday-school, of which she became a very efficient teacher. She was also, for several years, a very consistent member of the Church. But Mrs. Smith was best known as a singer. God gave her a love for music, and power to perform it; and that power was mainly used in leading the songs of Zion. Her mortal remains were laid in the parish churchyard on Tuesday, August 21, when a senior class of girls, of which she had been the teacher, led the procession, followed by the choir and Church members, while the general sympathy clearly evinced on every hand showed that deceased was held in very high repute by all who knew her. She leaves behind a sorrowing husband, mother, sister, and

brother, but not to sorrow as those who have no hope.

Mr. Thomas Pickworth, of Notting-hill-terrace, died on November 12, 1883, in his seventy-third year. In his earlier days he walked on Sundays from Tottenham Court-road to the Borough-road, to hear the late Mr. James Wells. Mr. Pickworth was an earnest, praying man, and zealous in doing good.

That most singular (we hope) Christian lady, known for many years in Hackney as "Miss Groom," fell into the arms of death early on Sunday, October 28, 1883. It is believed she was near, or over, 80. Useful and mysterious reflections are forced on all who know her life, her death, her singular eccentricities, &c. Private characters in our Churches often perplex us much.

Mrs. Martha Hudson (the happy Christian wife of Mr. John Hudson, once minister at Whitestone, Ringwood, &c.), died at Manchester on November 9, 1883, after many weeks of suffering. She was frequent in prayer and praise, singing, as well as her feeble strength would allow,—

"When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

Our very tried brother, John Hudson, will feel the loss of his steady partner, who for so many years patiently endured, and hopefully waited for a home in the glory world.

DEATHS AT MOUNT BURES.—The Lord has taken from our number this year three aged brethren, and our sister Hammond, who was taken suddenly. She was in good health up to Saturday, September 8; got all her things ready to come and meet with us on the Lord's-day, as she had three miles to walk. She retired to rest about 10, when our brother Hammond followed, five minutes after, she only breathed, and was gone "to be for ever with the Lord." Mrs. Hammond was brought to know the Lord under brother Rayner's ministry. Our loss is their eternal gain, and our eyes are up unto the Lord that He will bring more to fill up the vacant places. The Lord has heard us. There is a shaking among the dry bones, and we hope, ere long, there will be a coming together; those vacant places will be filled, then we can say from our inmost soul,

"Dear friends, once more we wish to tell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well;
Although at times we have to mourn,
Yet we are not left quite forlorn."

R. BONE.

[Brother Bone will forgive us. Deaths come in crowds. We have not room enough for all this month.—ED.]

Mr. C. Norris, the pastor for some years of Saffron Walden Strict Baptist Church, and occasional supply at Surrey Tabernacle, died at Cambridge rather suddenly in the evening of October 30, 1883, leaving a widow in heavy affliction, a son in dangerous illness, and a scene of sorrow. We are anxious to relieve the fatherless and widow as far as the Great Giver enables us.

That long-waiting saint, Mrs. Burtwell, died at the Aged Pilgrim's Home on Friday, Nov. 9, 1883, at twelve o'clock. Buried at Forest-hill Cemetery.—S. BURTWELL.

On October 29 we committed all that is mortal of our beloved sister in the Lord, Mrs. Sarah Brittain, aged 70, to the dust, in Great Stanmore Churchyard, Middlesex. Her testimony was, "Jesus is precious on a dying bed." She died October 26. Her partner survives, awaiting his appointed time, until his change shall come. She was for many years a member of the Church at Waterside, Wandsworth, and mother of Mr. James Brittain, late of Canning Town, now of Queensland.—S. KEVAN.