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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL:

AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD & REVIEW,

FOR
1846.

VOLUME II.

London:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES PAUL, 1, CHAPTER-HOUSE COURT,
ST PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, AND PATERNOSTER ROW.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

Brethren, beloved of the Lord, we desire to open the new year with, "All hail! to him who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb, who hath loved us, and washed us in his own blood," whose mercies are new every morning, and who watcheth over us every moment.

"WHAT! another periodical out?" say you. "We have abundance already." Well, the more the better, if they contain holy truths, to gainsay the errors and infidelity now teeming from the press, so awfully aiming to darken the glory of the gospel; to corrupt the morals of youth; and to encourage men who are of reprobate minds concerning the faith. 2 Tim. iii. 8.

It is from motives best known to the Lord and ourselves (which we trust are sincere, for He sees our hearts,) that lead us to continue the publication of the EARTHEN VESSEL. We pray that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us, knowing as we do, that unless the Lord is pleased to put divine treasure into this VESSEL, (which is Christ Jesus the Lord, with his love, power, and glory,) you will find it empty, dry, and dark, as some others in existence at the present time. We dare not boast, and say it shall be better than others. If the Lord is pleased to pour his holy oil, and heavenly treasure into our hearts; then, we will gladly pour it into the VESSEL, and send it to you as we receive it: and if holy fire from heaven comes down upon the holy oil in your hearts, and begins to burn, you will have a heavenly candle in your own dwelling, lighting up the inward parts of the belly: revealing unto you "the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Oh, if this holy, fragrant, anointing oil is caused to flow around your hearts, and into your souls, and holy fire fastens upon the wick, the very core of your hearts will burn within you, with the flaming love of Christ, and you will have a burning shining light in your own clay cottage; a light that cannot be hid, shining through every window of your earthly tabernacle, from the good work of the Spirit of God within. Others also will see your light, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Yea, this holy fire will melt the frost within, until it will sometimes run down in warm drops from the eye windows on the walls of the house.

CHRIST, as revealed in the glories of his Person; and as manifested and realised in the consciences of his people, is the treasure that we desire to bring to you: nothing else can possibly do you any real or lasting good. We would not be poring over men's corruptions. No, that pleaseth the adversary, and tends to distress the living soul.

We believe that Christ is THE LIFE, the only life; and that since the fall of man every thing hath death in it, found out of Christ; and that all the words and works of fallen men have nothing but death in them without the Spirit of life: until Almighty God, by his Spirit, speaks, and breathes divine life into the soul, the very breath of fallen man hath nothing but death in it. We believe that the preaching of hundreds of ministers in this day, is

nothing but death: the dead burying the dead; and furthermore, as in the sight of God, we solemnly believe, that all that the *true* ministers of the gospel speak and write, which the Spirit doth not speak into them, and speak out by them, is death!) and is distressing to the church of God, rather than a comfort to her.

In taking a broad view on both continents, and of our own island, we see but little with which to congratulate the household of faith. Truth, like an innocent virgin, is insulted, and fallen in our streets. Error and Antichrist, with many faces, are rampant. Herein then, rests our consolation, that "God is love" and changeth not. Neither the fall of non-elect angels; the fall of Adam; the prevalency of sin; the solemn circumstances connected with time; the changes of the creature in time nor all the changes in our feelings, can possibly change the nature, will, and purpose; of God's love in Christ towards us, which he purposed in himself before the world was.

Then, when destructions fly abroad,
Melt earth, and seas, and skies;
Our souls shall live in Christ our Lord,
When time grows grey, and dies.

"God is love,"—God is light—God is a holy fire, consuming his adversaries; driving sin, death, and destruction into everlasting darkness; it is the holy fire of divine love alone that melts us down into nothingness in ourselves: and transforms us and moulds our souls into his image of love and holiness, so that we live in God, and God liveth in us for ever.

But in this day of darkness:—on the one hand, we hear preached and see written, little else but moral responsibility, creature piety, moral philosophy, and vain deceit; and this they call the gospel! On the other hand, we hear but little beside creature corruption, creature vileness, and death; until our ears are insulted with hearing, and our eyes jaded with reading. O what loads of dirt and dross we have to turn over, to find a few grains of the precious gold; so that we have to complain, as the builders of old, "the strength of the bearers of burdens is decayed, and there is much rubbish." Nehem. iv. 10. But we would not (if we can avoid it) fill our VESSEL, either with creature righteousness, or creature corruption, these opposite themes of the day. No, no, dear children, we wish rather to fill it with Christ, in whom all holy treasures are hidden: and with testimonies of his burning, shining, blazing love and glory; so that no room shall be found in it for man's devices, or man's foul wind of pride and vain glory.

Dear brethren in the faith of God's elect: you who take this *Vessel* in, pray for us, for we trust that we have a good conscience in this matter, desiring to live honestly, both in the sight of God and men, as far as in us lie. Pray that we may be filled with the Spirit, and filled with all the fulness of God, that we may be humble instruments of promoting his glory, of contending for his truth, of speaking forth his gospel, and of edifying the minds, and comforting the hearts of his people.

Many of God's dear ministers and living children, are filled with prejudice against us, and our *Vessel*: through the length and breadth of the land, they are both publicly and privately calling upon the church to beware of us;

and they fain would drive us back into oblivion : and so keenly have we felt their smittings that many times we would gladly have retired from the conflict ; and so have spent the remnant of our days in silently seeking, and worshipping that glorious Triune JEHOVAH, by whom we trust we are predestinated and redeemed unto life. But, beloved, painful and powerful as the opposition against us has been, and is ; and much as we have resolved to be found only in a waiting posture before God : there has been a secret power ; yea, we say it with a clear conscience before God, there has been a solemn necessity laid upon us, both to preach and to publish the grace and the goodness of our sin-conquering, iniquity-covering, soul-comforting, covenant God—so that we have indeed been “ pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we have often despaired of life. Standing thus on the very margin of time, on the borders of the land ; we know that yet a little while, and neither the frowns nor the fawnings (Daniel xi. 34.) of either good men or bad men, will be anything to us. Truly, our “ tacklings are loosed ; we cannot well strengthen the mast, not easily spread the sail : ” but, “ the great spoil is divided ; the lame have taken the prey : ” the archers have sorely grieved us, and shot at us ; and hated us ; but our bow has abode in strength ; and we do humbly trust that the hands of our arms have been made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob ; therefore we encourage ourselves in the Lord, and say, “ the LORD is our judge ; the Lord is our law-giver ; the Lord is our king ; HE WILL SAVE US : ” and all we desire beside, is to give back in gratitude and praise, what the Lord, in grace and mercy, hath given unto us.

We desire to have our VESSEL filled with Christ and his love, blood and righteousness, beauty and glory : and if you be filled with the good “ spiced wine of the juice of the pomegranate,” until your souls run over with his love, you will not have much room for anything beside Christ. If you be filled with the love of the Father—filled with Christ’s Atonement—and filled with the comforts of the Holy Spirit, you will be stayed with flagons, and so comforted with apples, from the apple tree of life, in this dark wood, that will heal all manner of diseases, and make your soul well.

With regard to that horrible and dreadful thing *sin* and *corruption*, we are compelled to believe it from distressing experience, far beyond all that we have heard preached by any man, or seen written : yea, beyond all that we can possibly express—“ For the heart is deceitful above all things, who can know it ? ” But we dare not set up these things, nor the knowledge of these things as evidences or witnesses of our title to heaven, because wicked men and devils have the same ; and they feel it, believe it, and tremble. But they believe against their will, and wish they could not believe it : they have no godly sorrow on account of sin : it is a dead experience, which leads them into themselves where the death-worm gnaws ; but a holy, true and living experience, wrought in heaven-born souls, by the Holy Ghost, is accompanied with self-loathing, godly sorrow, mourning, sighing, and groaning with a broken heart and a contrite spirit. And such souls are ultimately led out of themselves, and are led by the Spirit unto Christ and his bleeding wounds, to heal those wounds which sin hath made : they are led by the Spirit, from under the curse of the law, to Christ, for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. The Spirit helps them to believe in Christ, to

love the Lord Jesus, through whom they receive peace and pardon, and the atonement; they ultimately receive Christ in their hearts, the only hope of glory, which makes their souls expand, and their poor hearts to heave with the love of Christ: they not only hear of Christ afar off, but they receive him as their life,—“as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.”

We must leave some to their own *vernility*, and others to their mazy windings: but it is a most solemn consideration that multitudes are set up as teachers of others, and yet know nothing savingly of the way for themselves: as John Bunyan says, “they bring mud and mire on the road, and mar it rather than mend it.” Not that the king’s highway needs mending, only that men’s dirt and rubbish be cast out of it. “Cast ye up, the highway, lift up a standard for the people.” (Isa. lxii. 10.) For the king’s highway is everlasting life and love in Christ Jesus, as he said, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” All other ways are lies and death.

“O for a closer walk with God!
A calm, and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads us to the Lamb.”

We are persuaded that every soul born of God, would be as holy as God is, and never will be completely satisfied until it awakes up in his likeness; for although the soul is regenerated and redeemed, it is waiting for the redemption of the body: and while it is in the body of this death, it cannot do the things that it would, because *the old man* will oppose *the new man*, and there will be strong conflicts between flesh and spirit, sin and grace, faith and unbelief; and sometimes through the evils of the heart, and the power of temptation, the flesh will overcome, and a child of God may fall foully. “Gad, a troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last.” But, O, what wounds, and broken bones doth sin make!

But, to conclude; we would not willingly injure any man; nor speak evil of any man; nor attempt to rival any contemporary periodical of truth; but from what we have seen, felt, tasted and handled of the word of Life, we would speak in the name of God, with reverence as in the sight of God. The Lord forbid that we should spare any Achan or Agag, if found in our camp, neither would we connive at sin, either in ourselves or others; but our prayer shall be, both for ourselves and others, moaning under sin, “spare them, good Lord: spare us, good Lord: though thou takest vengeance on our inventions.” We would neither fear nor spare any man in error: but say with the ancient father Polycarpe, when the empress threatened him, “TELL THE EMPRESS THAT I AM AFRAID OF NOTHING BUT SIN.”

With one other word, we conclude this brief and imperfect address. It may be asked, “for what class of persons is the *Vessel* designed?” We answer—It is for the gathering in, and gathering up, the “small and despised:”—“the outcasts of Israel:”—the halt, the lame, the satan-hunted, and sin-distracted souls:—such as composed David’s ragged regiment; such as are in distress, in debt and discontented; that they may find contentment only in David’s Son our King, who pays all their debts, and makes them free men in his kingdom for ever.

And now, beloved, in entering upon the year of our Lord one thousand,

eight hundred, and forty-six, we pray that "grace may be shewed us from the Lord our God:" that a remnant of precious souls may be given unto us, who shall escape the pollutions of the world; the snares of the adversary, and the terrors of death: that God may give us a nail in his most holy place; and a little reviving in our bondage: that so straight paths may be made for our feet: that our eyes may be kept single; our hearts decided; our consciences tender; our evidences clear; and then shall we at length join the heavenly Epithalamium.—"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sin 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 EDITORS.

JONATHAN AGAINST ZACCHEUS; & ZACCHEUS'S REPLY.

Dear Sir,—While perusing several numbers of the *Earthen Vessel*, I thought, "Well, I do wish Mr. Banks would exercise greater *discrimination* in his *Reviews*, and shake off that seemingly *fear of offending man* which so *evidently characterises* the *generality* of his remarks." I pray you not to look shy upon me, for I am no Ahitophel but a real true *Jonathan*: my words are as a *fire* in my bones, consequently *must come out*. But in several places, sir, you really seem to *agree, concur, and join with any preacher*, so long as he *holds and sets forth* the doctrines of *grace, clearly and satisfactorily*: when you must be fully aware that soundness in the letter *merely* is no test, (although making one of the tests,) of a God-sent man. Methinks we should always look for *this one thing in every man's testimony*:—

In it, is there to be found any traces of the man ever having been experimentally taught what he is as a sinner in the sight of a HOLY, HEART-SEARCHING AND REIN-TRYING GOD? I know this language cuts some to the quick, and for it they will call you *partial, bigotted, sectarian, and narrow-minded*, but however much these professors may scoff, jeer, and deride *HEART-SEARCHINGS, SELF-EMPTYINGS, and SOUL-STRIPPINGS*, sure I am that every *living soul* and every *real ambassador* sent of God, *must be brought* into the same position as Joshua (the church's type,) *CLOTHED IN FILTHY GARMENTS*. Oh, sir, to whom but to those who have been *feelingly* here, is the *glorious righteousness of Immanuel, God with us, precious?*

Moreover, I am confident that before *any* soul can be *experimentally clothed*, that soul must be *experimentally unclothed*. Oh, that our religion may be found to stand not in the "*WISDOM OF MEN,*" but in the "*POWER OF GOD!*"

Amen and amen, say I; with many sincere thanks to this real *Jonathan* for his plain, straightforward and honest note. He evidently writes out of the abundance of his heart; and I feel persuaded it is a heart that has been circumcised by the grace of the blessed Spirit. But what is the matter? What mere doctrinal, letter preacher is it that I have countenanced, agreed, and concurred with, that so stirs up the zeal of my brother *Jonathan*? Oh—that's the man—is it? Oh, oh: well, but I did not fully concur, and agree with all that he has said of himself: neither did I undertake to prove that his ministry was of God; or that he was savingly born again of God the Holy Ghost. Nevertheless, I thought it good to throw down, and to lay open the man's testimony before the children; in order that they might take it up, look at it, turn it over, and see if there was in it any good thing towards the Lord God of Israel. I think *Jonathan* knocks me rather hard, when he says that I am influenced by a fear of offending: it is true, *Jonathan*, I have been very careful not to say anything to disparage, or to throw contempt upon the writings of men professing to fear and serve the Lord: and it is very possible—yea, it is very certain, that there has been too much of this carefulness; and consequently there has been very much of men's works and writings given, and apparently sanctioned, that I have since deeply regretted. "Let the righteous smite me, (says the Psalmist;) it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head." And so, blessed be God, I have found that *Jonathan's* smittings have done me good—and I am sure his excellent oil will never break my head, for I do know right well that no other religion than that which he so briefly, but strikingly delineates can ever stand before a Holy God. After this, I trust *Jonathan* will keep a watchful eye upon me, and let me hear from him again. That great grace may rest upon him, is my humble prayer.

**The Certainty and the Glory, of the Spiritual and the Personal
Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.**

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE FAITH OF THE GOSPEL,

You are not the only one of my friends, who have expressed a desire to know my mind upon the kingdom and glory of the Lord Jesus Christ; therefore believing it to be a subject much calculated (under the Holy Spirit,) to produce watchfulness, separation from the world, and a diligent searching of the Scriptures of truth, I purpose, if it may be the will of the Lord to spare me, to give you, from time to time, a few thoughts upon such portions of the revealed will of God, as appear to me to speak clearly and certainly respecting the coming and the character of that kingdom in which Christ will reign, "before his ancients gloriously: wherein they shall "see him as he is, and be made like unto him."

Let me first tell you, that about six years ago, this subject laid much upon my mind; and was one which, to a very considerable extent, engaged my attention. I had at that time, a friend who studied it deeply, and felt an unusual degree of interest in the same. But, alas! he was suddenly taken out of time: a flood of most distressing evils broke in upon my soul; I was driven from one end of the land to nearly the other: my hope and my strength appeared to have perished: I became an outcast; a wretched wanderer: and, although a heart-felt love to the glorious truths of the gospel; a continued thirst for hearing and attending upon the ministry of the word, NEVER LEFT ME; still, from that time down to the present, the coming of Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost, into my heart and conscience, with saving, sanctifying, and delivering power, has been of such vast and vital importance, that I have looked at the Second Coming and Personal kingdom of Christ, as the Israelites might have looked across the other side of the Red Sea when they encamped before Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over-against Baalzephon. Deliverance from the Egyptians was the first great matter with them: and so it was with me. Well; ten thousand times ten thousand praises unto the God of all grace, deliverance has been wrought; mercy has been shewn; hope has been given; a humble confidence has been realised: "THE LORD has become my salvation: he is my strength, and my song:" surely I will prepare him an habitation: I will exalt him, saying, "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy: and in the greatness of thine excellency, thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee."

My brother; until a sinner by the blessed inward teaching and anointing of the Holy Ghost, by faith, can say, "We know that Jesus Christ is come, and hath given us an understanding to know him:" until, I say, some saving knowledge of Jesus Christ is realised in the soul, it is but

premature speculation to be talking and preaching about his glorious Second Coming: therefore let me preface this, my first epistle, with a few words descriptive of the character and condition of those happy souls of whom the Lord himself did speak, when he said, "And **THEY THAT WERE READY**, went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut." Oh, what a closing up of the Gospel dispensation will that be!

The words which I have just quoted (out of the parable of the wise and foolish virgins,) were dropped with softness and sweetness, into my soul on the afternoon of Friday, the 28th of November, 1845; just before setting out for Camberwell to preach. A few thoughts with which my soul was then most sweetly favoured, shall here follow.

First: I looked at the word, "**THEY**,"—"*They that were ready.*" Who these people are; and what it is that shall make them ready to go in with him to the marriage, are most certainly subjects that can never be too deeply, nor seriously canvassed; nor our personal interest in them too frequently inquired after.

While thinking of the word, "**They**:" that is, of the people, my mind was arrested by the description which the Holy Ghost gives you in the 72nd Psalm, of the kind of materials, or persons, or characters, of which the kingdom of Christ shall be composed. First, of Christ it is said, "And he shall live:" that is, manifestly, gloriously, triumphantly: "and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba." This language is figurative; but, I believe it is most beautifully descriptive of the eternal origin, spiritual character, and ultimate destiny of the whole redeemed church of God.

Why is the word *Sheba* employed? It certainly does not mean that material gold shall be given to Christ! Oh, no; there is a most deep and holy mystery couched in this figurative expression. You know Solomon says "If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding, if thou seekest for her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures, *then, then*, shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord: and find **THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.**"

The knowledge of God is, by the diligent, Spirit-taught man, to be found in the Scriptures of truth, and in the experience of the soul.

Come, then, with me back to the beginning of the history and the mystery of this word *Sheba*.

In the 21st chapter of Genesis, the Holy Ghost begins it. He says, "It came to pass that Abimelech and Phicol, the chief captain of the host, spake unto Abraham, saying, "God is with thee, in all that thou doest." What an expression to preface their speech with! "**GOD IS WITH THEE, IN ALL THAT THOU DOEST.**" You may depend upon it, something of heavenly and divine importance to the church of the living God is contained here. Who is this Abimelech—and, who is this Phicol, that thus come to Abraham? The importance of their names, (as given by the Hebrew scholar,) appears to be full of expression and divine glory. Abimelech being interpreted, means "The father of the King:" and Phicol means, "The mouth, or the tongue of all." We are told that Abimelech was king of Gerar: now Gerar denotes a pilgrimage, a combat, or strife. The

intercourse between the Lord God and Abimelech seems to bespeak an interest in the divine favour. God came to Abimelech in a dream by night. God held Abimelech back from sinning against him; God witnessed to the integrity of his heart, and the innocence of his hands: and God healed him. (Gen. xx.) Further, we read that Abimelech and Phicol came to Abraham and said, "God is with thee in all that thou doest. Now, therefore, swear unto me here by God, that thou wilt not deal falsely with me, nor with my son, nor with my son's sons," &c. And Abraham swear unto him." I believe in my very soul that Abimelech is here a type and figure of the majesty of the holy law of God in its coming to our spiritual Abraham, (the Lord Jesus Christ.) Hence, the Holy Ghost says that when Abimelech came to Abraham demanding Abraham to swear faithfully to him—that is expressive of the law's demand for a perfect obedience and fulfilment of its commands; when Abimelech thus came to Abraham, "Abraham reprov'd Abimelech, because of a well of water which Abimelech's servants had violently taken away?" What well was this? Who were Abimelech's servants? How was this well *violently* taken away? The well is the everlasting love of God: this existed before the church of God had a being. The three Persons in the ever-blessed Trinity, in their several works in the bringing elect sinners to glory, are designated "The wells of salvation"—because, as I humbly apprehend, in the electing love of GOD THE FATHER—in the atoning blood of GOD THE SON—and in the regenerating and sanctifying powers of GOD THE ETERNAL SPIRIT, there are depths which never can be fathomed, and a glorious fulness that never can be diminished: these are the wells of the Lord's people's salvation, the springing-up of which is and shall be found in their souls even unto eternal life. But what well was it of which Abraham spake unto Abimelech? Joseph, as a sweet and holy type of Christ, is said to be a fruitful bough by a well, by which it was so richly watered, that his branches run over the wall." This well is the electing love of God. "That is the well," (says the Holy Ghost,) "whereof the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, "Gather the people together, and I will give them water." Yes, this is the precious well which was opened up in the glorious person of Christ, to which God's Israel are to be gathered—and it is out of this well that God will give them water; that is, spiritual and eternal life, with all the cleansing and comforting mercies therewith connected. (Numbers xxi. 16, 17.) Oh, how beautifully is the decision and the success of the Gospel Ministry set forth by Abraham's servant, who, on being commissioned to go forth to get a wife for Isaac, comes up to this well: and, said he, "*Behold, I STAND HERE* by the well of water." Here he stood—here he prayed mightily unto God—here he found Rebekah—he saw the hand, and realised the faithfulness of God. Ministers of the Gospel! Have ye come up to this well? Depend on it, the bride, the elect church, is no where else to be found.

But Abraham said, Abimelech's servants had violently taken away the well. Who were Abimelech's servants? If Abimelech, (*the Father of the King*), was typical, though it be only in name and office, of the holy

majesty of God, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, then his servants are his own elect: who by reason of their fall into, and their abominable practice of sin and iniquity, took away, or stopped up, the well of electing love: for, although its sovereign course could never be resisted, yet the church having fallen into sin, rebellion, and pollution, up to glory, in her fallen state, she could never come: until sin be virtually and eternally removed from her, God's everlasting love could never flow down to her: the scriptures—(condescending to our weak capacities, in the developement of the operations of God's everlasting love unto his chosen in Christ)—do speak as though this well was taken away; that is, its mouth was closed. In the 63rd of Isaiah, this apparent suspension of the flowings of God's everlasting love unto his people, is thus spoken of by the Lord Christ himself: "I looked; and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury it upheld me:" so in the 5th of the Revelations; and in many other parts. But whether the law and divine justice, are not rather there set forth; or sin and satan; as the instruments of taking away the well; are matters I will not insist upon. Abraham brings a sacrifice—"for these seven ewe lambs," (said Abraham to Abimelech) "shalt thou take of my hand, that they may be a witness unto me, that I have digged this well; wherefore he called that place Beer-sheba; (that is, *the well of the OATH*;) "Thus," says the Holy Ghost, "they made a covenant at Beer-sheba: and Abraham planted a grove *in* Beer-sheba"—that is—Christ, our spiritual Abraham (see Luke xvi. 22 to the end), having engaged to make one perfect offering for sin, and thereby covenanting to open a fountain to the house of David, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, did thereby plant his own church—his garden—(all the trees of righteousness which the Father had given unto him,) in the covenant of grace; in the mystical and spiritual Beer-sheba; and there his intercessory work begun; "there he called upon the name of the Lord, the everlasting God." Genesis xxi. 33.

By the gold of Sheba, then, which is to be given unto Christ, (Psalm lxxii. 15.) I do understand, the children of God, who, from everlasting have been planted and provided for, in that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure.

God's elect family, Christ's redeemed sheep; the subjects of regenerating grace, are called "the gold of Sheba." See how beautifully and lovingly Christ speaks of his sheep: He calls them his fruit—"My fruit," says he, "is better than gold; yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver. I lead in the way of righteousness; in the paths of judgment; that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance. And I will fill all their treasures." Our glorious and precious Christ is the Tree of Life: his fruit is the purchase of his blood; they are living branches of Him, the living Vine: and he, declaring the glory which they shall have with him, says, "they are better than fine gold." Oh, how strong is the language of my dear old prophet and companion in tribulation, Jeremiah! His poor afflicted soul seemed ready to burst with the two-fold view he had of the Church of Christ: "THE PRECIOUS SONS OF ZION," says he, "comparable

to fine gold; how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers; the work of the hands of the potter!" Poor earthen pitchers, indeed! oftentimes without a drop of spiritual moisture within them; seemingly made to be broken and dashed to pieces by sin and satan; and yet, withal, they are "the precious sons of Zion; comparable unto fine gold." Wherefore are they comparable unto *fine gold*?

They are comparable unto fine gold, first, because they are secretly hidden, buried up, and covered with the ore of sin and a fallen nature: so that although the God of Israel has thousands of elect vessels of mercy laying among the ruins and the rubbish of the fall; and although they are eternally predestinated and redeemed unto life; yet, while deeply buried in their unregenerate state, no one can see that they are of the gold of Sheba. Secondly, because they are powerfully brought forth out of the dark cavern, the deep pit of sin and iniquity, by the Almighty voice and power of the eternal God. Thirdly, because they are subjected to a severe process by the purging and purifying powers of the Spirit of God. "I will turn my hand upon them," (saith the Lord,) "and I will purely purge away their dross; and *take away all their tin.*" (Isaiah i. 25.) What a wonderful work is the work of God upon a living sinner's conscience! First, says God, "I will bring them:" for they are a long way off, even in a far country, as the prodigal was: Oh, how deeply sunken in drunkenness, in uncleanness, in blasphemy, in enmity, and in ignorance, are many of the elect of God by nature! But, it is a high hand, and a stretched-out arm, that God putteth forth, to bring in his beloved ones.

Mark you; many of our fine so-called ministers talk about offering salvation: and men refusing: they might as well go to the farthest end of a coal pit, and command the coal to rise up, and walk out of itself. God says, "I WILL BRING THEM;" and that not part of the way merely; no: but through the fire, and try them; purify them: put a living, crying soul into them: and answer them in the joy of their hearts: so that they shall say, "the Lord is my God; and I will say they are my people."

Thus, my beloved brother, I have, in some humble measure spoken a little of the people who shall be made ready to go in with Christ to the marriage supper. I must, for the present, say, farewell: hoping to resume the subject in my next. Believe me, your's to love and serve for Christ's sake.

C. W. BANKS.

6, Pagoda Terrace, Bermondsey New Road,
Southwark.

WHAT IS PRAYER?—Christ receives sighs in his censor for prayers: though others mock at groans, yet he that made them knows what they mean. The Spirit first makes the sigh as an intercessor, and then, as God, hears it; he is within praying, and without hearing; a dumb beggar gets an alm at Christ's gate even by making signs, when his tongue cannot plead for him, and the rather, because he is dumb. The Lord regards not the grammar of prayers, how men word it in prayer; nor the arithmetic of prayers, how often they pray; nor the rhetoric of prayers, how finely they pray; nor the musick of prayers, what sweetness of tone men have in prayer; but the divinity of prayer. Christians, the Spirit of God makes intercession in us with sighs and groans which cannot be uttered, for their greatness; that as there is joy unspeakable, so there is joy unutterable; rather for their littleness, their feebleness, and faintness: yet God hears them when we scarce feel them; he knows the meaning of those groans, which never as yet knew their own meaning, and understands the sense of those sighs, which never understood themselves.

A TRUE AND LIVING EXPERIENCE.

IN giving the following testimony and declaration of the work of God on the soul of an elect vessel of mercy, our minds have been secretly impressed with the instructions given by the God of Israel unto his people in ancient times; he said not only that they should set up a standard to the people; that is, CHRIST JESUS THE LORD: but he also commanded them to "SET UP WAYMARKS; and to make high heaps;" that so the virgin daughter of Israel, in her turning again to her own cities might be assured of the certainty, and the safety of the way in which she was caused to travel.

Some good men are decidedly against the publication of such works as the *Earthen Vessel*: and treat them with the greatest contempt. So long, however, as they are instrumental in setting up such solemn waymarks of a living experience as the following, we have no fear but that there will be many seeking souls, to whom they will be made a blessing.

The writer of the subjoined epistle was, for a time, much exercised in his mind about sending it for insertion: after sincerely seeking direction from the Lord, he felt it impossible to withhold it: we, therefore, (fully believing it to be of God,) give it with much confidence, earnestly praying many troubled souls may be comforted by it. The writer in a letter to a friend of his, says:—

"I am much obliged by your kind enquiry respecting the growth of grace in my soul; and to be candid on this important matter, I assure you I am sometimes led to doubt whether the seeds of divine grace were ever sown at all in my stony heart, and to fear that all is nothing but delusion from first to last: if such has been the case, there can be no taking root, or growth of grace in the heart. O what a wretch! what a mass of corruption is man by nature! quite incapable of ever thinking a good thought, much more performing one good act. So that if ever saved at all, it must be all of free sovereign grace from first to last. But to your most important question, relative to my growth in grace.

It is now about twenty-four years since my mind was solemnly arrested by these words—"Cursed is he that setteth light by his father or mother, and all the people shall say, Amen." At this time I had carelessly taken up the word of God; why or wherefore I know not; for I had not the least desire for any thing of the kind: neither had I, to my knowledge, ever looked into it for months before; for I had shamefully neglected reading the word after leaving my dear father's roof: and it was very seldom that I had attended a place of worship for some time past: for I was determined to have my fill of the world, come what would: and when I did attend a place of worship, it was only to appease conscience, which would harass me much at times, and compel me to resolve that I would lead a better life in future; but though I would neither hear the word or read it, this did not in the least frustrate God's designs or purposes towards me:—the place, the time, the chapter, the verse, and the very sentence, were all fixed in his eternal mind before all ages.—Think not, O man, whoever thou art, that thy puny arm can in any degree frustrate the purposes of Jehovah. No: be assured that when the hour is come; I say, when the fixed time to favour Zion is come; she shall be brought out, in spite of men and devils.

But to return. That awful sentence, "Cursed is he," &c., came with such power to my conscience, and seemed to sound again and again, "*thou art the man*;" and as the poet has it,

I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

O, my dear friend, my poor soul sunk fathoms in a moment, I could just groan out with the poor publican of old, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, canst thou—wilt thou—ever look with compassion on such a wretch as me?" I was all this time on my knees in secret, (for I was the only soul in the house at that time,) and the enemy kept pouring in his fiery darts into my poor soul, telling me there was no mercy for such a wretch as me: that I had sinned against light and knowledge; and therefore my soul was lost for ever: that eternal damnation was mine: and that I was lost beyond a remedy. O, what a state my poor mind was in all this time! I dared not again to look at the word which laid open before me, for there was nothing but curses pronounced again and again, against guilty sinners, and such indeed I saw and felt myself to be! O, what mortal can describe the horrors of a guilty conscience, when God sets a man's sins before him in the light of his countenance; and shows him that out of Christ, God is a consuming fire! Such then was the state of my mind day and night that I could neither eat, drink, or sleep: in fact, I was afraid to sleep lest I should awake in hell. But, to be brief: I went on in this wretched state for some time; all around could see the change: some of my companions telling me I should go melancholy or mad, and such like. Poor creatures; they little knew what was going on within; neither could I tell them for a thousand worlds; for "Cursed is he," &c. sounded in my ears, day after day, and night after night, and I felt it belonged to me; that I was the guilty wretch therein described. Every opportunity that offered I was compelled to fall down on my knees crying, "Lord, have mercy on my guilty soul—God be merciful to me a sinner—Lord, canst thou save such a guilty wretch as me?—O, what will become of my poor soul?—I am lost for ever—I shall be justly damned for my sins—O, that I had never been born—that I had been a dog, or a cat, or anything else which has not an immortal soul!"

At last, I was led to see that the Lord Jesus Christ died for sinners; that he came into the world to save sinners: that he came into the world to seek and to save such as were in and of themselves lost and undone: that his blood cleanseth from all sins. This gave me at times a little hope: I would again read the word; then fall on my knees and exclaim, "Lord Jesus; I read that thou didst come into the world to save sinners, even the chief—canst thou—wilt thou, be pleased to look down in mercy on my soul?—if thou doest not save me, I am lost for ever." The enemy would then come in and assail me with "Christ came only to save the elect which were given to him by God the Father before the world was: if thou hadst been one of the elect, thou mayest then hope; but thou ever wast, and ever will be a reprobate: thou wilt die in thy sins, and be eternally lost; thou hadst better give it all up at once, for there is no mercy for thee." O, how I would groan and sigh, and mourn at such times. Yet, in the midst of all this, I could not help crying to the Lord to have mercy on my soul; and at times would feel, or

fancy I felt, a gleam of hope that sooner or later the Lord would have mercy on me, and pardon my sins. I went on for some time in this way, hoping and fearing, amidst the jeers of some, and the sneers of others, of my old companions. Still crying to the Lord in my poor broken way for mercy, one night, after retiring to my bed-room, I read a portion of the word of God, and begged of the Lord if it was his blessed will, to make it manifest to my soul whether I was one of his or not; and I felt a sort of boldness and nearness of access to him, which I had not felt on former occasions; and was enabled to plead with him as a man pleadeth with his friend, telling the Lord he knew it was my soul's desire to live to the honour and glory of his dear name, and if he would make it manifest to me that he would pardon my sins I would bless and praise him as long as I had breath. I fell asleep with a greater degree of calmness in my mind. I awoke early next morning: the sun was shining very bright in the heavens; and as I lay wondering at the goodness and mercy of God towards such a vile wretch as I felt myself to be, in permitting the sun to shine once more on my guilty head, these words came with such power into my mind,—“Bless the Lord, O, my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases;” and with the words “*who forgiveth all thy iniquities,*” such a body of light broke in upon my poor benighted soul, that beggars all language to describe. I felt assured that the God of heaven had pardoned my sins; and that he had blotted out my iniquities—I sang, and wept tears of joy. I could indeed then call on all the powers of my soul to bless and praise his holy name. I really felt as full of heaven as my poor soul could hold; and exclaimed again and again, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul.” I could no more refrain from blessing and praising the God of heaven, than I could stop the sun in the firmament from shining. I was as satisfied that the Lord had put away my sins, as I was of my natural existence. Ah, who can describe the feelings of a poor soul thus favoured by the God of heaven? it beggars all language, even to attempt to describe it,—I could then indeed say with the poet,

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

But I must not enlarge at this time; suffice it to say, that I was blessed with much nearness of access to the Lord for some time, and I, poor fool as I am, thought I should go on the remainder of my days in this blessed frame of mind; for satan was kept at a happy distance:

And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

But, alas, after this, the Lord withdrew the light of his countenance, and the enemy was permitted to assail my poor soul, if possible ten-fold worse than before; telling me all was a delusion, and bringing all past sins before me from my youth up to the present time: and my poor soul shuddered at the black catalogue; and such was the horror of mind that I felt, that I could only sigh, and groan, at my awful state.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GOODNESS & FORBEARANCE OF GOD TO CALEB COATES.

(Continued from Vol. I.)

[In continuing to publish the letters of Mr. Caleb Coates, we feel called upon to say a word or two to such persons as have been induced to speak of him, of his testimony, and of our publicity of the same, in not very kind and charitable terms. We did not commence their insertion until after we had very many opportunities of knowing the man—of weighing his experience—of examining his character—and coming, (as far as it is possible for a poor finite worm to come), to some well-grounded conclusion respecting his real state and standing before God. Neither did we thus introduce his testimony into these pages in ignorance of the prominent part which he has been led to take in the church with which he stood connected for several years. With that, however, we have nothing to do. All that we have to say to our readers for Caleb Coates, is, *hear him out*, and, if enabled clearly and correctly to trace out the travail and conflict of his soul, you will say at the close, “this is the man of whom it is written, ‘as he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down and tare him.’” Poor Caleb has found it is no easy matter to be a christian : like the people of God in ancient times, he has “wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way : finding no city to dwell in : hungry and thirsty his soul has fainted within him.” Under these circumstances, he has “cried unto the Lord in his trouble,” and has many times been “delivered out of all his distresses.” Again he has “set in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron,” because he rebelled against the word of God :” but the Lord has sent his word and healed him : and although he is yet called to do business in deep waters : we believe, most solemnly, that the great Captain of our salvation will ultimately “set the poor on high from affliction : the righteous shall see it, and rejoice ; and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.” Come, then, such of you as fear the Lord, and bear with him while he tells you what it is that the Lord, has done for his soul.] In continuation, he says—

After that dreadful affliction which I noticed in my last letter, inserted in the November number of the *Earthen Vessel*, when the late Rev. John Wilcox compelled my parents to go out of his house, I, with my brother Jesse, were obliged to seek an asylum in Barram Work-house, where we continued nine months, to the sorrow of our poor parents who were then unable to take us under their roof, they having but one room.

I have nothing to say against that refuge which was the poor house for thirty-six parishes ; for in those days good laws and regulations ruled in that establishment ; and its overseers were not monsters, but men possessing natural feeling ; the poor were then allowed such food and clothing as many out of the house would have been glad of. Then every married couple in the house had a separate apartment ; but now I understand there are none of these things in that house ; but on the contrary, inhuman and iniquitous edicts exist, separating a man from his wife, contrary to the laws of God, and man ; “for what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.” Will not God visit for these things ? And shall not his soul be avenged on such a nation as this ? (*Jer. v.*) Yea, I believe her battlements will be taken away ; for they are not the Lord’s : and both sword and famine will speedily break in upon her ; her prophets are become wind, and the word is not in them ; the ways of Zion do mourn ; her inhabitants are clothed in sack-cloth ; and her priests wear a rent girdle. (*Isa. v.*) But I must pass on.

At the end of the nine months, I was bound for three years to the late Mr. Samuel Ford, of Stoneham Aspel, a farmer, who rather than have me, my poor mother being first cousin to him, paid a fine of ten pounds. I have often thought of the unhappy end of this great and opulent farmer, who, some years after, became reduced in circumstances ; and, sad to relate was, found dead in his pond. “Pride goeth before destruction ; and a haughty spirit before a fall.” (*Prov. xvi.*)

My brother was bound for the same period to a Mr. Richard Beck, of the same parish, farmer: this gentleman said he would not have him, but would take me if I would exchange my interest in the ten pound fine, for my brother's lot, this offer I accepted; and to my astonishment, this gentleman sent me to live at his father's, Dr. Beck, of Needham Market, and so my dream, which I mentioned in my last, was fulfilled twelve months after its existence.

In this situation I lived two years; and was looked upon by my fellow servants as the offscouring and filth of the earth, and many times the cook would give me to eat that which I would disdain to set before my dog. This, with many other things used to annoy me very much. In order to get from under this yoke, I enlisted for a soldier at Stow Market Fair; and while there I was informed that my parents had received tidings of what I had done, which drove them almost distracted: I then said to myself, one of two things I must do; either be sworn into the army at once, or endeavour to get off: and as I could not be the former, I adopted the latter, before my parents reached the town. I then agreed to return to my place at Needham, where I stopped a few weeks longer, and then my master, finding my mind very unsettled, gave me my discharge.

Shortly after this, I received a letter from my brother Robert, containing a sovereign and an invitation for me to come to London; as he had procured a situation for me in a nursery garden; so into this mighty metropolis I came, in March, 1826, with no money of my own in my pocket; and scarcely any clothes on my back.

I entered upon my situation in the eighteenth year of my age; and the very first week, my master sending me on an errand to a gentleman's house, I saw there a very smart young woman. I said to myself, "you shall be my wife: when I get a little older, have a little money in my pocket, and have some better clothes on my back, I will inform you of it." Shortly after this I learned that this young woman was gone to live with a family at Kentish Town. However I thought I would look after her as soon as I had acquired the qualifications above named.

While I was in this situation, my master, Mr. Jeal, and my brother, (both professors of religion) wished me to attend some place of worship, accordingly I would sometimes hear Mr. Davis, of East Street; Mr. Chin, of Zion Street, Walworth; and at other times I would go to my cousin's at Midway Street, Westminster, and accompany them to their usual place of worship. But I do not recollect that any powerful convictions seized my conscience while hearing any of these ministers.

It came to pass that I left Mr. Jeales's employ, and took a situation in a gentleman's family, where I staid but eight months, in consequence of the death of my master: from thence I went to work for my brother Robert, who, at that time, had commenced business on his own account.

About this time, Mr. Wells, minister of the Surry Tabernacle, was just rising in the religious horizon, as a minister of the everlasting gospel. At the blaze of this wonderful man, many stood amazed. My cousin Marsh said he thought he was a good man, and bold in the truth; for one day he was standing, preaching opposite a gin shop, near the Blue Coat School, Westminster, when some drunken men came up, who appeared as if they would interrupt him; but, he feeling no doubt that his mission was divine, and knowing that the Lord had all hearts in his hand, told his audience to take no notice of them. However one of those men came very near to Mr. W——, and then he said to the man, "do not meddle with me, sir; I shall not insult you." The man stood quiet; and after the service, walked peaceably away. Soon after this, I attended very regular for a time, to Mr. W——'s ministry; and was certainly made to feel the weight of it. I never used to laugh, as many did, at the novelty of his expressions; but was brought into an enquiring position; and this was manifest unto some of his hearers; one Mr. B—— has since told me, and many others, that there was then the appearance of some good thing in me.

I do not recollect any portion of the words from which Mr. W. spoke during my stay at this time, save this one; "And she said unto her husband, behold now I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually; let us make a little chamber I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed and a table, and a candlestick; and it shall be when he cometh to us; that he shall turn in thither." (2 Kings iv.) The discourse from these words was delivered in a room in Princes Court, near the Abbey. I am not able to say which of these two, caused this scripture to have a lasting impression on my mind even to this day; the novelty displayed in the delivery of the sermon, or the power of God. Mr. W—— was just then beginning to gather around him a few kind friends: but he was not of a covetous disposition, nor did he preach for filthy lucre, for he said, (if I mistake

not,) that fifteen shillings per week was as much as any gospel minister ought to have.

But I pass on : it came to pass while I attended this ministry, and while in my brother's employ, that my grandmother died ; this circumstance tried the depth of my religion ; and became the occasion of my pursuing a different line of conduct on sundays ; for I was at this time able to purchase for myself a suit of mourning ; very shortly afterward it came into my mind, that I must go and look after the young woman above mentioned ; which I did, and I enquired about until I found her, although I did not know her proper address. Very soon after I became acquainted with her, I found it was too much for me to go to chapel and Kentish Town too, therefore I gave up the former, and in St. Paul's Church Yard promised the Lord that if he gave me this woman to wife, that then I would pay attention to religion.

In process of time I married this young woman, who is now my wife ; but I forgot my promise about religion, instead thereof, very shortly after, I took a very different course to the sorrow of my poor wife ; to whom I used to say when she opened the door to me at 12 o'clock at night, " if you say a word to me, I will go back again." In this dreadful state of wickedness I continued some time, and became as it were hardened in sin, insomuch that the judgement of God manifested in the death of a man, while in the act of picking up a skittle, had little or no effect upon me : but it came to pass that I went with my wife to visit her mother at Clapham, at which time I was invited to accompany a few friends to hear a minister at the Baptist Chapel on Clapham Common, and while under the sermon, I was as it were, cut all to pieces, and cried like a child, and repented of my conduct ; and made many promises to be better. My wife thought from the effect the discourse had upon me, and from the appearance of things, that I should alter my line of conduct, which I did for a while : I would then go to several chapels, but strange to say, I used to go fast a sleep as soon as the minister began preaching : and after a while, like the sow, I went wallowing in the mire again.

It pleased the Lord to put an end to this mad career, by afflicting me with an effusion of blood on the brain, which deprived me at intervals of my reasoning faculties. I was placed under Dr. Lilburn ; who ordered my head to be shaved and blistered, and a quantity of blood was taken from the back part of my head, by cupping ; but, this did me apparently, no good ; I got worse rather than better ; and after some weeks attendance, I asked the doctor to tell me what he thought of my disease : I said, " do not deceive me." He replied, " there is but one thing you can do ; and if you do not that, you will die ; leave your wife and business, and go into some country place, where you can be very quiet ; your complaint is of that nature that will not allow you to live with her any longer."

I then felt that my sins were finding me out ; and that God was bringing trouble upon me like a whirlwind for my sins of omission and commission. But this distress in a measure wore off. I accordingly set my house in order ; and took my leave of my wife, Sept. 29, 1832, and went into the county of Suffolk, where my parents were then living. On my arrival at their house, they were astonished at my appearance ; for, from the effect of the effusion of blood on my brain, low diet, and having no hair on the back part of my head, I presented an appearance anything but pleasing to them. My poor father said, " Oh, boy, what is the matter with you ? What line of conduct have you been pursuing ?" I told him, I feared that I was going to hell. He, in reply, began telling me what I had heard before ; namely that the human race was eternally divided into two parts, the one saved, and the other lost ; one part would live and reign with Christ in glory ; and the other part must live in a place of outer darkness, subject to the wrath of God for ever and ever. He did not attempt to describe the evidence or marks, which declare persons to be interested in the redemption of Christ, for I then felt a dislike to such doctrine. I, at that time had lost all I ever had, which was only the theory of the doctrine of grace, and was more like a free-willer in principle, than a calvinist ; and contended that God would save every one if they would obey him ; and this change of sentiment I conclude was wrought in my soul in consequence of the law of God being powerfully revealed to my conscience ; its language is " DO, AND LIVE, sin, and die." This law, and my sins stared me in the face, and when that is the case " a man is hidden." (Prov. 28.) I told my parents that I did not believe their creed ; and should not stay with them ; but would go to my uncle Coates's at Ipswich : so the next day, Saturday, I took my leave of them, and arrived there the following evening.

For the present, I conclude ; in my next, if spared, I will give you an account of the wonderful manner in which the truth was powerfully fastened on my conscience.

Your's to serve for Christ's sake.

C. COATES.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE REV. JOSEPH IRONS.

(Continued from Vol. I.)

RESPECTED SIR,

IN continuation of my humble address unto you in defence of the solemn ordinance of believers' baptism, I cannot refrain from quoting the words of Livingstone, (an eminent saint and servant of the living God,) who once said, "It might be proved that there never was a controversy since the beginning of the world, even touching the most momentous truths, that was not accounted a *small thing, while it was an occasion of trial*. Satan always so shapes a trial, and puts it to such a frame; he will draw the controversy, or the matter in dispute, to so small a point, that many shall think there is but little difference between that which is right and that which is wrong: while the fact is, on the one side, there is a *denying of Christ*; and on the other side, a *confessing of Christ*." "What manifest truth, (says Robert Macdonald) is there in this statement; and how singularly suitable to the times in which we live." Ah, Sir, and how singularly suitable to the point of difference between you and thousands of God's dear children. Professors generally are so in love with you as a man of gospel truth, and as a man of many years' standing in the ministry, that the fact of your *denying Christ* in the ordinance of believers' baptism, is to them a matter of so small importance, that they will countenance and uphold you in what they know to be wrong; rather than honour Christ and his word, by boldly contending for what they thoroughly believe to be right. This is a most solemn fact, Sir; and I will not hesitate to declare this unto you, that there are men of sound sense, of *otherwise* consistent character, (as far as we know them,) who publicly confess that they hate and detest your opposition to that solemn ordinance, while they go on to strengthen your hands; thus practically saying, "Mr. Irons's ministry is of more importance to us than are the commands and the ordinances of Christ." And if this be not a bad state of things, Sir, I know not what is.

The conduct which has been manifest towards me by some professors, since I ventured publicly to address you, reminds me of what is declared in the Apocalypse concerning the slaying of the two witnesses. "I will give power;" (saith the LORD JESUS CHRIST,) unto my two Witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth,

* * And if any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouths, and devoureth their enemies; and if any man *will* hurt them, he *must*, in this manner be killed." These poor witnesses are to be overcome and killed; and their enemies shall rejoice over them. "*Who are these witnesses?*" (asks the noble Scotch divine before referred to;) "*What is their office; and their outward condition?*" They are the whole body of true believers; including pastors and people, who, from age to age, have faithfully testified for the truth: and who are said to be two; at once to denote the smallness of their number (a little flock), and yet the sufficiency of their testimony—(being led by the Spirit into all truth.) Indeed, Sir, I am, then, one of these witnesses for God and his truth, in these latter days; and so powerful has been the zeal of my soul against your determined denial of Christ in his holy

ordinance, that I must go on to protest against you, let the consequences be what they may.

What is the office of these witnesses? The office of God's living witnesses—the work of God's sent servants, as far as testifying is concerned, is said to be three-fold. “Sometimes *the truth is forgotten*—sometimes it is *corrupted* by being mingled with error—and sometimes it is openly opposed. The testimony the witnesses are to bear (says our author) must ever correspond with this three-fold danger. When truth is forgotten, they must revive and call it to mind: when it is corrupted, they must protest against the corruption; when it is openly opposed, they must *fearlessly defend it*, even AT THE HAZARD OF THEIR LIVES.

This, Sir, is the fire that is proceeding not only out of my mouth, but out of my very soul, because you have “hurt” me. (Revelations xi. 5.) Some people tell me, Sir, you are so hardened in this error, and so high in the good opinions of men, that it is altogether useless to take any notice of you: I tell them I have tried to quench the fire which your “Priscilla” has been instrumental in kindling, but stop its procedure I cannot. Other people take offence; frown at me; shake their heads, shew their teeth, lift up their hands, gather up their harness, and off they go: practically saying to me, “we heard you very well before you touched Mr. Irons; rejoiced in your light; and received you as a servant of God. But now, we have done with you: and must leave you to yourself.” Ah, to be sure, this is the sackcloth which we must wear, if we will be faithful for God's truth; this is the reproach that we must endure; this is the war that shall be made against us; yea, will overcome us; (as regards our natural feelings,) and will kill us; that is, it will blast our temporal prospects, and lay us low in the streets of professing Zion: so that great men; and hypocritical men; and high-flying men, will rejoice over our downfall, and make merry. (Rev. xi. 10.)

But, Sir, I do solemnly feel the beauty, the glory, and the power of that sweet description given of God's living witnesses in Revelation xi. 3, 4; “I will give power,” (said Jehovah,) “unto my two witnesses; and they shall prophesy:” yes; yes; with the power of God in the soul; kindling a holy fire in the heart, out must come the testimony; though it be but in sackcloth; in mean apparel; in low esteem; and accounted by men as the very offscouring of the earth; yet, if like “olive trees,” having the oil of God the Spirit in the heart, we are brought, as I hope and trust in this matter I am brought, “to stand before God:” then I say to you; to your zealous friends; to my false ones, and to my foes, that should this humble testimony of mine, be the cause of all men forsaking me; yet do I fully believe the Lord will stand by me; and strengthen me; deliver me from every evil work; and preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Returning then to notice again the three-fold office of these Witnesses; first, to revive truth when it is forgotten; secondly, to protest against error when mingled with truth; and, thirdly, fearlessly to defend truth when openly opposed: I say, as regards the first, I thank God, that I have some confidence in this, that at the Grove, truly, (in the doctrines of it) it is not

Forgotten. Oh, no, a mightier champion for the doctrines of grace—the election of the church in Christ; the eternal and vital union of the church to Christ, the all-glorious redemption of the church by Christ; and her ultimate happiness with him :) is scarcely to be found in our land in this day than is to be found in the successful ministry of Mr. Joseph Irons. In that ministry, I say, the great doctrines of truth are not forgotten; my sling and stones are not to be levelled at your knowledge of, or ministering in, the holy doctrines of the cross of Christ. Oh, no, Sir; go on, go on: unfurl the banner; lay open the mysteries of the cross; hold forth the word of life; and as you advance in years; as you approach the end of your earthly career; as you finish up that ministry which I would hope you have received of the Lord Jesus; may you be pre-eminently useful in winning souls unto Christ!

As regards the fact of your mingling truth with error, Sir, I cannot now enter upon it; I have better work to do: nevertheless, the Lord helping, you shall hear again from, your's faithfully,

C. W. BANKS.

P. S.—I can only now give you two short letters—more to come.

“Dear brother in Christ, companion in tribulation, and fellow-labourer in the vineyard of the Lord,—After having received your communication and inclosure, proceed to drop you a line by which I thank you for your kind remembrance of me in forwarding a copy of your address to Mr. Irons; most assuredly his aspersions cast on the Baptists are bitter and unfounded, not cast after the manner in which Priscilla and Aquila, in olden time, proceeded to address the man of God, Apollos, as they expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly. However, it is a remarkable fact, that matters of this kind, and declarations made after this manner, and in the spirit in which Mr. Irons has proceeded, has, according to my own personal knowledge, tended to the furtherance of the object which has thereby been bitterly opposed. Surely I have not a single stone to cast at (I would humbly hope) the good man, seeing it was mine for many years to have been eagaged after the same manner in which I verily believe he is still acting; yet would desire to bless and praise the dear Lord and our Saviour Jesus Christ, that he has been pleased to give me to see and to know that it is clearly, fully, and positively revealed in the word of God that the ordinance of baptism is an ordinance instituted and established in the christian church for believers, to be administered on a profession of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and I would desire to bless and praise my God for that he did cause me to be found following the footsteps of our Lord and Master in that “gospel-preaching, Christ-exalting ordinance,” although for many years I was so ready to declare that having been baptized with the Holy Ghost, (and thereby enabled by precious faith to rejoice in the blessed knowledge of my personal and eternal standing in the love of a triune Jehovah, by virtue of an eternal union to the person of the Son of God, as he is the Christ of God, the Head of his body, the church,) there was therefore no need or necessity that I should be found attending to water baptism at all; but verily this was not “after Christ;” this was not after the simplicity which is in Christ. May the Lord if it be his heavenly will and pleasure do by our brother Irons, as he was pleased to do by and with me, cause him to find the prejudice of his mind to give way as Dagon fell before the ark, and give him to see his error as he gave me to see the same from all parts of the word of God; and then, dear brother, with meekness of soul and humility of mind, he will consider himself unworthy of such a privilege as to be baptised even by the unworthiest of the Lord's ambassadors.” * * *

“I trust I have read your letter to Mr. Irons prayerfully, and with much soul

profit; and have glorified God in you, for that he has made your face like a flint, and your brow as brass, and has given you wisdom and discretion to handle the matter in the Spirit, and after the manner which I pray God the Holy Ghost will bless to the souls of his living family near and afar off; push it through the world, if you can, from east to west and from pole to pole."

"Your's in never ending ties, even the bonds of love for Christ's sake,

"W. SKELTON, S. S."

"I beg to say, my esteemed and beloved brother, that I approve of your views on Baptism: so much so, that I do not think I shall be satisfied until I have myself been baptised."

"The dear and precious Lord will perhaps in his own time, open some way."

"Your's in the dear Redeemer,

"J. N."

An Answer to the Enquiry--"Is Baptism instead of Circumcision? and the Lord's Supper instead of the Passover?"

A DOUBTER enquires by anonymous letter, to know if "Baptism (or sprinkling) is not instead of circumcision, and the Lord's supper instead of the passover?" If this person is really sincere in his enquiry, we desire to sympathise with him, and would say "search the Scriptures," and look up to the Lord in earnest prayer and not to so-called great men's opinions: depend on it, in due time, the Lord will set your mind at rest. Setting aside all common lies, the worst of lies are spoken in many pulpits, concerning religion, when the scriptures are brought forward as a witness by erroneous men to support their errors, and wrung and wrested by them to make them speak what is not meant.

"Sprinkling in lieu of circumcision," is an old hack-horse which the Independents (for want of a better) have rode for many years, until it is gone blind, and lame, and has carried them into the wilderness under the old covenant shadows of the ceremonial law: and now they are dragging and pulling at circumcision, which was but a shadow of better things to come, and saying that "sprinkling of infants is now instead of circumcision" and so making shadows of shadows: shadow-work altogether. Why meddle with circumcision? We have nothing to do with that under the gospel! Neither has circumcision anything to do with faith, it being a ceremonial law rite. Abraham received precious faith in Christ before circumcision; "For in Christ Jesus, neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new creature, and faith which worketh by love."

Circumcision never pointed us to sprinkling: it pointed to two things under the law, to Christ Jesus, and a new creature in Christ Jesus. "In whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands in putting off the body of sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ." (Col. ii. 11.) So you see that we have no hand in the true circumcision. In circumcising the male infants, the superfluous flesh, the flesh of the natural generative member, the instrument of sin, was cut off and thrown away. So "Christ being made sin for us," and our sins, in the body of his flesh, imputed to him; He was cut off, and numbered with the transgressors, and thrown into the tomb, and reckoned as a vile thing: and there the body of our sins was cut off, the body of sin destroyed by the circumcision of Christ. "Knowing this that our old man is crucified with him that the body of sin might be destroyed." Rom. vi. 6.

Again, circumcision under the law, pointed to the circumcision of the heart in the Spirit: for that is not circumcision which is outward in the

flesh ; circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not of the letter, whose praise is not of men but of God." (Rom. ii. 29.) And the Lord saith "I will circumcise your hearts to fear my name." But what in the world has sprinkling of infants to do with circumcision? When the circumcising knife of law and justice cuts through a sinner's heart, right deep into his spirit : it cuts off all legal, fleshly hopes of salvation, and the Spirit leaves the soul to hope only in the true circumcision, blood, righteousness, and resurrection of Christ. And he becomes one of the circumcision "which worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." Phil. iii. 3.

But where is the analogy between circumcision and sprinkling of infants? And where is there a command in the scriptures to do it? Tell us. If you have no other foundation for sprinkling of infants, than that of circumcision, what is to become of all the little female infants? For we are certain that no female infants were circumcised. Then according to your own figure, what business have you to sprinkle female infants? You are inconsistent with yourselves ; while pleading on your own ground. But of those in Christ Jesus, by faith and love, who are circumcised in heart, and ears, and spirit, there is neither male nor female, (no sex in regenerate souls) "for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii. 28.) We can but smile at the silly, lame, argument which poor brother Irons, and other Independents, use.

And now, says this doubting soul, "Is not the Lord's supper instead of the passover?" The passover was first instituted in Egypt, when the destroying angel passed over the houses of Israel, where the blood of the paschal lamb was sprinkled over the door posts. It was instituted before the law (by Moses) was given, to shew that believers were saved by faith in the blood of a coming Christ without the deeds of the law. The passover was slain at evening-time at sunset, to shew that when Christ, the evening sacrifice was slain, the passover was done away : and if we keep the passover now, it would shew that Christ was coming again to be slain again often for us. Therefore mingling up the old covenant legal rites, into gospel ordinances, is bringing in the old leaven, which should be purged out : "Purge out therefore the old leaven that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened," (from all old covenant ceremonies.) "For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." (1 Cor. v. 7.) Therefore as a gospel ordinance, we receive the supper in remembrance of Christ's body that was slain for us, and his precious blood that takes away all our sin. But the Independents are going back into the moon-light age to bring light to the sun. While the true light now shineth on us in the face of Jesus Christ.

What! sprinkling and the Lord's supper instead of circumcision and the passover? No, no; no such thing. Baptism by immersion figures forth to us, the sufferings, death, burial, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and the ordinance of the Lord's supper, (the body and blood of Christ;) and we attend to both in remembrance of him, "who loved us and gave himself for us."

These are not legal rites; but gospel ordinances to be observed to the end of the world, by the true and faithful followers of Christ, who saith "go ye into all the world, teaching all nations and baptizing them in the name of Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I command you, and lo, I am with you, even unto the end of the world."

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester. Dec. 13, 1845.

The Power and Prevalence of the Prayer of Faith.

(Continued from Vol. I.)

Having noticed in a former number of the *Earthen Vessel*, Jehoshaphat, as being a threefold type of the Lord Jesus Christ, I now come to notice, according to promise, the threefold combination of enemies he had to contend with : but there are three things in Jehoshaphat's prayer, worthy of notice : First, there is the divine relationship acknowledged and laid hold of for support : "O our God." Secondly, the importunate request made, "wilt thou not judge them, for we have no might (or power) against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do," and, Thirdly, there is an entire reliance upon God for deliverance : "but our eyes are upon thee." Every thing that God does for his people is based upon the ground of divine relationship and covenant love; hence, Moses says, when speaking of the Lord's goodness to his ancient Israel, "The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all the people that are upon the face of the earth : the Lord did not set his love upon you because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people : but because he loved you." Deut. vii. 6—8. God's great name to the Old Testament saints, was "JEHOVAH:" but his great name to the New Testament saints, is "LOVE." God is love, 1 John, iv. 15; and all whom God the Father loves, God the Son redeems, and all whom God the Son redeems, God the Holy Ghost quickens, and sanctifies; hence we know that God in his Trinity of Persons, is love, by the effects: for "in this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him: herein is love, not that we (in a state of nature,) loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his son to be the propitiation for our sins." 1 John, iv. 9—10. As Christ lives for ever (Rev. i. 8.) so he loves for ever. "The Lord hath appeared unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." (Jer. xxxi, 3.) and the Holy Ghost prepares the hearts of all the elect for the reception of this love; and wheresoever this love is shed abroad in the heart by the power of the blessed Spirit, there will be an acknowledging of this divine relationship; and a laying hold of it by a precious faith, for support in the time of affliction and trouble, for that faith which comes from God will be sure to lead the soul that possesses it, to God, with a "doubtless thou art our father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer, thy name is from everlasting." (Isa. lxiii, 16.) What precious testimonies have we left upon record for our encouragement, of the power and prevailings of the prayer of faith. Prayer did, as it were, fetch God out of heaven; for he says "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people which is in Egypt, and I have heard their groaning, and am come down to deliver them." (Ex. iii. 6—9.) See also 1 Kings, xviii, 37—38; 2 Kings, iv, 12; Numbers, xvi, 32; Acts, xii, 5—7; Matt, 8, 7—13; and, John, ii, 43; prayer saith an old divine, is the first and should be the last dish; ye must live and die praying as Stephen did. Acts, 9, 59. but I pass on to notice,

Secondly,—The importunate request made; they that be strong, saith God, shall do exploits; and how shall they do it? By faith calling upon God, as Moses did when the earth opened and swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, with all that appertained unto them: by faith calling upon God as Elijah did, when the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench, to the utter confusion of the prophets of Baal (1 Kings, xviii. 38.) and by faith calling upon God, as the saints did when

Peter was in the prison, so that his chains fell off, and the iron gate opened as it were of its own accord (Acts xii, 5—7.) But the importunate request made, leads me to notice the persons referred to: and they are said to be the children of Ammon and Moab, and mount Seir; "whom thou (O God,) wouldest not let Israel invade when they came up out of Egypt; but they turned from them, and destroyed them not. (verse 10.) There are three things said in the word of God with reference to these implacable enemies of the Church of Christ: and the first is, that they were not to be received into the congregation of God's dear people: secondly, that they were the oppressors of God's people: and, thirdly, that they reproached and magnified themselves against God's people in the time of their afflictions: (See Ezekiel, 25,) hence Solomon says "whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at the calamities (of God's people) shall not be unpunished, or held innocent." Not only those who deride their poverty, but those also that take advantage of the poverty of God's people to oppress them: [and many there be in the present day which do, of whom we would hope better things, to their shame be it spoken: but let all such men know, saith Solomon, that they that thus reproach God shall not go unpunished. But, "how, do we reproach God," say they, I answer, first, by treating with contempt his providence; for he that made the rich made the poor also (Proverbs xxii, 2.) not only their persons, but their conditions: hence it comes to pass, saith an eminent man of God, when speaking of the sovereignty of Jehovah, in the *bestowing much wealth and honour upon some, and not vouchsafing it to the more industrious labours of others; some are abased, and others are elevated; some are enriched, and others are impoverished; some scarce feel any cross, and others scarce feel any comfort in their whole lives; some sweat and toil, and what they labour for runs out of their reach; others sit still, and what they wish for, falls into their laps: one hath a diadem to beautify his head, another wants a covering to protect him from the weather: One hath a stately palace to lodge in, and another is scarce master of a cottage where to lay his head; a sceptre is put into one man's hand, and a spade into another's: a rich purple garnisheth one man's body, while another wraps himself in dunghill rags:* and what shall we say to these things, but "even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." But these men reproach God, who says, If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; for the poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore I command thee saying "Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor and to thy needy in thy land: and blessed is he that considereth thee poor, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble: but cursed is he that oppresseth the poor and that defraudeth the hireling in his wages, and feareth not me, saith the Lord of hosts." [Deuteronomy, 15, 7—15; Psalm, 41, 1; Malichi, 3, 5.]

H. C.

MR. STRINGER'S LIFE.

Dear Brother Banks,

I hope you will excuse my troubling you with a few remarks on reading a part of the *Earthen Vessel* for this month, I felt on reading some extracts from Mr. Stringer's Life, as published, constrained to call on you to put this account of the poor man into a state of consistency, if you can; for if these quotations are correctly placed, he has in this account of his life, stated that which is not orthodox, but contrary to the gospel. On page 377, when relating his *natural* exploits of preaching to hearing trees, and hearing stubs, and afterwards to the horse and cart, he says "he (Christ) appeared so precious to my view that I would, and could have preached him to devils:" and then on page 378, he says, "at this time and all this while I knew nothing savingly of God's truth, nor of himself." All I shall say to this part at present is that I am quite confident that Christ, or God's truth, was never precious

as here expressed, to one who "knew nothing savingly of God's truth, or of himself." I might say much on this point, but I know it is not necessary.

I have just used the word natural, in connection with this, what I shall call a natural bias of the mind, or predisposition in some persons for the exercise of oratory or public expression of their ideas; it is certainly quite natural in some, so that they are never happy but when they have opportunity to express themselves, whether the subject be religious, or connected with the philosophy of the world; Paul was well exercised in both; and this desire or bias, is just as natural, as for a child, who has a singular bias for music, and who, will perhaps as early as from four to seven years of age be able to play or sing a tune tolerably correct, which they have heard but once. How many thousands of preachers, my friend, in this present day, are to be found, I know not; who are yet but in this natural state! In many instances, this gift, or bias of the mind, has been cultivated at college or otherways, to the greatest extent possible; and then such are made what carnal professors call them, "very acceptable preachers." I believe this gift is not a pre-requisite for Christ's ministers; their pre-requisite is a new birth, and the baptism of the Spirit, as described in Acts ii. These will be ministers of the Spirit; and will be acceptable enough, to all who are like the poor publican in the temple: while the pharisees will always find the former most acceptable to them.

I beg, dear Sir, you will excuse my troubling you, and believe that I do wish you prosperity in your soul, estate, and in your office as God's minister; if Christ shall be more exalted by it.

GERSHOM.

Jonah brought out of the Whale's belly.

My beloved brother,

This is the third attempt I have made to write to you; I felt unable to go on; my poor mind has been so bewildered that I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was. But, blessed be my adorable, precious, and lovely Jesus, I am quite a different man to day. Methinks the devil and my own heart have been in league with each other the last two days. I remember saying (with feelings that I cannot describe,) "I wish the dear Lord would tear it out of me altogether, for it is as bad as the devil himself." On Wednesday I went out and conversed a little at a friend's house, but my conversation did not seem to be at all savory, so that I was in great agonies of mind, all night, and all next day. I dreamed at night I was in a smith's shop, and that by some means or other the light went out, so that I was in awful darkness: this pressed upon my mind very much, as I thought I might be in the dark, and a description of the horrifying place was given me, as of my future abode. In the morning I wept; yes, my brother I wept bitterly, floods of tears ran down from mine eyes: I was in extreme agonies of soul for a time. I felt I could not pray at all satisfactory to myself. After I arose from my knees, I opened that precious Volume which had been as marrow to my bones: and where do you think my eyes were fixed? Why to that awful passage which speaks of the fate of Judas who betrayed the dear Redeemer, "Happy shall they be who taketh his little ones and dasheth them against a stone! "Now I thought this is certainly confirming my dream, viz. that "happy shall they be who shall take me and dash me into that place of which I have been dreaming a description of." I wrote very bitter things against myself, and sent it to a friend: they wrote this morning to say they had not slept the whole of the night in consequence of it. But, my beloved brother, I have been enabled to write them a living epistle, instead of a dead one, since that. Oh, my brother, how I have been comforted this day! Yes; and am as full of joy as I seemingly can be. This morning I took my God-reviving book, and held in both my hands, pressed it together, and begged of God to direct my eye to some passage of comfort; and, my dearly beloved brother, he did hear me. Yes! He did. I know he did. This is the very verse. I shall never, never, no never shall I forget this soul reviving verse. It stands in that part of the book of my God, (and written as with a sun-beam in and upon my heart and soul,) the 24th of Proverbs, 14th verse. "So shall the knowledge of wisdom be unto thy soul when thou hast found it, then there shall be a reward, and thy expectation (Oh! precious words;) thy expectation shall not be cut off."

O! can I not rejoice with them that do rejoice! under my present blessed, sweet, and lively feelings? O, that no interval may ever come! I dread and tremble at the thought of the Spirit ever departing.

Pray for me, my beloved and valuable brother, that I may have as much of this divine wisdom and knowledge imparted, as should enable me to live to the glory and honour of my God.

I am, my beloved, and truly affectionate brother,
your's in much christian love, J. N.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

THE seventh Anniversary of the Surrey Tabernacle was held on Wednesday the 7th of January, 1846, on which occasion three sermons were preached; Mr. John Foreman in the morning; Mr. James, of Hartly Row, in the afternoon; and Mr. Wells, in the evening. The opening discourse in the morning by Mr. Foreman, was certainly well fraught with gospel truth: and when we saw this champion for the doctrines of sovereign grace enter the pulpit, and read the third chapter of Paul to Titus — (“*We ourselves were sometimes foolish,—living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another,*”)—we could not help feeling a little flow of love and gratitude to God; and we seemed to enter a little into the feeling of the Psalmist, when he said—“How good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” Ah, truly, “it is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron’s beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments.” That the reconciliation this day practically manifested may be for the glory of God, for the good of the church, and for the ingathering of sinners to Christ’s fold, is our heart’s desire:—Mr. Foreman took his text from the eleventh verse of the sixth chapter of the first of Corinthians, “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 of our God.” “This text goes to declare, (said Mr. Foreman) what an awful state even the people of God are in by the fall; and it also shews forth the glorious change which is produced by the grace of God. A worse creature than sin has made man, cannot be found in the devil; a better creature than the grace of God will make a man, you cannot find in an angel. The text is not a pharisaical one: it does not contain the divinity of the present day. If I look into the magazines (said the preacher,) I there read memoirs of persons who began to manifest a spirit of piety as early as four or five years of age; but I can never find such people: those whom the grace of God brings in amongst us, come confessing what vile and wretched sinners they have been before.” After some few remarks of a lively and striking character, Mr. F. proposed to notice the subject of the text in the following order. First: *the state referred to.* Secondly: *the contrast exhibited.* Thirdly: *the order in which the change is brought about.* Fourthly: *the agency that is employed.* The sermon was peculiarly spirited, and replete with sound gospel doctrine, argument, and illustration; in the course of which the author of *Priscilla* came in for a good thrashing. At the close, Mr. Foreman said there was to be no collection: it was an anniversary of commemoration, a song to call to remembrance.

In the afternoon, Mr. James, of Hartly Row, preached a lengthened discourse from the thirteenth verse of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. “But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.” It is possible to give the people more in one sermon than their poor minds have either strength to receive, or patience to wait for: this was evidently the case with some at the Tabernacle in the afternoon: it was however, a very sober discourse; and we think no fault could be found either with the quantity or the quality of the matter.

In the evening, Mr. J. A. Jones, of Jireh Meeting, read and prayed; after which, Mr. Wells preached: the following is the substance of

MR. WELLS’S DISCOURSE:

“And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence, through a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm, therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the sabbath day.”—Deuteronomy v. 15.

I acknowledge that the words which I have selected by way of text, do not appear to bear upon the circumstance of our present assembling together; but the fact is, I

have in my mind a very great objection to that spirit and tone which is too frequently exhibited on anniversary occasions; and it may have been observed by you (what I have too often witnessed) that Ministers have been led to express themselves in a way as if the Lord had only been blessing them and their people, and no others. I would therefore desire to look at the language of the text as having reference to that permanent provision in God's church, which shall be her satisfying portion through life, in adversity, affliction and death, and which is to be her continued portion to all eternity.

In our subject we have the three following circumstances presented:—

First.—The servitude and state; “remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt.”

Secondly.—The deliverance wrought out for them; “the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand, and a stretched out arm.”

Thirdly and lastly.—The command: “therefore the Lord thy God commandeth thee to keep the Sabbath-day.”

First.—The servitude: “thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt.”

Observe, they were in a servitude of degradation, and those who were carnal really preferred the miserable bondage of Egypt to the privileges of the promised land; therefore they were ever wanting to turn to Egypt: ah! how true is it that our old nature is ever persuading us to be satisfied with the husks of this world, and of carnality, and that they are to be preferred even to the precious things of eternity; and nothing but divine love—free grace—sovereign mercy, can show the poor sinner to the contrary!—Yes, I said it was a state of degradation in which they were, and in which every unregenerated soul is now placed—such are united to the devil; are united to the prince of darkness! and can there be anything more solemn—more terrific—more awful—more degrading than that? to be tending downward to the bottomless pit—to eternal perdition? That the precious blood of the dear Redeemer is as nothing? the illuminating influences of the Holy Spirit are as nothing? Certainly, the mind recoils at the idea—that these precious things should be considered by some even as offensive because they are opposed to the vain pursuits of men; I say, to think that his blessed operations in making the poor redeemed sinner acquainted with the counsels of eternity, should be treated as undeserving attention and unworthy of regard, such a degradation of the spirit of a sinner as brings him to prefer with awful avidity the damnable ways of sin—is awful indeed: but O, when the Lord opens the blind eyes of the poor sinner, though he appear yoked to satan, deceived by sin, yet when his eyes are opened, surely he will, like Balaam's ass, drop before the sword of the Lord; he will be humbled in the dust, seeing his own vileness,—and yet at the same time, being permitted to see the preciousness of Jesus; he will be filled with humility, hope, reverence, love; and will prosper in his pursuits under the precious influences of the Holy Spirit, and in this union he shall have a sense of his interest in the atoning blood of Christ, and his whole soul shall be swallowed up in Jesus—he shall know there is a fountain opened for his sins and uncleannesses; feel it effectual to the removing of all his guilt; and finding himself united to Christ—one with Jesus—he shall have hope, joy, peace, in believing, and divine strength which will bear him up through every storm and tempest of life, and through the righteousness of Jesus he shall finally be exalted to the throne of God.

Secondly.—The deliverance wrought out for them. “The Lord thy God brought thee out thence, through a mighty hand, and a stretched out arm.”

The servitude in Egypt, was not only of a degrading character, but it was one of loss; it was to them loss of strength—loss of time—loss of their property—loss of liberty; indeed, to them, it was the loss of everything without the least gain. Pharaoh and the rulers in Egypt took good care that they should have no gain: and, what, indeed, can any gain by serving the devil? What did the cities of the plain gain? What did Pharaoh and all his hosts gain? What did any of the Lord's enemies ever gain under the old testament dispensation? What did Judas and the enemies of Christ ever gain? Yes, search the scriptures through, the world through—all history through—and you will find there has never been anything but loss—absolute loss; and no gain whatever in the servitude of sin and Satan; you may have thought while under the influence of carnal nature, that it must be otherwise—that surely it was not all loss—that surely there must be some gain in pursuing with avidity the gaieties of life, the enjoyments of self-gratification and of worldly pleasure? but, ah! no! no! you—many of you—have found out the truth that in following

the desires and dictates of your own unrenewed hearts—that it is all loss—entire loss—vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit are written upon all things which come short of Christ and his precious salvation; for in *him*, and in those things which tend to *glorify him*, is to be found solid peace; lasting joy; eternal happiness—and without *Him*, all is loss; *with Him*, all is gain; gain in life, in affliction, in death, in the day of Judgment, and for ever! and all who have been brought by the Holy Spirit to Jesus, sweetly to realize this; they find in Him their all in all; they find all else to have been as waste; all has gone; time has gone; their strength gone; tears gone; groans gone; and (with Paul) that which they counted gain, they now count loss—but as dung and dross compared to the excellency of Christ Jesus their Lord; and in the day of God's power they find that they are made willing to give up all for him; and then come what will, all is well—all is right—then everything is really gain:—if affliction comes, God gives us the advantage of it, in sanctifying it for our good, and for his own glory; if we have enemies (as in the case of Job) the Lord takes care rightly to bring the matter to an issue which shall appear (in after days) for our benefit, and to shew forth his praise, and the riches of his free sovereign grace; and indeed whatever the child of God may be engaged in—whatever he may have to suffer—or whatever he may be permitted to possess and enjoy—shall be well; for thus it is written, “all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are your's; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's!”

Is there not, then, a mighty difference between the servitude and degradation of sin and satan, and of that ennobling principle wrought in us by the grace of Jesus? O yes, bless the Lord! there is—a mighty difference; a glorious difference! and there is no loss—no final loss in the service of our Lord; it is true, you may, for a time, appear to have loss; you may even have loss of sensible enjoyment—of peace of mind, yet Jesus will make restitution for all apparent losses; and no doubt many of you are prepared to join me in joyous exclamation, “Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing: know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture: enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and speak good of his name; for the Lord is good; his mercy is *everlasting*, and his truth endureth from generation to generation!!!” “Remember thou wast a bondsman in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm; therefore the Lord thy God commandeth thee to keep the sabbath-day.” On the other hand, however, destruction awaiteth the impenitent sinner: at the end of Egypt's hard life, what indeed awaited them but death? yes—for though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished: the enemies of the Lord must perish for ever; it is indeed, in vain for the potsherd of the earth to strive with their maker. Ah! there is something very solemn in the thought that after a life of rebellion against God, the wicked are to be driven away in their wickedness; yes—for them there is to come death—judgment; eternal damnation: this is implied in the text:—“Thou wast a bondsman in Egypt.” But on the other side, you need fear no evil.—No—for even the day of judgment shall be our coronation day—our ascension day—our day of glory:—for “eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those that love him;” and this, remember, is to be possessed and enjoyed by God's redeemed people for ever & ever; where they hunger no more—thirst no more—endure pain no more—subject to an alluring world and a tempting Devil no more—shall not possess a deceitful heart any more; but, there God himself will wipe away all tears from off all faces; and there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve Him: and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there, and they need no candle—neither the light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Thirdly.—I would notice the power by which the Lord brought them out; and by which he now brings poor sinners to know their Saviour and the power of his resurrection; and these cannot forget that they were bondmen in Egypt; and they know assuredly that it is nothing less than divine love and Sovereign power which has effected their deliverance from the tyrant's yoke; and they see every day the debt of gratitude they owe to Jesus their Redeemer for the great salvation he hath

wrought out for them; and they are led to exclaim, "this people shall be my people and their God my God:" yes they know in whom they have believed—they know who is their head—their elder brother—they are satisfied that he hath won for them the conquest—that it has not been by human might or human power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord, and that therefore they are willing to ascribe all their mercies to the sovereign pleasure of their Lord.

Fourthly.—Another reason is; that they might continue with the Lord God. I fancy I see some prophet saying to the people; was it this or that image which had been set up, that has, or can deliver; that divided for you the Red Sea; that smote the rock for you when famishing in the wilderness; that caused Jordan's stream to roll back; that threw down for his people's deliverance the walls of Jericho; that led and fed his people for forty years in the wilderness; who did these mighty acts; who wrought those wonderful deliverances? who did it? Do you now set up those images, as if they were your gods? as if they could, or had delivered you; but said God's prophets, renounce these images; remember the only true and living God; worship him; look to him; rely on his wisdom; his strength; his faithfulness; and all shall be well; and be not afraid to trust in Him; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength; and he is the same God yesterday, to day, and for ever. He changeth not; with him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning; faithful is He who hath promised; who will also perform; his covenant standeth for ever; and none ever trusted in Him and were confounded.

The Lord has revealed somewhat of the treasury of his grace, in order to shew you what he is, and what he can do for his people; and when we reflect upon the wondrous things that are to be revealed but which yet remain unexplored, then we feel we want a long eternity to explore one beauty after another, and that even eternity will not be long enough to explain the wonders of redeeming love; and yet sometimes the believer in Jesus is led to think he shall fail; yes; when God's promise fails; when his grace, wisdom, mercy, goodness and love fail; when his grace is insufficient; when he ceases to delight in doing his children good; but that will never be! The child of God may therefore yet hope on, and be undismayed; for greater is he who is for us than all that can be against us; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength; He is the same yesterday and to day and for ever—He has the keys of hell and of death, and is alive for evermore; and because he lives we shall live also; and most certainly none shall ever be able to pluck us out of his hands. There are then four reasons assigned; first the servitude. "Remember thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt." So it was with many of you; but the chain did not set easily upon you; you were made to feel it to be a yoke not easily to be borne; but if we come to the heavenly place, is there, think ye, one dissatisfaction that can ever arise there? O no! And be assured that vital godliness is everything; I had almost said, more than everything; yes; being blessed with that you possess all things; and, praised be the Lord, that he has brought within these walls such a goodly number who can testify to the truth of these things from heart-felt experience—knowing in whom they have believed, and realizing, indeed, that "Christ is precious!" Now notice, secondly, therefore, the *deliverance* "The Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand, and a stretched out arm." And you know it is the Lord, and him only, who can bring the poor sinner out of worse than Egyptian bondage: you are aware that service of Egypt was most cruel—most intolerable, but—"And it came to pass in process of time that the King of Egypt died, and the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried; and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage; and God heard their groaning, God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob, and God looked upon the children of Israel, and God had respect unto them: and the Lord said I have surely seen the affliction of my people, which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for, I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians:" therefore, you see when sin is at its greatest height—when guilt's awful gloom envelopes the soul—when the poor self-condemned sinner is tossed to and fro, and sometimes goes down into the very depths, apparently to rise no more—when he feels he needs a friend—but thinks he has none—when he experiences that he is undone—that he has no strength, no wisdom, no refuge—when he is thus brought to feel than none but Jehovah can yield him any succour and support; then it is that the Lord appears and shews him that he has wrought out deliverance; that he

has provided salvation—that he can pardon iniquity—that he can cleanse from guilt and impurity, that he can redeem the soul enslaved by sin and satan, even when thus situated—when thus apparently shut up—when the poor sin-sick-burdened soul has no strength—when thus in the furnace—when sin and the devil are intolerable, the Lord will be found; his mercy shall appear—his salvation shall be nigh. “The Lord thy God brought thee out thence by a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm.” And I don’t believe it possible for us to be too confident in the Lord; but then it is neither right nor proper that we should attempt to lay down any settled way which the Lord should take; though I know it is too frequently that the enemy will assail us by—‘Ah! if you were the Lord’s, he would have heard your prayer, and would ’ere this have delivered you from the bondage of sin and satan; for assuredly the Lord’s blessing consists not only in granting us the desire of our prayers, but also, and as much, in denying our requests, and in withholding his favors for a time; we have thought that if we could get this and that; if we could be situated here or there, and so on, that all would be well—surely all would go on more smoothly; but “should it be according to thy mind?”—No—but it is well for us that we are in his Sovereign hands; and being so all shall be well; he is too wise to err; too good to be unkind; his way is in the whirlwind; his judgments are past finding out; but he will bring it to pass; he will give grace here, and glory for ever; commit thy ways unto him, and he will direct thy path; be of good courage and he will strengthen thy heart. Now here is a command, “The Lord thy God commandeth thee to keep the sabbath-day.” We have an account in the old testament of a man gathering sticks and kindling a fire therewith on the sabbath-day contrary to divine command. Now this was a two-fold violation of the sabbath day; it was indeed a practical and intentional rejection of that which the Lord had ordained—the one in gathering of the sticks; the other in lighting the fire on that day which God had positively prohibited. Many persons may have thought that the punishment inflicted was greater than the crime merited; but if you look at the aggravation and greatness of the crime, you may become of different opinion: we should do well to remember that there was no sabbath needed before the fall took place; because every day was a sabbath; it could not be said that a day of rest was needed, because every day was a day of rest—for, indeed, it was all rest:—to violate, therefore, the sabbath-day was to deny the need of the sabbath and of rest; and not only so, but it was also denying the fall of man; and as it is now—he who denies the fallen state of man, is an awful enemy against God; it implies too, a denial of the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

What a crime must that be, and what a punishment must it deserve? Ah, it is not a slight thing to deny our need of rest, and of the finished work of Jesus the Redeemer who alone giveth rest—who hath declared, “Behold, I make all things new,” even the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness; to attempt therefore to set aside the sabbath-day is to say we have no need of him nor of his rest: thus may you see what an awful state the mind of man is naturally in. Darkness (indeed) hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people; and it is not until God unmasks sin that we behold it in its true colours—in its hideousness—in its deformity; but let us be brought to Jesus; let us be led by the Spirit, and then all will be well, and all will end well. The violation, too, of the sabbath, severs God from man and man from God; he therefore who would set aside the gospel rest gives an evidence that he has no union or fellowship with Jesus, but is far from God, and without hope in the world; and nothing but the precious blood of Christ and the power of the Holy Spirit can bring us nigh to him, and into the enjoyment of his salvation; but to them who believe he is precious—most precious—the fairest among ten thousand—the altogether lovely. And again it was a denial of the delight the Lord had in his people (read *xlvi* Isaiah, from first to the seventh verses included) also (read *Isaiah xlviii* the 13 and 14 verses). Observe it was not the modern way of keeping the sabbath, like our present pharisees going along the streets with a prayer-book under their arms as if they were going to the gallows; and when they arrive at the place, are glad when the minister has concluded; they having had no delight in the sabbath, nor the Lord any delight or pleasure in them; but that in which the Christian delights, is the eternal sabbath which God has provided for his children; and if the violation of the Jewish sabbath implied all, and more than we have stated, what is to be said of those who are regardless of the Christian sabbath (though I am aware some don’t like to call it the sabbath)? But fur-

ther, it implied also that as the Lord had commanded his people to keep the sabbath day, so would he have us to understand that he who gave the command, would bring his children into a condition by which they should be able and willing to do it; and so it is with the Christian, he shall enjoy a spiritual Sabbath; shall have rest—even eternal rest: but you and I don't know what we need rest from; but the Lord knows, and he also can give rest—and will give rest to all his blood-bought ransomed ones; he assuredly will give grace—all sufficient grace for every state, for every trial, for every conflict; he will guide us by his council and be our portion for ever!!!

Some Account of the Goodness and Forbearance of God to CALEB COATES.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.

Before I proceed with my history, allow me on the commencement of another period of time, to say, "peace be unto thee, and to the men who are come on board the *Vessel* this year." May they with you, be enabled to continue its publication, in the spirit and power of Elias, and by the King of Armies, be instructed and empowered to maintain good order and gospel-discipline on board that *almost drowned bark*, and not only so, but may the household of faith, who are lookers on, say of you, "these are the men whose hearts the Lord hath touched, therefore they know how to speak a word in season to them that are weary." Our desire and prayer to God is that you may steer so as to avoid, the quicksand of a bad spirit, the vortex into which many are driven, and so perish in their own deceiving. Furious waves, boisterous winds, rocks, wrecks, and dangers of every shape and kind, attend the God-taught mariners, all of whom are bound for the harbour of rest: mountains high, will the waves of trouble sometimes stand before you, and you may be ready to say, "Oh, look at that trouble, over it we shall never get; under it we must experience a total wreck;" but to our astonishment as we approach the trouble, instead of sinking under it, we ride quite over it, and so are delivered from it; and then we bless the Lord; "then we are glad, because we are quiet, so—he bringeth us to our desired haven."

In looking over the cargo contained in the January number, I perceived the *Vessel* was richly laden with precious pearls, and rich spices, and while so employed my soul was most solemnly melted down before God, the alone searcher of hearts; her commodities, under God, sent forth a blessed fragranc, power, and savour, into my soul, and I felt constrained to lift up my head, which has been for many months hanging down like a bulrush. I felt that there was a rich vein of vital experience in the different pieces; and my soul within me was ready to say, "thus saith the Lord, this is the spirit, and this is the way; walk therein, and you shall find rest to your souls."

When I read you heading on my last letter, I thought it would be necessary for me to make a remark thereon, lest its readers should gather a wrong idea therefrom; therefore I beg to tell them that I never was an officer in any church, only as a private member have I stood for many years, and during that time I have some times born my poor testimony, against that which I believed incompatible with the word of God, and if in so doing I have gained the disapprobation of any of its officers or members, I hope the Lord will enable me to bear all the reproach they may find in their hearts to heap upon me. I court not the smiles of men, who have a hasty spirit, they will find no good, and he that hath a perverse tongue falleth into mischief. Neither do I fear the frowns of those that say, I am a troubler in Israel, a dead man, a rotten professor, and many such like reproachable names. I trust the Lord will enable me to treat all such calumny, as the ass did the branches of trees, which I noticed in a former letter to you, published in the September number, page 231, of the *Earthen Vessel*.

But I am now to give you an account of the way in which the Lord was pleased to arrest my soul. While I was at Ipswich, at which place I arrived only the night previous, on the following morning, my uncle said to me "we have a prayer meeting at our chapel; will you go?" I went, and as they were singing, these words caught my attention, "Blessed are the ears that hear the joyful sound." These words effectually entered my heart, and caused me to ask myself many questions, as to what this sound really was; it had not struck me before that there was anything really

joyful in salvation ; however, before I left the chapel, I was very much affected by a feeling sense of my lost state, and of the blessedness of salvation. I heard in the after part of the day something about the blade, and the ear, and the full corn in the ear, and something about the snow, frost, wind and rain, that came upon this grain, and something about the sun ripening this full corn : and making it fit for the barn. These things took place at Stoke meeting, Ipswich ; a Missionary preached the above sermons.

My uncle and cousin, saw that I was much affected ; but did not know that I was only then become a changed character ; my cousin Ben said to me on retiring to rest, " you have had a good day to day ; will you say a few words in prayer ? " I said " No. " So after his spending a few minutes in prayer, we retired to rest ; the next morning, my uncle, gave me a tract to read, it contained a portion for every day in the week ; and while reading this, I felt quite overcome with a sense of my sinnership o character : I have no doubt but that tract, was a transcript of the Law of God, but that I don't know, for I laid it down ; and went up stairs ; and if ever I prayed in my life I did then, to God, to have mercy upon me a guilty wretch. While in this attitude, my aunt came up stairs in pursuit of me ; thinking that I was not so well ; I felt rather ashamed at her finding me on my knees, crying. However I told her I should be down in a few minutes.

Afterwards I took a walk down on the bank of the river ; and while walking on the beach meditating on my condition ; I spied some sea-weed laying there, and having never seen the like before, I picked a portion of it up, and beheld a piece of a rock attached to it, and out of this rock the weed appeared to draw its support, and while thinking about its mysterious union, and invisible life, something said to me, " this is a figure of Christ and his people ; they are eternally on him ; and derive a life from him which is invisible ; and known to none but those that feel it. " I then beheld wondrous things concerning Christ and his people, which overwhelmed me in such a state of joy that I never was in before : and I wondered what was the matter with me ; I cried for joy of heart, for it was broke with love at the sight of the security which I then saw the church had in the Lord Jesus. Shortly afterwards I felt a desire to return home to my parents ; so I left the beach, and when I had taken leave of my aunt, I started off to my father's house. On my road thither, I cried for joy of heart nearly all the way ; when I got within sight of their house I went up to a pond and washed my face, for I thought I would conceal what I had passed through : but on entering the house, my poor mother said, " what is the matter with you ? What have you been fretting about ? " I then replied, " Do you see that tree ? Now you might talk to that for ever, and it would not move, but if the spade and axe were put to work about its roots, then it would begin to fall ; just so, it appears, God has laid the axe to my roots ; and I have been shewn wonderful things since I left here last Saturday. " I then took out of my pocket the sea-weed and piece of rock, and told her what I had been shewn by them. Also, what I had heard at the chapel ; then she began talking to me in a way that she had never done before ; and she then gave me Herbert's Hymn Book to look at. When I opened and read therein, I appeared to read with new eyes, and to taste with a new mouth, the things that God hath laid up for them that love him. I then began to see new beauties in the Bible, and to find the word, spirit and life to my soul ; I wondered in myself why I could not see such things before ; I shall never be able to tell out half the blessedness I felt while reading Herbert's Hymns, and the Bible ; at that time my health began to amend very fast ; for I had indeed received beauty for ashea : the oil of joy for mourning ; and I can truly say

" Good days were those, when first I saw
My heavy debt was paid,
That all my sins, with all their woes,
Were on my Saviour laid. "

I went a short time after this to see my uncle, a publican at Needham Market ; I had my hymn book in my pocket ; but I dare not take it out while at his house, as there were many gentlemen playing cards in the room where I was sitting ; in this room I was very much annoyed, and as much tempted to play with those gentlemen, but blessed be God who hath kept me even to this day ; suffered me not to touch them, notwithstanding the many invitations I received, and the powerful arguments of the devil ; oh, he did try to persuade me to play ; that was one of my besetting

sins, I left the house without falling a prey to the devil, and so my tender conscience was kept clean at this time. On walking home from this place I began to reflect on the probability should I live to reach London, of my being driven out of the path of wisdom, into three horrid vices to which I was addicted, namely, skittles, card-playing, and shooting at bird and pigeon matches; the fear of falling, brought distress into my soul, and I very much prized a tender conscience; I had been then for days past favored to eat butter and honey, that I might know how to refuse the evil, and choose the good. I told my father that I dreaded to return to London as I had such a wretched lot of acquaintance there, and I feared that I should not be able to stand against them. He replied, "boy, you need not fear, the Lord who kept you from the card table here, will preserve you should you live to return home, for "he keepeth the feet of his saints," they are not left to keep themselves. After one month's stay in the country, I returned home to the surpris, and happy disappointment of my wife. For the present, farewell: may the Lord comfort your mind, in reading this; he has been pleased very much to encourage me in writing it, and my desire is to lay low at his feet.

Your's to serve, for Christ's sake.

C. COATES.

(To be continued.)

The Church in the Nineteenth Century.

Apostate age! O, mock Millennium,
Whose wild, wide-spreading, ignis-fatuus glare
Millions and millions, deceives, betrays:—
And ye, false lights, whose all unholy shine
But shews more visibly the coming gloom
That gathers round the little Church of Christ;
Ye, who, (as erst that hoary cheat supreme,
Satan, your sire, the Prophet's mantle stole,
And quick obey'd the call of Endor's witch,
The glorious gospel garb and name assume,
To lure, poor lost, deceived souls to quaff
The deadly baneful cup!—perverted truth,
Flame on!—o'er fall'n truth exult, deride,
(As o'er her great Prototype, your fathers did,)
But know; ye mocking legions, e'en as he,
Did stoop to conquer, so shall she. — J. H.

Leicester, Jan. 3, 1846.

"The Offering made by Fire."

How swift another year has flown!
How quickly are its moments gone!
Year after year it passeth by,
And I in sin and grief still lie;
I little thought when I first felt
My misery, my sin, and guilt;
That I, year after year should be
The subject of such misery.
I hungered so at first for food;
Yet none would do unless 'twas good:
No bread but Christ would satisfy,
I found all other stale and dry.
I thought of all states that's the worst,
To feel such hunger and such thirst:
And could not find the food I crav'd,
Which was to know that I was sav'd.
But, oh, since then, I've found 'tis sweet
To have an appetite to eat;
When the least crumb that suits the taste,
The trembler catches up in haste.
A soldier who enlists knows not
The many enemies he's got;
The foe may then be out of sight,
With whom he's shortly got to fight.
I've prov'd it so: each day I find
Fresh foes perplex my drooping mind;

I fight, I strive, but find indeed,
I must have One, the way to lead.
If Captain Jesus, by my side,
Throughout the fight my way would guide,
I would not fear those deadly foes,
Which do so sorely me oppose.
With this in sight I'd venture through,
Yes; that I would; through every foe;
I'd fear not hosts of devils then,
Nor all the taunts of hell or men.
But when the Captain's out of sight,
How sadly then goes on the fight;
The foe perceives it, and comes in,
With some besetting deadly sin.
Binds the poor soul with heavy chains,
And some in them do long remain;
My chains I feel, great is their weight,
Long have I been in this bondage state;
Longing and crying to be free,
From sins which sorely burden me;
Dear Saviour! may I beg of thee,
A New Year's blessing give to me.
Release me from the grief and fear,
With which I end this closing year. — E. B.

What is His Name?

"And thou shalt call his name Jesus."

Matt. i. 21.

Jesus, my God, I love thy name,
Jesus, my God, I'll sing;
Jesus, my God, shall be my theme,
Jesus, my God, my King.
Jesus, my God, my Priest shall be,
All glory to his name;
Jesus, my God, my Saviour he,
The spotless, sinless Lamb.
Jesus, my God, my Prophet is,
To teach me all his ways;
Jesus, my God, my righteousness,
And he shall have the praise.
Jesus my God, my Shepherd too,
Who feeds my soul with love:
Jesus will guide me safely through,
And take me home above.
Jesus, my God, I then will sing,
And angels join the lays,
Heaven's mansions with his name shall ring,
Jesus our God, we'll praise — JOSEPH.

A TRUE AND LIVING EXPERIENCE.

(Concluded from p. 11.)

ABOUT this time I wrote to my dear father, for the first time (since my change,) telling him what a state my mind was in; and begging of him to pray for the Lord to have mercy on my guilty soul: that I was lost to all eternity: and that hell must be my portion. In a few days, I received a letter from the dear old soul, who is now in glory, singing the praises of a Triune Jehovah; the letter began thus,—“My dear boy—if these things are real, which you have written to me about, it gives me more pleasure than it would had I heard you had been made Lord Mayor of London:—you have been much on my mind for some time past, and I have been enabled to plead for thy soul much at a throne of grace; and satisfied I am it is the work of grace began in thy soul, and that in answer to my prayers. O, my dear boy, what an unspeakable blessing it is, to think that the Lord of life and glory should ever condescend to look on such poor worms of the dust as we are—go on, my dear boy, pleading at a throne of grace; and be assured that the Lord will never forsake the work of his own hands; for where he has begun the work of grace in a poor soul, he will carry it on, in spite of men and devils.”

I have only time to say (for I have enlarged more than I intended,) that from the first dawn of grace in my soul to the present moment, I have proved the Lord faithful to his promise—a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Ah, my dear friend, many have been my trials—my temptations—my misgivings—my backslidings—my sinful doubts and fears. Since then, and many times, have I experienced wave upon wave and billow upon billow; and all hope of being saved seemed at an end:—yet have I learned that our extremities are God’s opportunities for fresh discoveries of his love and mercy to his poor Israel.

Forty-five years have I lived to prove his faithfulness to his promises: yet, what poor rebellious wretches we are when left to ourselves—I am sometimes as peevish and as fretful as the devil and my own heart can make me; but most of all with myself—and at other times, I am enabled to bless and praise the God of heaven in spite of all opposition; and rest fully satisfied, come what will, sickness or poverty, life or death, or whatsoever may befall the poor body, if the Lord is pleased to smile, or shine into the poor soul, all will be right at last.

I was, not long since, blessed with such nearness of access to the Lord, that my poor soul almost dissolved; I was enabled to plead with him as a man pleadeth with his friend; yes, and a thousand times more so; for I could tell him all my heart; and such secrets that I could not unfold to the dearest friend on earth: but blessed be his dear name, he is a faithful covenant-keeping God; and one who knows the secrets of all hearts; and bless his dear name he knows it is my soul’s desire to be more like him, and that sometimes I long to creep out of this miserable body to see him as he is; and to sing his praises to all eternity.

“You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?”

Ah, my dear friend, when these things are sweetly enjoyed in the soul, the world with all its charms has but little weight on the mind. I say, when faith is in lively exercise, it is then, and only then, that we are enabled to leave ourselves, our families, and all our affairs, in his blessed hands, willing to be anything or nothing, that Christ may be all and in all to our poor souls. I am well aware these blessed realities, for realities they are; I say, these things will not be received by the mere professor of religion; for the man destitute of divine life in his soul—is, and ever will be, a stranger to them, and therefore cannot, will not, receive them, for “the carnal mind is enmity

against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." It is as impossible as for a dead man to walk, or a blind man to be a judge of colours: but the poor soul who has been stripped of all his seeming goodness—who has been brought to see that in and of himself he is nothing but a mass of sin and iniquity—that has been rolled in the mire until his own clothes abhor him: I say, such a poor soul as this, seeing himself eternally lost and undone in and of himself, will be glad to embrace the rock (Christ) for want of, and as his only refuge, with, "*Lord, save, or I perish,*"—"God be merciful to me, a miserable sinner."

I would not set up a standard for the Lord's dear afflicted family—yet, I will persist in it, that these things must be tasted, felt, and handled in a greater or lesser degree, sooner or later, by every fallen sinner, or lost for ever he must be.

I could enlarge; but time will not permit at present: and I fear, I shall exhaust your patience in reading what I have written.

May the Lord God of all truth richly lead you more and more into an acquaintance with himself, is the sincere wish of your's truly.—J. F.

[We trust our brother J. F., will be constrained to follow this with a record of the Lord's dealings with him: we know they are of no ordinary character—his movements in life—his temptations and trials, have required no small measure of grace. Grace has been sufficient: therefore, let the Israel of God be encouraged and comforted by perusing some few of the Ebenezers which he has been enabled for years to set up. Come, come, brother John, as the Lord has evidently constrained you to testify that, like all his other Ephraims your "iniquity was bound up; your sin was hidden;" but "the sorrows of the travelling woman came upon you:" that you was "an unwise son," the Lord made you to know: (Hosea xiii. 12, 13.) and like most other poor sinners when brought into judgment, you would, if left to yourself, have "stayed in the place of the breaking forth of children:" Oh, what a place is that! there is nothing but the blood and bonds of our fallen state there to be seen;—and a poor sinner in this condition can scarcely believe he ever shall get out of this solemn place. However, God has declared that he will "ransom all such from the power of the grave; he will redeem them from death:" Ephraim shall be an heifer that is taught, or chastened, humbled, disciplined, and instructed in divine things. Ephraim shall be brought to love to tread out the corn; God will "pass over, or spoil her fair neck;"—that is, he will blast and crucify her union to her fallen head: "Ephraim shall be made to ride"—that is, the omnipotent powers of electing love, redeeming blood, and regenerating grace, shall bring Ephraim clean out of the place of the breaking forth of children. Ephraim then shall become Judah: he shall praise the Lord: and "Judah shall plough;" he shall go to right down hard work, ploughing up an experimental acquaintance with himself; and ploughing into the mines and mysteries of eternal truth; Jacob, with his afflictions and wrestlings with God, shall break the clods—a sowing in righteousness, and reaping in mercy, shall most assuredly follow. (Hosea x. 11, 12.) But where are we going to? We will leave our worthy correspondent to give a living testimony to the truth of these things.—EDITOR.]

Ezra coming up from Babylon.

MY DEARLY BELOVED IN CHRIST,

I rejoice to have a word from you to encourage me to tell you what God has done for my soul. I seek not mine own honour, but the honour of my dear Lord Jesus. And if it should please His Sacred Majesty to bless the feeble testimony of a living sinner, He shall have all the glory. I have long had a desire in my heart, to tell to the redeemed family, that there is one who can testify of the loving kindness of the Lord to the unworthiest of all; knowing that I neither had nor received these things of man; nor yet by being trained up in religion as a form. But I received it in demonstration and power of the Holy Ghost.

First, I shall, as the Lord shall direct, tell a few things on the black side, how my dear Lord kept me and preserved me while dead in sin, having

loved me as much when dead as he doth now. Bless him, O my soul, and never can I be more loved to all eternity. And then shew how the Lord took me out of death and put me into Christ in living union, never to be separated from his love in time, nor to all eternity. And the real desire of my heart is that I may be nothing, and Christ all and in all.

And now, if it is my dear Lord's will that I should give a feeble testimony and you should send it afloat in your little bark, O may it be for the encouragement and comfort of some that may be travelling the same path I have been led and brought through. And I ascribe all to him that hath loved us and washed us in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God and His Father, to him be glory in the church for ever and ever, Amen.

“Come hither all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.”

I was born, according to my parent's account, on the 21st. of Sept., in the year 1811. I was born dead in sin; born to be born again. “Ye must be born again.” The first three years of my life, I was preserved from destruction. Once in that time I fell from a wall about eight feet, and fell on my face, and a piece of broken china cut me severely, that I shall carry the mark to my grave. At the age of five years it was made manifest what I really was as a sinner by being disobedient to my parents; nor could my parents make the black sinner white: at the age of seven years, I climbed up into a plum-tree after plums, and in so doing the branch broke, and down I fell on my left arm, so that I could not hold it up for some time.

I soon was sent to school, and never did I hate anything so much as I did that. At the age of nine years I began gambling; first I began with buttons, then with money, and as one step leads to another, so it was with me, I lost my money, what I could get, and then I would rob my father and mother, and I was soon found out; then the rod went to work, but to no use; the set time was not yet come. About the age of twelve, I was taken with a grievous sickness, which was the first time I thought of dying; the sickness was the tape worms: for several months I was like a shadow, till at last Sovereign love interposed, or I would rather say, the Almighty Physician that healeth all manner of diseases, he moved the hearts of some to get me a dose of ter-pentine, and such was the effect it had, I had a tape-worm such as I sometime see in the shops, about twenty or thirty yards. O, what shall I render unto the Lord! why was I not eaten with worms, as that cruel Herod was, and gave up the ghost? Because the Lord loved me, and would not let me die in my sins. O, Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding, to me the chief of sinners. This sickness did not change my heart. I soon forgot my dying, and still went on Galio-like, caring for none of these things. My father wanted me to learn music, and I had four pieces of music at one time, I was now in the chapel where my father was clerk, and I played the clarionet. And now I began to be very religious in my own view. But I still carried on the devil's work; a slave to sin; every abomination was I fit for; and I readily went into every thing that presented itself. My father used to beat me bedridden for my disobedience; but he could not change my heart, nor alter the leopard's spots. Nothing but the power of God will or can break such a sinner's heart as mine. Salvation all of grace from first to last: My dearest Lord saw fit to take all my music schemes away from me; and I now bless him he did, for I believe it was all for the best. I shall shew how the minister turned out what I really believed he was, a false guide. He sold the chapel, and had the committee put in prison; had another set, and they was in prison seven weeks till they could pay the money for the chapel, and my father was one. This minister got himself in the new chapel, and in a few months, the mask was torn off, he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, became an open enemy to God and truth, despised the Christ of God, and wandered like a vagabond to beg his bread.

(To be continued.)

A Note for Mr. Irons, and all Infant Sprinklers.

My dear esteemed brother,—I cannot allow the week to pass without dropping a line to say I am grateful for your kindness. If in any way I can serve you, shall at all times feel it a privilege. I am quite pleased, (I was going to say proud,) to see the *Vessel* so much improved; indeed, my brother, it seems, yea, I know in my soul, it is sailing under true colours. Oh, may it from month to month be richly laden with precious, experimental, God-glorifying truths. Fear not, my brother,—

“March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct your way.”

If Christ be your pilot, he will guide you, and the *Vessel*, through all the hosts of enemies it has to encounter. I feel in my own soul, that nothing but living, experimental truth, and that applied with the unctuous anointing of the Holy Spirit, will satisfy the souls of the Lord's hidden ones. I am pleased and instructed with the reply made to enquiry on “Circumcision,” and do feel that I have been sadly in the dark, and probably should have remained so, had it not been for your letter, and the reply of the “Watchman;” and trust it will have the same effect upon the minds of others. My soul seems now convinced, that adult believers, those whom sovereign grace has distinguished from others, are the only proper and scriptural subjects for Baptism: by the help of the Lord, if he pleases to grant me more children, I hope never to insult him by Infant Sprinkling; and I feel it is incumbent upon those who have a scriptural ground to hope that a saving change has been wrought, to be baptised: “Thus it becometh us,” seems now to sound in my ears; indeed, I feel the glory of God is connected with it; it then becomes a matter of personal inquiry to my soul, “art thou a proper subject for the ordinance?” My brother, this is indeed a solemn question. I have heretofore given you some account of what exercises my soul has passed through; and I have, I trust, had a reason to hope that my spot is the spot of the Lord's living ones. Again, at times, I feel the workings of my wicked heart, so much rebellion, and a host of evils within, that it seems impossible for one with the fear of God in his heart, ever to be such a presumptuous, proud wretch as I feel myself to be; and I have reason to fear at times, that the little joys my soul seems the subject of, spring only from nature. I read of one being so deeply led; another so deeply taught, and blessedly delivered. I then feel surely my cold, lukewarm feelings, are nothing more than the excitement of nature: I fear the law has not done its work in my soul; yet, my brother, I feel that I am cut off from any hope in the creature, and do at times feel some peace, in the hope that my name is written in heaven. My prayer is, for the Lord to deepen the work in my soul; to cause it to be more and more manifested; that both in my heart and life a saving change has been wrought.

Brother Banks, my heart feels warm, and could ramble on, but business prevents. The Lord in mercy visit your soul with many special blessings, grant you repeated love tokens of his favour: keep you as the apple of his eye, and make you the honoured instrument of feeding his tried ones: and may his truth, which is declared and written by you, or by the Holy Ghost through you, be the means of calling many of his elect from beneath the ruins of the fall, and making them living stones in his spiritual temple.

Castle Cary.

Your's, very sincerely,—FAINT, YET PURSUING.

Mr. Stringer Defended, and Gershom Answered.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

Dear Sir,—I have read with satisfaction and comfort your periodical at different times, and feel thankful that the Lord has enabled you to continue it, but much more so for the sake of the class of persons, (in the hand of the Lord,) for whom it is designed, as I am one of that description. But I am truly sorry to see that such a piece as that headed, “Mr. Stringer's Life,” should have been stored in your *Vessel*, being satisfied in my soul that such store will not at all be profitable to the persons for whom your periodical is designed; I would ask where is the living soul that has read that little treatise from beginning to end but must exclaim, what has God wrought? Your critical correspondent complains of two expressions: First, that Christ appeared so precious to his view, that he would and could have preached him to devils. Second, that all this time he knew nothing savingly of God's truth, nor of himself, (that is God:) he does not tell you he knew nothing savingly of his lost

condition and state before God as a sinner. For this he has plainly laid down in page 16, if your correspondent has read it, and of the springings up of hope he then had in his soul; but his meaning is, that at this time he was not in possession of the faith of assurance, and he goes on to give you an account of the blessed deliverance the Lord wrought for him, in page 21. What sweet words; what an answer for the adversary; what a glorious subject to preach to poor perishing sinners. I believe this man was at the right academy, if I know anything of divine teaching, and I ask you, dear sir, are not the ministers and children of God in their measure tried and delivered as this man was? Does not the Lord the Spirit first convince them of the reality of a thing in their judgment, and give them in their souls to desire and pray for it? So it was with this man: he had such a glorious view of the Lord Jesus, that he longed to speak it out, and to realise it in his own soul; did he long in vain? I trow not: and does not the Lord permit satan to try this work begun in the hearts of his children, and their deliverance? Was it not so with Mr. Stringer? he tells you it was, to the confusion of satan and the satisfaction of his own soul.

But, let us look at the other expression criticised: "bless his dear name, he appeared so precious in my view, that I could and would have preached him before devils." Perhaps the good man might have expressed his meaning in different words. I believe his meaning to be this: that he had such a glorious view of the Lord Jesus, that he could and would have preached him before devils, or fearless of devils. He does not tell you he could have preached Christ Jesus the Lord as the salvation of devils. Bless the Lord, (according to his own testimony), he had not so learned Christ; but your correspondent, if he reads the two last pages of the Treatise, will find a detail (too numerous here to mention) of the glorious truths which are the sum and substance of his ministry. Your correspondent then goes on to make several remarks (to me it appears) altogether wide of the subject in hand: the first is a natural bias of the mind for oratory; but our author's testimony, page 16 and 17 is, "Now, all this time the Lord was on my side, and he was qualifying me in that way and manner that ultimately should make me most decided for his truth; and enable me from the joy of my own soul, to declare the wonders of his salvation from day to day." Here, he gives you the origin of his preparation for the ministry; and as to its being cultivated at college, &c., was not the case with him: and as to the pre-requisite for the ministry, viz., the New Birth and the Baptism of the Spirit: upon this his testimony is plain, and as to pharisees finding it acceptable, we that have heard him know that his preaching is calculated to lay the sinner in the dust, and extol the riches of free, sovereign, distinguishing grace. But is your correspondent one of those that "make a man an offender for a word, and lay a snare for him that reproveth in the gate, and turn aside the just for a thing of nought?" If he is, this passage must condemn him, and put to silence all such unreasonable men, who spend more time in criticising and picking holes in good men's coats, than ever they spent about the salvation of their immortal souls. I believe you will have plenty such like applications to embark in your *Vessel*, (and if permitted), who will sow discord among brethren. But, my friend, may your reply be that of the poet,—

"Let all fruitless searchers go,
That perplex and tease us;
We're determined nought to know,
But a bleeding Jesus."—Hart.

That you may be blessed with wisdom and discretion, in taking in that cargo of your *Vessel*, that you may be blessed in your labour of love: and that it may bring a blessing to my poor soul, and the souls of the Lord's family, is the prayer of—

Your's, in love, AARON MILLER.

[We certainly do not regret having given insertion to "Gershom's" letter, inasmuch as it has been productive of so warm a reply from Aaron Miller; for which we feel thankful: and above all things do desire and pray to be kept from sowing discord among brethren; but so diversified are the views and opinions of even good men, that we clearly see it will be quite impossible to avoid giving offence to some and clashing with the views of others, unless we withhold the communications of our correspondents altogether. We are persuaded that Gershom is not one who will "make a man an offender for a word;" but "he is of age," and old enough and able enough to defend and explain himself: wherefore we add no more.—Ed.]

THE MARKS OF A REPROBATE.

Being the substance of a Discourse, by W. SKELTON, S. S.

“When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man he walketh through dry places seeking rest; and finding none, he saith I will return unto my house whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in, and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.”—Luke xi. 24--26.

THE portion of the word of God before us for our meditation this evening, has been laid with some considerable weight and solemn importance on my mind this day, while being busily employed in my daily occupation; but, for what end or purpose I at present know not, neither am I warranted from the word of God to curiously enquire, but surely they have had such a lodging in my mind this day, as that there is no other portion of God's word given unto me for our meditation this evening, save it be this: and seeing the Lord hath declared, “all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness;” therefore, we dare not say this scripture is unworthy our most solemn consideration, but praying the Holy Ghost, who alone can teach to profit, may he be pleased to lead our minds into a spiritual understanding; and thus let us, depending on his divine teaching and aid, attempt a solemn consideration of them, premising they appear to be added by our Lord in contradistinction to the matter he had testified before, declaring in the 21st and 22nd verses, “When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils:” so that, as this last quoted scripture is descriptive of the almighty power of Jehovah, the God-man, Christ Jesus, over the devil, who usurps a power in the hearts of his people until, in the display of his power and in the riches of his grace, satan in them becomes dethroned; yea, as by a writ of ejection, ejected from the palace of the heart: so in the scripture before us—this is a description given of a reprobate, by which the very marks of reprobacy are plainly made apparent as manifesting themselves in the case and position of thousands in the present day.

From this portion of Holy Writ, some have attempted to prove the liability of a sinner's standing, at one period of his life-time, acceptable to God; but, by reason of things to which he is liable, and into which things, without due care on his part, he will most assuredly fall, he may thereby be found an object of the Lord's disapprobation; and as such eventually fall into hell. Such are the notions of Wesleyans, Fullerites, Mongrel Calvinists, and Modern Baptists. But surely the words have not a distant allusion, much less, an immediate reference to any such antisciptural ideas; for what the Spirit teacheth, as to the meaning of the word, must and does agree in every iota with the whole tenor of the sacred word throughout—otherwise, instead of his being the God of order and of truth, he would be, *vice versa*, the God of confusion and contradiction. In solemnly considering these words, and the connection in which they are found, it has appeared to me, that every unregenerated sinner is actuated by three distinct spirits—the evil spirit, who is the devil, declared to be the god of this world, and satan: the spirit of legality, which every unregenerated man is actuated by—and that spirit of evil or unclean spirit, which is no other than the constitutional bias of his altogether depraved mind and heart. And, as to the unclean spirit which, in the text, is said to go out of a man, this is not the devil as some have mistakenly supposed; for he keepeth his seat; he keepeth his palace; he keepeth his throne, with his chief counsellor, the spirit of legality, always at his right hand; while the unclean spirit, which manifests itself according to the constitutional bias of the man—whether it be to steal, from covetousness; to

commit whoredom or adultery, through lust; or to work any other abominable thing, through the prevalency of the evil which forms the man's besetting sin. This unclean spirit goeth out for a season, as is seen in many instances in this our day, though not as by a writ of ejection, but as being prevailed on by the devil, and the spirit of legality, to take as it were a walk: and then there takes place a reformation in the man's outward conduct, so that the man who had been wont to intoxicate himself over the midnight bowl, has become a sober character; or the spendthrift, who has heretofore lavished out the contents of his purse, to gratify the lust of his desire, has been found a man of more circumspect habits: yet the unclean spirit has not been turned out by omnipotent power, for the heart remains his heart or house still; although the man out of whom *he went* may be found associated with those who profess godliness, and he himself in the midst of a profession of the same. But, as it is said of the *unclean spirit*, that *he* having walked out of the man, *he* walketh through dry places seeking rest. What dry places are these through which (not *into* which) he walketh, seeking rest and finding none.

On looking into a work of one of the ablest commentators on the scripture, I have found that he considers these dry places to be the places where fallen spirits are reserved unto the judgment of the great day; but, every regenerated one of the Lord's family in whom is found a new heart, an holy principle, a new creation, knows it is so dry to a spirit of uncleanness, that there is not a single drop of nourishment in it to feed a lust, to cherish a corruption, or to gratify an unclean desire: but, according to the phraseology of the words before us, as it is common to persons who take their walks abroad from home, to call on their neighbours who are at home, so the Lord's dear people find in their experience, that their unclean spirit which still abides to their sorrow at home in their flesh, seems to receive company as that oftentimes they feel, as it were, a double power, engaged in their flesh, that if possible the unclean spirit may enter into and rest in that undefiled bed, which is alone devoted to the Lord himself, of which the spouse said concerning her beloved, "He shall lie all night betwixt my breasts." This reminds me of what a dear woman of the Lord's household, was saying but yesterday to me; said she, I am so tormented and harrassed by sin you cannot tell, for said she, many times I am, in the working of my thoughts, carried away with every wicked thing; I am filled with distress, so harrassed and tormented, that often I begin to think if I were a child of God it would not be thus with me. Ah, brethren, it has been my lot and I have no doubt it has been yours also, as ye are among the living in Jerusalem, to find that oftentimes, as in a moment, the unclean spirit which still keeps his haunt (to my bitter grief) in my flesh, when I am waking as well as when I am sleeping, exerts a double force, as though another of his infernal kind had come in to strengthen his diabolical hands, and to prompt him forward by lending his aid, if possible, to gain admission to, and dwell in the palace of the new heart, where grace alone resides, and Christ triumphant reigns; but blessed be God the unclean spirit in its rambles and visiting walks shall never find any place to lodge in the child of God, for all the rooms and apartments of their flesh, are fully occupied by their own unclean spirit, causing them to find the spiritual man's foes are the foes of his own house; but finding no rest in these dry places, the unclean spirit saith, "I will return unto my house from whence I came out." Mark it is his house still, although the man may be found according to outward appearances, with a face as seemingly pious as any Wesleyan, who vainly imagines and makes his boast he has arrived to a state of perfection in the flesh, even the state which John Wesley refers to in one of his so called hymns, introduced of late years into Rippon's selection, third part of iv. 40. of the same selection:

"Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin,
Write thy law of love within."

Or should he be found among the Lord's living family, he may be able to split hairs in mere doctrinal points of divinity, while the devil and the spirit of legality within him, still keeps lurking and dwelling securely in the caverns of his heart: and when the unclean spirit cometh, on his return he findeth his house swept and garnished; for during his absence the spirit of legality has swept, not with the besom of destruction, but with the devil's broom, his filthy dusty oaths and curses, his obscene garbage and litter, not out of doors, or out of the man; but like other sluts, has swept these from one room into another: and, methinks, the devil made no objection to its being swept into his bed-room; or, as dust is still the serpent's food, into his larder: but the house is garnished also—so garnished, that the very coal-hole from whence the unclean spirit had been wont to fetch fuel to feed his fire, is now white-washed; and instead of filthy cobwebs hanging on the walls, there is now to be seen, pictures of Jesus Christ; such as the birth of Christ; the baptism of Jesus Christ; and the resurrection of Jesus Christ; all tastefully and orderly hung around; (yet no living Christ is here) and abundance of portions of scripture now decorate the papered walls instead of obscene sayings and filthy epithets; the spirit of legality in decorating and garnishing the house, having strictly followed the custom of her ancestors, the Pharisees of olden time, who were wont in their days to make broad their phylacteries, which was as we are told, a band of material worn by them on the sleeves of their garments, on which band was inscribed some fancy portion or portions of scripture, and which band they made broad for the purpose of wearing on it many portions of the letter of the word, for a greater shew of apparent sanctity and seeming holiness in the sight of men, and thus the walls of the house being garnished, instead of being pencilled on all sides with obscene language, are now decorated with words of scripture, in letters of gold on plates of glass, with gilded frames; handsome bookshelves are seen also supplying the place of those which heretofore contained plays, novels, romances, jest books, and songs; now contain the whole duty of man, forms of prayer for every day in the year, family bible carefully wrapped up in napkin, to keep clean, morning and evening portion, even the whole body of divinity, by Doctor Gill—monthly periodicals of all classes and denominations. The old mud walls too, where scorpions, asps, owls, bats, and all manner of creeping abominable things had made their dwelling, are now daubed with untempered mortar, and by a whitewash produced from the same material, are made to appear outwardly clean, save at places where the venom of asps, the poison of serpents, and filth of abominable things, still show themselves in spite of all the daubing and whitewashing with untempered mortar, by the working of a legal spirit. But, O, awful testimony, the Lord declares, by Matthew xii. 44, that with all this reformation, sweeping and garnishing, the unclean spirit finds it empty, Christ is not there, and therefore it is empty of all good; the Holy Ghost is not there, and therefore it is empty of all spirituality; and the life of God, the fear of the Lord, is not there, and therefore it is empty of all that is Godlike, heavenly, and divine; but when the unclean spirit cometh at his return he findeth it thus, and being empty of these immortal realities, there is no resistance met with by him relative to his entering in, but methinks he views the alteration which has taken place during his short absence, and concludes that the outward appearance of the house, the apartments of the house with the furniture by which it is adorned, is quite suitable to entertain and to lodge the whole fraternity of his devilish family, and then goeth he and taketh with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and who are these? Pride, self-conceit, the spirit of contention, self-confidence, hardness of heart, presumption, and the spirit of despite and blasphemy against the Holy Ghost; these are they who entering in, dwell there, yet following each other in rotation, each making way for another to follow, thus the unclean spirit introduces pride, who comes first to admire the inside furniture and

outward appearance of the house, praising the efforts of legality with her brush and broom; self-conceit follows, to declare there is no place or house to be compared with it, both as to inside and outside work; the spirit of contention now comes in to fill the elbow or judgment chair, adjudging the house to possess such peculiarities to itself as that is contrary to all the dwellers in Mesopotamia or inhabitants of Jerusalem; self-confidence is seen strutting about the house as being wiser, in his own estimation, than seven men who can render a reason for the hope which is in them; hardness of heart now pervades the whole of the premises, from front door to back, and being destitute of conviction, knowing no shame, proceeds to manifest impenitence and judicial hardness as the effects of a conscience seared as with a hot iron, and now presumption entering with his lofty looks and daring lips, proceeds to speak things contemptuously of the righteous people of God, and then of the God of his righteous people, and to vent ungodly and hard speeches in abundance, and to heap calumny on the people, the ways, and the cause of God and his Christ, so that it only now remains for the spirit of despite against the Spirit of grace to enter in and manifest itself in blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and the man is thereby manifested as a reprobate, bearing the very marks of reprobacy, while the show of his countenance is like Sodom, and his actions, words, and ways, (although his moral character may be yet sustained unimpeachable, since the time of the unclean spirit going out of him, and consequently from the date of his reformation) declare plainly he is a vessel of wrath fitted to destruction; but our Lord said, "The unclean spirit taketh with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself;" and these, each of them, are more wicked than all the drunkenness, lust, open rebellion, and profligacy, which was to be seen with the man previous to his reformation, and a mere profession of the name of Jesus Christ; but these with the unclean spirit enter in and dwell there, and in the midst of these things it is not needful that the man shall be found sevenfold more vile as to his outward conduct than he was before, to constitute the last state of that man to be worse than the first, while these infernal inhabitants drive him headlong into the very vortex of an eternal hell, for the last state of that man, though high in the estimation of his fellow men, by reason of what is counted by the world moral virtue and excellencies is worse than the first; but some have said, this description of character was only applicable to the days of our Lord's flesh, and was never seen but in the instance of the Pharisees of his day; but surely the day in which we live presents circumstances and persons unto whom this description of character is as applicable as it was in the days when the words were spoken by our Lord Christ, and I feel persuaded I have known individuals and do still know characters, if they are not already in an endless hell, whose state is pointed out and whose position is described to an hair's breadth by these words, and here I am reminded of one in particular who went to his own place, from London, a short period since, the same man about fifty years ago (he being then a young talented man) was baptized at the same time with my dear parents, and admitted to church-membership the same time with them, and so continued with the Lord's people, some time going in and out among them, in the possession of great talents, and frequently displaying the same at certain meetings wont to be held in olden time by the Lord's people, called fellowship or experience meetings, concerning the same man. My dear mother has often told me that at that period of his life, he shewed such zeal and knowledge in divine things as that she has many a time been ready to murmur with the Lord, because she could hardly utter a word among the people of God, and he was always ready and foremost in spiritual conversation; however, it so fell out the same individual began at first to slacken in attendance on the means of grace, and then from one step to another, he became an open scoffer at and despiser of the people, the ways, and the cause he once professed to love. The same man

being possessed of property in Devonport, became my landlord, and how often at that time, would he vent out his blasphemous sayings to me against my precious Christ and his ways I have lately heard of his death, and upon enquiry am informed, he died as he had lived the last forty years of his life, without the least sign or manifestation of an heart made soft through the grace and power of God. And now O, ye heart-sighing, sin-hating, children of God, who can say Jesus is precious to your souls, under professing his name, it may be for many years past, may the Lord enable us to bless and praise his adorable name, for his preserving grace and mercy vouchsafed unto us; that in the midst of all the depravity, devilism, and corruption, which we have groaned under, sighed about, and cried to be delivered from, yet the Lord hath enabled us to say, "our desire is towards the Lord and the remembrance of his name." In us is fulfilled the truth of the words, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion." May the Lord keep us humble at his sacred feet, and as the words of dear Hart sweetly crosses my mind at the moment, with the same words, I conclude :

" Lay us low before thy feet,
 Saved from pride and self-conceit.
 Be the language of our souls,
 Lord direct us, we are fools."

And may the Lord add his blessing. Amen.

**The Rock on which the Church is built: by Mr. JAMES WELLS,
 at the Opening of Jireh Chapel, Brighton.**

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR SIR,—A great number of books have been printed, and sermons preached, of late, attempting to prove that the end and summing up of the Gospel dispensation is close at hand—that "the Judge is really close at our doors;" that the elect are nearly all gathered in; and that "yet a little while, and He that shall come, will come; and will not tarry." Unto all such as are savingly built upon the Rock of Ages, these must be joyful tidings; but whether the Master shall come in the second watch, or the third watch; whether he shall very shortly make up his jewels, or whether it be some hundreds of years hence; whether there is to be a spiritual Millenium, or a thousand years personal reign; these are things which I do not feel much concerned about, or very deeply interested in; all that my soul is really seeking to be established in, is that the Lord Jesus Christ is himself my treasure; that my whole heart may be set upon, and my whole soul be found going out after him; that my loins may be girded about with that living and eternal truth which is in Him; and that while I am traversing this desert land, I may be a follower of them who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises.

But, dear Sir, there are two things among us Sussex people which seem much against the doctrine of a speedy Second Coming. In the first place you would be astonished to see how dreadfully Ephraim doth here envy Judah, and Judah doth here vex Ephraim. Oh, Sir, many times when I have heard ministers and people professing godliness, envying one another; backbiting one another; going as far as they could to send one another to perdition—I have been tempted to fear that the Spirit of Christ was not in them at all. You never saw such a place as Brighton is for this. And yet, withal, I am persuaded that we are highly favoured with some of the real sent and sanctified servants of God—who preach unto us "THE WAY OF LIFE:" and I am also as firmly persuaded that there are many righteous souls here too, who are taught to know the difference between the clean and the unclean; between the living and the dead. The second thing to which I

referred above, is the *mania* among ministers for building new chapels. I have thought, as I stand sometimes looking at the churches and chapels which are springing up in all directions—"Certainly; these builders are not looking for a very speedy arrival of that great day, when the Master of the House will rise up, and will shut to the door." (Luke xiii. 25.)

Last Tuesday, the 20th January, one of these new buildings was first opened; it is called "JIREH CHAPEL." It is situated in Robert Street; and has been erected by the friends and congregation of Mr. William Tant. This new structure is capable of holding, I suppose about 400 persons: it is a lofty, well ventilated, and exceedingly neat building. Deal forms, with open backs, occupy the whole of the ground floor; at present, there is neither gallery nor pews.

I must say that I feel thankful that William Tant, has, at last, found a little rest for the sole of his foot: a little city to dwell in: he has been subject to some adverse winds since he has been preaching amongst us the gospel of Christ; but none of them have yet been strong enough to blow him away. I believe the Lord has made him useful to some elect and redeemed sinners; and, notwithstanding all the opposition that there has been against him, and the many dark prophecies uttered concerning him; still, I do hope, it is the Lord who is saying unto him—"Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city." And if this be so, you know dear Sir, that the pleasure of the Lord will prosper in his hands. I have long been convinced that when the Lord God of heaven and earth really sends a servant of his to "receive the fruits of the vineyard,"—(Matt. xxi. 34.)—there will be plenty of husbandmen to beat him, to throw stones at him; and if possible, to kill him. But oh, Sir, what a question is that—oh, how careful it should make us, as to how we attempt to knock the servants of God about! "When the Lord of the vineyard cometh, *what will he do unto those husbandmen,*" Oh, I say *Mr. Earthen Vessel*, do you beg of the watchmen and the workmen that are now employed in and about our Zion, to read the 5th. 6th. and 7th. verses of the fifteenth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans; and may the Lord help them to practice it as well as to preach it.

But my object in writing to you, is to inform you that we have been favoured to hear one of your good men—I mean Mr. James Wells: he preached both morning and evening at the opening of William Tant's little Jireh; and I can assure you that he came down here in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; his bottle seemed to be ready to burst; for, I would really hope, the dear Spirit of all Truth, did, by him, bring forth some of the most precious things of the lasting hills; and many living souls were much refreshed by the joyful tidings which he proclaimed.

In the morning, Mr. Wells preached from Matt. xvi. 18.—"Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." He commenced his discourse, which occupied an hour and a quarter, by reading the passage of which the text forms part. "I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." In several instances where God had called sinners by his grace, he had given them a new name, expressive of the change which was wrought; and this was the case with Peter. His previous name was Simon, and when his brother Andrew brought him to Jesus, our blessed Lord addressing him, said "Thou art Cephas," that is Peter; for the word Cephas signified a stone, and the word Peter also signified a stone. Thus then Christ gave Simon his new name, "Thou art a stone," denoting the new state into which he was brought, that he should be a living stone; and when he called Peter to the apostleship, he said, "And upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Some say Peter is the foundation upon which the church was to be built; the answer which has been given by some to this is, that the Lord calls Peter, *not* a rock, but a stone—not upon this stone, but upon this rock will I build my church; and this answer would at first sight appear to be sufficient; but then it so happens that in the original the word is the *same* in both cases, (*Petros, Petra*.) and stands therefore in a similar position; as in another place the *word temple* stands—destroy this temple and raise it again in three days—not the literal temple, but the temple of his body. So here—not upon this lively stone, Peter; but upon this living stone, Christ, will I build my church: “and other foundations can no man lay than that which is laid, Christ Jesus the Lord.” The keys of heaven were said to be given to Peter, but not to the other disciples. Some thought that the reason of this was that he was the appointed person to preach on the day of Pentecost, when the kingdom of heaven was in a peculiar manner opened, and thousands went in; and therefore on that occasion Peter had a commission which the other disciples had not, he had to open the kingdom of heaven on the day of Pentecost. Hence the words, “Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven;” there was an analogy with something magisterial. A magistrate having a case before him, had to consider the circumstances and the law, and pronounce accordingly, sentencing the man to punishment, or setting him at liberty. But the magistrate had no power to make or alter a law. So with the apostles, they neither made nor altered laws, but being led by the Holy Ghost, their sentences were truthful, and God Almighty would ratify all they did. No other foundation, then, was to be laid except Jesus Christ; and if any claimed to be master over another’s conscience, let him be told, “Call no man master, on earth; one is your master, even Christ, and ye are all brethren.” In reading the text, the following things naturally present themselves: first, the foundation; second, the building; third, its stability; and the fourth, its purpose. First, then, as to the foundation—“Upon this rock.” Here were two ideas involved, strength and duration. We must admit that the Lord well knew what was needed for our salvation, and therefore he would not appoint for a foundation, that which had not sufficient strength to bear up under what must rest upon it. In order that we might have a right foundation for our hope, we must have something stronger than sin; sin had shewn itself to be stronger than angels, for they fell from their first estate; it had proved itself to be stronger than unfallen man, for when it attacked man, man fell; it had proved itself and continued to prove itself, stronger than man. When man found how far he was involved in sin, and how closely he was connected with sin: when he found this out and began to try to get away from his guilt, and impenitence, and unbelief, from the terrible threatenings of heaven, from the miseries that are come upon us by sin, when he felt this, he found out feelingly and experimentally that sin was stronger than himself, that after all his strivings, sin remained unmoved in all its fierce and deadly power. Therefore, in order to have a foundation on which safely to hope, we must have something stronger than sin. Christ met sin in its worst possible form, in its terribleness as it stood in the immediate presence of the majesty of heaven. The Lord Jesus Christ met sin here; and all our sin was laid upon him, but not a particle of sin could be found in him. In his dying hour, the Father and the Holy Ghost laid all the sins of the church upon Christ. Would they have done so if he had not been able to bear them and prove himself stronger than sin? We ourselves were only stronger than sin, when we were in fellowship with the Father: through his Son Jesus Christ we had a Saviour infinitely more able to save, than sin to destroy. Again, not only was Jesus Christ stronger than sin, but he was stronger than the curse of the law. This he knew was included in what he had already advanced; but he illustrated this minor point by dilating on the expression, “Awake, O sword against my Shepherd,” which he contended meant the sword of justice directed against the Saviour; Jesus Christ was also stronger than the world, with all its attractions, joys, hopes, sorrows, miseries. All these sought to entangle him; but he defeated them all. Jesus Christ was also superior to death, stronger than death. The pains of death wore out man; but he (the Saviour) wore out the pains of death. He laid down his own life. But he (Mr. Wells) went further, and contended that Jesus Christ was stronger than the law of God. They might say the law of God was infallible, and being infallible nothing could be stronger. But the law was a creature, it was dependent on God; whereas Jesus Christ was self-existent, and independent. The law could not exist without God; but God could exist without the law; and

Jesus Christ being self-existent, lived in his own-entirety. He was then stronger than the law; nay, the law depended for its existence, on his power.

The preacher then glanced at the remaining subdivision of the first point in the discourse; the duration of the foundation. It was everlasting. All other foundations were temporary; but this was from everlasting to everlasting. What a contrast with time things did this present! Time things were really nothing. There was no other foundation that would last for ever. Here was everlasting life and everlasting election. And John Careless, one of the martyrs of the reign of Queen Mary, said, "If I had as many lives as the hairs of my head, I would lay them all down for eternal election, for the mercy of the Lord which is from everlasting to everlasting." Oh how paltry was all in this world, what nothingness was there in the worldly history of those who had passed from the region of time to the unexplored regions of eternity. Having dwelled at great length on this, the first division of the discourse, the preacher touched with brevity on the remaining divisions. The building was illustrated by a subdivision—the severance of the stones from the quarry, that is the heart from sin; the squaring of them, i. e. making our thoughts and feelings and desires agree with the will of God; and thirdly, their fixation in the church of God. In this part of the discourse he defined the word "church." It was an old Saxon word, and meant simply a congregation. The original word *ecclesiæ*, from which we derived our word ecclesiastes, simply signified an assembly, and answered to the old Testament expression "the congregation of the Lord." And in the Acts of the Apostles, where we found the word assembly, the original was *ecclesiæ*. Yet people wanted to make out that the word "church" meant an assembly of bricks and mortar. It meant an assemblage of people. Parkhurst said, it was a compound idea, denoting the unity of an assemblage under some superior authority: and this very well defined the church of God.

Next the preacher proceeded to illustrate the meaning of the "gates of hell," as opposed to the church. A gate was a place where the city took counsel as shown in Ruth. So the counsel of hell should not prevail against the church. It further meant tribulation, false religion, bigotry. He thought there were a great many people in Brighton who loved the Lord; but he thought also there was a great deal of bigotry. When the Lord wrought the miracle of feeding the thousands with the loaves and fishes, he made the multitude sit down in fifties. So in Brighton, the people congregated in fifties; taking care to sit a great way apart. This narrowness of feeling often vanished when we came to visit each other; for his own part, he loved all those who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. The gates of hell also meant the profane world, and it meant death. Lastly, the purpose was to open the gates of heaven. Some time ago he offended the people of Manchester for using the expression "if the Lord will, I should like to see every town filled with the disciples of Christ, until the devil and sin be hunted out of the world." He offended some, because they thought he wished to encourage another cause besides the one that was there. Some people said, "you must come to my chapel, or you go to hell." What was this but popery? The Jewish law taught a better lesson; for it said "if a stranger cometh unto thee, let him dwell in any of thy gates that he liketh best." He wished the gospel to be spread to the uttermost. The characteristics: the gates of heaven were righteousness, plenty, suitability, preciousness, and these the gospel opened for man.

Mr. Wells concluded his discourse by a lively and suitable appeal to the congregation to lend their aid towards liquidating the building expenses. This appeal was not in vain; for I am told that the three collections produced *thirty-five pounds*, which certainly was a most noble and generous gathering.

Well, in the afternoon, William Tant preached from the words "the things which are impossible with men are possible with God." In commenting upon his text he referred to some of the trials they had been called to experience; and the hope they had, that the Lord was on their side.

Mr. Wells preached again in the evening from the last verse of the second book of Samuel. Altogether it was a happy and soul-comforting

season. I will say, in conclusion, I am, in no way connected with the cause at Jireh; but I believe the Lord was present on its opening-day; and, that great prosperity may rest upon it, is the fervent prayer of your's to serve in gospel bonds—

THEOPHILUS.

Death in Self, and Life in Christ,

ALL hail, holy brethren! Heaven-born sons of light; I salute you in him who is the "Morning Star," whose rays of light and love make a morning in our souls, even a rosy-wing morning, the dawning of glory within; scattering darkness, clouds, mists, fogs and vapours of our vile nature, giving us a hope of that glory-morning of the resurrection; "*A morning without clouds.*"

Sin hath marred all the old creation, and we are all vile beyond our own knowledge or description, and the old creation is full of darkness and death. "For the sun shall be turned into darkness, the moon into blood, and the earth and all that is therein shall be dissolved, melt away, and no more place be found for it." But the new creation has an eternal *Sun* which is the centre light and glory of it; uncreated and eternal, that shall never go down. Jesus, the sun of unfadable righteousness. "The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." Now this everlasting Sun is the eternal God, "God with us," God in human flesh; the whole fulness of the Godhead, Father, Son and Spirit, shining in and through our nature in "the man Christ Jesus." And when this light, life, and love is communicated to our dark souls dead in trespasses and sins, we are quickened, enlightened, and said to be created anew in Christ Jesus. New creatures in the new creation of God in Christ Jesus. This eternal sun in regeneration is like the day-break in our dark souls: first, the day dawn, a few streaks of light break in at the window of the soul, and we begin to discover the dark bodies and substances in the chamber, and whatsoever makes manifest is light; as the light increases, we have greater discoveries of what there is in the chamber, till the light shines so bright that we can see little insects and any small creeping thing. And now we not only discover our great and glaring sins, but swarms of secret hidden sins, numerous as the motes in the air: and we find that we have been sleeping in the chambers of death, among all manner of creeping things, as toads, serpents, cockatrices, scorpions, worms, frightful ghosts, devils, and swarms of non-descript reptiles, and numerous vile insects that breed in our very nature, "the body of this death." And we find the black chambers of our vile hearts to be the gateway to hell, going down to the chambers of death. The very approach to the bottomless pit.

Now we see death written upon all the old creation; and all the earth hung in mourning, and see nothing but death, darkness and despair in ourselves. How is this darkness and death discovered?—only by Christ the light of life shining into our hearts: and now hear the testimony of the Holy Ghost:—"If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but, the Spirit is life because of righteousness." (Rom. viii. 10.) Namely, Jesus the eternal sun of righteousness hath shined into your heart, giving you life to feel, and light to see these things. To see, feel, and know that sin, death, and darkness is in yourself, and that light, life, love and righteousness is only found in Christ Jesus our Lord, who is the light of life; and this life is the light of men, (all regenerated men.) The old creation, with all its fadable glories, is dead, the Adam body of corruption is dead, the body of this death is dead, because of sin. Then "why seek ye the living among the dead?—ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Now my dear

souls, you may burrow in the dunghill, self, turn the corrupt dunghill over and over again, till you are almost suffocated in the stench; and you will find nothing but sin, corruption and death, the flies of death, and worms of death. Ah, my dear friends the worms must soon feed on this body of death in the grave; and then die themselves. But what can kill the gnawing worm guilt?—nothing but the very life-blood of the lovely bleeding Lord Jesus, brought into the sin-stung conscience by the Spirit of life. Our life springs out of Jesus' death, by the quickening power of the Holy Ghost in our souls, quickening us into a life union with Christ, who is our eternal life: and if Christ be in you the body is dead because of sin; there is nothing but death in every motion, action, thought, and word, independent of the Spirit of life in your soul. "The Spirit is life because of righteousness." God in our nature has wrought a righteousness in which we stand before God, and the Spirit reveals this righteousness in us, even "the righteousness of God, it is Christ in you the hope of glory, and you in Christ the righteousness of God in him. (2 Cor. v. 21.) Righteous even as he is righteous. "Hallowed be thy name." Hallelujah! Amen.

Written at Bedford, on a visit.—A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Mr. Skelton's Poem, on the Sovereignty of God.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

Dear Brethren,

I feel powerfully constrained to address you respecting a little work entitled "The Sovereignty of God," written by Mr. W. Skelton, Minister of the Gospel, Zion Chapel, Brabourne, Kent. Its blessed author I have never seen in the flesh, though sure I am I have been related to him in eternal bonds, from everlasting; while from the pleasure and profit I have received in reading his Poem, I think I should partake of a stoical spirit, did I not, through the *Earthen Vessel*, make public declaration unto the family of God of the rich repast it has afforded me, that thereby they may share in one mutual repast. I have sometimes noted in domestic life, if one of the family introduces anything new and beautiful, say a lovely painting, there is one general cry among the children—"O! let me look." Well, now, it is just my wish to introduce this little work to the children of the Lord, whom I would advise to purchase a copy, so that if their desire to behold this spiritual painting, is as fervent as the wish of the children to behold the natural painting, they may be both gratified and edified by reading (as I solemnly believe) one of the grandest productions that was ever penned by the hand of man, excepting, of course, the sacred Scriptures.

To attempt to describe the Poem by quotations would be to disturb its majestic harmony, while I do not possess sufficient ability to pourtray its universal beauty. The precious doctrines of God's most sacred word, are throughout continually preached, nor is the truth diluted to advance poetic arrangement; while the mind of the author is manifest by the following declaration in the preface: "The following piece is sent forth from the press conscious of its defects as a composition; yet, in the full persuasion that the sentiments therein contained are in strict accordance with the scriptures of truth." Thus has Mr. Skelton evidently set out relying upon Him, who gives to "sinners saved," such mighty wisdom, as confounds both Bachelors and Masters of Arts.

May heavenly dew rest upon the whole company of Zion, prays,

A DOOR-KEEPER.

Great Mitchell Street Chapel, Saint Luke's

On New Year's day the church and congregation meeting for divine worship in Great Mitchell Street Chapel, St. Luke's, held their Annual Tea Meeting; after which, a public meeting was held in the Chapel, which was addressed by Mr. Mote, Mr. Milner, and Mr. Sadler; Mr. Carpenter, the pastor, presiding at the same. Want of time and space prevent us from taking further notice of it.

MR. DOVEY'S FAREWELL ADDRESS AT JAMAICA ROW.

ON Lord's-day evening, January 25, Mr. Dovey preached his farewell sermon, to the church and congregation at Jamaica Row, among whom he has laboured for twenty years: and on the following Monday evening, a public meeting was held, in the same place.

MR. PENROSE, of Unicorn Yard, first addressed the meeting, affectionately exhorting them to prayer and supplication on behalf of their late pastor; also for themselves, that the Lord would send them a man that should be instrumental in feeding them with the bread of life.

MR. DOVEY'S son, (who is also a minister), delivered a very feeling address, recognising Jamaica Row Chapel, as the scene of his earliest religious impressions.

Mr. DOVEY then addressed the meeting by way of conclusion, and commenced by saying that he took it as a great mark of respect that so many were present on the occasion. He next thanked the two ladies, who, with the aid of other friends, had presented him with two purses as tokens of Christian esteem and affection for him. He then proceeded to give a short account of his call to the ministry, and his reasons for resigning the pastoral office at Jamaica Row. Mr. Dovey said, that it pleased God to shew him the error of his ways when he was about 24 years of age, partly through the instrumentality of his former wife, whose remains lie in a vault beneath the chapel at Jamaica Row. The Lord was also pleased to meet him afterwards under a sermon which drove him almost to despair; but it pleased the Lord in some measure to deliver him from it by the following passage, "Deliver him from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom." This did not, however, set him fully at liberty, but the Lord ultimately delivered him by a sermon preached from a very curious text: "And on all hills that shall be digged with the mattock, there shall not come thither the fear of briers and thorns, but it shall be for the sending forth of oxen, and for the treading of lesser cattle." The minister described the hills as the human heart; the mattock as the work of the Spirit in the hands of a living minister; and the thorns and briers as the curse of the broken law of God. Sometime after this, he was baptized by Mr. Williams, at Grafton St. Chapel, and admitted a member of the church there.

After joining the church, he was much exercised in his mind with regard to going to the prayer meetings, as he was so fearful he should be asked to engage in prayer; and he thought it would be a very wicked thing for a member of a church to refuse to do so. At last, however, the Lord broke the snare, and he went, and was called upon to engage in prayer, and the Lord so opened his mouth and his heart too that, whenever he went, he was sure to be called upon to engage in prayer. After this the meditation of the Word of God became exceedingly sweet to him; he used to be reading and meditating on it when he ought to have been at rest, and even used to take the Bible to bed with him, putting it under his pillow.

Two years after this he was called upon to take the office of deacon: the prayer meetings were always led by one of the deacons; and when it was his turn to lead it, there were sure to be more there than at any other time. Some time after this, he went with a friend (a minister,) to an anniversary of a chapel, near Croydon; his friend stood engaged to preach morning and evening; but when he had finished his morning's discourse, he gave out that Mr. Dovey would preach in the evening. When the minister came down out of the pulpit, Mr. Dovey asked how he could think of making such an announcement, when he knew very well that he would not? The minister replied, that if he did not, no one would, "Well, (answered Mr. Dovey,) I have made up my mind that I will not; so the people will all be disappointed." The minister replied that he also had made up his mind that he would not

preach. The time for commencing the evening service arrived, Mr. Dovey still determining in his own mind that he would not preach. The minister said, that he would go up and read and pray, and then come down again, so that if Mr Dovey did not go up, there would be no preaching at all. Whilst the minister was in prayer, these words fell into Mr. Dovey's mind, "Fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed of thy youth;" which so set him at liberty that he went up into the pulpit, and preached for an hour and a quarter from the words "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" and when he came down out of the pulpit, the people came flocking round him to thank him for the sermon, and at the same time said that they hoped they should have the pleasure of hearing him again. A few days after this he went out into the country—for the benefit of his wife and a child that were then unwell, ten miles distant from the place where he had preached; and on the Sunday morning, which was exactly a fortnight from the time of the above named Anniversary, they went into a chapel there, and took a seat quite at the farther end, and shortly after he had entered the chapel and taken his seat, he noticed two of the leading men whispering together; they then sung a hymn, and read and prayed, and went on to sing a second hymn, and whilst they were singing it, he noticed the same two gentlemen whispering together again, seemingly much confused, and presently he observed one of them making his way towards the pew in which he was sitting. He came into the pew and told Mr Dovey that they had been disappointed in their minister: from what cause they could not tell; pressing him very much to supply for them. He, (Mr. Dovey) told them he was not in the habit of preaching; to which the gentleman immediately replied—"Why there is a person here that says he heard you a fortnight ago at such a place, and derived a great deal of profit therefrom." So he went up and preached to them from Jeremiah iii. 4. "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, my father, thou art the guide of my youth?" On the next Sabbath, he went to Woolwich to preach. After this he was in great trouble of soul, for fear that he had run without being sent, he therefore begged of the Lord to give him some token that he had sent him; and on a subsequent Sabbath, just as he was entering Woolwich, he met a man, who came up to him and said "you do not know me, sir." Mr. Dovey said "No, I do not:—" "But (continued the man) I know you; and shall have good cause to know you till the day of my death." It appeared that this man was one of the vilest creatures upon the face of the earth, until it pleased the Lord to stop him in his mad career, through the instrumentality of Mr. Dovey. This man was afterwards baptized, and admitted a member of the church at Woolwich, and died triumphing in the Lord Jesus. This satisfied his mind, with regard to his not having run into the ministry unsent of God. Some of the people from the church to which he belonged, now hired another place and requested him to come and preach for them; he promised he would, but told them they must get supplies to open the place; they failed, however, to do this; and Mr. Dovey was obliged to open it himself. The place in the morning was full, in the evening it was crowded to excess, insomuch that when Mr. Dovey went to the place, he could not, for some time, obtain an entrance. In a short time he was made pastor over them, and ordained at Oxford-street. Finding however that he could not continue his weekly labours, which were very heavy, and attend properly to his duties as a pastor of a church, and they being unable to give him anything whereon he might depend for a maintenance, he resigned the pastoral charge. He then used occasionally to preach at Dean Street: and afterwards was called to Dockhead, and every time he went there he was pressed to come again, and on each occasion the place became more crowded, until there was not standing room to be obtained inside the chapel, and crowds standing outside. At this period a friend came forward and offered to build them a chapel, if they would raise him one hundred pounds; they did so; a chapel was built, opened, and went on very well for a little while; but it got into bad hands: he, however continued to speak to theu

from Sabbath to Sabbath, though he was not their settled pastor. One Saturday night, he received a note from one of the deacons to say, that they hoped he would not feel offended, but that a gentleman was coming up from the country, who was going to preach to them on the morrow; so that he would much oblige, if he would stop away. This seemed to stagger him, and he did not know what to do. He told his wife, however, that he would go down and hear the good man preach, which he did; when the people came and found that he was not in the pulpit, they were much astonished, and on seeing the other minister enter the pulpit, they all, with one accord, got up, put their hats on, and walked out. Mr. Dovey followed them, and entreated them to go back, telling them that it was not the minister's fault, and that if they would come in again, he would explain after service, the reason why he did not preach. It does not appear that Mr. Dovey preached there again at that time, but shortly afterwards he received a letter signed by the greater number of the members of the chapel, requesting him to meet them in a room, to speak a few words to them there, asking him, if they could obtain a chapel, whether he would engage to preach to them? to which request he acceded. About this time, the chapel in Jamaica Row was without a minister, thither Mr. Dovey and his congregation removed; and there Mr. Dovey has stood for twenty years. They offered him £100 per annum if he would become their settled pastor, which he accepted; and to show that he did not preach for filthy lucre, he said that he gave up a yearly income of £200 for the £100. To use Mr. Dovey's own words, "God had a work for me here, and in that work, I can honestly say, I have had but two motives in view; the one is—his glory—the other—the good of immortal souls."

And now we come to Mr. Dovey's reasons for resigning the pastoral charge at Jamaica Row. It appears that Mr. Dovey tendered in his resignation about three years ago, but through the unanimous entreaties of the church and congregation he was prevailed upon to remain with them. The congregation however seemed to fall off, and this, with other circumstances, seemed to tell Mr. Dovey that his work was finished at Jamaica Row. It did also appear that the health of Mrs. Dovey rendered it absolutely necessary that she should have a change of air. Mr. Dovey again tendered his resignation of the pastoral charge. The circumstances which led to his introduction at that place, where he is about to supply, are mysterious as will be seen by the following. One day he went on a visit to a friend a little distance out, when he got there, the person he wanted to see, was not at home; so he went away again for an hour as he was told that he would be at home. Walking along the Walworth Road, he stopped to look in a bookseller's window, and whilst so engaged, a gentleman came up to him, and asked him whether his name was not Dovey? On replying in the affirmative, he shook hands with him, and then the gentleman inquired whether he, (Mr. Dovey,) could inform him of a good, plain, gospel minister, who was at liberty to take the charge of a church in a pleasant part of the country? Mr. Dovey said, "Do you know that I am about to leave Jamaica Row?" The gentleman replied—"No: I do not: but you are just the man they want; shall I write to them for you?" "Just as you please," answered Mr. Dovey. The gentleman then left him promising to write to him. Mr. Dovey, however, heard no more of it for some time, until by the hand of Providence he was directed down to Windsor, to preach to some of the Lord's people in that place, and while in company with some persons there—he mentioned the incident to them, when one gentleman present said, that he knew where it was, and all about it; and promised to write to them, which he did; Mr. Dovey afterwards received an invitation from the said church to come and preach for them for a month. With the consent of the deacons at Jamaica Row he went, and was very gladly received by them; and when the fourth Sabbath was over, a meeting of the deacons was held at the house where Mr. Dovey was stopping, when they entreated him to stop the Monday, to which request he acceded.

They then promised to call a church meeting, the first opportunity. A church meeting was called—a letter was sent up to Mr. Dovey, containing a unanimous invitation, for him to come and preach for a time to them, with a view to ultimately taking the pastoral office, which, after much prayer and supplication, Mr. Dovey accepted.

Mr. Dovey concluded his farewell address by reading the two following passages from Holy Writ, on which he intended speaking, but time prevented him. The first was on 1 Cor. xiii. 11. "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace: and the God of love and peace shall be with you." The other was from Phil. i. 27. "Only let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving for the faith of the gospel."

What is the Cause of Dissension and Division among real Christians?

MR. C. W. BANKS,

SIR—Having read the report of a meeting of the Edification Society in the pages of your Periodical for this month, (December;) and as you say any one may become a corresponding member; I enclose you six postage stamps (which will be the amount of subscription for October, November, and December,) and my thoughts on the question, namely, "What is the cause of dissensions and divisions in this day, among real Christians? and what are the best means to be devised for their removal?"

How long the society have met, I do not know, although I live at Leicester, having heard nothing of it but by reading your *Earthen Vessel*, (and I only read it this day, December 31st.) therefore if the subscription sent, be incorrect, you will please to inform me, but I conclude the October meeting was the first and opening one.

In my humble opinion, (with all due deference to yourself and the speakers whose speeches you have reported) nothing much to the purpose was said. I refer you to the question, "What is the cause of dissensions and divisions *in this day*?" that is the wording of it, *in this day*. It is a question confined to the age in which we live: and the terms of the question are, "What is the cause of dissensions and divisions among *real christians*?" Thus, it is clearly and fairly resolved into a question confined exclusively to the age we live in, and certain characters; a peculiar and separated class; this being the case, the simple statement of a cause, which *cause* is the common and universal one, of all dissensions and divisions, does not go far enough. From the reign of pride on one hand, and a lack of charity or love on the other—jealousy and war arise between nations; insubordination and strife in families; oppression and injustice from governments; and must I say it?—Yes, it is true! (shame on us) dissensions and divisions in the visible church of Christ. But then the question at once arises, how many of the members of the visible church of Christ are *real christians*? Ah! how many? Real christians—that is the wording of the question.

Now, all *real christians* love God and each other more or less, therefore "the want of love is not the grand cause on one hand.—And all real christians possess the grace of humility, therefore the dominion of pride is not the grand cause on the other. What then, is the principal cause of the dissensions and divisions among real christians, in the day in which we live?—What was the state or position of the church of the living God when dissensions and divisions were alike unknown? What? "Great grace was upon them all." A condition the reverse of this, then, is the grand cause! I humbly opine that, the proposed question would have been more properly stated, thus, "What are the causes" &c., for more than one cause there certainly is,—a combination of causes. The withdrawal of the gift of discerning of spirits, (not altogether, but to a certain extent;) the many deceptions that have been practised upon the true children of God, making them doubtful of even themselves; and the loss of the sweet communion and fellowship of the Holy Ghost, in a great measure: these, and many others may be said to be the real causes of the dissensions and divisions, among real christians in this *dark and darkening* day of rampant infidelity, mock liberality, and hollow profession. A day, the like of which was never known before.

Having much more to say on the latter clause of the question, and as this will take large enough space for my poor scribbling for once, I leave it in your hands.—If inserted, shall finish my views upon the question, and continue a corresponding member.

Leicester, Dec. 31, 1845.

I am, Sir, with much respect, yours,— J. H.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS POWELL,

Late Minister of the Gospel, at Rye Lane Baptist Chapel, Peckham.

THIS faithful and honoured servant of God was rather suddenly removed from the Church Militant, on Lord's day, January 11th. 1846. No circumstances worthy of particular note were connected with his death—it appears he had contemplated being able to preach again to his people in the evening of the day which saw the end of his earthly career. His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, on the following Saturday: many of his brethren in the ministry were present: the address was delivered by Mr. Benjamin Lewis, of Trinity Chapel, Borough. On the following Lord's-day evening the occasion of his death was improved by Mr. Benjamin Lewis, who read for his text, the 35th verse of the eighth chapter of Romans. By way of introduction he observed, that on this occasion he had not been left to select a text, but that their venerable and departed minister had chosen it some time previous to his departure from this life, as one suitable to improve such an event.

After dilating at some length upon the precious properties of the love of Christ, the preacher said, — I may say with all respect to my departed and venerable friend, that this was the sole theme of his ministry; the Christ he preached was no new Christ, it was “Jesus, the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.”

In the course of the sermon the preacher gave a brief account of the life of Mr. Powell, of which the following is an outline:—

He was blessed with religious parents; and it was at a very early age, before he was fourteen, that it pleased the Lord to arrest his mind, and to give rise to religious impressions, caused by the death of an uncle. The first person to whom he mentioned anything respecting the change that had taken place, was his dear mother, and sometimes when his father was from home, he used to join with his mother at the family altar. He was baptized before he was fifteen, and admitted a member of the church meeting for worship in Mitchell Street Chapel, St Luke's, over which his dear father was the pastor. It was not, however, until two years afterwards, at which time his dear mother departed this life, that he was much exercised as regards the ministry. Subsequent to this, he preached before the church at Mitchell Street and was approved by them, and recommended to make use of the talent God had given him, in any place where the Lord might be pleased to open a door. Shortly after this, a place of worship was opened in Hill Street, Peckham, where Mr Powell was introduced by several eminent ministers of the gospel which led to the formation of a church in that place.

In 1819, the beautiful edifice in Rye Lane, was erected, whither Mr. Powell removed, and continued assiduously to labour, up to the time of his death.

His natural kindness, added to a faithful spirit, and a fruitful mind, secured for him the friendship of an extensive connexion.

Scarcely conscious, he fell asleep in Jesus, Lord's day afternoon, Jan. 11, 1846, at two o'clock.

Mr. Lewis finished his discourse, by affectionately addressing, respectively, the bereaved widow and children of the deceased, and the church and congregation over which he was placed.

WHAT HAS GIVEN RISE TO THE DIVISION AT ZOAR ?

And are the Separatists justified in the steps they have taken ?

MR. EARTHEN VESSEL—I have heard, as Paul said to the Corinthians, “that there be divisions among you: and I partly believe it;” for I am assured that nearly, if not quite, forty of the members lately united in church fellowship at Zoar, have separated themselves from the body, and that they have taken for twelve months (by way of trial) the old chapel in Brown’s Lane, Spitalfields; which they intend to re-open the first Lord’s-day in March, and therein and thereafter to continue to carry on the worship of God, and the proclamation of the everlasting gospel. I am also informed that an urgent application was made to Mr. Philpot to countenance the division by preaching to them on the day of their opening; but this he could not find it convenient to do; consequently, the venerated Warburton, of Trowbridge, has been invited; and as it is thought that he never did have a very strong feeling of attachment to the cause at Old Zoar, it is not very improbable but that the inhabitants of Spitalfields may be favoured with a visit from that long tried and faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; and that a blessing may attend his labours is most ardently the prayer of my soul.

Brown’s Lane Chapel, in an ancient, and a very commodious place of worship; many sects and parties have tried to establish a cause there; but have not, for any length of time succeeded. Should these separatists from Zoar be enabled to make a stand, they will be the means of planting the standard of the cross in what may, at present, be considered a very barren soil; that is supposing they have a succession of the Lord’s sent servants to preach the gospel to them.

But now, the question arises, “Are these separatists justified in the steps that they have taken?” It may be said in reply to this, that we have nothing to do with that matter; that it is to their own master they stand or fall. But, dear Sir, I do most solemnly feel that we have much to do with this matter; yea, so deeply interested are we, as believers in, and followers of the truth

as it is in Jesus, that unless there is reason to hope that they have a “Thus saith the LORD,” for the line of conduct they have pursued, no God-fearing minister can be justified in preaching to them; neither will any of the Household of Faith be justified in assisting them to hold up their cause. While, on the other hand; if their consciences have imperatively called for, and the word and Spirit of the living God hath directed them in, this separation; if really and truly, they have, in this matter, “walked in the Spirit;” and are seeking only the glory of God, and the peace, prosperity, and well-being of their own souls; then, indeed, they are entitled to the sympathy, the prayers, the counsel, and the countenance of the whole Israel of God.

Turn then again to the question: and ask, “*What has given rise to the division at Zoar?*” It is now an open question for the most serious consideration of the humble and faithful followers of the Lamb of God. The language of the Apostle in his epistle to the Romans, is very strong, and seems to drive me with a double force, to the investigating of the point now in hand: he says, in closing up that comprehensive epistle, “Now I beseech you, brethren, **MARK THEM WHICH CAUSE DIVISIONS, AND OFFENCES, CONTRARY TO THE DOCTRINE WHICH ye have learned; and AVOID THEM.**” The Holy Ghost doth here, in a most solemn manner, charge the church of the living God, to “**MARK**” the men who cause divisions and offences; and also, to “**AVOID THEM.**” And how solemn is the description which the Holy Ghost gives of these men who cause divisions, in Paul’s first epistle to Timothy! He says, “If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness,” that man, “is proud,” *i. e.* (in the margin) he “is a fool;” “knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words whereof cometh envy, strife, railing, evil surmisings, perverse disputing of men of corrupt minds, supposing that gain is godliness; *from such withdraw thyself.*”

This is the solemn charge given by Paul to Timothy, as regards his conduct towards those men in the church, who would not submit or consent to the wholesome words, the wholesome doctrine, and the wholesome discipline of the Lord Jesus Christ: "from all such, withdraw thyself."

WHO, THEN, are the men that have caused the division? Who are the proud and perverse disputers, who will not consent to wholesome doctrine and conduct? Are these men left behind in Old Zoar still? Or, are they the men that have come out? Surely, sir, this is a solemn question for those old and faithful watchmen and ministers of God's Gospel, who have for years supplied the pulpit at Zoar! If rottenness be at the bottom of that cause; if mammon and spiritual wickedness are predominantly reigning there: if the men that have come out, are men fearing God and eschewing evil; and, if by tyranny and oppression, they have been compelled to withdraw themselves; if these things be so, can the faithful servants of Christ find it in their consciences still to uphold that which is wrecking and tearing the Church of Christ to atoms? Surely not. We do not here undertake to declare these things are so; we only know that division after division has occurred; that the most awful warnings have been again and again proclaimed within those walls; and a variety of concurrent circumstances seem to make a christian man to pause, and ask, "What is the meaning; what is the cause of all these disruptions? What is the voice of God in them all to me? I say again, is it not imperative upon the ministers of Christ who have for years filled that place, to stand still for a moment, and to consider the matter?"

We are told that the 9th, 10th, and 11th verses of the third epistle of John, is not only truly applicable to the case of some that remain in the old place; but has also been found to be a certain word of direction and counsel to those who have come out. They tell us, dear sir, in the language of John, that they did speak unto the church at Zoar concerning certain things: but that "Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, received them not." Yea, that he did entirely overthrow their propositions, and frustrate all their designs, and therefore they have felt

themselves called upon to act upon the Apostle's advice, where he says, "Beloved, follow not that which is evil; but that which is good."

That there may have been some grievance in the church, I do not attempt to deny; but that there has been more than one Diotrephes in the matter I fully believe; not that I would point to any man, and say, *he is the Diotrephes!* Oh, no; what I fear, is this, that there has been seriously wanting a practical working out of what may be called the *Holy Ghost's Guide to all the Churches of Christ*; as recorded by St. Paul, in the 12th chapter of his epistle to the Romans. "I say," says the Apostle, "through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith."

Are all who have separated themselves quite certain that this division has not originated *in the want of a becoming gospel humility*? Have they been "kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; *in honour preferring one another?*" Have they been enabled to recognise and properly to esteem the distinction which God has been pleased to make in the constitution of the church militant? "Having gifts differing;" some are to minister; some to teach; some to exhort; others to give or impart; (see margin of Romans xii. 8.)—and others are to "rule with diligence." Now, if there be lets and hinderances thrown in the way of any of these offices; if they are not esteemed, and honoured, and beloved; if the man who is not called to give, looks with an envious and a jealous eye on him who is; if another who is not called to rule, presumptuously dictates and ignorantly upbraids him that is; if a democratic and levelling spirit is permitted to take the place of a spirit of submission and christian love; if, in a word, members of churches are found walking in the flesh, speaking in the flesh, acting, dictating, and rebelling in the flesh; instead of praying, walking, acting, and admonishing in the Spirit, why, of course, confusion, disorder, disunion, discord, (aye, and some measure of disgrace too,) must be the unhappy consequences.

Without much entering into the inter-

nal management of Zoar, and judging simply from what is seen and manifest, I am convinced, (speaking after the manner of men,) that there is much that is wrong: while in connection with that that is wrong, there is and has been also, much that is good and right.

You say, "What do you mean?" I will endeavour to explain. First: judging simply from what is seen and manifest, I have ventured to say, that there is and has been much that is wrong. Since the Church of Christ meeting for worship in that place, lost their late pastor, has there been solemn and special, and united prayer to God, waiting upon, and wrestling with God; beseeching Him to send them a pastor after his own heart? Has there been a diligent watching of His hand, and an attentive listening to his voice in this matter? Or, has there been a carelessness; a neglect; a coveting of novelty; an indulgence of itching ears; a keeping up of a fleshly excitement; an acting upon the belief that a larger concourse of people could be brought together by a variety, than by a sober, settled pastor?

Ah, Zoar, Zoar, Zoar, verily, in this matter you are guilty. "The professors of christianity," (says the learned Charles Coote,) "and the rulers of churches have done unspeakable detriment to the cause of religion, by their ignorance and sloth, their luxury and ambition, their uncharitable zeal, animosities, and contentions. The causes of changes in and among churches are to be found, too, principally in the conduct and measures of those who have presided over and borne rule in the church. It has been too frequently their practice to interpret the truths and precepts of religion in a manner accommodated to some favorite notions; or it may be accommodated to private and pecuniary interest; and hence it has happened that while they have met with implicit obedience in some members of the church, they have found warm opposition in others: and consequently broils and civil commotions have proceeded."

How applicable all this is to the management of Zoar, let many of her grieving and afflicted members declare.

How often have they told us, that in consequence of a continued interchange of ministers, there is, more or less, a continued flow of excitement: and, surely,

the crowds which sometimes throng the doors of that place to get a sight of, and with curiosity, to listen to some ministers of whose popularity or peculiarities they have heard, doth but very sadly declare that such a system of things is calculated most seriously to pervert, if not entirely to destroy that spiritual worship of a TRICUNE JEHOVAH, for which churches are constituted and gathered together!

How striking—how full of solemn truth—how wholesome and correct, are the following words of Dr. Owen, on the nature and end of the establishment of christian churches!

I would say, let, not only those who are yet left in Zoar, but those who have come out; yea, let all popular parson-hunting professors, and all the members of churches in christendom, read, mark, and inwardly digest these following weighty questions, answers, and declarations of the learned and sober Owen.

"What," (says he, in his exposition on the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm,) "What is the end of all church-order, assemblies, and worship? What is a church? Is 't not a company of sinners gathered together, according to God's appointment to give glory and praise to him for pardoning grace, for the forgiveness of sins, and to yield him that obedience which he requires from us, on the account of his having so dealt with us? *This is the nature, this is the end of a church.* He that understandeth it not, he that useth it not unto that end, doth but abuse that great institution. *And such abuse the world is full of.* Some endeavour to make their own secular advantages by the pretence of the church. Some discharge the duty required in it, with some secret hopes that it shall be their righteousness before God. Some answer only their light and convictions in an empty profession. This alone is the true end, the true use of it. We assemble ourselves, to learn that there is forgiveness with God through Christ: to pray that we may be made partakers of it; to bless and praise our God for interest in it; to engage ourselves unto that obedience which he requires upon the account of it. And were this constantly upon our minds, and in our designs, we might be more established in the faith of it, than it may be the most of us are."

I have said, that in connection with much that may have been wrong in the management of Zoar, there has also been much that is to be admired and acknowledged with gratitude. Under all the

circumstances in which the church has been placed, the pulpit has almost invariably been supplied by men of God, by ministers sound in the faith, deep in experience, and faithful and consistent in the observance and in the administration of the ordinances of the Lord's house: the proclamation of gospel truth has been perpetuated; many hundreds of the Lord's living family have proved it to be a Bethel to their souls; the necessities of the poor of the flock have been supplied; and when an attempt was made to turn the house of God into a place of merchandise, that attempt was nobly resisted. In these things I must rejoice, and be glad; and must pray that peace may yet be found within her walls, and prosperity within her palace. May the recent eruption be sanctified: may it be the means of stirring up her members to fervent wrestling prayer, and watchfulness: and, surely, in answer to their supplications, the Lord will send them an under shepherd, a faithful watchman, an able minister, by whose instrumentality under God, there may be a healing of the breach, a restoring of paths to dwell in.

I come to the other question—"Are the separatists justified in the steps they have taken?" Before I proceed to investigate this query, let us hear what they may have to say, through the minister or ministers who may be appointed to open their place of worship for them.

Since writing the above, I learn that Mr. Warburton cannot open the place referred to: but you will hear from me again. For the present farewell.

PHICOL.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF WM. BRENDER.

[We have been favoured with the following sketch of the life of Mr. Brender, by a faithful friend and brother, who resides near to Cheltenham. William Brender, died at Gloucester, April 11, 1777; the following particulars were related by himself to his brother, while on his death-bed. We have read it with some feeling sense of the great solemn truths recorded; and of the indescribable happiness of such a state of soul. May our last end be like his, and may the publication of this brief sketch, be to the glory of God's dear Son, and the comfort of his living sheep.]

I WAS born at Bisley, Dec. 18, 1700, and

brought up to the Church of England; and my father gave me a liberal education. In my childhood, I had many convictions, and endeavoured to help myself by praying; but my unconcern always returned again till I was about twelve years of age, when my father bound me apprentice, at Painswick, to a tallow-chandler, and at that time I was much distressed for fear I should be lost. At last I opened my mind to a neighbour, who was a baptist, who, in his way, directed me to the Saviour. I spent whole nights with him in prayer, and considering of my state with great concern; but at last this left me, and I went on in my old way for some time, but not without strong convictions. I frequented the Baptist meeting: after some time I made confession of my faith, and being accounted sound and orthodox, according to their principles, I was baptised, and received, a great man among them; and at length I became a great preacher, and was much admired as a man of great gifts; and my zeal and my many bold expressions and gift in prayer, made me famous. Now, I grew proud, thinking myself a great man. I preached at Froome and Westbury for fourteen years, with great applause, and kept a shop for the maintenance of my family, till the year 1742; when, being in London about business, I was brought by an acquaintance, one evening, to one Mr. Peter Knowlton's, where we entered into a dispute about religion, and I, being a forward man, gave an account of my experience, &c.—but he soon convinced me that I was not right: nay, that all my knowledge was good for nothing. I then enquired of my friend who this Mr. Knowlton was, and to whom he belonged, and hearing that he belonged to the brethren, I went the evening following to Fetter-lane, when I heard one Mr. Flatten, and was amazed to hear with what plainness and simplicity he spoke of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ alone, which wrought a thorough awakening in me, so that I could no longer be satisfied with my former state. I went to my lodging and spent the night in prayer and tears, begging the Lord to have mercy on me, a sinner; and the night following I heard Mr. Gambold, and my heart was comforted. The grace of God from that time, wrought more powerfully on my mind, and I was convinced that I

was saved by grace alone: and Jesus Christ crucified, became the object of my faith.

I did not stay long in London, but returned home to Westbury, full of comfort, that the Lord Jesus Christ was my Saviour: and my joy was amazing great. I was so transported with that grace, that at my return I laid down my office as preacher to the Baptists, and never more preached among them: my mind was so enamoured I knew not what to say, being held in so much esteem on account of my great natural parts.

Now, to esteem myself nothing, I was thought by them to be mad, and to have lost my senses; but, being conscious of myself that I had received grace, and the forgiveness of all my sins, by faith, in the blood of my crucified Jesus, I was determined to abide by him. I had now done with all disputations, and gladly laid down all my wisdom at the feet of my crucified Saviour. Then taking leave of all in my parish, and all the world, I determined to know nothing but Jesus and him crucified. Having given up all my effects to my creditors, I set out with my wife and four children to Painswick, which was my parish, not knowing what to do. My wife did not yet know what to think of my proceedings; but, however, she with my children followed me, and my eldest daughter was soon convinced of the happiness of a poor sinner in the blood of Jesus. Coming to the top of the hill above Painswick, we sat down together, and sang a hymn of praise for our deliverance, with hearts full of gratitude: and coming to my old master, I told him how it was with me, and he advised me to take private lodgings. Being harvest time, I went into the fields strong in the Lord, and earned some money. I am not able to express all the turns of my Lord's providence with me, but sink in amazement when I now view all his gracious ways.

Soon after this I went to work, at Mr. Tanner's, tallow-chandler, in Gloucester, where they knew not what to think of me, but took me however for an honest man. I used to walk from Painswick to work, and thought it no hardship, being filled with thanks and praise for the great mercy I (a poor sinner) had found here. *I could hear no doctrine that did not glorify my dear crucified Jesus.* His sweet name was, to my soul, "like ointment poured forth." Bye and bye, I got

acquainted with Mr. J. Brotherton, and some others. When the brethren came here, I also got acquainted with them, and could rejoice in the sameness of thought, judgment, and happy experience of that great salvation, obtained for the worst of sinners, by the precious blood of Jesus.

Now, I lie waiting in faith the coming of my Lord; and hope, out of grace, soon to be admitted into his gracious presence, there to praise his holy name for ever, in singing, "thou art worthy to receive all praise, honour, and adoration, for thou hast redeemed a poor sinner to thyself, by thy blood."

Now he rests in peace, and enjoys the end of his faith, even the salvation of his soul, in the arms of his dear Redeemer; and we can give him that testimony, that he, by the grace of God, adhered unmovably to his dear Saviour, and was never permitted to be drawn aside from him: he knew how to value his sufferings, and never here below could praise his name to his heart's satisfaction, valuing his blood and merits far above all other treasures. Oh! how did he rejoice at the thought of being soon at home with his Lord! Then, said he, "I shall complain no more; and when dressed in his righteousness, I shall be most blessed indeed." When in his long and tedious illness, if any one asked him how he did, he would smile and say, "Very well; it will be better by and bye: all will soon be well." The day before his departure he was visited by a particular friend. He said, "All will soon be well: we have loved one another, and we shall meet again—I shall soon be at home." And when these words were repeated for him, "O, thou Lamb of God, who took away his sins, and the sins of the whole church, give him thy peace," he said, with a loud voice, "Amen;" and then seemed to doze. The day of his departure, a friend coming to him, heard him with broken accents say, "My Jesus."

He died in the seventy-seventh year of his age; and he now lives in the sweet enjoyment of that salvation he so much valued and so highly prized; and said it was always complete, being completely finished by the blood of his God.

Eben-ezer—the Stone of Help.

1 Sam. vii. 12.

Now, my beloved brethren in the Lord Jesus, come hither, and let me ask you

if it does not behove us to come forward and relate the dealings of God with your souls? Know you that such testimonies do refresh and encourage the souls of your brethren?—know you, that while reading the wonderful dealings of your God with you, your brethren raise a hearty soul exclamation of praise and gratitude to the throne of your heavenly Father? Yes, your brethren fall on their knees before so good, so gracious, and so kind a God, as they feel he has been to you:—yes, they cannot read all your testimony before they have fallen down, and thanked their God of all your mercies for having been so good towards you, their brethren. Moreover, they feel constrained to entreat that a continuance of such mercies may be showered down perpetually upon you. Thus, through your testimony, the thanksgiving of many redound to the glory and honour of your God. Moreover, much, very much of your experience corresponds with their own, so that, although they once thought that their darkness, deadness, ignorance, and carnal-mindedness, was different to all others; yet, they find yours to be very much like their own. And God is pleased thus to revive them very often in a soul-cheering and sweet manner, so that they cry out in the language of the Psalmist, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me. Hope thou in God, I shall yet praise him.”

Now this, beloved brethren, I solemnly declare before God is a real fact. I have felt it—sweetly felt it. Can you then withhold your testimony since you perceive that it is for the glory of your God, and the edification of your brethren.

Until I perused this little book, (the EARTHEN VESSEL,) I did not know the good of such testimonies; but since I have, I have felt their sweetness: for I say again that there is something in them calculated under God, to revive and refresh the desponding soul, in a very amazing and astonishing manner: for when I have been in an almost hopeless state—for I must acknowledge, that in even my most dark and dreary moments God has never left me since he first visited my soul with light, without *one* spark of hope.) I say, then, when I have been cast down under a sense of pride, peevishness, fretfulness, prayerlessness, carnal-mindedness and deadness, so as to exclaim with much bitterness and even

anguish of spirit, “there are none, O my God—there are none like me;” I say, in such seasons as these, to be able to find, that others are passing through the same gloomy scene, at once seems to raise the soul from the very verge of hell to the gate of heaven: not, my brethren, that the thus troubled soul wishes its kindred spirits to share with it in its pangs. Oh—no—far from it. For it feels a kindred spirit to be exceedingly dear to it, and would fly towards them when in trouble, with an exceeding longing desire to comfort them, and say with Paul, “We are indeed affectionately desirous of you, and are willing not only to impart unto you the gospel—any word of comfort which we may be able to gather from it for you, but are also willing to impart unto you our own lives, that you may be comforted. For we rejoice though we be weak, if ye are strong.” This I believe in my soul to be the feeling of every new-born soul, towards a brother or a sister. And though, alas! (sad, sad to say it,) such a feeling is little manifested; yet, it is not that the soul or the new man does not feel it,—but it is that the carnal part of the cold and chilly heart is given way to. But, brethren, let us remember by thus giving way to a carnal and fleshly feeling, we despise that ever memorable and blessed precept: “Love one another.” Let us pray, then brethren, that these things may not be. It is not then because a kindred spirit is passing through the same troubles, and partaker of the same pangs, that the soul is comforted, but because it feels that this dark valley is the way to heaven. For if it were not, its hopes of reaching thither, would be for ever blasted, since it feels itself so often in it.

Come then, dearly beloved, I call upon you again to come and tell your brethren and sisters what God has done for your souls. There is a blessed opportunity offered you. The little bark, (the EARTHEN VESSEL) is at your port, waiting to receive what blessed tidings you have to convey unto your brethren. Only one shilling per month, is required of you, to keep her afloat, and for this you may procure six numbers of her cargo. And, beloved brethren, have you no dear friends, no disconsolate souls, among whom you may distribute those blessed testimonies, with a desire (under God) of comforting their hearts. Ah! how do you know how many of those who are near and dear to you, you may be

the means of comforting, by thus circulating the experience of the godly? You have, probably, relations according to the flesh, that you feel you cannot refrain from communicating your desires to; you feel an interest in all their temporal concerns; there is nothing that you would keep from them, that you felt would add to their comfort: but, beloved, are such dearer to you, than the blood-bought family of God? If ye can do so much for relations, who, perhaps are not born of the Spirit—of the living God; and even if they are, ought ye not to do the same things for your brethren, who are travelling through the path of great tribulation? What was it that your great spiritual Head said, when he was told, that his mother and his brethren stood without desiring to speak to him? Do ye not picture to yourself that affectionate look with which he looked on his brethren? and instead of imitating him, will ye look away from them? For, I say, that not to give your testimony—not to relate what God has done, and is still doing for your souls, is to refrain from doing that which I am sure will be for their comfort, edification, and God's honour, and glory. I am the more anxious to impress this upon you, from having felt the sweetness of it to my soul. Dear brethren, there are many plagued with an awfully wicked heart, and buffeted by satan in various ways, and saying "There are none who feel as I do, I am, and must be different from all others;" but when looking into this little book, they find how many there are passing through the same scenes of trouble; they are encouraged and give glory to God that they are passing through the right way to eternal glory. So that you see that it is for the good of your brethren that I urge this upon you.

Thus, I have given you a few introductory remarks, and if my God will enable me, some of my experience shall follow from time to time.

C. C., Feb. 8, 1846.

EBEN-EZER.

A TOKEN FOR GOOD.

God's people are so mysteriously led, and instructed in the wilderness of this world, in things pertaining to it, and of themselves in it, that they can be satisfied with neither that nor themselves, nor ever will be fully satisfied, till this mortal body puts on immortality, and

they awake up in the likeness of Jehovah Jesus; yet they have and receive at intervals a token for good, to assure them that God is still faithful to them, and mindful of them. One special token for their good, and God's glory, is a revelation of his truth to their souls with power, which makes all but that truth appear to them most contemptible; girds up the loins of their minds, animates their spirits, and they go on again their way rejoicing. Another token for the same purpose, is God's love shed abroad in their hearts, under which blessed influence they hate sin, self and the world, and are for a time unspeakably happy, singing as they go, "the Lord is my portion saith my soul, I will sing, and give praise." Another token is, faith received, drawn out, and called into exercise, centering in Christ, and receiving him and his as the great gifts of God, and thus finding themselves in possession of durable riches and righteousness, overcoming the world, and believing in him to the salvation of the soul. Another token is the peace of God proclaimed in the conscience, which constitutes them the subjects of joy and peace in believing; the tempest, earth-quake, and blast of the terrible one is hushed into silence, and serenity is within: the waves all still, and a blessed calm realised. Another token, is the best robe put on, which renders him, or them, all fair and exceeding beautiful, causing them to pour contempt on all creature righteousness, and carnal doings, counting them dung and dross, seeing they are perfect and complete in Christ. Another token, is the precious blood applied, removing sin, guilt and filth from the conscience, and making it whiter than snow, so that it is felt and found to be as precious, powerful, and prevalent as ever; the heavy burden is again removed, trouble is abandoned, sin is drowned, and real joy, pleasure and delight range through the soul. Another token, is a promise brought home; this banishes sorrow, and sadness, doubts and fears, and once more the poor sinner sets to his seal that God is true; rejoicing that though he believeth not, yet God abideth faithful; now again, for a short time, he reads his title clear, and sings as he goes, "I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine, he loved me, and gave himself for me, unworthy, lost, ruined, hell-deserving me, "bless the Lord, O my soul!" Another

token, is communion with God, receiving again the spirit of grace and supplications; realising sweet liberty of soul, blessedly led out in converse with Jehovah, being as familiar with the Lord, as a man would be with his friend, enjoying fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ; indulged with access to God through the glorious Mediator, by the grace and teaching of the Holy Spirit, pleading with God, and reasoning together; once more proving that his friend loves him at all times, and that underneath are still the everlasting arms. Another token, is more grace given, by which he or they prove that it is not only salvation by grace from sin death and hell, but also, from their various captivities, troubles, and difficulties within and without, as they travel through the wilderness, so they sing "salvation to God and to the Lamb." After all these, and many more tokens of the favor and mercy of God to the Christian, he still looks for, expects, and anticipates a greater token yet; that is, an abundant entrance administered unto him into the everlasting kingdom of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; where he shall see him as he is, be for ever like him, and with millions of redeemed, blood-washed, and saved sinners, for ever sing his praise in perfect strains, and

"Crown Him Lord of all!"

Snows Fields.

T. STRINGER.

"They helped every one his Neighbour."

My beloved, though (personally) unknown brother, My attention was, some time since, called to your writings by an esteemed friend, and from that moment until now, however strange it may seem, I have been the subject of a secret inward growing love to you, *for the Lord's sake*. I trust I may say, to the glory of his blessed and ever adorable name, that he has visited, chastened, and sometimes revived my spirit through the instrumentality of your *Vessel*, and other world-despised, and professor-hated; but, (as I am an unworthy witness,) God-directed, and God-honoured works. Many a time has satan assailed my soul with base, but specious insinuations, whilst I have been reading the *Vessel*, and (as I can find no real sympathy from the professors amongst whom I reside) whilst eating my morsel alone; sometimes he has said, "C. W. Banks may be a hypocrite after all, and as you feel attached in spirit to his productions, you may be one also."—Then my feet of confidence "had well nigh slipped;" but it has been an unspeakable mercy for me, that the saying of Manoah's wife has come with power to my tempted soul, and I

have been enabled to hold up the word of God in the face of my dark and dreadful adversary—and as it has been lighted up with "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," the foul fiend who hateth the light because his deeds are evil, has shrunk away discomfited, "before the sword of the Lord, and of (my spiritual) Gideon." I am enabled, just now, whilst writing, to feel and enjoy indescribable comfort from the following idea:—A wide and awful difference exists between the foes of God, and his friends and blood purchased ones. The former "hate the light because their deeds are evil"—but the latter hate and bewail their evil deeds and propensities, because of the light which discovers to them the vileness of their fallen doings and desires. I humbly hope that I know something of being in the case last named, and am blessedly enabled to give my covenant God in Jesus Christ, all the glory.

"Oh! to grace, how great a debtor

Daily I'm constrained to be;

Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,

Bind my wandering heart to thee."

But it is not always thus with me—and if I am spared to write to you again, my next letter may tell of darkness and fear. But when the dear Saviour shines and smiles upon me I cannot forbear

"Telling all (sensible) sinners round,

What a dear Jesus I have found."

It has pleased the Lord to make my labours in the midst of a poor and a (professor) despised people, instrumentally useful to his renewed ones, and I, though the subject of deep, and solemn self abhorrence, have been made somewhat dear to them, at least so they affirm, and so I sometimes feel and believe. By the suggestion of a friend known to you, and the ready concurrence of my own feelings—I have named your *Vessel* from the pulpit, and in private; but have told my people by no means to agree to take it *merely to please me*; but simply if the Lord had brought them to a love of the work, for his truth's sake. Through my having circulated some of the former number amongst them, acting I hope on my suggestion, fourteen of the friends besides myself have agreed to take the *Earthen Vessel* regularly, and if the dear Lord be pleased to go on to bless it to our souls, of course we shall be constrained to recommend it to "the living in Jerusalem." May I be permitted to ask my brethren in the ministry, to whom the Lord has made the *Vessel* profitable, if they have spoken of it from the pulpit, and apprised the Lord's family of the existence and character of the work?

May the Great Shepherd of the sheep, my dear brother, go on to bless you, and make you a blessing.

So prays your undeserving brother, T. S.

A feeble Trumpeter to one of the little regiments in the army of King Emmanuel, quartered at Little Stonham, Suffolk.

DEATH IN SELF, AND LIFE IN CHRIST.

No. II.

I SAY, brethren, our business is of the greatest importance; it is on life and death; death, death, death, is written on every thing we behold in this polluted dying world; yea, death is written on all your faces, and on every member of your bodies, and on mine too. But who are the men that can read it? None but those who have the spirit of life, "the light of life" in them, who have looked into the glass of their own imperfections, the law of death, the ministration of death; none others ever saw their own black face, to say from the bottom of his or her heart in truthful experience, "I am black, I am black." "The life is the light of men;" and without the divine life of the Spirit in them, they have no light to see their own black faces, and their sin-black nature, in the law of death. "The body is dead because of sin."

The word *Saul* signifies death, or hell, a sepulchre or a destroyer. Ah, beloved! Saul was dead to God, and full of the rage of hell against God's saints, while he was Saul; and the devil had so blinded him, that he verily thought he did God service in persecuting the saints. "Yes," says self-good Saul, "I am a Jew, I have been circumcised, I know all the law, I have kept it all, I am a blameless man; who can lay any bad thing to my character? I have got letters in my pocket from high authority, I will scourge them wretches who do not keep our law, those fanatics, who are following, and proclaiming one Jesus; yes, that I will." He was alive, was he not? Alive to what? to all mischief, and alive to his own goodness. "Ah," said he within himself, "I am a good man, and I will shew it by my good actions, and my zeal for God and his law. I have made a fine havock among some of them already, I have boldly entered into their houses and taken both men and women, and committed them to prison. Ah, such wretches ought to be banished out of the land." And so say all professors of religion now in their hearts, (and some with their tongues.) Ah, all professors who know nothing of a life and death religion. Ah, say they, all Antinomians,

(so called,) ought to be banished out of the land. So said Saul, almost out of breath, on the road for slaughtering the disciples of Christ. But suddenly the gracious Lord Jesus sent light and life into his soul from heaven; how now? Why Paul had then life and light in his soul to see, feel, and read his own death warrant in the law. "And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Ah! then the law's death-dart went through Saul's heart, he trembled and fell down like a bird shot through the heart. By the light from heaven he saw his own black face, black heart, and black deeds, and like a man under sentence of death, by the law, his sins revived against him and he died. O, thought he, I have been persecuting the Lord himself, and I must die the death; the sentence of death went through his very soul; he fell down as a dead man; lost his eye sight, neither could he eat or drink; "he was three days without sight." Aye, if anything will take a man's appetite away, the sentence of death will do it, unless he is a hardened wretch indeed. However, he fell down *dead Saul*, and by the life and light of the Spirit of Christ in him, he arose from the earth *living Paul*; for the Spirit of Christ was in his spirit, which made him groan, cry, and pray. It is said, "behold he prayeth."

Ah, see now dear souls, here is king Saul, and pharisee Saul, both fallen upon their own sword that they fought the true Israel of God with. — Pharisee Saul fought the saints of Jesus with the sword of law and justice; pharisee Saul fell upon the sword himself and died. "Sin revived and I died." Ah Saul is dead, dead, dead. Saul the destroyer is dead; but Paul the labourer, the labourer together with God in the gospel of his dear Son Jesus, is alive, for Christ is in him his new life, and hope of glory. I say, sirs, do you know anything about life and death religion? Death in self, and Life in Christ? The Holy Ghost taught Paul to write, and he knew what

he wrote to be true: "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life because of righteousness." Saul is dead through the law, the ministration of death; Paul is alive through the gospel, the ministration of life; the old man is a body of death, not one good thing dwelling in him. The new man is a principle of life and holiness from Christ through the revelation of Christ in us by the Holy Spirit of Life. Thus, "the Spirit is life because of righteousness; because the Spirit reveals in us Christ who is our righteousness. A better righteousness than Adam lost, for his was but a man's righteousness at best; but Christ is God in the man, who wrought out a righteousness for us, called the righteousness of God, by faith imputed unto us that believe, and this faith is wrought in us by the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Life; and leads our living souls from self, sin, law, and death to feed and live upon Christ who is our life. O, my soul, thou canst not have one drop of comfort but from Christ! O, dear bleeding Saviour! my poor fainting soul would cleave to thee still, feed on thee, live on thee, "thy flesh is meat indeed, and thy blood is drink indeed." All is death in self, all is death in this world, and in all the old creation. Ah, my dear Lord, I find nothing but bitterness and death out of thee; bitter sorrows and sufferings; bitter words from men and hypocrites in Zion; gall and bitterness from my own corrupt nature. But thou, O, dearest Redeemer! thou art sweet indeed, when thou revealest thyself to me, thy name is sweet; thy dear person is sweet; thy words are sweet; thy breath in my soul is sweet. Ah, says the spouse, "his mouth is most sweet," so say I. Make haste, my beloved, come quickly. I set moaning, and waiting for thee.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, Jan. 20, 1846.

CORN SIFTED IN THE SIEVE.

To Mr. C. W. Banks, Minister.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,

GRACE, mercy, and peace, be unto you, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. May the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush rest upon you: may you be strengthened with the Spirit's might in the inner man. "May your

bow abide in its strength, and the arms of your hands made strong by the hands of the Mighty God of Jacob." May a realization of, and a participation in, the precious things of the lasting hills be sweetly enjoyed in your soul's experience from day to day, and may you be favoured with an abundant outpouring of the Holy Ghost, in the power of his operations, so that you may from time to time, be enabled to testify of the solemn and weighty things of eternity, to vindicate the honours of the dear Redeemer, and to contend for a vital and heartfelt acquaintance with the things of God, in this Christ-despising, and blaspheming age of anti-christianism. But, that God does enable you to bear testimony to the solemn realities of an eternal world: that he does enable you to unfold the honours of Jesus, and to contend for a personal and experimental acquaintance with the things of God, is a truth, of which I am a living witness; although I am a stranger to you in the flesh, yet I trust I am not a stranger to the Christ you preach, nor to the blessed truths you set forth, for I could truly say on some occasions, when hearing you; "It is good to be here." The last time I heard you preach, was at Windmill Street Chapel, from the following words:—"In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother." 1 John iii, 10.

Previous to arriving at the Chapel, I was very much exercised as to whether I should go or not; I felt in such a miserable and dejected condition; I felt as it were, one mind to go, and two minds to stay away, but, however, I went, and I was very glad afterwards I did go, although by your discourse I was cut to pieces, and had scarcely a stump left to stand upon. I thought the discourse throughout was one of the most solemn I had ever heard, but when you was describing the marks which distinguished a reprobate, I verily thought I should as surely go to hell, as I was then sitting there, for I thought I was being made manifest to be nothing else but a reprobate. As I had been for many weeks, in a cold, lukewarm, backsliding state, so much so, that at times I seemed so careless and indifferent, as though, the loss, or gain of my soul was a matter of no

importance : consequently I took the latter part of your sermon entirely to myself, as being the individual you pointed out, and branded with the awful name of reprobate. Oh, brother, my soul trembled at the thought of being cast off as a reprobate; and at times I was sadly afraid that God will give me over to a reprobate mind, but I trust he never will. Yet notwithstanding my dreadful fears in this matter, I could say, and can still say, that in my heart I am sure I do not hate Christ, that I do not hate his truth, that I do not hate his ministers, that I do not hate his dear people, no, they are as dear to my soul, yea, dearer than life itself, and my only grief and sorrow is, because I cannot love Christ, his truth, his ministers, and his people more: yet although I cannot love them so much as I should wish, I do not hate them, for God is my witness that I love all his people in the Lord Jesus Christ, and for the truth's sake, and by the help of God, had I a thousand lives they should all be devoted to his glory; and living in love and unity with his people. But, my dear brother, though you sent me home sorrowing, what I had heard was not without its advantages, for I heartily bless God I was so cut in pieces: and methinks such discourses in the hand of the Spirit of God are very benefitting to the Lord's family, for such plain dealings leads them to self examination, it excites jealousy within, as to whether they are born of God and taught by his Spirit, or not; it drives them out of their false refuges, it creates anxiety within, and makes them anxious to know whether they are stony-ground-hearers, or whether they have Christ set up in their hearts as the hope of glory. If such solemn realities as those I heard from your lips, sounded from every pulpit in this great metropolis, depend upon it there would not be so many dead, deluded professors and stalking hypocrites as there are, who have a name to live, in a mere outside garb of godliness, and appear righteous unto men, but who are nothing else than whitened sepulchres, and inwardly are full of dead men's bones, hypocrisy, and iniquity, and dying without the grace of God must eternally perish in their own deceivings. O, may the Lord, in infinite mercy, ever keep us and all his dear chosen ones feeling after Christ, as the way, the truth, and the life.

"'Tis he alone can do helpless sinners good."

I feel and know by daily experience that nothing but Christ and his finished salvation will satisfy my poor soul; and if God's salvation rested on any thing contingent, I know I must be lost for ever, such a poor helpless thing do I feel myself to be; a base, wicked, proud, and deceitful heart I feel daily dragging me into captivity, and making my soul miserable. Pride, that is ready at all times to puff me up, and take advantage at every opportunity, with a host of temptations from the devil, and nothing but a manifestation of God's almighty grace to my soul, through the medium Christ Jesus, can subdue my proud heart and make me humble before God, for as Hart says,—

"Gethsemane's the place,
Where pride dare not intrude;
For should it dare to enter there,
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood."

No, brother, none but those who are taught experimentally by God the Spirit, know anything of the everlasting love of God, of the efficacious blood of the Almighty Redeemer, and of the rich anointings of the Holy Ghost, in a way to make them sick of self and sin, and to put their trust in the Lord. A man must feel his nakedness before he will prize the righteousness of Christ: a man must feel his sickness before he feels his need of the good physician to heal him: a man must feel that he has a host of enemies too strong for him, before he will cry unto God, like king Jehoshaphat when the Moabites and Ammonites were coming up against him, "For we have no might against this great company that cometh up against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee." 2 Chron. xx. 12. Of these things all the living in Jerusalem know something more or less. What wonders will the grace of God do! it will make a king a beggar, and a beggar a king—

"Grace 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall bear."

But I find I have ran along, and written considerably more than I intended to write, and I have not yet said a word about the circumstance by which I was actuated to write to you. It is as follows: I had a bill put in my hand last Friday night in Redcross Street, on which was printed the contents of the

Earthen Vessel: seeing that the heads of the subjects were something of a good kind, I resolved upon purchasing one. Accordingly I did so on the following day, and on perusing it I found it to contain some good news of which my soul had a sweet repast, and particularly on reading, "Ezra coming up from Babylon." For, when I came to that part where the man of God exclaims, "O, what shall I render unto the Lord! Why was I not eaten with worms as that cruel Herod was, and gave up the ghost? Because the Lord loved me, and would not let me die in my sins." When he assigns the reason why he was not cut off as Herod was, "Because the Lord loved me." I felt such a melting down of soul that I said to myself, Why was not such a wretch as I cut down in my sins? why? "Because the Lord loved me, and would not let me die in my sins." Why was I not destroyed long ere this? Why was I permitted to have such a narrow escape with my life so many times? as you must know I have been delivered from death by the providence of God several times, and why was it? "Because the Lord loved me, and would not let me die in my sins." And the words seemed to revibrate in my ears again and again—"Because the Lord loved me." Thus having fared so well on reading the first, I intend, God sparing me, to take it in regularly, as long as I can afford two-pence to buy it; for it is to my thinking, the best two-penny's-worth I ever had. May God prosper you and the *Vessel*, is my earnest wish; and may you be enabled to bring forth a good cargo every time the *Vessel* is sent out. I have no doubt the *Vessel* will meet with many adverse winds, and tempestuous seas, and many would, no doubt be glad to see it shipwrecked, but never mind, it is a good *Vessel*, and well rigged, so that it will stand a good deal of tossing about before it will sink. But I must conclude, or perhaps you will think me very tedious. Should you think these few lines written in weakness worthy of a place in some corner of the *Vessel*, I have no doubt but you will insert them. May the Lord bless you, and grant you great grace that you may be enabled to fight the good fight of faith, is the sincere wish, and hearty prayer of your's in the grace of Christ,

W. WOODWARD.

THE SICKNESS OF ZION; or, the Twilight Age of the Church.

Continued from Vol. I., p. 137.

ANOTHER sign of the twilight and dark night is, when the harlots come out and begin to walk the streets with impudent faces. The great whore, the mother of harlots, with her many daughters are out, and with impudent faces too. Popery is no longer concealed in a corner, nor resisted by Protestant governments. O England! England! the night-cloud is covering us, and our glory is departing. England has flourished above her sister nations for centuries under the propitious reigns of protestant monarchs; but the plague is began, for Popery, wherever it comes is the withering blast of nations; and we as a nation, now, and the Church in this nation must expect to feel the withering influence of the whoredom, witchcraft, and idolatry of the mother of harlots. She is called "MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND THE ABOMINATION OF THE EARTH." Rev. xvii. 5. For some long time after the reformation, through *Martin Luther*, the gospel sun shined so bright, warm, and glorious in the nations, that the old lady could not walk out so comfortable as she had done: for she does not like daylight, nor warm sunshine, because like Jezebel of old, her face is painted, and the sun would melt the paint off, and shew her wrinkles and swarthy face; so she, with all her daughters prefer twilight, the evening, the black and dark night. (Prov. vii. 9.) The night is evidently upon us—the whores are out in the streets. Ah, "now is she without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner," verse 12. Ah, "a greater than Solomon is here" speaking, and more than a common harlot in the flesh is intended: it is the false church—"the great whore that sitteth upon many waters," or nations, kingdoms, peoples, and tongues—committing "spiritual wickedness in high places." (Eph. vi. 12.) "For she sitteth at the door of her house on a seat in the high places of the city, to call passengers, who go right on their ways." Prov. ix. 15. Those who are going the right way to heaven, she entices and endeavours to call them to her brothel, with all manner of witchery, sorcery, and enchantments; and "she has cast down many wounded, yea, many strong men have been slain by her." But is there only one harlot? Yes, there are many with different faces, but all one body. "There are many anti-christs!" John tells us. Has not this great harlot of the night, a husband? O yes—she has two heads, or husbands, spiritual and temporal. The devil is her spiritual husband, and he and she commit "spiritual wickedness in high places:" and the Pope is her temporal hus-

band, though their marriage was never legal, according to the good laws of our country. But like an insatiable harlot, she is never satisfied; she will lay claim to another woman's Husband, (Christ) the Husband of the free woman, the church; and will be called by his name, to take away her reproach." (Isa. iv. 1.) She will be called after Christ's name—she will be called christian though she is anti-christ, or against Christ. Like all harlots, she cares not for him, neither has she any love for him, but only for what he has, namely, only for temporalities, or his temporal goods: and thus she has endeavoured to enrich herself, through borrowing his name; and thus, like all proud whores, she has "arrayed herself in purple and scarlet colour, and decked herself with gold and precious stones, and pearls," (Rev. xvii. 4,) to entice young men and silly people after her. And this filthy old harlot, dresses herself up with beads, crosses, crucifixes, silk, gold, pearls, crimson, and purple—builds altars, burns incense, makes fine paintings and painted windows, to strike the natural senses of men, and deceive silly souls, to her perfumed bed of whoredom. While she is rotten within, with the most filthy and loathsome disease of sin, lies, deceit and hypocrisy, yea, death, devil and hell, are in her. "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." (Prov. vii. 27.) And to prove how much she likes evening and candle-light, she burns candles in her house all the day long, pretending that they shew the purity of her faith and vigilance; whereas, it is spiritual whoredom and hypocrisy. The night is upon us—our calamities make haste: and it appears, the twilight precedes evening; evening precedes "the black and dark night." (Prov. vii. 9.) No doubt but that black Popish night will soon be experienced in England, and over all the world; and will, it appears, have all nations in her adulterous bed, at midnight, when the good man who is gone a long journey comes. (Prov. vii. 19.) When the Son of man comes, shall he find faith on the earth?

The night is darker than we are aware of. Our English constitution is undermined, while we have been asleep. You must know for a certainty, that the *Puseyites* are nothing less than the *Jesuits* revived in disguise, who have been subtly working underground ever since the Catholic Emancipation Bill passed. The *Jesuits*, or *Puseyites*, are an ancient order of cunning, learned, intelligent men, who are *infidels*, or, strictly speaking, *atheists*; but they assume any form, garb, or profession of religion, to deceive or carry out their own designs; and, although they work with the Catholics now, under a disguise, they intend their utter overthrow with every other reli-

gious sect, to establish an absolute monarchy of their own. This sect of *Jesuits* was driven out of England, in the year 1604, but have been subtly working in different nations. They caused the revolution in France: some of them made their escape to England, and established themselves at Stoneyhurst, in Lancashire. I have been in their college, which is the seat of subtlety and mischief in England, from whence Puseyism springs. They have a secret oath among themselves: and their principle is, to divide and then destroy. They have divided the Church of England: thousands of her priests, called *Puseyites*, are really of the order of *Jesuits*, and doubtless many ministers among the dissenters are of the same cast, though in disguise. I have my eye on some. Watch those who are endeavouring to pull down the English constitution, to establish themselves in greater political power. Those who despise governments, presumptuous are they, self-willed—"they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities." 2 Pet. ii. 10.

Strictly speaking, *Jesuitism* or *Puseyism*, is old *Paganism* revived in disguise, under a different form. There are many antichrists, which I would describe if my limits would admit. There is *Pagan antichrist* and *Popish antichrist*: the latter is always spoken of in the feminine gender, as "a woman on a scarlet-coloured beast," the *great whore*, &c., the former is spoken of in the masculine gender, as the "*Man of sin*," (2 Thess. ii. 3.) who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God—namely, he is antichrist himself, yet he opposeth antichrist to exalt himself—for, depend upon it, *Jesuitism*, or *Puseyism*, is "the man of sin," and will be the destruction of Popery in the end. "The mystery of iniquity, is working mightily now: it is a mystery; and Infidelity or Atheism, *Jesuitism* or *Puseyism*, if you like, called *that Wicked*, shall soon be revealed, "whom (after this) the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming; *even him* whose coming is after the working of Satan. (2 Thess. ii. 9)—and truly the *Jesuits* have for sometime been working in England with all the cunning of the devil. He, "the man of sin," is compared to a leopard, approaching from the thickets, very cautiously, on its prey; and the dragon, the devil, gave him his power and authority. "And there was given unto him, a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies, and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months," (Rev. xiii. 10.) agreeing with the three days and a half, or three years and a half, when the witnesses are to lie dead in the streets of this Sodom and Egypt. "This beast was, and is not, and yet is." *It was*. Paganism, *is not*, not now in the old form, and *yet is*, the same

spirit in the *Jesuits* or *Puseyites*; and he is now coming up again, and will open his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle: and all the world will wonder after this beast, "whose names were not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world, when they behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is." (Rev. xvii. 8.) This beast, Infidelity, or *Jesuitism*, was united to Popery in 1814, under Pope Pius VII.; and is now the beast that is carrying Popery over all the earth. The *Jesuits* are a military body, sanguine or bloody in their disposition, called a scarlet-coloured beast. "I saw the woman sit upon a scarlet-coloured beast, full of the names of blasphemy." (Rev. xvii. 3.) And when the beast and its rider have overcome the saints, (Rev. xiii. 7), then the beast will throw off its rider, the great whore, and tear her to pieces. The ten horns are European kings that will become infidels, and receive power with the beast one hour. These have one mind, and shall give their power and strength unto the beast: and when these kings and the beast, (or *Jesuitism*) are united, they will have power over the whole world, in the black and dark night, and all will worship the dragon and the beast, saying "who is able to make war with him?" (Rev. xiii. 4.) But, as the infidels or *Jesuits* will hate the whore, and be loathed with her fornications, they shall destroy her; and after this they shall be destroyed with the breath of Christ's mouth, and the brightness of his coming. "For these ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast they shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire." (Rev. xvii. 16.) Here shall be an end of the great whore, the well-favored harlot, the nations shall see her nakedness, and the kingdoms her shame. (Nahum iii. 5.) And as Jehu, an infidel king, destroyed Jezebel; so shall these infidel kings destroy Popery, and then be destroyed themselves. But, "who shall live when God doeth this?" None but those whose "life is hid with Christ in God;" and if their bodies be killed their souls are safe in their hiding-place, Christ Jesus their Lord.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.
(To be continued.)

When are the Elect of God justified?

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Will you oblige me by replying through the *Vessel*, if you cannot before, to the following question?

Are the called of God justified in his sight from eternity, or not till conversion has taken place, and they then enabled to lay hold of it by faith?

My reason for asking is as follows:— It happened that on Sunday afternoon I went

to—, when a Mr.— occupied the pulpit. The subject selected for meditation, was Acts xiii. 38, 39. In the course of which, when speaking of justification, it was asserted "That justification was eternal." In support of which, he quoted Romans viii. 30, and then asked, "Why should we invert the order?" at the same time warning his hearers against trespassing on a subject of such solemn importance.

Now I had hitherto thought that the matter was settled in the councils of the eternal Three; and on looking at the passage above referred to, I did not find it run thus:—"Whom he called, them he also justifies," or will justify, but, "them he also justified." The tense is not present or future, but past; God had fixed on the objects of his choice, he gave them to his Son to redeem, and by his Holy Spirit in the fullness of time, had determined to bring them into the bonds of that covenant which is ordered, &c. I cannot see the propriety of the remark, and it has perplexed me. I know well that the sinner cannot realize it only by faith, but still I seem to think notwithstanding his inability while in an unregenerate state to understand it so as to embrace it, to lay hold of it; yet that this has nothing to do with the mind of the Lord.

If you would give me a thought or two, I should esteem it an especial favor. I should rather have it before the *Vessel*, at the same time I thought it might afford matter of thought for some of your readers.—X.

LUTHER.

"The solitary Monk who shook the World."

In Germany, the Gospel light,
By Luther shone, when dead of night
Throughout the world did reign;
Rome curs'd, and curs'd, from morn till noon,
As noisy curs howl at the moon,
As senseless and as vain.
In knowledge and in grace increas'd,
The "powers of darkness," Pope and Priest,
He boldly challeng'd all:
Amid the storm, the raging flood!
A rock-bas'd Beacon firm he stood,
For Truth, a "brazen wall."
Hercules in theology!
Fearless, and sans apology,
He club'd Rome's idols down;—
Fell'd the old renown'd Tree!
The Pope's infallibility,
(His shelter, and his crown.)
The popish rooks, and owls, and bats,
Minus crosses, bows, and hats,
Shrieking, cawing, flew;
Their threatenings loud, their bitter hates,
Fall still upon their shaven pates,
And every morning new! — J. H.

Leicester, Jan., 1846.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF Mrs. HANNAH JUDD.

By the Rev. BERNARD GILPIN, Minister of Portvale Chapel, Hertford.

THAT Bernard Gilpin has conferred upon us, in common with all the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, into whose hands this little work may fall, a great blessing, is beyond all question. The life, the experience, the sins, the sorrows, and the salvation of Mrs. Hannah Judd, are herein set forth in a clear, sober, yet most delightful manner. "Oh," we said, as we eagerly and profitably perused its pages, "What a most glorious testimony and witness to the truth as it is in Jesus is here! There is no magnifying the creature: no, no: Bernard Gilpin! you have faithfully done, what is but rarely accomplished in these days; you have not beautified, ornamented, covered over, nor exalted the sinner; but by a simple detail of facts of a highly interesting character, you have shewn that "the grace of our Lord," which was bestowed upon that dear afflicted saint, "was exceeding abundant with faith and love, which is in Christ Jesus."

"Attention to the following memoir, (says our able biographer,) will shew us how in the case of this true sheep of Christ, he, as the good Shepherd, both fed her, afflicted her for her spiritual profit, restored her soul from time to time, preserved her spiritual life under circumstances which seemed likely to extinguish it, and was with her to the end, in his saving power, though not always in the sensible manifestations of his love. Let us then regard both her and every member of the church militant in the true scriptural light. These all are called 'lively stones chosen in Christ and precious;' but all that is going on in this world may be compared to hewing and squaring, to fitting and polishing. For the temple of God in heaven, (like its type upon earth, 1 Kings, vi. 7,) is 'built of stone made ready before it is brought thither; so that there is neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the building of that house' which is above."

There is but one thing that we have to complain of connected with this little work, and that is its price. One shilling and sixpence is more, much more than thousands of the Lord's poor disciples can afford. Not that we would infer that this beautiful little book could be sold for less money: the only question is, might it not have been brought out in a cheaper form?

Fully aware as we are, that but few to whom we can be instrumental in recommending this Memoir of Mrs. Hannah

Judd, will be able to purchase it, we are anxious to afford our brethren and sisters in the wilderness, an opportunity of knowing a little of the dealings of the Lord with that venerated and much beloved saint. Only further premising that the work itself is published in London by Groombridge and Sons, we proceed to make an extract or two as follow:—

"Hannah Judd, whose family name was Shephard, was born in the village of Little Hadham, Herts, in November, 1758. Her father was in a small way of business, and her mother's family were farmers. In the twenty-second year of her age she married Mr. Judd, a farmer in the same county, and they had twelve children, every one of whom the mother survived, though ten grew up. She became a widow about the year, 1812, but continued to carry on a farm at Barley, in Herts, till the year 1827, before which time she had become entirely blind; and in this state she went with her only surviving daughter Sarah, and her youngest son, Benjamin, to reside with another son William, at a farm called Clay-pits, in Black-fan-wood, Bayford, about three miles from Hertford. Here, first Benjamin, and then Sarah died, and their mother was left in a state of considerable destitution with her son William only; who, not finding the farm to answer, became too poor to keep even a female servant. In the year 1839, they retired together to a little cottage near Wormley in the same neighbourhood, where William's health began gradually to decline, and he died in the year 1842, his blind and helpless parent having been for nearly two years confined to her bed through weakness, though not from disease. A relation by marriage (widow of one of the sons) had come to wait upon William at the last, and remained after his death to nurse her mother-in-law, who, after a lingering and painful decline, died on the 24th of July 1845, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

"Thus it appears that her life was in a peculiar manner one of labour and sorrow. I first heard of her in Autumn of the year 1835, while she and her son William only, resided together in the farm at Black-fan-wood. She had then been blind for about ten years. A friend, who mentioned her case to me, had for some time been in the habit of visiting her, and had been much impressed with her conversation; and on September 2, 1835, we went together to see her. There was much simplicity, clearness and power in her religious conversation on that day, so that I felt great affection and regard for her; and this was confirmed shortly afterwards, when several besides myself went with my friend, Mr. Bourne (whose letters to her are inserted in this memoir,) to see her again.

It is thus that Mr. Bernard Gilpin gives first a summary of her life. At subsequent visits which he paid her, he prevailed upon her to give him the particulars connected with her life, conversion, experience, trials, &c.: and which at great length are recorded. We have been so solemnly blessed in the perusal, that we

dare not withhold a brief analysis of the same.

Of her early life, Mrs. Judd says:—

“While I was only a child, I believe the Lord gave me some intimation of his spiritual presence and favor; and I used some times to venture to speak a word of my inward feelings to my parents and other relations; but they always used to check me, and tell me I was very presumptuous.

“I married when about twenty-one years of age; and soon afterwards fell into very deep concern in my soul: but I did not understand my own case—everything was a mystery to me. I remember this passage of Scripture was very powerfully brought to my mind, ‘Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and other things shall be added.’ I said, ‘Lord, what is this seeking? How shall I seek?’ and I longed to know, but I could not. At times I was in a very dull state, and seemed without any life in my soul. I could not tell anybody what I felt. I do not know that there were any of my relations who had the true fear of God, excepting only my husband’s grandmother. I thought then, and I think yet, that she was a child of God. I could speak to her, and she used to like talking to me; for she saw the Lord had begun a work upon my soul. One day I very earnestly said to her, ‘There is one thing I long to know—oh, how I do long to know it!—I seek—I try—I study, but I cannot find it out.’—‘Well, child,’ she answered, ‘what is it?’ Said I, ‘It is what the *new birth* means;—what it means, that *we must be born again*.’ She smiled, and said, ‘Child, you shall know; for the word says, *Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord*.’ That was her answer; and I could get no more from her at that time. In those days, I would take the Bible, and go into a spare room away from all the din of the family, and search, and search, and search, that I might know this great thing. And to this day I feel satisfied that it is this seeking which must continue and abide with us. I remember, long afterwards, and when I had more knowledge, that this seeking continued, and many would say to me, ‘Why you are safe enough without all this to do!’ and I used to say, ‘You call me religious, but you none of you know my heart; it’s very devilish! it’s always sinning! I know nothing right.’ For so it really seemed to me, though I could not persuade them. Also I remember a gentleman farmer, who would hear what I had to say; and when I told him my ways and feelings, he seemed to like the account, and he said, ‘Why you are as safe as if you

were in heaven already.’ But do you think that this satisfied me? No, no; nor if a hundred had united together to say the same thing. I could not be contented. I must be searching—I must be seeking out and praying—I must have the Lord to shew me, and to make known these things to me.

“Yet for all I sought so, at the time I am speaking of, I continued in a very confused way. * * * When I was thirty years old, I began to grow worse. My distress and horror were heavy at times. I knew I was a sinner, and yet did not feel the weight of my sins; I saw I was not able to repent. I heard a sermon at Buntingford from these words ‘Turn me, and I shall be turned . . . Surely *after that I was turned, I repented*.’ It confirmed me to know that repentance is the Lord’s work. I longed for it—asked for it—but did not think I was either longing or asking, not so as to satisfy myself. My husband could pray night and morning, but I did not think I was praying at all. It used to comfort me that my husband prayed for me, for I supposed he was an experienced Christian, regular in attending his place of worship, had no darkness of soul, and no misgivings: he was always comfortable, but *I grew worse*.

“All this brought on by degrees impatience and fretting, and my fretting provoked the Lord. For I used to be saying ‘It is better for me to die than to live.’ And I thought the Lord would take me at my word; for one day while yet in this bad state, my mind was impressed suddenly that *in three days I should die indeed*. This brought a change, it fell on me like a judgment. ‘Die! (I said) I’m not fit to die;’ and I prayed that I might live. ‘O Lord, (I said) lengthen my days and enable me to repent,’ for I thought I should go to destruction, it seemed clear to me. However it was wonderful what that impression meant, not that I should die in body, but that on that day I should begin to die to sin and to live to God. For on the third day a change came. His Spirit struck in with the word, and brought this text to my heart, ‘*Thy Maker is thy husband*.’ It followed, ‘Fear not, I have redeemed thee—I have called thee—I will uphold thee by the right hand of righteousness, for I have redeemed thee, saith the Lord.’ These words altered my state, they made me understand the grace of God, and I was satisfied that I had never understood things rightly before. I had light now from the Lord, and seemed to be in a new world, all things were new to me. I tried to explain my happiness, but I found that those about me did not like it, and could not conceive

what I meant; so I was obliged to keep my feelings to myself.

Reader! Mark here the spiritual discernment which the blessed illuminating, life-giving operations of the Holy Ghost impart! Mrs. Judd's husband could "pray night and morning;" and it was even "a comfort to me (says this dear old saint,) to think that my husband prayed for me; for I *supposed* he was an *experienced christian*." Ah! she *supposed* he was an experienced Christian: and it is thus that thousands of ministers and men pass for experienced Christians: and how can it be otherwise, until God the Holy Ghost gives a living elect sinner *the light of life*? it is then, a suspicion will be felt towards these *supposed* Christians; yea, a discovery will be made, of the state and condition of many who have before passed for experienced Christians. The Holy Ghost by Ezekiel, speaking of these *supposed Christians*, says (in his 33rd chapter) that "they come as God's people come:" (that is, they come in by a natural light and a natural faith in Christ:) further: he says these *supposed Christians* "sit before God's prophets as God's people sit:" (that is they continue to stand in Gospel ordinances; and become hardened in their dead profession:) further; God says, of these *supposed Christians*; that "*with their mouth they shew much love*: but their hearts goeth after their covetousness. Oh, what solemn instances have we seen of this description! Men that could preach like angels; pray like saints; weep like Mary Magdalene; talk of Christ like holy Paul himself: and yet with all this, grind down the poor; scratch and crawl for money, not to supply their real necessities; but to hoard up: ah, and there is a man now wandering up and down in the earth; who for years stood in just such a position as we have described: but we fear he is a sinner without a saving faith: a "branch that was in Christ," by profession and in appearance; but bearing no fruit—: is taken away. Oh, ye sweet and oily priests; who are grinding the poor; selling your gospel at the highest price ye can; beware, lest byc and bye, the sentence shall be passed upon you—"Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever.— And, presently, the fig tree withered away." See what a solemn discovery was made unto the living soul of Mrs.

Judd, as regards the condition of her husband. She says:—

"Now it was that my husband quite disappointed me. For as long as I had continued in my bad state, he would frequently put such questions to me as these, 'How do you go on?' 'Does the Lord hear your prayers?' So I thought he would be very glad to hear that my prayers had been heard indeed. But when I gave him the account, he did not understand it at all. He said 'You are mistaken.' 'No, indeed,' (I would say) 'I am not,' for I was quite sure I was not, but I never could make him see it; so that instead of being able to speak with him more and more, I was obliged to speak less and less, and at last I could say nothing at all. For I began by degrees to find out that he had never known a change, never knew the Lord's dealings, though he was so steady in his profession. This was a heavy thing."

Yes—these are heavy things, but God's living Israel, in this wilderness state, must, more or less, *dwell alone*: like the sparrow upon the house-top.

Oh, reader; you have the living, genuine features of vital godliness set before you here: God help you by his grace, to discover a similar work in your own soul: and then, you will find but few to whom you can open your heart, but God will be your refuge for ever. You will now notice what conflicts of soul followed upon this deliverance:—

"Well, I hoped I had almost done with sin, but sin began to return more and more. I seemed to myself worse than before. I began to be like the children of Israel, who turned back. For a long time after that light sprang in, I had felt like death to have a worldly spirit, but by degrees I began to cleave more and more to the world again. I became vain in my dress, and very proud, thinking I had been shewn great things by the Lord; and so dead I was in my soul, that though I went to public worship, I hardly knew what for, but kept swinging to and fro like a door on its hinges. Only at times I felt many secret rebukes, and was quite sure that the Lord would punish my sins. All my comfort left me, and I began to feel great horror and lowness of mind. At this time we moved to a farm at Barley. Here I endeavoured to pray that I might enjoy the presence of the Lord; but soon afterwards I was tempted in a very strange way by the devil. He put it this way in my heart; 'There is no fear of God in this place; God will not attend to your prayers here; forsake him, and live as you list.' My conscience was never easy. A great fire broke out at Chishill, near us. I really envied some of

the poor people who had lost both house and goods in that fire; for I said, 'Your trial is over, but mine is yet to come. I am sure the Lord will not let me alone.'

"It was not long after this that the Lord sent death into my house, and took from me my third daughter Mary, aged seventeen. I was then about forty-one. Never mother loved her children better than I. I had lost two infants before, but this was a heavy stroke indeed. I laid it to heart at first, as if all my children were gone. I had however one comfort in the affliction, that I was not without hope for her soul. For in her last sickness, after long trouble of mind, she became very happy, and was full of patience and praise to the Lord; but my love for her was such, that her death left me very gloomy. My affliction brought me back to seek the Lord more, and He had never left me utterly without hope, though for a long time I had mostly felt things all very dismal. I went on in a low state, but still seeking, for nearly two years. It began to be a great burden to me again to enter much into worldly business. By degrees the great weight of my sins began to oppress me most heavily. I could see no escape,—no way open. I cannot tell you of this time of trouble as I even now feel it to have been. I do not think that this dreadful lowness arose so much from the fear of destruction, as from the Lord's enabling me to feel the real guilt and evil of my sins. I remember I used to have hope at times, sometimes many promises came into my heart, but I was such a wretch I could receive none of them. I kept putting them away, saying 'These are not for me.' Once the Lord said, 'Behold thou art made whole, sin no more.' But I could not conceive how this could be. However, the blood of Jesus, as shed for me, seemed precious at times, but the lowness swallowed up the hopes again. Thus the Lord kept teaching me deeper and deeper by litanies."

If, my reader, thou art a living soul, do ponder over one or two of the sentences which we have just read. Mark, is it not marvellous that after such grace received, such glory seen, that she should "become vain in her dress; proud and worldly in her spirit; and even presumptuous because great things had been shewn her?" So deceitful, and desperately wicked is the heart of even a regenerated child of God! But see, five things followed upon this state of soul—First, She had many rebukes: Secondly, She was solemnly convinced the Lord would punish her sins. She could not think, nor feel careless or indifferent about sin: she could not say—

"sin will do me no harm." Oh, no! when sin (though it be but working in the affections) can be thought but little of; depend upon it the state of the soul is bad. Thirdly, she was powerfully tempted of the devil; as all living souls will more or less be. Fourthly, the Lord did visit her with sore and heavy trials; she "*fell into divers temptations.*"—Fifthly, darkness and horror of soul came upon her: but with all, "*the Lord never left her utterly without hope,*" many promises came into her heart, and divine teaching was deeper and deeper in her soul: thus was fulfilled that most wonderful testimony of God's work in the experience of a living child, which is written in the eighth of Zechariah—"the seed shall be prosperous; the vine shall yield her fruit: the ground shall give her increase; and the heavens shall give their dew;" so the curse shall be turned into a blessing:—But, come, reader let us hear Mrs. Judd again. She says:—

"It seemed a long time before the Lord was pleased to return: but oh! when He did manifest himself, it was in a beautiful manner! I can tell no one all that I felt at that time! It was on a day when I had for a while felt very unhappy, and had a longing that I could pray; but it did not seem as if I could pray. I went into a little spare room in our house at Barley, and there I read the Bible by myself. Having finished reading I was going out of the room, but I was as it were turned back again, that I might see the great sight. I have often wondered since that I did not fall to the ground; and I am quite sure I could not have kept standing, had not the Lord strengthened me. The Lord drew nigh in great glory, and he sent into my heart these words, 'Return, O backsliding daughter, for I am married unto thee.' That was the word, '*I am married unto thee.*' At the very same time He was pleased to let me know what he meant in a beautiful way and manner never to be forgotten. It was marvellous, very marvellous,—I could tell no one,—it was too great. I feared I should be doing wrong to speak of it, remembering that the Lord said after his transfiguration, 'Tell no man.' So I can say, 'Come hither all ye that fear God, I will tell you what he hath done for my soul;' for he hath done great and marvellous things: but I cannot speak of all the Lord shewed me on that day—only that the thing was so. If ever I knew what it was to look to an arm of flesh in my husband, I knew then and there what it is to be married and to be one spirit with that great Saviour.

As soon as ever the Lord had spoken these words, and made me know them, I was like Jacob. I said, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not! and I was afraid, and said, 'How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!' At the moment it seemed almost all delight, yet there was a fear and a dread; but these were swallowed up. I did not see my sins then:—no, not one of them: they were all hid out of sight, and taken away and gone. I felt the love then—not the sin. Yet I had a fear; and the fear abode too: so that I never went into that room afterwards, as long as ever I lived there, without being struck with something like a shadow of what I had once seen there. Whenever I went in there, I feared. For indeed, if you love, you must fear; for there is reason to fear as well as to love. He is so great a God. The Lord says, 'Oh that there were such a heart in them, *always to fear me.*' So it is: there is fear as well as love; and whenever I went into that room where I saw the great sight, I shuddered. I said that what I had enjoyed in that few minutes was worth striving a whole life for. I said, who can tell the folly of living to the world, and not seeking to know the Lord?"

Oh, what a testimony for God is this! How full of divine comfort it is! There are four things in this to be noticed as descriptive of all such solemn transactions in living souls. First she was secretly drawn to this—"had a great longing for prayer." Secondly, this revelation was accompanied by a word suited to her case. Thirdly, the glory was more than tongue can tell out: Fourthly, all her sins were lost sight of; still she had a great fear—fear and love: love and fear worked together. It was of God. It was just as the Lord did appear to me—and did work in my soul under Mr. Abraham's ministry in Jewry Street Chapel, on that Monday night, when my soul was delivered from horror and death. First, I was secretly drawn out in soul unto God—then God did speak right into my heart, he said, "Christ is more excellent and glorious than all the mountains of prey." Oh, what glory filled the place! What love flowed into my soul! I did indeed, see that all my sins had been but barren mountains of prey; devouring and destroying me by inches; but that Christ and his cross ever had been, since I had known his name, more glorious in my soul's estimation than all my sins. Thirdly, in the glory I had let into my soul,

"I did not," as Mrs. Judd says "I did not see my sins—no: not one of them: they were all taken away. I felt the love, but not my sin." I was lost in the love and glory, mercy and compassion of the Lord Jesus Christ as then revealed in my soul. I was clean, through the word he had spoken unto me. Never before did I understand that word—(but now I was a passive realiser of the great Gospel truth,) "the blood of Jesus Christ, his dear Son, cleanseth us from all sin." But, look, my reader, at the sweet adjunct, the twin-sister grace that ran parallel with love. "Yet, (says Mrs. Judd) I had fear; and the fear abode too." Ah, so it was with my soul. In the midst of all this glorious work, in came a fear lest it should all pass away without effecting a deliverance. But this fear was overcome. John says—"there is no fear in love." Neither is there any slavish terrible fear in love; but there is a holy, reverential, Godly fear which accompanies the shedding abroad of divine love in the heart of a redeemed sinner. I do fully believe that in the sweet harmony and blessed cleansing operations of these precious graces—*fear and love*—it is, I say, in these layeth that secret of the Lord which is with them that fear him.

Come, now, my reader, follow up your pursuit of this dear old saint's wonderful account: see how perfect is the work of God! See how it crucifies to the world, and draws the soul to heaven. Mrs. Judd says:—

"For a long time after this I walked very tenderly, but I could not let even my husband know what I had felt. And now again my spirit was so contrary to the world, that my company did not suit him, nor yet my friends. I used to long greatly for the presence of the Lord, and he was most merciful to me and used to indulge me greatly, even as a child at the breast. He used to appear for me again and again, and led me to know him more and more clearly. At that time my head and my heart were both full of the word of God. I would be always reading it. I would often dwell upon particular passages, being loth to leave one and go to another, till the Lord had first enlightened my understanding, and this He was pleased to do in a wonderful way and manner. I was very happy; but the reason was not that the enemy let me alone, but that Christ gave me the victory over him. I verily think, that during those months. I

met with more opposition from the enemy than ever before, which makes me believe that as God works so the enemy works: this at least I have always found myself. Oftentimes I was furiously assailed with doubts and accusations, then I would go and carry them all to the Lord, and He would break in and comfort me beautifully, so that my joy was restored, and thus my soul went on and prospered for a long time.

"As God works so the enemy works. At least I have always so found it," says Mrs. Judd. Well, this has been a profound mystery to my soul: but really so have I found it. For after my soul's deliverance, many times did the adversary and my sins so beset me in temptations that down I thought I must go. One evening in particular, I was so beset and harrassed, that I feared all was a delusion and I laid down in my bed in sorrow crying unto the Lord. I was requested to preach the following evening (Tuesday,) but I fully resolved I would not. However, as I was walking to my work the next morning, these words entered into my soul with a rich bedewing power, "And shall not God avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you he will avenge them speedily." These precious words continued speaking to and opening up so solemnly in my soul all the day, that I was compelled to go and preach to the people from them. But, oh, how often is it the case, that after a good time in secret, or a happy time in the pulpit, in rushes the enemy with such deadly power as makes one to feel destruction to be near.

Now see another change:—

"However, after all this I began by degrees to decline; and when the Lord saw it, He sent death into my house again, and took away my eldest daughter at twenty-three. By this trial He was pleased to humble me, and bring me more down. Then again He took away a third daughter, at nineteen. Now I was very low, and He comforted me greatly in my soul. This was the way. I was baking my bread, but felt so very disconsolate that I thought I must even die. I remember I said to myself, 'Where's the use of baking? I shall not live to the end of it!' When suddenly I looked up and it was as if I saw in my soul his glory in the very heavens. Oh how powerful was that appearing of him in his glory! And 'Fear not little flock (He said to me, those were his words,) it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Oh how it took

away all my fears and distress. I could have done or suffered anything for him then, for my joy and my confidence in him were so exceeding great. And that is always how I feel at such times, as if I could bear death, aye, any kind of death, for the Lord's sake. But this strength and confidence never abide with me, for they are not in myself."

Read this, ye doubting souls. What says Mrs. Judd? "This strength and confidence never abide with me—for they are *not in myself*." "Oh dear me, (say many living souls,) how transitory, how short, how quickly fled are all my joys!" Yes, and so you will find it to the end of your days. But "the ground shall give her increase." Your life shall never turn to death—your hope to despair—nor your soul to perdition. See, my reader, how God followed with stroke upon stroke in the experience of this precious elect soul. Surely, I said, *this is Job's wife*—that is, the partner of his sorrows—the trader in his steps. Here comes another heavy cloud.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Church of Christ at Brabourne, and John Mate's account of the Lord's dealings with his soul.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

It appears there has been a letter sent to you by Mr. T. Hooker, of Aldington, containing a most tremendously awful charge against the minister and people, with which I stand connected in Christian fellowship. And I find this charge is announced by declaring, and affirming that we are found "ranging ourselves under the eternal purposes and decrees of God, without an experimental acquaintance of the same."—Surely this is a solemn charge, the substance of which, appears to be this, namely:—that these people have attained to a knowledge of the doctrines of grace, but this knowledge has not been attained by the divine teaching of the Holy Ghost; or it may be intended to imply thus much—that although we may formerly have had some experience of these truths, yet it is so with us now, that we are so far fallen away as to be satisfied with a mere doctrinal statement of these things according to the revelation given of them in the *letter* of scripture." Taking this charge in either sense, it does indeed appear to be full of vast importance, especially when such an accusation is made in reference to a society of people professing godliness; and that, by one, who has himself been found casting in his lot among the very same people.—Seeing that such is the case—that these people are thus accused of that which represents them to be a people who are dead in a

profession of religion, or otherwise so far fallen away, as to be scarcely half a shade beyond it; and seeing, that I myself am included among the group of (so called) dead and rotten hypocrites; for this reason I consider I am in a measure under an obligation, to endeavour to give some account of myself to you; and in order to this, I have thought it would be incumbent upon you to call upon me so to do: not that I say this because it should appear that I am seeking to cut a shining figure among men, by making a display of some great and wonderful thing, in relating my experience; no, God forbid, for this, I well know, would soon be dashed all to pieces. But although you have not pointedly called upon me to "give the reason of the hope that is in me," yet under present circumstances, particularly such as this, referred to above, I must say, I feel bound to state to you a few things relative to what I humbly hope the dear Lord has done for my soul. But before I enter upon this business, I desire to offer several remarks; and, first, I would observe, that you must not expect much from me, or you certainly will meet with a great disappointment, as you know I am neither a priest nor a scribe, and I feel perfectly persuaded that I shall find a considerable degree of difficulty to communicate to you, the things which lay in the secret chambers of my immortal soul. Secondly, I would say in reference to my own experience, which I am desirous to relate in some brief way and manner to you, that as it frequently occurs with me that I complain of, and are dissatisfied with almost everything, at times, so this, my experience, comes in for a tolerable large share of this complaining, inasmuch as I an often times led to draw such conclusions as these:—"Well, it is true I have heard and read of much experience, and some has been so clear, scriptural, and sound, and also commended to my conscience; and this has caused me secretly to say—"I wish mine was like it, for if God is not the author of mine, I am sure the sooner it is detected and exposed the better; and if it will not bear a searching examination by those who are made to know the difference between a *dead* and a *living* experience, it is not worth possessing." One thing more by way of introduction, and it is this:—That however deficient and lame it may appear, this one thing I am confident of, that it is nobody else's experience, but my own, and to use the expression of a gracious man, it is "neither begged, borrowed, nor stolen." So that none shall be found in that great day, at the closing up of all time things who have to say that the matter herein stated relative to God's gracious dealings with me an unworthy sinner, is false.

I begin by saying—The first thing in my remembrance, that had a tendency to open my blind eyes to discover the true state and condition in which I was found as a sinner before God, was this:—

It so happened when I was about sixteen years of age, that I went to visit an aged relation, who was a God-fearing woman, and on my coming away from her house, she put into my hand a book saying,—"here John, do you like to read this?" And I being willing to comply with her request, said, "yes, I have no objection to read it;" so I took it out of her hand, and I well remember the words she expressed on my receiving it of her, which were these, "May the Lord bless the reading of it to your soul," which prayer I am fully persuaded he graciously condescended to answer. For I came home and read the book attentively, the title of which was—"A guide for true pilgrims, and touchstone for deceived souls." Not having the most distant idea that the Lord the Spirit had designed it should be the first messenger sent to awaken my soul from its death-like sleep of sin and iniquity, but so it was; for the scope of the work being intended to shew the nature and effects of true faith—and also containing a solemn appeal to all such as were deluded and deceived, being evidently destitute of vital godliness, supposing themselves to be in the right way to heaven, when, at the same time; they were in the high road to hell. This true statement of things, seized fast hold on my mind, and I seemed for the first time, to view myself as one who was entirely lost and undone; being, as I conceived, destitute of those things which are essential to salvation; and this produced great consternation and alarm in my soul, for the time it lasted, which led me to sigh and cry that I might know what it was to be regenerated and born again of God the Holy Spirit; for I clearly saw that if I died without this change of heart, I must inevitably be lost, and perish for ever. But this alarm did not last long, how long I cannot now remember; however, I conclude it could not last many days, for I soon strove to turn a deaf ear to all thoughts about religion by such considerations as these:—"why sure there is no such hurry in attending to religious matters yet, seeing I am but of a tender age," and so endeavoured to put these things far away from me. Notwithstanding this attempt, serious and solemn thoughts of death and an eternal state, would at times, as it were, force their way into my mind, and often put a check on my wayward path, which was not an openly immoral path, but in the general, was such as is trodden by those who are seeking happiness in what would be called by many a shining professor, "harmless mirth;" such as music, cricketing, card-

playing, and the like: but it would sometimes be the case, that while thus engaged in these (so-called) "innocent amusements," there would be as it were a sudden damper put upon it all; and this most frequently took place when my companions seemed to be raised to the highest pitch of glee and jollity. These things continued for some months, nothing appeared so as to stop up my path but what I could go out among my gay companions, being quite as forward as any of them in pursuit of the vanities of the world. In the mean time I would say that as it was my lot from a child, to be trained up to the Church of England and the forms of devotion enjoined upon her members in the "Common Prayer Book," so I was found very regular in my attendance on the services of the same; which did in some measure, serve to quiet my somewhat disturbed conscience; and during this time I became very familiar with some of her ministers, whose conversation and preaching did as I then thought seem to help me forward more than a little; especially when gloominess and despondency prevailed in the mind relative to eternal things; only there was one thing I greatly wished for, which was, that I might be as sure of going to heaven as I concluded they were. It so happened on one occasion that one of these Rev. Gentlemen came where I was, just at a time when one of these desponding fits prevailed over my mind in an unusual manner, and I suppose he soon discovered that I appeared to be in trouble about something, so he went about after his manner to endeavour to cheer up my spirits, saying—"come, you must not be melancholly, I advise you to get into the garden, and exercise yourself among the plants there, and so pass the time away." This was considered to be wholesome advice indeed, by my friends, who seemed very much concerned about my being in such a low state of mind: whether this advice was put into practice or not, I cannot now say; but I think it was; this I can positively say, that many other things of a similar description were sought after, in order, if possible, to smooth these troublesome hours.

As I have kept no dates of this part of my narrative, I cannot specify the precise period of time when the following things commenced, suffice it to say, it was about the nineteenth year of my age, when it appeared the Lord was about to visit me with a long train of bodily afflictions, which followed one upon another in a similar manner to Job's, though not of the same nature; and, together with these calamities, my mental affliction continued to keep pace with them, inasmuch as I seemed to be edged about indeed; and it was so with me, that death and destruction was so clearly pour-

trayed to my view, that I was often heard to exclaim, "O, if I die, what will become of me;" and there are those of my friends, who are living witnesses to these things. My bodily afflictions as might be supposed called for medical assistance, the same being of a very singular and unusual kind, my friends therefore endeavoured to procure this for me. I remember on one occasion, I did with difficulty walk about a mile to meet a medical man; and, after examining me, and asking many questions, he appeared quite at a loss to know what to say of me or to me; and certain I am, I was equally as much at a loss to tell him what really was the matter with me: so I returned home in much the same trouble as I went. This leads me to state that as change of air and change of scene was recommended, I was removed to Dover for this purpose, where I continued some months, and during all this time I was more or less in deep distress of mind, but from what cause I could not tell, neither could I explain it to any one.

I remember while I was at this place, at one time as I was standing in a gentleman's garden near the sea side, being almost bowed down with soul-trouble, that the same gentleman began to speak to me in a way of consolation; and as we were gazing on the wide ocean, he remarked, "Christ says, 'I am the water:;' and again, 'I am the door:;' and 'I am the way.'" These three characters of Christ, besides a few other observations, were then described to me by the mouth of this man. But although there did appear to be some sweetness in these words, as he spake unto me, yet it did not remove my burden: here I would observe that this was the first time I ever heard any one speak of the way of salvation, by and through Jesus Christ alone. What the man was, I know not, neither do I recollect ever seeing him after. About the time I was in this garden, I witnessed one of the keenest sensations I was ever made to feel of the tremendous thunderings of a broken law issued out against the sinner who comes short of its just demands. On another occasion, I remember going to bed, and had been there but a short time when such fearful apprehensions of wrath and condemnation seized hold upon my mind, that I was compelled to leave the bed and the room, and went down stairs and awoke my friends, who were dreadfully alarmed to see me in such a state, and they desired me to explain to them what was the matter; but I could not tell them, for the life of me. Many such like instances I might relate, but I forbear on account of brevity. I might likewise enumerate some remarkable things in providence, which happened unto me about this time; indeed, I do not feel justified in passing them by in silence;

I was once near upon losing my life on a race-course — the horses were coming full speed into the goal, and I suppose I being eager to see them come in, got too close, when one of them struck me with violence to the ground, which blow left me completely insensible for a time. This was indeed a narrow escape, and I have since been led to consider how miraculously was the special providence of God extended towards me at this time. At two different times, I have been brought so near to death's door, by reason of inflammation and other disorders of the body, as for the most scientific medical men to pronounce me incurable. These are no small matters in my account, considering they all happened before I was brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ by faith.

I remember I had a vision in one of these fits of sickness to this effect:—I thought I was standing in some open plain, looking up to the sky: and presently there appeared innumerable blazing stars, and they were the means of setting the elements in a blaze; then I thought a fiery blast came sweeping along the ground from the west, and it burned up every thing and spread destruction all before it: I thought I ran for shelter here and there, and although it followed close after me, it did not quite overtake me: and being much terrified by this, I awoke, and glad I was that it was only a dream. The interpretation of this vision was very plain to me, as it so exactly corresponded with the state of mind I was then brought into, being under fearful apprehensions of divine wrath, and not having experienced forgiveness of sins by the blood of Jesus Christ; which forgiveness of sins, and deliverance from the curse of the law I must now hasten on to describe. But previous to this, I must observe a few things, in reference to that pitch of legal striving to keep the law, unto which I was now arrived, and the point at which I aimed was to attain to a living epistle or copy of the Common Prayer Book, for I verily believe that this book was to me at that time, as his holiness the Pope is to the Papists: a strict attendance upon the externals of religion, together with the legality of my mind was that which brought me to be a self-righteous pharisee; and I often looked upon these splendid attainments as far surpassing the generality of religionists. And although there was stripping, wounding, and slaying going on within, during all this time, yet so foolish and ignorant was I, that I was again and again found going to this Mr. Legality for a plaister for the wound, and I did think sometimes it was almost healed, until it broke out afresh, and then I knew what David meant when he said "my wounds stink and are corrupt:" and in this

plight it was, that the following things overtook me.

It so happened on one occasion, that I was sent on an errand to a neighbour's house, who was a Dissenter, and the man perceiving me to be in earnest about soul-matters, began to enter into conversation on spiritual things, and after asking me a few questions to which I endeavoured to give an answer, he invited me to attend a Dissenting place of worship at which invitation I paused, and after a while I said I will endeavour to consider of that, as I am not a Dissenter; however, the man did not press me on that point but only said, "that he was accustomed to attend where the truth was preached," upon this we parted, and in the space of a few days after, a message was sent to me, informing me of Mr. Jones' coming to Brabourne Street, to preach on a week-day evening; and by the help of God I was enabled, and by his wisdom directed, to hear the joyful sound of deliverance from captivity and bondage under the law, whereby my chains were broken off, and I was set at a happy liberty: the Scripture was this "by the grace of God, I am what I am:" my soul received the word as from heaven, and as he was led to describe the way of salvation by grace alone, I was led to discover such a beauty and excellency in the Lord Jesus Christ as a complete Saviour for my lost soul as caused me, (like the Eunuch,) to go on my way rejoicing for some time after. I have been constrained to look upon this as a mighty deliverance wrought for me in several points of view; for as it was a deliverance from my bondage state, so it was likewise a deliverance from the dead formality in which my soul was enveloped, by reason of the task-masters under which I was bound, while in the Church of England: it gave me to see with new eyes indeed, in these matters.

Not long after this, I was in attendance again, at the same place, when Mr. Tappenden was engaged preaching from these words—"Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba Father." This was another blessed sealing testimony and confirmation to my soul of the reality of what had gone before, inasmuch as I was then favoured with the solemn witness of the Spirit of God with my spirit that I was a child of his, and adopted into his family. Although this matter has been called in question very many times since that, yet I dare not speak of it in any less positive terms. Besides these two, there were other means whereby my soul was blessedly enabled to rejoice in being brought into the liberty of the gospel of Christ; and among them, was the reading of the first volume of hymns, by Daniel Herbert, which a friend lent me, at

this time ; they were to me, like honey, dropping from the honey-comb, so sweet and precious to my soul, that I used to get into secret places by day and by night, and read them, rejoicing in God. Now I could read the Scriptures with great pleasure and delight and discovered Christ in them, almost in every page ; sweetly meditating on the precious promises God has given to his children therein ; and what made them the more precious, was, that they all appeared to belong to me ; every thing that a covenant God had to give to sinners in his dear Son, appeared mine ; this was appropriating faith indeed. And as to prayer, it was my very element to breathe in the atmosphere of spiritual communion and fellowship with God.

It is not necessary to lengthen this narrative at present, or I might go on to relate a long succession of trials, temptations, persecutions, and afflictions which have fallen to my lot since those golden days referred to above. Let it suffice to say these days of darkness have been many.

I said on introducing this statement, that I have thought it would be incumbent on you to demand a testimony from me : by this expression, I did not intend to intimate any necessity or compulsion on your part ; by no means. Only, supposing you were somewhat moved on receiving such a false statement of things ; and that you might be desirous to make some enquiry after a proof of real and vital godliness, among such a people thus represented ; and this supposition has been the means of inducing me to send the foregoing testimony to you ; in the humble hope that the blessing of God may accompany it.

I remain your's truly,
Brabourne, Kent. JOHN MATE.

On my Birth-day, Jan. 20th. 1846.

Lord, wilt thou hear a sinner's plea,
Who humbly begs one thing of thee ?
Oh ! make my drooping soul alive,
The day that I am twenty-five.

Twenty years of my life had flown,
Before I heav'd an heart-felt groan ;
I then was fill'd with worldly life,
And knew nought of the painful strife,

Which since I've found within me reign,
Which causeth sorrow, grief and pain ;
For when I would do good, I find
That evil will crowd in my mind.

But things which once gave me delight,
No longer are a pleasing sight,
Their power is lost to charm or please—
In fact they only vex and tease.

I find, indeed, they're with me still,
Though surely 'tis against my will ;
For I would gladly drive away
All things that lead my mind astray.

A wilderness I'm trav'ling through,
And hardly know which way to go ;
For when I think, soon 'twill be right,
How quickly after comes the night !

And then I grope to find my way,
And take such paths that lead astray ;
Wild ravenous beasts there too I meet,
And traps, and gins, t' ensnare my feet.

When in this sad and dreadful plight,
I sometimes cry with all my might
To God, to cheer my gloomy way,
With one believing heavenly ray.

But 'tis not always I can call,
For oftentimes asleep I fall ;
Then scarcely a desire have I
To be arousd', though danger's nigh.

But when I wake, 'tis then I see,
How many dangers threaten me ;
What deadly and malicious foes,
My journey onward do oppose.

Oh ! how this sleepy state I dread !
For though we sleep, satan's not dead ;
That is his time to venture in
With every deadly pois'nous sin.

But though he comes with deadly aim,
To fill my soul with grief and shame ;
He cannot keep my wishful eyes,
From Him who dwells above the skies.

For Him I sigh, for Him I pine,
Oh dearest Jesus ; am I thine ?
If so I am, do swiftly come ;
Nor let me from thee, ever roam.

Do, dearest Lord, do let this be,
A special birth-day unto me ;
Let not my foes, Lord, be alive,
The day that I am twenty-five. — ELIZA.

“ Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's Elect ? ”

Hail ! brother Banks, thou poor despised one,
Belov'd of God ere time its race begun ;
Ere worlds were made, or nature drew its breath,
God had decreed to save thy soul from death.

May God the Spirit with his mighty power,
Protect and guard thee in the trying hour ;
And grant supplies of grace from day to day,
To preach up Christ, the true and living way.

To preach his grace and love that sav'd thy precious
soul ;

To preach his power, that did the waves control,
When hell, with damning power, rushed like a flood,
To drag thy ransom'd soul away from God.

Who dare condemn, 'tis God that justifies :
Cheer up, my brother, cheer, for, far beyond the skies
With Christ, the weeping sinner's only friend,
You soon shall dwell in bliss that knows no end.

Who sings the loudest song, among the blood
bought host ?

But he to whom his dearest Lord forgives the most ?
A few more smiles from him that died thy soul to
save ;

Then, farewell flesh, temptation, and the grave.

A stranger in the flesh, dear friend, I am to thee,
Yet, humbly trust with you, the Lord hath set me
free ;

And when Jehovah makes the sun with power to shine,
Can sing with brother Banks, the Lord, the Lord is
mine.

Brother, I find a tear is starting from my eye,
I say no more ; the Lord thy needs supply ;
Fare, fare thee well, my brother, for a little while,
You'll hear of me again when Jesus deigns to smile.

A POOR WORM.

**"THE ROD OF THE WICKED SHALL NOT REST UPON THE
LOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS."**

To the Church and Congregation meeting for worship at Crosby-row, Southwark

BELOVED IN THE LORD,

I RECEIVED while in the country a request to publish the substance of a discourse which the Lord enabled me to deliver on the first Lord's-day in March ; but that is impossible : I am constrained to present you with a brief outline of a discourse from the third verse of the 125th Psalm— "The rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous ; lest the righteous put forth his hand unto iniquity." After some days of inward darkness, and many fears arising out of temporal circumstances, these words came to me with a fulness and richness I can hardly express.

I have felt moved to give you this little fragment, hoping it may be made a blessing to you. Moreover I have found that in many parts of the country where the people of God are not favoured with a living ministry they ofttimes get comfort and encouragement in the public reading of such discourses as the Lord has enabled some of his faithful servants to preach and to publish. It is a fact, that believers in Jesus are known to walk many miles from distant and obscure parts of the country only to hear a gospel sermon read.

May our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ be pleased, by the anointing of the Holy Ghost, to bless the following to many hungry souls ; and to him shall all the praise be given.

"*The rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous.*" This is surely, a most glorious promise. Believer in Jesus ! may you be able to weigh well the contents of this word ; and by faith to realise your interest in it !

First—You will notice this promise has character in it—the *Righteous* and the *Wicked*.

Secondly—It speaks of an implied authority—"The rod of the wicked."

Thirdly—An implied possession—"The lot of the righteous."

Fourthly—An implied *permission*—The rod of the wicked may touch, may scourge, may much afflict—but shall not *rest* on the righteous.

Fifthly—There is an implied precaution—lest the righteous put forth his hands unto iniquity.

First—Here are characters : the *wicked* and the *righteous*. There are some solemn contrasts in God's word, whereby the distinct characters of the two are thrown out.

1—"He will keep the feet of his saints ; and the wicked shall be silent in darkness." God's elect shall be raised up, their feet set upon the Rock, their steps ordained, their ways preserved. He will keep the feet : the heart may be entangled, the affections ensnared for a time ; but the saint's standing in Christ

shall be for ever; while the wicked shall lay in the stillness of death, in the awful weakness of sin; in the silent grave and filthiness of their natural state! neither praying to, nor praising a triune God.

2.—Such as do wickedly against the covenant, shall satan corrupt by flatteries; but the people that do know their God, shall be strong and do exploits. Every unregenerated professor—every self-righteous, and presumptuous professor, is doing wickedly against the covenant. What is it to do wickedly against the covenant? A man that wants to add something to the covenant: to bring something to the work of Christ—he does wickedly against the covenant. A man that professes to espouse the cause—to believe the gospel—to embrace the ordinances of Christ, and yet goes on to live in open sins, or in secret sins, he does wickedly against the covenant. A man that preaches the truths of the cross and the covenant without any living faith, or manifestation of interest in them, or spiritual likeness to them; such a man doth wickedly against the covenant.

“But the people that do know their God”—Oh, what an expression is that! “*The people that do know their God*”—this knowledge lays in the communication of what a covenant God in Three Persons is to the people. God is light, and he is light in them; God is life, and he is life in them; God is love, and he is love in them; he gives them life to live spiritually; and light to see spiritually, and love to love spiritually. Each person in the Trinity bestows a trinity of blessings. In God they have life, light, and love. In Christ they have peace by his blood; justification by his righteousness, and access unto God by his intercession. In the Holy Ghost, they have faith, hope, and perseverance. Faith purifies: hope encourages: perseverance strengthens. These “shall be strong, and do exploits”—while the wicked shall be flattered, deluded, and destroyed.

II.—In the text you have an implied authority—“*The rod of the wicked.*” It is the wicked that are in authority, as Pharaoh was over Israel; Nebuchadnezzar had power over the three Hebrew children; Darius had power over Daniel; Herod laid hold of John, cast him into prison, and took off his head. In what dreadful scenes has this authority been manifest! through the permitted power of the devil, wicked men have ruled over, and persecuted the saints of God to an awful extent.

It is so now, although persecution for Christ's sake, has nearly fallen asleep, yet, still, in wicked ministers, in wicked men, in wicked lusts, and in wicked bodies, there is an unholy power against the saints. The church and people of God have always been a poor, despised, low, mean part of the world. Men are apt to look with contempt upon the Gospel kingdom;—and the flesh looks upon grace as an intruder; flesh says to grace, “What do you want here?” and grace sometimes seems afraid of its existence.

III.—The text supposes a possession, “*The lot of the Righteous.*”

What is the peculiar lot of the Righteous? What is *not* the lot of the Righteous? Fatal delusions are not: it is not possible finally to deceive God's elect. Eternal destruction is not—“For they shall never perish.” Everlasting misery is not—for they shall dwell with God in endless bliss.

The word *lot* in the text means—“*a choice portion*”—a pre-determined and well appointed inheritance: something set apart expressly for them—and so secured as never to be violated or wrested from them, or them from it. What then, is the *lot* of the righteous? It is a perfect lot:—Seven-fold in its constitution. 1. The fulness of the Godhead—2. The glory of Christ's person—3. The work of the Holy Ghost—4. The mysteries of the gospel kingdom—5. A meetness for immortal glory—6. Security and safety in the article of death—7. An abundant entrance into the blissful presence of God and of the Lamb

Oh, yes, this is a choice, a pre-determined, a well-appointed portion. Look at its many parts separately.—1. The fulness of the Godhead bodily. That is, the love and mercy, the grace and power of God, is our portion: this is the promise “I will take you to me for a people; and I will be to you a God.” “They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, GOD WITH US.” In his love, mercy, justice, holiness and power, God is with us; and is the foundation of our heavenly lot. 2. The person of Christ—The husband is the glory, the comfort, the nourisher, the refuge, of the wife. So is Christ, the glory, the comfort, the nourisher, the refuge of the church. All he is, and has, is her’s: his holy person, his healing blood, his justifying righteousness, his loving heart, his sovereign arm, his pleading and prevailing lips, his lovely mouth, all are her’s. He is her lot. 3. The work of the Holy Ghost. Quickening grace to live; repenting grace to sorrow and to turn from sin; praying grace to cry: believing grace to lay hold on Christ: all this is in the lot of the righteous. 4. The mysteries of the gospel kingdom—“Unto the righteous it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom.” Predestination unto life, election in, and union to Christ; redemption by him, and glory with him. 5. Meekness for glory, that is a being crucified to the world; dead to the world; and alive unto God; longing for God; loving the holiness and peace of God. This is peculiarly the experimental lot of the righteous. 6. Deliverance from the sting of death; preservation in the article of death: a safe passage through the Jordan of death. Oh, what a lot it is. 7. An abundant entrance—He will present the church unto himself with a full and happy welcome.

In winding up, notice an implied permission—“The lot of the wicked shall not rest.” The rod of the wicked did touch, did afflict, did crucify the person of Christ:—It has and does afflict the persons of his people:—But the hidden inheritance it can never destroy. It can never so rest upon any attribute of God as to destroy it. No, he shall reign until all enemies are under his feet.

“The rod of the wicked!” What can it do? It may cast Joseph into the pit, and take him down into Egypt; but God himself will govern the rod. It may ensnare David; it may overcome Peter; it may bring strong temptations and bitter persecutions upon a poor coming sinner; but it can never rest upon the lot of the Righteous. No people on the face of the earth are more tried, more afflicted, more distressed, and filled with harassing fears, than are the people of God. As with Job, and with Paul, they are sometimes called “to suffer the loss of all things”—all earthly comforts, and all spiritual mercies, are frequently taken away by the rod of the wicked; but the covenanted lot of the righteous remains.

The rod of the wicked can never mar the righteousness of Christ—it can never impoverish the blood of Christ—it can never resist the intercession of Christ—it can never eclipse the glory of Christ—it can never dissolve the union of the church to Christ—it can never stop the work of the Holy Ghost.—Life in the soul—repentance in the heart—faith in the mind, can never be destroyed; apparently they may be lost, but destroyed they cannot be. It can never bring back the sting of death, nor close the doors of sovereign mercy and electing love against the chosen saints of God.

Finally—An implied precaution: “Lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.” But for the completeness of this lot, and the absoluteness of this promise, the whole election of grace would bring ruin upon their own heads—but God has prevented it—“The rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous.”

Beloved, the wicked may have, and, for a time, may exercise, the rod of authority and power, so as to afflict the poor saints and servants of God: but the lot of the righteous is hidden—safely hidden, in the fulness, of God in the person of Christ, and in the immortal glories of that upper and better world, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt; where thieves cannot break through nor steal.

Your’s to serve in the Gospel, C. W. BANKS.

The Goodness and Forbearance of God to CALEB COATES.

(Continued from p. 32)

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—

DURING the last month, I have had many portions of the word arrest my mind, relative to my giving publicity to the way in which I have walked through this wilderness of sin and death; and I have been, by them, tossed to and fro, and as it were sifted from side to side, which have caused much painful exercise to exist in my soul, while I examined matters—not only as to giving the public a view of me, but as to whether my experience is anything more than a delusion. At these times I have been in such a state that I cannot describe, and have said within myself I will proceed no further, at any rate: and will betake myself to the weapon of all prayer, (as Bunyan calls it,) and beg of the Lord to decide the matter, whether I am right or wrong: as yet, I have had no positive answer; but, I have been made to look at this portion more than once—"If thou hast done foolishly in lifting up thyself; or, if thou hast thought evil, proceed no further." Prov. xxx. 31. I do pray the Lord to make this manifest to me, for I believe the human heart is exceedingly crafty—as is written, "who can know it?" I find it exceedingly difficult for me to learn what is of God, and what is of the flesh and the devil—I mean respecting the different feelings that pass through my mind at times: doubtless, that way which seemeth right unto a man, when weighed, is found at times awfully wrong. Let me, therefore, take heed that I do not mourn at the last when my flesh and my body shall be consumed. Prov. v. i.

The foxes of the islands, we are told, act very cautiously, when they want to cross from one island to another, in frosty weather, they strike the ice with their foot and then listen attentively to the sound, that they may learn the safety of their intended exit. May I learn a lesson by the conduct of these animals, and be helped to sound the will of Him, who never proved a barren wilderness, to the house of Jacob. (Jer. ii. 31,) and receive sweet answers as shall tend to satisfy me, that the Lord is on my side. A cloud of darkness hangs over my mind at the present, therefore I proceed with reluctance, to give an account of what effect that change of heart which I noticed in my last, had on my moral conduct when I arrived at my home in London:—First, then, I wanted my wife to let me burn the cards; after I had so done, I then began to tell her my reason for so doing, and what had happened to me while in the country, and the line of conduct I intended to pursue, and what I

intended to dispense with, namely, I would have no more selling vegetables on Sundays, no more playing of cards; no more skittle playing; no more shooting at pigeon matches; no more violating the Sabbath, by walking out to visit carnal relations, but on the contrary, should betake myself to reading my Bible, and going to chapel, and seeking those things that make for my eternal peace: I moreover said, tell my brother John in the morning, to inform the customers, that they can have what vegetables they wanted, that day, but never any more on a Sunday, will any thing be sold off the ground: so, on the morrow, (Sunday,) this message was delivered to the customers, but the person who had more right in the business than myself, did not approve of such a law; I did not consult with him, the night before, which doubtless I ought to have done, respecting not selling any thing on the ground, on those days, and he hearing my brother John deliver the message, contradicted it, and said that they might come as usual: I then went out with a feeling of determination that no more trading should exist on those days; I acted anything but wisely at this juncture, because that which is even to this day a snare to me, (even my temper,) got the upper hand of me, and then I learnt the truth of those words—"the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water:" (Prov. xvii. 14.) I was then told that I had been down into the country, and jumped into religion, but that I should soon jump out of it again: to this I replied, and I have often wondered at my expression, "What I have jumped into, I shall never jump out of: and now let me tell you once for all, that while I have any hand in this business, nothing shall be served off the ground on Sundays." I then went into my house, but all my tender feelings were drowned in this affair; bitterness, wretchedness, and horror, were in their place. Oh! the killing power of sin; what a state I was plunged into in less than half an hour: all my religion did indeed appear vain to me. (James i. 26.) And evil pursued me to such a degree that made me think, it was no use for me to think anything about my being a changed character; however, blessed be God grace reigned, and I was constrained to go out even that very morning, to chapel, to hear MR. IRONS, of Camberwell; but I did not get on at all; in the evening, I heard DR. ANDREWS, of Walworth: but neither of these ministers touched my case. The following Sunday I went, and heard the Dr. again, but I could not distinguish by his preaching, how a poor soul might be saved, nor did he touch my case at all. I then thought I would go and hear MR. WELLS, who was then preaching at the Old Surrey

Tabernacle: when I came under the sound of his ministry, I was wholly surprised, for he appeared to know all about me; he would tell out my feelings, thoughts, actions, and desires too; yes, and something more—Under his ministry, even the first time I heard him, my soft feeling came again; and for many months I got on as I thought down right well; for I was made to weep and to rejoice, every time I heard him. At length a few times came, when I did not have a melting season; then I would be greatly cast down. During this time, matters at home, were going on, as I thought well; I would not let my wife, and brother John laugh, nor yet have any trifling or light conversations, without telling them they had better read the Bible; and that they would not laugh when they got to hell; and with my religion, or rather, with being righteous overmuch, I made them quite miserable.

I was very attentive to reading my bible, and to saying my prayers night and morning; and many times I would go fast asleep in the attitude of prayer; and my wife has often come down stairs, in the middle of the night, to see what I was after, and found me fast asleep on my knees. This line of things was put an end to in the following manner: I was planting box-edging one day very happy in my mind, and I thought sin was dead, and that I should not have any more trouble; and so I should not want Herbert's hymn book any longer, but would return it to my mother; and look into the bible for more substantial things; I presently fell into a grievous rage; and my temper was allowed to get the mastery of me for several days together, notwithstanding my prayer against it: at last, I thought I would pray no more; for I got worse instead of better; and I recollect asking my wife if she could not see my religion was all gone? "Yes," she said, "you are a mystery to me." I told her I could see my religion leaving me as smoke going out of the window. About this time I awoke one night, in a dreadful fright; I had drained the devil was in the room; and that I could see him standing at the feet of my bed; and I wondered that my wife could not see him also: she has told me since, that she thought at that time I was out of my mind, and so indeed I was, for I verily thought I was a lost man; and that I could do nothing better than attend to a dreadful temptation presented to me, which was to hang myself. I planned all things in my mind how I would do this deed; when I had so done, before I stirred one step to the performance of such a rash act, these words came to my mind, "I will wait till my change come," (Job). The snare was broken, and I then thought I saw that Job was

tempted in like manner, and that the words quoted was his answer to the tempter. I then left off praying night and morning, and Mr. Wells would often speak against a mere form of prayer, and I like another man I then knew thought it was not necessary to drag my weary bones, to the bed side of a night. In this miserable, dark and wretched state of mind I continued some time; and I went to get a load of dung at a public-house, where I have spent many hours, while dead in sin, when I came there, the skittle ball was at work, and I then thought at any rate I might look through a hole in the boards, at the players, but while I looked on, these words or some to the same import came to my mind, abstain from all appearance of evil, I then left the place and went to work, and never have I touched a skittle ball since the time I left that to me besetting game. At the commencement of my illness, the cloud still continued to encircle me; darkness, even felt darkness, was by me experienced; yet Mr. Wells seemed to know all about me; so much so that I thought some one must have told him of me, and of the fighting going on in my mind; and as there were some amongst his hearers that knew me, especially one with whom I used to have a little conversation while Mr. W. was preaching at Prince's Court, I resolved to write a letter to Mr. Wells. His answer was, "I do not know you, neither has any one told me anything about you; but I believe the Lord knows you; not only from your letter, but because, I felt great liberty, before the Lord on your behalf; I find it, (continues Mr. W.) very blessed to beg for the Lord's family, for while so employed, I often get a crumb for myself." Some time after this, not getting on better, I wrote another letter to Mr. W. telling him that he was altogether deceived in me and I laid myself out to him in this letter, as well as I was able, and I said at the bottom, "can there be mercy for a wretch like me?" I waited some time for an answer to this letter, and certainly I thought it was all over with me, but one Sunday Mr. B. gave me a letter, from Mr. W., I went home by the new Bedlam; and there I opened my letter, and these words were in it, "the Lord is yours." I felt greatly encouraged. Then Mr. W. went on to say, "the Lord knows you; and by my ministry is searching you; which is a good sign, if the work going on in your soul is of God, he will ultimately bring you experimentally acquainted with himself;" and he further said "if the work is nothing more than natural convictions, and to use his own words, "religious fits," I then should, before long, find rest in a dead round of duties, destitute of living faith in the great Head of the church, and I should go

again into open profanity; but may I not hope better things of you, and things that accompany salvation? After this it pleased the dear Lord to give me a little reviving in my bondage, and I found the ministry to be life again to my soul, I do not recollect any particular portion of the word, but the power of the ministry brought me again to live in hope; that the Lord's goodness to me, would make my eyes run down with tears.

Your's to serve for the truth's sake,
C. COATES.

(To be Continued.)

ORDINATION of Mr. T. SMEETON.

THE Ordination of Mr. Thomas Smeeton, as Pastor over the Baptist Church, at Little Stonham, Suffolk, took place on Wednesday, the 18th of March. We arrived at the Chapel while Mr. Jno. Foreman was stating the nature of a Gospel Church. After this, one of the deacons read a paper detailing the circumstances, under God, which had led the Church to elect Mr. Smeeton as their Pastor. Mr. Smeeton then gave some account of the dealings of the Lord with his soul in bringing him out of a state of infidelity and sin into a reception of the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel. There were many very striking features in the change produced, in the conflicts of soul which ensued, and in the deliverance which he declared himself to have been the subject of. Mr. Smeeton is evidently a man of very considerable natural abilities: we trust he will be made manifest as a good steward, and a faithful minister of Christ. The ordination prayer by Mr. Collins, was most solemn, and appropriate to the occasion. The charge to the Pastor was then given by Mr. George Wright, of Beccles, from the 20th of Acts, and the 28th. verse. We cannot give expression to the feelings of gratitude, love, and esteem, which we felt towards that able minister of the Gospel, while delivering a charge richly fraught with all the solemn verities and responsibilities connected with the pastoral office: we do sincerely hope that Mr. Wright will be called upon, and constrained to publish it. It was replete with nervous, evangelical, experimental, and practical matter. It ought not, in these days, to be buried. We could but rejoice that Suffolk is blessed

with an advocate so firm, so spiritual and, in every sense, so powerful in the defence not only of Gospel doctrine, but also of New Testament discipline. In the afternoon Mr. Foreman preached to the church. The place was crowded to excess.

REVIEW.

The Loving-kindness of the Lord.

A Sermon, preached at the Devonshire Rooms, on Lord's Day Evening, January 18th, 1846. By WILLIAM TANT. Occasioned by the removal of the Church and Congregation, to Jireh Chapel, Robert Street, Brighton. J. PAUL, Chapter-House Court, Paternoster-Row,

THE friends of William Tant, (and in our recent travels through some parts of the county of Suffolk, we were glad to find many living souls to whom his labours as a minister of the gospel, had been greatly blessed) will read with considerable interest this little testimony of "the loving kindness of the Lord," towards such of his people as are now worshipping in the newly-erected Jireh, at Brighton.

The faithfulness and the kindness of the Lord towards his people, as well as the trying path through which they are often called to travel, are the principal subjects treated of in this discourse. A vein of holy confidence; and a lively interest in the things which God hath prepared for those that love him, seem very blessedly to have pervaded the mind of the preacher. We make the following extracts from the sermon, for two reasons—first, because the perusal of them hath brought a sweetness and savour into our souls, and they are calculated to cheer the drooping spirits of the afflicted saints of God; secondly, because we hope hereby the friends of vital godliness and of a living ministry will be stirred up, and induced to encourage the circulation of this messenger of good tidings to the household of faith. In an early part of the discourse, the preacher says:—

"All the efforts of man—all the stratagems of the wicked one cannot hold the heirs of promise a moment after the set time arrives to call them by grace. And after his glorious Majesty has summoned them to the bar of their own conscience, and read the bill of indictment in their

hearts, no free-will scheme, no duty-faith religion, can keep them from the realities of Salvation. Not one of the dear sheep of Christ, shall be suffered to remain in the vassalage of either the religious, or irreligious world, but shall be searched, sought out, and brought away from all the delusions of the flesh, to feed on the pastures of eternal truth."

"William Tant," says a sober, and discerning christian man, in Suffolk, "I do believe will come to be of great use to the church of Jesus Christ yet. He has been wonderfully knocked about by professors; but all these things are evidently working an experience in him that will much qualify him for the poor and afflicted of God's family.

In the following extract the preacher comes out in his usual bold style, against that canting hypocrisy, and momentary flashes of fleshy zeal, which all the ministers of the gospel are more or less exposed to.

"In my little time, I have found very few thus made wise unto salvation. I have found those who have professed much, but have, after a time proved they possessed nothing. Who have talked largely, both about their own badness, and the Lord's goodness; but who have neither felt the one nor found the other! How many there are who build up with one hand what they pull down with the other. How many there have been in these very Rooms, who have pretended great love to the truths I have preached, yet by their conduct have shewn they have neither received me by the spirit of God, nor profited under me by blessed demonstration. They have come to me or written to me, and said, what you have said of the vileness of the human heart we have felt, and the precious tidings of Salvation by grace, as you preach, we can welcome with all our hearts; and yet these, with all their pretensions and zealous attachment, have frequently been the first to leave me, foremost to condemn me; pretending to be nothing, they ultimately proved they thought themselves every thing, and bolstered up with pride and presumption, thought every other person was like themselves. I remember one young man particularly well, who once used to worship here—indeed he may be here now—I am too near sighted to see you, therefore it is not because he is here I mention it, nor because he is absent, but it just strikes my mind, and so I mention it. I remember his letters which I still have by me. Oh! his vileness!! Oh! what corruption he felt!! Oh! how suitable my ministry was to him!! Yes, he had such a black heart.

he could not dare to think he was a child of grace—an heir of the kingdom!! Yet this man with all his talk of his own wretched self, making out himself as his letters portray, (several of which I have by me,) the vilest of the vile, turns out to be as great a calumniator of other people, as ever came under my notice, as if his food was the real or imaginary sins of others."

"At this time nothing so delights him as to talk to the customers who frequent his shop, of the supposed or real infirmities of William Tant; now with his infirmities, I received him as a gracious soul—he may be so—I do not say he is not; but how can we reconcile this sort of things? if he be so vile as his letters express, and the vileness he feels, he so hates, and the gospel he heard, he so prized and gathered comfort from—how is it he so fondly dwells upon what he thinks to be the failings of others? Either what he said before was not under the blessed Spirit's teaching—or he hath got into an awfully hardened state, and lacketh certain important matters (2 Peter i.) which would benefit his soul, and cause him to adorn the doctrines of God our Saviour, or he is a deluded mortal altogether, pretending to that he never felt, and professing that he never possessed."

We heard no small mention, while recently moving among some of the Lord's people in Suffolk, of "the cruel treatment" which Mr. Tant had experienced in that county. We also heard many counter statements. In the following sketch, he plainly shews that while on the one hand he has had to pass through dark and distressing paths, on the other hand goodness and mercy have followed him. We trust his testimony may encourage the hearts of the persecuted servants of God; and also be instrumental in stopping the mouths of many adversaries. If there be any just ground for that bitterness of spirit manifested against him by many "who call themselves christians," and christian ministers, we are ignorant of it.

"I do not on this occasion wish to enter into wearisome details, but I am desirous of shewing you *by facts*, the loving-kindness of the Lord. I must first go back to the year 1840, when I was turned out of Stonham Chapel, in Suffolk, for preaching at variance with the Trust Deed, which said 'the moral law, is the believer's rule.' Now I never read in the Bible of the *moral law*, and being dead to 'the law of works,' having the 'law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus' made precious to my soul, and being governed thereby, I of course spoke more in favour

of Jesus Christ, than of Moses. Besides I knew Moses was *dead and buried*, but Jesus Christ was *dead*, and is alive for evermore; and as I do not belong to the house of the servant, but to the house of the Son, I still keep on preaching this gospel rule—this new creation rule—'and as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them and mercy.'

"I was at the time I was dismissed Stonham Chapel, residing at a place called Debenham, a few miles from Stonham, and after my dismissal, 'preached in my own hired house,' as did the Apostle. But the great numbers that attended could not be accommodated; while the labour of preaching in so inconvenient a place, preyed upon my constitution. Added to this, the landlord threatened to turn me out of the house, if I continued preaching there. No probability of obtaining a place to meet in appearing, I felt the necessity of a change. And though the dear people who followed me stood very close to my heart, and do so to this very moment; yet I could not but long to be released from much under which I was then suffering. About this time, I received invitations from Canterbury, Brighton, and Cheltenham. I accepted them in the order in which they reached me, and in the order I have named them. I preached at Canterbury, but though most kindly treated by the people, could not feel the door open for me to remain among them. I came to Brighton, and on my way, had those words of the Lord Jesus, weigh with great power on my mind, 'into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, peace be to this house, and if the Son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it; if not, it shall turn to you again. And in the same house remain eating and drinking such things as they give; for the labourer is worthy of his hire. Go not from house to house.' Luke xii. 5-7.

"I preached in Windsor Street Chapel, in this town, the first Lord's day in March, 1841—my first text was 'peace be to the brethren.' I felt the presence and power of God in my own soul, and knew while I was preaching, that the word was received. This, after circumstances confirmed; nevertheless I perceived that there were those who though they could pluck out their eyes for me now, would like others had done before, be ready in a little time, to pluck out mine. I could feel out that there were a great many among them, who did not altogether want Jesus Christ—there were those who had plenty of lip-work and head swellings, who possessed nothing in the heart. One said, 'the razor'—'the razor'—'that razor you take up so often'—'I wonder so many people come to hear you; such cutting and shaving.' Alas! alas! thought I, here is a storm coming. 'Call no man master,' said

the Lord: and so, regardless of man, I went on for about six months; and during that time had a great many tossings to and fro * * * When I first came to Brighton, I had lodgings in Black Lion Street. The person who kept the house, may recollect the circumstance when mentioned. I was so distracted by the conflict of my mind, concerning remaining, or departing from Brighton, that two days and two nights, I was more or less light-headed. And after the last night spent in distress, only equalled by a subsequent circumstance, to which I shall presently allude, I awoke with these words—'Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee.' I say then, these words had with me a weight and power, carrying evidence sufficient to convince me, Brighton was to be my present abode; besides which, some heartily welcomed the Gospel I preached; these appeared to me the worthy ones. Yet I had a secret hope it would not be of a long continuance, because the clouds and storms, which I could see in the horizon, terrified me exceedingly. But there was no way of escape. And I was very soon told to leave Windsor Street Chapel. I did so; and with all my turnings and tossings, I felt there was a people who as I have just said, appeared "worthy," and who heartily approved of me on Gospel ground only. Some of these people are with me to the present moment, living witnesses that the reception which they gave me at first, was founded in the grace of God; and for this reason, we can still love and esteem one another."

"Amidst then the calumny and reproach—the scorn and derision—the enmity and the malice shown me on all sides; how great has been the goodness of my Heavenly Friend, in upholding me, and standing by me even until now. In thousands of instances, have professors all round, endeavoured to ruin me, and the cause with which I am identified: but the Lord has stood by me, and strengthened me."

"The people who have come here have had to pass through fire and through water, even to hear me, but the fire and the water have only served to endear the truth. Truth is worth buying, even at the highest price; but too precious to part with at any price. When the door at Stonham Chapel closed, the Lord opened Windsor Street Chapel, Brighton, and when that closed, he opened the doors here; and now these Rooms are no longer ours, the Lord has provided us with a Meeting Place elsewhere. 'Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.' All that our enemies have prophesied, has fallen to the ground; and as Sarah said, the Lord hath made me to laugh, so that all who hear it, and love me for the truth's sake, 'will laugh with me.'"

Ye cannot drink the Cup of the Lord, and the Cup of Devils.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

May grace, mercy and peace from God our Father, "with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus," and the undisturbed fellowship of the ever-blessed Spirit, be your's perpetually to enjoy. It seems almost of necessity laid upon me to address a few lines to you, although I do not feel to have any particular object in view in so doing.

My mind has been much employed of late, in looking at the vast multitude of religious professors, that are to be found in this our day, under different denominations, and at the same time a feeling of enquiry has been excited within; by what means, or way, the empty professor might be discovered from the real possessor of godliness in this time state.

I was in this way, (after reading the *Vessel* last Sabbath,) occupied, when the following words of our Lord deeply impressed me, "by their fruits shall ye know them," and more especially that striking passage in John xv. 18. "herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." I attempted to investigate the text, in order to find out its bearings on the subject; while a sort of correspondence was carried on within, yielding "a little precious season." The latter part of the expression seemed to seize my attention first, "so shall ye be my disciples." But surely, said something within, the Saviour did not mean to imply, that because fruit was brought forth, discipleship was constituted: "No!" was the answer given, it is not because the branch bears fruit, that it is a branch, but because it is a branch, that it bears fruit. Were it the opposite, disciples would be easily made, and that especially in the present day, seeing the purport of most men's preaching is, "do this and you shall live," the empty professor may bring forth fruit, that may appear lovely and green, while to an all-seeing God it may be rotten at the core; sour and unfit for the Master's use. It is then because the branch is united to the parent stem; because the disciple is vitally united to Christ the living Head, from whom he received a life-giving principle, that he brings forth fruit, to the glory of God the Father, and to the comfort of his own soul.

I was then led next to enquire into the nature of the fruit: and on looking a little closely, with the assistance of the Psalmist, I found, the first fruit of these living branches was "a broken heart,"—"the sacrifices of God are a broken heart, and a contrite spirit, a broken heart and a contrite spirit, O God,

thou wilt not despise." And this is fruit my brother, that no empty professor, that no "painted hypocrite," ever brought forth;—"for men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." Real and genuine sorrow for sin; an emptying of self, a loathing of one's sinful condition, I believe from my soul can only be experienced, by those to whom is given "that repentance, that needs not to be repented of;" a broken heart, a contrite spirit. O, this is fruit in which the Father is glorified; every new instance is a fresh proof of his everlasting love; of the faithfulness of his character; and constitutes fresh strains of glory to his name, with the angelic hosts; "for there is joy in heaven among the angels of God, over every sinner that repenteth."

But now another question arose: this is fruit, and glorious fruit; but is there none other, by which the called of God are made manifest, to be "not of the world?" And in again trying the "sacred oracles" I found there was this; aye! and precious fruit it is: "A coming up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of the beloved;" "a coming up," mark this phrase, "a coming," a continual moving out of; not advancing to day, and receding to morrow; not a "pressing forward now" and a "looking back" presently, but a "coming up" out of. And here methinks is the secret exposed, in more than ten thousand instances. How many in the present day, would be thought christians on the Sabbath, who in the week, cannot—do not—will not—forego the pleasures, the maxims, of an ungodly world. Oh! what shall we say, now in these days, when a deacon of a professing christian church, can associate with the ungodly, the vile, and indulge in the use of wines, till not only his loquacious —, but his PUGILISTIC powers, are excited into action? What shall we say, when the lovers (?) of Christ, the professed disciples of Christ, can sit—*patiently sit*—in the "seat of the scorner," at a falsely called, *Sacred concert*, and hear his glorious name blasphemed, in the more than thrice repetition of that, at which the angelic hosts veil their faces with their wings, and bow with the most profound submission, while they cry, "Holy! Holy! holy, is the Lord God Almighty!"

When the minister shall depart from the "good old way," and adopt "that rag of popery,"—the system of haunting in his chapel—an instrument, which has been, and still is, an engine in the hands of the devil, by which he captivates the senses, and destroys the soul: and all this, not for the glory of God; Oh, no! but the pleasing of the fleshly ears of man, (and shall I not say?) in order that the slides of his purse may give way, to enrich the pockets of a money craving "priesthood!"

And these are not solitary instances; they are not "few and far between;" but sad specimens, of the vast majority of professed disciples in the present gospel age. I ask then, what shall we say to these things?—what can we say?—what must we not say? Why! nothing less than this: it is because they are not living branches of the living vine; because they are not vitally and secretly united to Christ, the living head, that they do not bring forth fruit of that character which tends to the glory of God the Father. I know this may be termed harsh language; but is it not a reiteration of the Saviour's sentiments:—"Can a corrupt branch bring forth good fruit?" No! neither can a healthy living branch bring forth "evil fruit?" If I know anything at all, it is this, that there is in the real disciple, that desire for himself which the Saviour possessed for him, and breathed for him before his Father God, when on earth, "that he might be kept from the evil of the world." I cannot believe that the man who has been brought out of "nature's darkness," will be aiming to amalgamate the world with the church; but rather the opposite; his desire is "to come out and to be separate, that he may not (even) touch the unclean thing." "For what concord hath Christ with Belial?" Where is the "coming up" of that man, who is as busily engaged, not only in the business, but in the pleasures, and in the adoption of the maxims of the world? where in such a case, have "all things become new?" The old things *have* not passed away, for he is still dabbling with them, and why? it answers for itself! Because HE IS NOT become a new creature!! Surely if faith be possessed, it will be in exercise; and if in exercise, it will be seen by its fruits; and if its fruits are not seen, it must argue, that it is either not in exercise, or rather that it is not possessed; and let it be added, let it be written in characters large, let it boldly be proclaimed in the ears of the empty professor—"Whatsoever is not of faith is sin;" "He that is not with me is against me;" and he that is not with him, it remains that he is still "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity." Oh my brother, this is a solemn conclusion; God in mercy grant that it may excite within me and in all the Israel of God, that appropriate petition, "Search me O God, and know my heart, try me, &c.," and surely it becomes every one who has a mouth to speak for Jehovah "to lift up the voice and not to be afraid," for the man of sin is abroad, not only clothed with Papal vestments, not merely dressed with Ecclesiastical robes, but appearing in the more modern garb of dissent! and here I apprehend he is doing as much harm as any where, "deceiving if it

were possible the very elect." Do you my brother, make it the theme of your ministry (to know nothing but Christ and him crucified!) to separate the precious from the vile; to insist upon a vital union to Christ, as a seal of discipleship, which will of necessity bring forth fruit, of the kind referred to by the Master himself, when he says—"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples."

I am very much pleased with the new sails that your *Vessel* has hoisted; and I have been refreshed by her cargo more than once. I have enjoyed the light that comes from the lantern of the "Watchman on the Walls." His reply to queries by "a Doubter," were as decisive as any I ever saw: it threw in a true gospel light upon the subject. My desire is that the *Vessel* may, in God's name, go forward. I think I am about to get another subscriber for it: or rather another port for her to call at. I find a great deal of opposition evinced towards her, as though she carried contraband goods, or something equally bad; but never mind—

"Go on, go on, and win the day;
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way."

Your affectionate brother, — ELIHU.

We trust our readers will carefully peruse young Elihu's letter; he has levelled rather a sharp blow at that "form of godliness" now so prevalent, so destitute, and so hypocritical. Oh, it is an awful consideration indeed; that thousands are evidently "receiving not the 'love' of the truth," but receiving and practising a lie, (2 Thes. ii. 10.) Shall not God leave them in the delusion they so dearly love? Shall not their damnation be just and certain? Ah, that it will. But what shall be said of, or done to the so-called ministers who are pouring these delusions down their hearers' throats? The Lord, if it be his will, have mercy upon them; or the lowest hell must be their doom.—Editor.

James Mason's first Baptizing.

DEAR BROTHER and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,—I proceed to notice one request contained in your's: you write—"cannot you send me some account of your baptizing, for the *Vessel*?" Should the dear Lord condescend to enable such a poor, weak, ignorant, worm, to write anything concerning it worthy of a place in the *Vessel*, that would be for his glory, and for the eternal good of the readers of the *Vessel*, most cheerfully shall I comply with your request.

First: then I never administered the much-despised ordinance of believers' Baptism before Lord's day, February 22, 1846. A fortnight prior to this we had a church meeting, at our little Bethel, Sunningdale, when a poor sinner came before us, to testify of the goodness of God towards him, but the Lord, was pleased in the exercise of his

sovereignty, to shut him up, and that so completely, that he was not able to speak a word. I felt for him and my soul deeply sympathised with him. I know what it is to be shut up, and not able to come forth: and when God shuts none can open; and this young man proved the truth of that part of God's word that day, in a way he had never proved it before. I had some conversation with him several times, and he had been able to tell out how the dear Lord had led him along, to know and feel that he was a poor lost sinner; stripped him of his free-will pretensions, and his supposed ability to do many things towards his own salvation, brought in soul trouble, to see that God had a people that he had chosen to himself and loved in his dear Son, with an everlasting love, made him anxious to know if he was one amongst the highly-favoured number; and put this cry into his heart: "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people: O visit me with thy salvation;" and I felt persuaded the work was of God; and I knew the dear truth, that he that had begun the good work will carry it on, to the coming of the Lord Jesus.

On the following Lord's day, we had another church-meeting, and he again came before the church. The Lord was pleased to open his mouth, and enable him to tell out to the satisfaction of the church, what God had done for his soul; and was received as a candidate for Baptism. The same day we had three women come before us, to testify of the grace of God manifested towards them; one was received as a member amongst us, having been baptized, and the other two were received as candidates for Baptism; and it was agreed that I should baptize them on the next Lord's day morning, at Borough Hill Chapel, having no pool in our own.

Now, my brother, I am going to tell you a little of the exercises of my mind in the week previous to my administering the ordinance of believers' Baptism: the enemy of my soul; the enemy of my peace; the accuser of the brethren; set in upon me in this way: Ah! you are now going to baptise; you will never be able to do it—you are not strong enough: for you must know, my brother, I am a little man, and none of the stongest, in any sense, I can assure you—so that the temptation was very plausible and quite natural. But I could not have told any one it was a temptation, till the dear Lord delivered me from it; and I could no more deliver myself than I could create a world: mistrust took possession of the mind, darkness followed, and my soul was bound in bondage. Oh, what a dreadful enemy has *mistrust* been to me again and again. When I am enabled to trust in the Lord, all is well; but, oh, the dreadful feelings *mistrust* stirs

up in the mind, none can tell, but those that have been left to feel what it is. But you should take the promises, say some. Ah, it is easy to talk: if I could have taken only one it would have been enough: but I could not get at it. I wanted God to drop his word into my soul, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." But blessed and praised be his dear name, he proved the truth of it in my experience. So, then, here is our mercy, "though we believe not, he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." The darkness of the mind increased in the day, and by night upon my bed: for I had sleepless nights, my imagination had the congregation presented before it, the mouth stopped and not able to go through the ordinance, and made a fool and a spectacle before the people. The day arrived, and I went to the chapel like a fool to the correction of the stocks. I got up into the pulpit in weakness, much fear and trembling; the people sung an hymn and I got up and read the sixth chapter of Romans: "Let the God of my salvation be exalted;" I speak it to his praise, he opened the mouth of his poor worm, and enabled me to comment a little on it: "What shall we say, then; shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound." No, no; that soul that has felt what sin is, by the work and ministry of the Holy Ghost, groans, being burdened, and longs, cries and sighs for deliverance, instead of wanting to continue in sin; "God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein:" impossible! God forbids it effectually and powerfully in the hearts of all his regenerated family.

On the next three verses, I spoke a little of the solemn occasion, for which we were assembled together, and having finished the chapter, I addressed the Lord in prayer, and my poor soul was indulged with the Spirit of grace and supplication; and I was enabled to wrestle with the God of my salvation for his presence and blessing to rest upon my own soul, and upon the souls of his people gathered together in his dear name, and found the darkness begin to break, and the fetters begin to loosen, before the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and a solemn calm took possession of the mind. I read for a text Colos. ii. 12. "Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." And began, as God gave me utterance. I am not going this morning to preach an argumentative discourse, to prove that the ordinance of believers' baptism is of God. I hope and trust we are all Baptists: who have been brought by the Lord himself to view his ordinance in the right way. But if there are any enemies to the Lord here, in his own ordinance, may God convert you into friends:

for he takes enemies, yea his greatest enemies, and by his all-conquering grace, love, and mercy, turns them into friends; this I am a living witness of, for no greater enemy ever existed upon the face of the earth, to his name, to his truth, and to this very ordinance, than the poor sinner that now addresses you.

We have then in the language of our text first, the figure, buried; not sprinkled; sprinkling cannot set forth burial. If you were to take a corpse to Cobham Church-yard, and lay it on the ground, and sprinkle some earth on the face, people would say, and justly to, you have not buried it. Buried then is the figure in the language of our text: our state by nature is set forth in the word of the living God, as a state of death: dead in trespasses and sins, and there the whole election of grace lay, as well as the rest of mankind, all dead in sin, far off from God by wicked works; dead to God, but living in sin, without God, without Christ, without hope in the world; but God having loved his own, which he chose in his dear Son, before the foundation of the world was laid, in consequence of his everlasting love, brings one poor sinner after another, to know and feel that he is a sinner, and as I have told you before, and tell you again, the Holy Ghost convincing of sin is the ground work of a sound experience. None but sinners know the value of Jesus Christ: "He came to seek and to save that which was lost; to call sinners (not the righteous) unto repentance. And when the Holy Ghost has brought a poor sinner into the very position in experience, of a poor broken-hearted, filthy, guilty, lost sinner: he is just fit for Jesus Christ to save him, if I may so express myself. A sinner being brought out of a state of nature, by the power of God, is called a resurrection, raised up together with him, and those who know the power of his resurrection, are raised up in their thoughts and affections to God, they have feelings they never had before: they see things in quite a different light: God hath opened their blind eyes; they are led along to hope in his mercy, to believe his word, and to look for salvation alone in Jesus Christ with eternal glory; and sooner or later God reveals his Son in such a poor sinner, as the Apostle expresseth it, "Christ in you the hope of glory." Such a poor sinner is led into the truth of God, and to receive it in the love of it; and is constrained, by the love of Christ, to follow the dear Lord in the despised ordinance of believers' baptism: and when such an one comes forth to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, they do profess before the church and the world? that, whereas, they were by nature dead in sin: now,

through grace, they are dead to sin; that they have left the world, its pleasures and its follies; that they are dead to the world; that Christ has chosen them out of the world: they have turned their backs upon it for ever, and are come unto mount Zion; that they are dead to the law, that they might live unto God in newness of Spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter; that they are come unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven. And God having done such great things for them, in coming to this ordinance, their hearts' desire is to be buried with him in baptism; the figure setting forth, that they are dead with Christ, and risen with him in newness of life.

Secondly.—This ordinance sets forth the sufferings of Christ; I admit the figure is faint, to set forth the overwhelming sufferings of the Son of God; some of you have felt something of what sin is, "God hath set your secret sins in the light of his countenance," you have groaned beneath the burden of it. What must the sufferings of our precious Jesus have been, when as the sinner's surety he bore the tremendous weight of the sins, iniquities, and transgressions of the unnumbered millions of God's elect. We suffer daily from sin; but Jesus Christ, the almighty redeemer suffered for sin. What tongue can tell the sufferings of Christ when in the garden of Gethsemane, his sacred body was baptised in blood, and his holy soul immersed in sorrow; when he exclaimed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done?" Here we behold our precious Jesus, obedient unto death. Again, look at his own language with reference to this mighty work: "I have a baptism, (saith he) to be baptised with, and how am I straightened till it be accomplished." Who can tell the sufferings of the slaughtered Lamb of God, when that scripture was fulfilled, "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquities of us all:" or as the margin of our old bibles read it, "the Lord hath made to meet upon him, the iniquities of us all?" Yes, this glorious burden-bearer bore our sins in his own body on the tree, with all the punishment, all the wrath, due to our transgressions. Look at his own expressions, uttered by David, in the spirit of prophecy; "Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy water-spouts; all thy waves, and thy billows are gone over me." We might ask the question here, that the eunuch asked Philip, concerning another scripture: "I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this; of himself, or of some other man? then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached

unto him Jesus;" and David, the prophet, for he was a prophet, and wrote and spoke of of him; and David spoke of him, "when deep calleth unto deep," the deep of the sin of the church, and the deep of the wrath of God met upon the surety, with all the billows and waves of divine vengeance due to my sins, due to your sins, poor sinner, that by the operation of God is brought to believe in his name, and hope in his mercy; and bless his dear name, he suffered it all away, and finished the work his father gave him to do; made an end of sin, finished transgression; made reconciliation for iniquity; went to the end of the law for righteousness, and obtained eternal redemption for us. "Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God."

I now come to speak of the faith: and first mark, none but believers are fit subjects for baptism, so runs the commission of our dear Lord to his disciples, and to all his sent servants down to the end of time—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, and he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned:" believing before baptizing, mark that; that is God's order, whatever man may say against it. But the faith spoken of in the language of our text is not creature faith, neither is it duty faith: some say, I see the ordinance as a duty. I was talking with one of our friends last night who said I never see it as a duty, I was never brought to see it that way; I see it as a privilege: so do I, and a great honour to follow the dear Lord in faith, in this despised ordinance of his own instituting. I was brought first to see it in the word of God, and then led along to see a little of the spiritual nature of it, and now I love the ordinance for the Lord's sake. But a word or two on faith: when God quickens a sinner, he gives that sinner faith; "faith is the gift of God:" he begins to believe the word of God, and his believing is the effect of the operation of God the Holy Ghost in the soul; he begins to tremble at the word of God; God brings him forth a witness for the truth of the word of God: he feels the word of God describes his state as a sinner; his heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked:" God takes away the heart of stone and gives him an heart of flesh; a feeling heart; a broken and a contrite heart:—"And thus saith the high and lofty one, that inhabiteth eternity, to that man will I look that is of an humble and contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word:" and that look is a look of love and mercy, that leads the poor soul to fly for refuge, to "lay hold of the hope set before him in the gospel." And the sinner that

knows a little of this faith of the operation of God, all his hope of salvation centres in the person, work, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he knows something in his own soul's experience of the language of our text—"Buried with him in baptism, wherein ye are also risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him: from the dead. May God command his blessing Amen.

Thus my brother, I have given you a short sketch of what I said on the occasion, or rather the heads of what I was enabled to deliver: and I believe, it was a solemn season to more than one. Having sung a hymn, I proceeded to baptize; addressing the persons separately, out of, and in the water.

First: My dear sister, that was a solemn Scripture the dear Lord dropped with power into your soul, that brought you concerned about eternal things—"Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him;" yea, the whole human race shall see; some in judgment, and some in mercy. What a mercy, then, my sister, to be brought in this time state to feel our sinner-ship, and to look to him, and him alone, for salvation, whom we have pierced. The Lord having brought you to feel that you are a sinner, guided you into his dear truth, brought you before the church of God, to tell them that fear God, what the Lord hath done for your soul, I, therefore, by scriptural authority, baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Second: My dear sister, it hath been a solemn source of pleasure to my mind, to see the Lord in the exercise of his sovereignty call the young to a knowledge of himself, and thus by his grace, preserve them from going to such lengths of sin and iniquity, as some of his people are permitted to go; it pleased the Lord to begin a work on your mind when quite a child, whilst he left me to run on in a dreadful course of sin and iniquity for thirty-two years, ere he stopped me in my mad career, by the power of his grace; but whilst a child at school, he was pleased to drop lines of hymns, and passages of Scripture into your mind, with power, and gently led you along to feel that you was a sinner; then, in the mysterious leadings of his providence, he took you to London, where you was privileged to hear god and great men of God, whom the Lord had called and thrust out into his vineyard to preach the word of eternal life; in the midst of soul trouble, was pleased to lead you into his truth, in the love of it; brought you back again into the country, to testify to the church of God, what he hath done for your soul; I, therefore, by Scriptural authority,

baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Third: Well, my dear brother, it is no small mercy for you, that the Lord has brought you to know and feel that you are a poor helpless sinner, and brought you in more senses than one, to the place of stopping of mouths; so that you know he shuts and none can open; he opens, and none can shut: having led you into his truth, upon profession of your faith in Christ, I, by scriptural authority, baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Having administered the ordinance, I stood before the people, and exclaimed, "I have proved the truth of two things in my own soul's experience this day:—First, I have proved the devil a liar, (and then told them a little of my exercise during the past week.) Second, I have proved the faithfulness of God;" his promise had been fulfilled, as my day so was my strength, he had not forsaken me, but enabled me to bear testimony to his name, his truth, and his ordinance, and concluded with prayer. Thus, my brother, I have given you some account of our baptizing; if you think it worthy a place in the *Vessel*, it as at your service; if not, put it behind the fire. But, believe me, to remain,

Your's to serve in the bonds of the gospel,

JAMES MASON.

What is the cause of Dissension and Division among real Christians? And what are the best means to be devised for their removal?

MR. C. W. BANKS,

SIR, for your courteous reception of my feeble letter my thanks are due; but I feel, (as a *correspondent*) you greatly overrate me. If my poor remarks carry any weight, or be thought any thing worth; to your favourable notice, and to that alone, am I indebted.

I have sympathy with you in the exposure of unsound professors; and do admire the fearless faithfulness with which you deal out rebuke, to the false Apostles of the day. There are preachers (*so called pulpit puppets* rather) in abundance in this town, and county; as richly deserving your potent lash, as any of the many whom you have made to writhe, beneath its salutary smart:

whose characters, I should like to see sailing in your *Vessel*, through the length and breadth of the land, as an admonition to others.

But to resume the subject. What is (in my opinion) the *great cause* of the dissensions and divisions now so generally prevailing among real Christians, I have, (though but briefly) stated to you. Other causes I named, but they were merely consequential ones. The great cause I concluded to be, a condition the reverse of the one described in the words, "Great grace was upon them all."

Now, where great grace is, there will be, and always has been, a trying and discerning of spirits; a keen detection of error; the vile motives of hypocritical characters penetrated into, and a barrier of truth raised in the soul, against the craft and cunning deceptions now so deplorably successful; and where great grace is, the love of God the Father, and the sweet communion and fellowship of God the Holy Ghost, will be concomitant with that "Charity, (so gloriously exemplified in the life of the great Redeemer, God the Son,) which suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things." And in all these particulars, *vice versa*.

To this I would add, that *love* is the offspring of grace in the regenerated soul; therefore, to attribute the dissensions and divisions among the children of God, to the low ebb of grace in their hearts, is (at least,) to approach nearer the truth, than to ascribe them to a mere want of love. Had the cause been put to the *inactivity*, or *non-exercise of love*, it would have been better; but even then, the grace of God the Spirit, is as absolutely necessary to draw *love* forth into lively act, as to implant it at first, in regeneration.

Here I leave the first part of the Question, and turn to, "the best means that can be devised for the removal of dissension and division."

Extraordinary occasions, call for ex-

traordinary means, and extraordinary powers.*

I think, in entertaining this question, the "Edification Society," are something like the man, who says to another, "Come, you and I will set up; I will find judgment, and you shall find money." The commission of the church in general, should be granted, and each member of the "Edification Society" appointed a delegate; otherwise as hinted above, it is like saying to their brethren, real Christians, all the world over, Come, we will find wisdom and you shall find power. For what are means unless they are used? Now, prayer, reading, hearing the word, meditation, attendance on the ordinances; these are all ordinary means, continually used more or less by all real Christians. But the means to remove the extraordinary dissensions and divisions referred to, must be extraordinary.—A convocation, after the example of the Apostles, in the matter of circumcision. What other than this can be devised? But who is to convene it?

My sheet being full, I must leave it now for another month.

Your's with much respect,

Leicester, Feb. 17. 1846. J. H.

* Let no one imagine this to be written in a strain of free-will. No: remember it is not, the efficient we are inquiring after, (that we all know to be the eternal will of Jehovah,) but the Question proposes an inquiry into the best means. And the means, according as we are situated, (but not the success) the Lord has put into our hands.

Some Sketches from the Life of the late HENRY FOWLER.

THE name, the memory, and the ministry of Henry Fowler is yet deeply embalmed in the hearts of many of the Lord's living family. Unto such, as well as to many who never saw or heard the dear man, the following extracts from his "Travels in the Wilderness," will, we have no doubt, be read with the deepest interest; and, we would hope, with some lasting profit. That "the fathers should unto the children make known the truth," is a promise declared by God: and by

recording and declaring the boundless mercies, and loving-kindnesses of the Lord unto the sons of men, we are instrumental in proving the faithfulness of a covenant God unto his covenant people.

That the hearts of many of the living in Jerusalem may be refreshed, encouraged, and comforted in the perusal of the following is our most fervent prayer.

In the commencement of the work from which we are now quoting, Mr. Fowler gives the following brief sketch of his early days:—

"I was born in the parish of Yealmpton, Devon, December 11th., 1779. My father was advanced in years when he married my mother: he died 1784, leaving my mother with four children, and pregnant with the fifth. Three out of the five are gone, I believe to glory. Glory to God for his free grace. After being a widow about three years, my mother was again married; and by an increasing second family I found my situation at home very uncomfortable, so that I often looked forward with some degree of pleasure to the time of my apprenticeship. Before I was eleven years old, I was put on trial with a Mr. E—— of Dartmouth, where I continued but a few months. The family were baptists, and Mr. E—— a deacon of their cause. At that time the baptist cause was very low at Dartmouth: they had no preacher, and twelve or fourteen used to meet in the chapel for prayer, &c., and I was compelled to attend also, *sorely against my will*. I was determined not to serve my apprenticeship with Mr. E——; the name of methodist I hated: for such was the term of reproach at that time cast on all dissenters by our good church folks. The establishment I thought *must be right*: and all were disobedient both to God and the king who did not uphold the church."

"I remember one Lord's-day of being made a prisoner by my shoe-maker's unfaithfulness to his promise; and in the afternoon, as I sat gazing through the window, I saw an aged man mount a stool or chair; he sang the well-known hymn, "Jesus lover of my soul." I listened with all attention: he prayed with much apparent fervour—he gave out his text, and preached with remarkable zeal amidst much contempt by the mob gathered together, composed of some of the worst of characters, all which he bore with uncommon patience. His patience so surprised me, that I said to myself, 'there is surely something extraordinary about this man!' The thought had no sooner crossed my mind, than this was suggested to me, but from whence I know not to this day, 'You

will yet be a preacher of the gospel, and be called forth publicly to be reproached as this man is.' I fell back with trembling and consternation, for at that time I knew nothing of the gospel. I have, however, since the Lord called me by his grace, enquired about the poor old man, and have reason to believe that he knew nothing savingly of Christ; for he blamed Adam for falling; and said he might have held his primitive integrity, and that every man might be saved if he would! I was then, I judge, about sixteen; a time when nature's fires begin to manifest themselves."

An old shoe-maker once explained to the then young Fowler, some parts of the Pilgrim's Progress; this appears to have deeply impressed his mind, and was productive of such convictions as lead to a saving conversion to God.

"I became (he says,) from this time more moral and religious; but, alas! it was chiefly in the flesh; for I knew no more of God's way of saving sinners than a Hottentot. Duty! duty! I thought must be done, or I shall be lost. I therefore resolved and vowed, and entered into a covenant with God that I would love and serve him. Not being able to pray, I got some ready-made prayers, but none that I had seen suited my case: after toiling sometime with my dry prayer books, I threw them aside to the moles and the bats, and tried to pour out my heart to God, in unconnected and broken sentences, in bits and scraps, such as—Lord, teach me thy way—shew me thy mercy—save, Lord, I am lost—pardon thou my sins. On some occasions I used to find some liberty, and meltings of heart; some encouraging promises or invitations used to come into my mind, as I was in prayer; and often such scriptures as I had no recollection of having read; and I used to search the Bible, or enquire if such and such passages were in the Bible. On other occasions, and perhaps the next time I attempted to pray, I was filled with such horror and trembling and confusion of mind, as I cannot well describe, so that I have not known what I have been uttering; and when I had done I have thought that I had been mocking God. I have appeared in my own eyes as the most consummate hypocrite living; the vilest sinner on earth. Yet I could not give up prayer wholly. I was often tempted to call no more on God's holy name. But when I neglected prayer, I used to be condemned and lashed in my conscience: and these words were like a piercing sword, 'because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and none regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will

laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.' Prov. i. 25, 26, 27. Oh, these words used to cut me through and through; These things happened to me from the seventeenth to the eighteenth year of my age to the best of my recollection."

"I kept my parish church regularly, took the 'Common Prayer-book,' and with the kind assistance of an aged school-master, I became tolerably well acquainted with the ritual. In this way I hoped to get peace. The clergyman was a most worthy moral man, and his age and venerable appearance struck me with awe when I saw him in the pulpit. I listened to his sermon with all attention, but could not understand him: his low tone of voice, his indistinct pronunciation, his classical style, his apparent indifference in giving instruction to poor ignorant sinners, grieved me much, so that I came to this conclusion—no doubt, he knows the way to heaven being a man of learning and piety; and if he knew how anxious I am to know the way to life, he would certainly take more trouble to teach me."

"About this time a circumstance occurred which I will briefly relate. God had, a few years before, opened the blind eyes of Dr. Hawker, so that as the light of truth gradually broke in upon him, he came forth to the light, and as God taught him so he preached. His preaching created no small stir in the town and neighbourhood, and many poor sinners *I am well satisfied* were called under his ministry: but desperate was the rage of most of the pharisees in the town against him, and still more desperate was the mind of his *dearest friend* against him. His preaching was a means of stirring up several clergymen in the neighbourhood, for whom he used to occasionally preach, and the Lord evidently accompanied his word with power: many a precious soul have I known called under his ministry. But more of this hereafter."

"It fell out, but not by blind chance, that Dr. Hawker preached in the parish church in the vicinity of which I was born; for the clergyman of the parish appeared under some concern of soul, and had invited Dr. Hawker to preach for him, or, at least he prevailed upon to let Dr. Hawker preach. The effect was very striking; for many poor sinners were convicted under his ministry, some of whom I know died triumphing in Christ, the friend of sinners."

"Many persons who had received the word of life from that dear man of God, used to walk to Plymouth to hear him on a Lord's day, among whom were several of my dear relatives, which brought me into their company, so that I had an opportunity of hear-

ing the conversation; and sweet indeed it sometimes was, but I was only a hearer. These circumstances, together with the advice of one of the friends, induced me to hear Dr. Hawker, though with some degree of reluctance. But the day I heard him was indeed a memorable day to me. I remember not his text; but I thought he addressed the whole of his discourse to me. He described the state of blindness and darkness we are all in by nature — how ruined and helpless we were left by Adam's fall—what refuges of lies a poor sinner tried to run into when he saw his lost condition—and spoke much of the poor sinner's fears, feelings, and mistakes. I was looking through the shoulders of men that stood by me, who were taller than myself; but his eye seemed to pierce me through. I was in a state of consternation for I never knew what *power* under the preached word was before, nor could I make a judgment of it then.

After the Dr. had described our fallen state and condition, he went on to speak of Christ in the glory of his person, and of his ineffable love to poor, ruined, undone sinners—what he suffered in the garden, and on the cross, and all the fruit of his everlasting love! I found a most intense desire in my soul spring up, as he spoke of Christ; and Christ's name was quite a new name to me, and a precious name also! Not that I knew that God was at work with me: but I went home with this persuasion, that I never should be happy until I knew Christ for myself.

It was during this happy time last mentioned, that I found a strong desire to preach Christ to poor sinners: and the light which God gave me upon his holy word, encouraged me to think that he would fit and furnish me for the great work of the ministry. I prayed most earnestly to the Lord for the Holy Spirit to be my teacher, and be to me all that I needed; and sometimes I was assured that God heard and approved of my prayer; but more of this hereafter. During these days of my espousals, I was greatly favoured in hearing that blessed man, Dr. Hawker; I seldom heard but I came away with *my cup running over*, and did not suppose there was another man like him on earth. I knew as yet nothing about the trial of faith, the power of unbelief, the plague of my heart, nor the buffetings of satan. My judgment indeed was the judgment of a child. I spoke as a child: I acted as a child; my love and zeal burned like a torch. I wrote several letters to my unregenerate relations, and used to tell them what God had done for me; for I thought that hearing the blessed things the Lord had done for me, would make them fall in love

with Christ. But, alas! I found to my great mortification, that my letters and words, in most cases, were like water spilled on the ground.

Soon after I was nineteen, I set off *on foot* for London; a distance of more than two hundred miles. I walked about sixty miles the first two days: but as I was descending a steep hill at the close of my second day's march, very tired, I accidentally stepped on a round stone, and suddenly sprained my ankle. It was with great difficulty I got to my lodging, and the next day I could hardly set my foot to the ground. All thought of walking the rest of my journey I was obliged to abandon; but having but little money, and the coach fares being high, I was obliged to state my situation to the coachman, who said he was going only thirty-six miles, and he would gladly take me for a few shillings, and speak to the next coachman on my behalf, and by these means I came safe to London, through the Lord's goodness. My foot also got better by the means used, and by rest on the coach. This was in April, 1799.

I thought when I arrived at London how much I should be favoured in hearing; as I had been told of such a variety of excellent ministers of Christ in the great city. I therefore began to ramble about from one place to another, but could glean very little; for most of the preachers I heard, I have my fears, knew little or nothing of the Holy Spirit's teaching, or of Jesus Christ my Lord. I wondered how it was that I could seldom hear any of them with soul satisfaction: it was indeed a grief to me, and I was led to a serious enquiry as to the cause. What help I have had at those times was chiefly in reading, in meditation, in prayer, and in conversation with two or three of God's children.

By degrees, during the summer 1799, I lost my enjoyments, and my situation in life was most trying! I had to labour day after day, with some of the worst of Adam's fallen race: they were for the most part, either debauched deists, or empty professors of religion; and between the two I was ground as between two mill stones. Having had the blessed discoveries of Christ and his precious salvation to my heart with such demonstration and power, and then to meet with men who call the truth of the Bible in question—who vilified that precious Redeemer whom my soul loved, used to touch me most sensibly, so that I was not able to keep silence in their company; and from the warmth and zeal of my heart, I have confuted many of those daring infidels with whom I have been working; and some of the outside empty professors of religion have been as much confounded as the infidel

party, by the arguments I was enabled to bring forth—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, God will perfect praise." But oh! what with their subtle reasoning, and their filthy and debauched conversation, my life was miserable, and I used to be truly glad to leave their company.

I had promised some friends of mine in the country that I would hear Mr. Huntington when I got to London; and so I came to a conclusion that I would hear him some week night when it did not interfere with my more frequented places of worship; then I thought I should have fulfilled my promise, and I shall also have a confirmation of what I have heard about him: I will watch him very narrowly! I went accordingly to hear Mr. Huntington, but in a very secret way, lest any of my acquaintance should see me. I was much struck with his plain style and clear distinct delivery: his aptitude in the Scriptures, and the proof he brought to establish every point of doctrine that he advanced, I could not gainsay nor resist. But still I was determined not to receive him in my affections; for I thought if this man is such a vile character, as no doubt he is, or so many *pious* men would not speak against him, and if I should embrace his sentiments what an awful character I shall turn out at last! I am such a poor depraved wretch already; and I should embrace his doctrine, it will be like manure, and my corruptions will all break loose in all their abominations; therefore I will stop up every door that this doctrine may not enter, except into my memory. Well, I heard him, and was much surprised at his astonishing memory, and acquaintance with every part of the Bible; and felt sorry that so *bad* a man should have such *good* abilities; and I said to myself, if this man were a real man of truth, how bright he would shine!! I went away quite disappointed that he did not confirm the things I had heard about him. I could not get his sermon out of my head, (for it went no further,) but went home and related the principal parts of it to a good old woman, who seriously said to me, "I am afraid my young friend, you have done wrong by hearing him." I said, 'Dame, I could discover nothing contrary to the truth in what I heard.' She said, 'you might not: but a man might preach many gospel truths, and still be an awful character—he is a man of a very bad spirit,' &c. This poor old disciple (for such she was) I believe had never heard him; but she had been told a great deal against him by the *pious* people at Keppel Street, with whom she stood connected, and she believed it. No doubt it was from pure motives that she warned me against William Huntington. Ignorance and prejudice often carry the real disciples of Christ to great

lengths! and it is the devil's work to stir up the hearts both of saints and sinners against the free grace gospel of Christ; but it is the only remedy for man's deplorable misery. Satan will sanction all religion but the religion that exalts Christ and brings liberty to poor captives.

In the summer of 1799, Mr. Fowler removed to Bristol, where he was employed for three months, when he returned home again. During the winter of 1800, he says, "I suffered severe trials, but the Lord appeared kind to me." Mr. F. here gives the following account of an awful character:—My employer, he says—"actually discharged his leading man, and put me in his place; for the man he discharged was unsteady, and he much tried me; for he had a clear knowledge of the doctrines of grace in his head, and used to hear William Huntington, and Richard Burnham, and write some hymns that contained sound truth. But his habits of drunkenness were such that I reprov'd him severely: and the last time I reprov'd him, he said, "I thought you believed in predestination." "I am a predestinarian." "Then, (said he,) do you not suppose that my drinking is according to the decrees of God?" I was so struck with the man's hardness of heart, and awful presumption, that I paused and then said, "and if all things are according to God's decrees, why not my telling you your faults among the rest? God's revealed will, (I said,) is our rule to follow, and not 'sin, that grace may abound;' beside, consider the injury you are doing your poor family, and to yourself also, as well as bringing a reproach on the good ways of God."

"These remarks touched him, and he was silent and sullen; but shortly broke out in his old practice again, for which he was discharged from his employ. I met him sometime after in Soho Square, and he aimed a blow at me, which I avoided and said, What, do you mean to lay your faults to me, and smite with the fist of wickedness? His conscience smote him, his lips quivered, he turned pale, his strength seemed taken from him, and he sneaked away like a thief. 'The way of transgressors is hard,' especially gospel-hardened transgressors. I never saw him afterwards. During this winter, I enjoyed at times much favour from the Lord, both in providence and grace; for just as the winter ended my employer was a bankrupt, and I was discharged; but that

was a time of no difficulty to get employ; and I was constantly employed the whole of that summer."

"In the summer 1800, I was exceedingly depressed at times, which I thought was brought on partly by the pride and vanity of my mind, and partly by the dreadful workings of my corrupt heart; and I have trembled when I have left my home lest I should be left to fall into some abominable sin; and I was so surrounded with snares and temptations, that I was certain if God did not mercifully preserve me I must fall; and what was still worse, I sometimes wished I could be left to gratify my corrupt desires. How devilish and abominable is man's heart!

"I found the more I strove in my own strength to subdue the besetting sins of my nature, the more I was overcome by them; and I wrote bitter things against myself. I had also such bondage in my spirit, and such dragging work in prayer, that I sometimes could not pray, nor bow my knees before God. And hearing seemed no use to me, for none of the preachers that I heard seemed to understand my case. Thus I went about hanging down my head, at times, like a bulrush, and despair fast approached me. If I tried to look back upon former mercies and deliverances, they seemed buried out of my sight. I came to this conclusion, that I had made a grand mistake at the beginning of my profession—that I was never properly convicted—that I never hated sin as sin—that I had presumed to make free with Christ and his promises without a divine warrant—that my religion was of the flesh—that I was a hypocrite in grain—that I was cut off, and that I was a castaway—that now there was nothing to be expected, but a 'fearful looking-for of judgment, which should devour the adversaries;'—that I told lies, and imposed upon God's people—that my sins would be all brought to light soon, and then I should be made to appear in my true character, as having been the vilest impostor in the world. Those who have traversed this dreary path can judge, and none beside, what my feelings were in this time of temptation."

"One day I made up my mind to go, for the last time, to hear preaching. I went to hear John Newton, in Lombard-street on a Lord's day morning, sorrowful and sad enough, the preacher took for his text, a passage out of Jonah, namely, 'When my soul fainted within me, I remembered the Lord, and my prayer came in unto thee, even into thine holy temple.' The words seemed very sweet to me; and the preacher went into a variety of trials and temptations that the real children of God were exercised with, shewing by the word that tribulation was the usual path to God's

kingdom; and then he sweetly spoke of Christ, as sympathising with his afflicted members, in all their sorrows and trials, &c. The Lord was pleased to make that sermon a special blessing to me, and I left the church with my burdens taken off, and my soul was taken once more out of prison."

"I went to dine with a godly woman that day; as soon as I entered she said, 'Your face shines; I am sure you have had some of the good wine of the kingdom to-day;' for she saw my gloom was dispersed. I said, 'Yes, blessed be God, I have: the Lord has turned my captivity; this has been a blessed jubilee to me; and I related the matter to her out of the abundance of my heart. She said, 'I was persuaded the Lord would appear for you, for he is faithful to his promise.' I believe she partook of my enjoyments, and we rejoiced together, and praised the Lord!"

(To be continued.)

The Life and Death of Mrs. HANNAH JUDD.

(Continued from our last.)

WE are rejoiced to know that the striking and solemn features of a living experience which we gave in our review of Bernard Gilpin's Life of Mrs. Judd, in our March number, has been abundantly blessed to many of the Lord's chosen ones who are yet in the furnace of affliction, and in a wilderness state. Our notice of the work has also been instrumental in causing many copies to be sold; this gladdens our hearts, believing it impossible for any living soul to peruse that work without being thereby deeply impressed with a conviction of the genuineness of that vital godliness which, in Mrs. Judd's case,—

"Liv'd and laboured under load."

For the most part, the religion of our day, is of a light, chit-chat, novel-seeking, superficial, and carnal character, we fear that the high-flying gaudy religion of thousands will never do to lay down on a death-bed with. We cannot give life to a dead professor: we cannot take the sheep's clothing off from the wolf: we cannot breathe upon, nor cause life to enter into the slain: but we can, in the strength of the Lord, set up the standard upon the walls of Babylon; we can preach the preaching which He bids us:

and, while the Lord shall give us life, and enable us to continue the *Earthen Vessel*, we are exceedingly anxious to be able to shew the difference between the living and the dead; and to separate the precious from the vile. The deep and genuine, the sorrowful, but soul-sanctifying experience of Mrs. Hannah Judd is admirably calculated, in the hands of the Lord, of accomplishing so great a work.

Reader!—art thou a living child of grace? Hast thou been taken out of the horrible pit, and raised from the miry clay! Are thy feet set upon the rock of eternal ages? Then, to you we say, take the testimony of Mrs. Judd into the chamber of that afflicted child of God with whom you may be acquainted; read the precious contents to them; and may the Lord richly comfort your hearts together.

We proceed to notice another season of heavy affliction which came upon this dear mother in Israel. It may be well for the reader to refer to the last part of our first article on this text-book of christian experience, just to connect that with what here follows. Mrs. Judd says:

“Soon afterwards trouble gathered again. My poor husband sickened and died, and I felt no comfort in his end. After I was a widow, my lowness continued on me for a long time, but I kept on my farm, having seven surviving children; and these were days when farmers got on well in the world; so that I prospered by the Lord’s goodness, and was able to maintain myself and them very comfortably. I divided £1,000 amongst my four elder sons, and we had plenty to live upon besides. So by degrees my heart began to be lifted up, and all my trials seemed to be over. I must say to my shame, that, as it were, I forsook the Lord, and went back into the world again. Then He began to afflict me, and took away more of my children. First, a dear married daughter in child-bed, leaving one little son. Then one of my sons, who was settled away from me. They gave me a very good account of his death, and told me I had no cause to be uneasy; but as I did not approve *them*, I was not satisfied with their account. The year following I lost my son Joseph, and respecting him I have nothing particular to say.”

“Now a new trial began to come on,

for my eye-sight failed gradually, and at last it was quite gone. I found this a heavy stroke from the Lord; but I have been able to say since that He sent it in wonderful mercy. He shewed me before I left Barley why He thus afflicted me; to wean me from the world of which I was very fond; and he was pleased to enlighten my spiritual sight much more than before. So that I learned more by degrees how to live by faith and not by sight. I had had faith before, but not so strong as afterwards. This I know.”

Certain it is, that nothing short of the grace of God, and the everlasting arms underneath the soul, could enable it thus passively to endure chastisement so poignant and severe. And equally certain is it, that where grace is made sufficient, the heaviest calamities can be borne with meekness, patience, and submission.

But oh, what a solemn warning is here! Reader! art thou a partaker of grace, yet “fond of the world,” as was Mrs. Judd’s case? Beware, lest a heavy series of afflictions come to wean thee therefrom. See, how rapid in succession; how cutting to the natural affections, were the waves of this boisterous sea which beat upon her precious soul. But her covenant God held these winds in his fist, and those waters in the hollow of his hand; consequently, they could rise no higher, nor beat no heavier than he was pleased to permit: the end of that permission has been answered: she has finished her course, and entered into rest, Blessed be God, for such an encouraging testimony. Now, for another wave:

“Soon afterwards, another of my sons, who was a cabinet-maker, and settled with his family away from me, came down to try his native air, being very ill. He only declined more and more. This was not the worst part of my trouble; for his heart was quite turned away from all that was good; though he had seemed, as a child, to take delight in good, and raised my hopes. Now I prayed and prayed, but could get no answer but this: ‘This is all the fruit to take away your sin.’ So he died, and I had no comfort in him. This was a heavy thing.”

“I was now getting old and shiftless; the times also had turned and been for many years very bad for farmers. My only daughter living was Sarah; and Benjamin my youngest son lived with me,

but he was subject to fits: It began to be needful for me to retire from the farm; and no prospect was left except to go down, with Benjamin and Sarah, to my son William, in the farm I am in at present. They told me it was very lonely place, far away in the wood; and I thought there were none near who feared God, and that I should be quite cut off from all christian friends. I sent Sarah down to see the place before me. She came back with tears, telling me that it was indeed very lonely,—not a house nor a neighbour within about a mile round. Notwithstanding all this, I was persuaded in mind that it was right for me to go; nay, that I must go. The Lord really saw that it was needful; I am afraid it was needful, because those I had been amongst did not really know the Lord, and would have been stumbling-blocks in my way; for I had yet deeper things to learn, and harder trials to bear. At this time it was that I first began to feel the power of this word, 'My desire is that Job should be tried to the end.' Oh, a trial it was which soon came! My dear son Benjamin was greatly beloved by me; I believed with all my heart that he was a child of God: the work in his soul was very clear, but, as I said before, he was afflicted with fits. At Barley he was well known and respected. He would sometimes wander by himself in the woods, and once in so doing, must have been seized with one of his fits. Some men found him, and it is believed they thought he had been drinking, for they treated him cruelly, dragged him through the water, and left him. He was found by others in an insensible state, and taken to Wormley workhouse, where he died, and that before any of us heard what had become of him. Oh! what a heavy trial was this; yet it was one appointed of the Lord, and for which He had brought me up to this place, that I might go through it. I said, 'Had I known this beforehand, all the horses in Barley could not have dragged me here. I was quite overpowered for a time; I knew not what to think. But I found the Lord's help, and the Lord's blessing. Does it seem as if the blessed Lord treated me hardly in these trials? No, He does not: He sends them in pure love. After a time I began to thank the Lord for not suffering me to know of my dear son's trouble till it was over, and I could think of him

as being in glory, for I believe he is in glory.

"About four years after this, my last remaining daughter Sarah, was taken with a lingering consumption, and she died also. It was the time of frost and deep snow. My affliction was great, both on her account and my own. I was not without hope for her soul, yet I never could feel *sure* that she was right; and in losing her, I lost my right hand, and almost my only companion in my lonely darkness. I found it now very hard to trust in the Lord, yet because He did not forsake me, I was enabled to trust Him, and to see that he had done all things well. So that I can say, that by all these things, my soul has received much good.

"One good has been this, that the Lord has shewn me a great deal more of the evil of sin, and also of the application of Christ's blood; and I know, and am quite sure, that He died for my sins indeed. I don't mean that inwardly any more than outwardly it has been all sunshine: Oh! the plague that my heart has occasioned me, joined at times with the devil and all his troop. But the Lord will never forsake the work of his own hands; die when I may, *I know I am the Lord's*: what a wonderful mercy! I can say with all my heart that I am not worthy of the least of all his mercies, nay, that I am truly and indeed deserving of hell! but I know and am certain sure that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin. Also, I wish to encourage others to seek the Lord, for He teaches us these things by very slow degrees, and He has much to teach us; but He is always faithful, and every thing which He says, He will fulfil. He will never leave His work unfinished. He appeared to Jacob when Jacob went down to Padan Aram, and said 'I am with thee.' And it does not appear that Jacob was so visited again for twenty years, but the Lord returned in his own time, and fulfilled His word. So he does with all his people. I have lived here more than nine years already, and have seen but little of any who feared God: but the Lord has not forsaken me. That I know and find. Many times I have gone up stairs to feel about and put the room to rights, and because I had no cause to be in a hurry, I would stop and meditate, and the Lord would appear to me, and open my understanding, and

make me know many things; that I felt strengthened indeed: and if I had been called upon to speak at such times, I could have said many things and great things which I felt in my heart to be true. At other times when the Lord has left me alone, I was quite empty, all seemed gone: so I see and know there is no good thing in me; also, 'when I would do good, evil is present with me.'

Surely, this part of Mrs. Judd's experience is a wonderful comment on, as well as a glorious sealing testimony to that golden truth—"WE KNOW THAT ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose!"

To any one out of the furnace, these heavy dispensations must appear hard indeed! But Mrs. Judd was *in the furnace*; and *the Lord was with her there*; therefore, she could see and say of them all *He sends them in pure love*: "By all these things my soul has received much good."

Dear christian pilgrim, it is true—

"We can do all things, and can bear

All sufferings if our Lord be there:"

"In his presence is life:" let that presence be found where it may: whether with Daniel in the lions' den, with the three Hebrew children in the furnace, with Jeremiah in the pit, with Jonah in the whale's belly, with Stephen in being stoned, with Paul in the Euroclydon storm, with John in the Isle of Patmos, with Mrs. Judd in these deep waters, or wherever an elect vessel of mercy is found, there being also the covenanted presence of a triune Jehovah, there must be life—life spiritual, leading to and preparing for life immortal and eternal, for "at his right hand are pleasures for ever more:"

"A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure."

Think, for a moment, upon the two opposites found in this dear woman's soul: First, she says,—“Die when I may, I know I am the Lord's: at other times when the Lord has left me alone, I was quite empty; all seemed gone.” It must be so with the saints of the living God, while in this tabernacle of sin and corruption: there will be changes—sometimes joyous, at other times grievous: but the darkness and the light are both alike with him with whom we have to do.

"My father's at the helm,
And glory must be mine."

But to return: Mrs. Judd continues,—

"Since Sarah died, I have been mostly quite alone; William out in the fields all day, and no soul in the house to look after me. But by all these things I know and feel that the Lord teaches me deeper and deeper. I can compare my case to that of children whom we put from one school to another school that they may be deeper and deeper educated. About the beginning of last winter the Lord taught me in a wonderful way. I was left to feel my abject weakness to the uttermost; I was ill in my body, and I believed that death might ensue; and I felt at that time an exceeding great dread and fear of death. I had sunk upon the floor in my bedroom, and was insensible for some time. It was the day before my daughter-in-law from Chishill returned home. She came up to say that two ladies wished to see me. I just had strength to go down, but I could hardly speak to them, and they soon left. At this time I felt no fury from the enemy, and no help from God; but a sinking lower and lower, even to hell, and neither foot-hold nor hand-hold to keep me up. Surely it was a horror of great darkness which fell upon me. At day-break my daughter-in-law took her leave; and being left quite helpless and forlorn, my inward trouble and my outward trouble together, seemed too great for me. I thought it was needful that I should try to get through a little household work. I went out to wash some pails, and as I was feeling along by the bushes into the garden, I was so overwhelmed and pressed down, that I stood still and said, 'My burden is too great for me!' Then were these words spoken to me with such light and power, it was as if I heard the Lord speaking them from heaven, it was as when I saw his glory in the heavens, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee!' This took away all my trouble. It was as if I looked about for my trouble, but could not find it. I thought I did not want my daughter-in-law, nor any one else, to make me comfortable, since God loved me with an everlasting love, and would certainly save me to the end. I felt the *sureness* of his love, and that not one thing He has promised me could fail for evermore."

(To be continued.)

Death in Self, and Life in Christ.*No. III.*

"The body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life, because of righteousness." Rom. viii. 10.

COME, my brethren, by the help of the God most high, and the teachings of the eternal Spirit, let us come to solemn and solid realities, and sure things, as they are in Christ Jesus our Lord. "The creature, (at first,) was made subject to vanity;" (Rom. viii. 20.) subject to sin, corruption, and death: sin entered, and death followed; and all the creatures that we see with our mortal eyes, have death in them; yea, death is in these very eyes that are looking upon them. The devils that sinned, and the wicked are eternally dying, yet never find the end of death; it is called—"eternal death." But the eternally beloved righteous, quickened by the Spirit, quickened together with Christ, are eternally living in him, yea, never find the end of life; it is called "eternal life." "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord." Wherever sin is found, death is found following hard after it, bellowing at its heels: and every ache and pain that we feel in this poor mortal body, are but warnings that death is approaching; and we must soon find ourselves in his jaws. Wherever sin is found, death follows. But lo! our sins were all found in the body of Christ—"The Lord laid on him the iniquities of us all. He bore our sins in his own body, on the tree." The sins of the chosen church being found in his body, death followed him, and "he poured out his soul unto death;" and the body of the chosen, elect church, is dead in him: "I am crucified with Christ;" "if ye be dead with him, ye shall live with him." The sins of the church were no more her sins, but Christ's; "he was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him:" mark this expression, the saints are God's righteousness! and God! in Christ is our righteousness. Then the body of the elect is dead already in Christ's death, in Christ's dead body, for they are members of his body, of his flesh, and his bones. Then "the body is dead, because of sin, but the spirit is life, because of righteousness." Know ye not, O blessed

souls?—many of you seem ignorant of this glorious truth; that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus, (viz. when he was baptized in sufferings, blood, and death,) were baptized into his death? Rom. vi. 3. "The body is dead" Death is passed away, there shall be no more death. "Knowing this that our old man is crucified with Christ, that the body of sin might be destroyed." Rom. vi. 6. Beloved, what body is this? I answer the body of Christ, with our dead body in it, with all our sins in his body. "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

Jesus died—"It is Christ that died." "The body is dead, because of sin," and the whole body of our sins destroyed in the dead body of Christ. I say beloved souls, Christ and his church is but one body, and that body is dead through sin: "ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God;" and Christ through the spirit is risen again from the dead, and we, through the spirit, are risen in him, and with him. The spirit is life, because of righteousness." O life! life! eternal life! Blessed and glorious Jesus, thou art my only life, I live by thee, through thee, and in thee—O, Lord Jesus! live in me, and let me feel thee in my soul the hope of glory daily, until the eternal day break, and the shadows flee away. Shout! shout! ye highly favoured saints of God, for this thing is true in him. Sing! sing! holy hallelujahs, and loud hosannahs unto God and the Lamb, who liveth for ever, and we in him. Death is dead, and life and immortality brought to light through the gospel.

But, perhaps, some of you are groaning and saying, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" You are delivered in Christ, and through Christ, though you feel the dead body a loathsome load till it falls off into the grave. I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, you are delivered from sin, death, hell, and condemnation. But I know it is the Holy Spirit's work, to lift you experimentally out of and above self, sin, guilt, death, and condemnation, to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and in his life, love, righteousness, and glorious holiness—for it is by faith, which is the Spirit's work in us, that we have access into this grace, wherein we stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. No holy ground to

stand on but in Jesus; and now ye live, if ye stand fast in the Lord. Stand! stand! having your loins girt about with this truth.

“Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

“Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes,
Thy Jesus nail'd them to his cross,
And sung the triumphs when he rose.”

And now I say, beloved, as it is the Holy Spirit's work, to quicken and raise us up unto Jesus, our life, holiness, and righteousness, so, it is the devil's, the evil spirit's work, to drag us down into sin, self, darkness, and corruption, and to bury us in the grave of sin and dead self: and then we go groping and moping about like the blind for the wall, until heaven's angel or messenger comes again to us in the dark, and says, “Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here—he is risen.”

O, how we mope and grope and groan when buried and sunk into vile dead self; and there satantwists our guilt and sin (the entrails of the dead old man) about the necks of our souls: and the stink of this grave almost suffocates our souls. Until the Spirit speaks again in us, and says, “O my people, I will bring you out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel.” Ezekiel xxxvii. No grave so vile and filthy as self: human dead flesh smells horrible. But when Jesus breathes by his sweet and healthful Spirit: it is like lillies, pinks, and roses: it is holy odours—an unction from the Holy One—the breath of his mouth—and his Spirit is most sweet. Yea, the Spirit is life. And Jesus saith, “Live.” “Because I live ye shall live also.”

Beloved, it was an holy agreement in the eternal covenant between the three Holy sworn Ones in One. The Lord sware by himself and his holiness, to bless his people in one Lord Jesus Christ. Hear the Father's word to Jesus, Isaiah xxvi. 19.—“Thy dead men shall live.” Hear the answer of Jesus to his Father: “With my dead body shall they arise.”

Now, hear the voice of the heavenly turtle, the Holy Ghost: “Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead.” Come,

happy souls, blessed souls, we shall rise from our graves of dust, and sing with Jesus and all our friends in our Father's house above.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, March 19, 1846.

JESUS.

Talk not, O man, of pity, or of love,
Of self-denial, or magnanimity;
Will one of you, from off the felon's neck
(The guilt stain'd wretch,) the fatal halter take,
Bid him go free, and place it on thine own?
Behold! when justice drew his sword of fire—
And flash'd it o'er a vile, sin-deluged world;
Forth then came, the only true Philanthropist,
Baring his fair bosom to receive the blow,
And pointing to his unblemish'd heart he cried,
Here quench thy wrath! Here sheath the blades!—

’Twas done!!!

The deep, exhaustless fount was open'd! 'twas done,
Its source free grace, and its precious store
Eternal light, and life, pardon, peace, and joy:
Oh! through the ravish'd heart these streams do flow;
The elect of God alone their value know.

Omnipotent Hero! the real Atlas, thou,
Whose shoulders bore a weight of mountain guilt,
To which all heaven and earth were light as air!
And thou didst heave, the huge, the dreadful load,
By passive virtue sole, (O spotless Lamb.)
Down, down for ever, oblivion's dark abyss;—
Slay the old dragon of the loathsome pit,
Divorce damnation from damning sin,
And leave death stingless on the field!

O world! highly honour'd, favor'd orb;
Scene of a far more wondrous mighty feat
Than angels ere witness'd in highest heaven.
That call'd down applause from her high battlements,
And all her countless shining host broke forth,
With shouts of holy triumph proclaim'd the deed,
While echoing loud, through nature's wide expanse,
The thunder-voice of God, join'd in the praise.

Leicester, March, 1846.

J. H.

Salvation to God and the Lamb!

Suff'ring Saviour, Lamb of God,
By virtue of whose precious blood,
The church is purg'd from sin:
Give me with humble faith to see
The union of my soul to thee,
That I'm complete in Him.

Oh! send thy Spirit from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love,
And praise to thy dear name:
That whilst below, my soul may sing,
The praises of my God and King,
And spread abroad his fame.

From day to day bestow thy grace,
On a vile worm of Adam's race,
That I may learn thy ways;
Uphold me by thy mighty power,
When death and hell against me roar,
Until I reach the place—

Where joys increasing ever flow,
And ransom'd souls with love shall glow,
To join the Angelic song;
Then my poor soul shall shout and sing,
Salvation to my God, the King,
That sits upon the throne.

Langport.

JOSEPH.

THE EXERCISES AND THE MERCIES CONNECTED WITH THE MINISTRY
OF THE WORD.

"The fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is."

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I know it is at times a source of comfort to you, to believe that the Lord is in any way pleased to make use of me, in the ministry of the word.

Very briefly, therefore, I proceed to inform you wherein it was I was constrained to hope that He did both go before and with me into the county of Suffolk.

From the moment almost that I engaged to go, I felt a great drawing back in my soul, and a wish that I had not promised to go: beside which, my temporal affairs looked so dark, and my burdens appeared so heavy, that I really dreaded leaving home: worse than all, I could not see that the Lord had in any way opened the door; it seemed as though, without prayer or seeking the mind of God, I had rushed into the engagement, and should certainly have to suffer for it.

On the day before I left, these feelings and fears appeared to be wound up to their highest pitch: I felt as though I could bear them no longer: I locked my door, flung myself upon my knees, and endeavoured to cast myself upon the Lord. I seemed as though I said to the Lord "Do with me as seemeth to thee good: if I am to go down into Suffolk to have my mouth stopped, and my pride more deeply humbled, Lord, so let it be." I arose from my knees, and took up the Bible, when immediately these words met my eye—"So foolish was I, and ignorant, I was as a beast before thee: nevertheless, I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right-hand." These words really for a time seemed to do me good; they shewed me my foolishness, my ignorance, my inward murmurings and rebellion; and that all this was before God: nevertheless, that I was still with him, and he with me. I went to Camberwell that evening, and preached from those words, and really hoped I had the presence of the Lord. But in the morning, a measure of my darkness came again: I could not see that the Lord had given me any word or promise at all,

that he would go with me. Darkness veiled my mind. I left my family at home, and was soon found being hurried through the country as fast as steam could carry me. Now I began to look in the Bible, and endeavoured to look up to the Lord for some direction and instruction, as to what I was to preach from on the coming Sabbath. But I seemed alone: no spiritual light nor life could I find in me: at last something said—"You'll have to rummage up some old subject or other to go before the people with, for you will get nothing fresh." Well, all the way down to Saxmundham it really seemed as though this would be the case. Oh! how unhappy I did feel.

I was preserved and permitted to reach the end of my journey in safety; and had sat for some few hours pondering over my desolate state of soul, and wondering what old subject I could fix upon, when the words "Behold the man whose name is the Branch, and he shall grow up out of his place, and he shall build the temple of the Lord," rather took hold of my mind; I knew I had preached from these words sometime before, and tried to bring up a few of the old heads and ideas, and so to frame up something of a sermon or two: but all was flat and lifeless, and in the flesh. Presently, in the sorrow of my soul, I lifted up a secret cry to the Lord for help: and it was as though the Lord did, with a little power, speak the following words right home to my heart—"Go, and cry in the ears of Jerusalem, saying, Thus saith the LORD; I remember thee; the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness; in a land that was not sown. Israel was holiness unto the Lord; and the first fruits of his increase: all that devour him shall offend; evil shall come upon them saith the Lord." (Jer. ii. 2, 3.) So softly, and with such illuminatings of mind, did these words possess my soul, that I fully received them as from the Lord; and could not help exclaiming, in the comfort of my soul, "I really do believe the Lord will be with me to-

morrow." This I repeated aloud twice or three times, so glad was I that the Lord had spoken to me. In these words the dear Lord seemed to tell me exactly what people it was I was going to speak to; that they were the first-fruits of his increase, as Watts has it:—

"Christ be my first elect, he said;
Then chose our souls in Christ our head."

This gave me to feel a solemn persuasion that there was a people at Aldringham who did, from everlasting, belong unto the Lord; and that they were predestinated to be conformed unto the image of his Son, which in the text is called "holiness unto the Lord;" whereby I felt a growing desire to be instrumental in imparting to them some spiritual gift. Furthermore, the Lord (through the text) shewed me that they had really passed from death unto life: had become espoused unto Christ, and followers of him in a wilderness, or land that previously had not been sown. There was a secret whispering in my soul which seemed to say that some of these people had partly fallen asleep; and that others were exercised with inward fears that God had "forgotten to be gracious unto them:" whereupon the text sounded again—"GO—and cry IN THE EARS of Jerusalem"—speak boldly, confidently, discriminatingly, and comfortably unto Jerusalem: say unto her "Thus saith the Lord, I remember THEE: I have not forgotten thee."

Upon this, I shortly after retired to rest; and was in the morning safely conveyed to the house of God. When the service commenced I did most solemnly feel the Divine presence, and in both the services was privileged with some sweet access unto the mercy seat, and much liberty and assistance in speaking to the people. Jacob's exclamation was evidently realized—"Surely this is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven to my soul." The Lord did certainly work by the word.

I pass by some other services, and come briefly to notice a circumstance which I think I shall never forget. On the following Wednesday evening I was to preach at Halesworth, in Suffolk. Now there was living in the parish of Walpole a young man, the son of a firm and faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

This young man had been accustomed

for years to attend at what is called the Independent Chapel, at Walpole; but not the slightest mark of godly fear, or of divine life in the soul, had ever been seen. It appears, by the solemn confession he afterwards made to me, that on the Sunday evening (March the 8th) he was returning home in that lifeless, careless, and unregenerate state in which, up to that moment, he had been living, when an individual put some question to him about love to the Lord Jesus Christ; this question sunk into this young man's heart with such almighty power, and was instrumental (as I do hope) in the hands of the Holy Spirit, of giving unto him such a discovery of his fallen, depraved and ruined condition, as a guilty sinner, in the sight of a holy and righteous God, that, from Sunday evening until Wednesday, he was racked and tortured with the most heart-rending convictions of his sinfulness, constantly crying unto God to have mercy upon him. When he heard on Wednesday (as he says) that a man was coming to Halesworth to preach, he was led to cry out—"Lord, let thy Gospel come with power into my heart;" and with that cry he went forth from Walpole to Halesworth to hear me.

Now, I was totally ignorant of all this. I knew nothing of this young man, nor of the deep soul trouble he was in. In my journey from Saxmundham to Yoxford, and onward to Halesworth, I had been inwardly afflicted with the dreadful workings of sin, and felt much depressed and dejected thereby; so that I went to the chapel at Halesworth in much leanness of soul. I sat myself down on one of the seats; the people began to sing a hymn out of Gadsby's Selection, during which time I found myself perplexed as to what portion of the Word I should read. Just before they concluded the hymn, something said plainly to me—*read the third chapter of Habakkuk.* I immediately took the Bible, opened upon it, and commenced. At the reading of this solemn Scripture my heart was enlarged, my mind enlightened, and my tongue set at liberty; so that when I came to the 16th verse (where the prophet says—"When I heard, my belly trembled; my lips quivered at the voice; rottenness entered into my bones; and I trembled in myself, that I might rest in the day of trouble;") I was forcibly

constrained to enter upon a description of the wonderful struggles, sorrows, conflicts, and tremblings of a poor sinner, when God, the Holy Ghost, doth really quicken the soul into life. I enlarged much upon this part of the chapter: the young man was in the congregation, but I had no idea that the Lord was hereby speaking right into the very experience of a poor soul then in trouble; and was thereby lifting him up, as it were, from dark despair. The service being over, I was taken back to Walpole, where I was to preach the next evening. In the course of the following morning, as I was walking alone in the fields, my soul went out in secret prayer to God that he would be pleased to let me see I had been useful to one poor sinner before I returned home. All this time I was in the dark respecting this young man: but presently I was sent for to his house; and being seated with the father and mother at the dinner table—(for the Suffolk people are exceedingly kind and liberal), this very young man came into the room. As soon as I saw him I was struck with his appearance: he looked like one almost overpowered with grief and anguish of soul. I wondered in myself what could possibly be the cause of his great sorrow. I was compelled to ask; when, the mother turning to me, said—"It is all through you, last night." This sentence so inwardly excited me that I knew not what to say. However, after a while, the young man told out the whole tale; wherein it did appear certain to me, that the Lord had secretly ploughed up the fallow ground of his heart on the Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday previous; bringing him into a most solemn, feeling sense of guilt and condemnation; and had then sent me as an instrument to speak unto him the word of eternal life.

At three different places where I afterwards preached in that part of the country, I found this young man was present, and I cannot but hope that this will prove to be the beginning of "that good work" which shall be maintained, preserved, and perfected, even to the coming of Jesus Christ.

The following letter I have since received from him: may the Lord bless its perusal, and to him shall all the glory be given.

"My dear Friend,

"I wish I could have said, 'My

dear Brother," I dare say you think it long before you hear from me: I have been stopping to hear your dear brother Skelton, hoping the Lord would give me a little, so as I could give you satisfaction; but I feel myself a lost sinner. I must give you my thoughts and feelings, since I told you a few of them. In the first place, at Cratfield, I felt well in your chapter and prayer, but in your sermon I felt as if I could see hell before my eyes, and I thought that must be my portion; oh, I felt wretched: and I thought if I was out of that house, I should be ready to hang myself. I felt as if I must come to hear you at Harleston, but I wanted to come like a thief, so that I might not be known; I thought my friends would ask me what I was going for; and I must tell them I did not know; I thought they would think that a queer answer: but I hope the dear Lord gave me a little in the morning, I felt particular well when you said, 'Perhaps you might be speaking to only one;' I prayed it might be me; oh, I felt so happy until you spoke upon the outside religion; you said that was like a house built upon the sand, at last of all, there came a blasting wind and blew it down, and I thought that would be the case with me. I came home cast out, with tears in my eyes, and I thought the Lord would never save such a wretch as myself. On March 30th I heard your dear brother Skelton at Walpole, I heard him very well concerning 'Boaz and the handmaidens; I hope, and trust I can say, I felt the dear Lord in my prayer that night, and the next morning two persons under where I lay, were at work before I came down, I durst not thank the Lord for sparing such a wretch as myself through that night, until I came down and went into a shed to pray, and I felt the dear Lord with me. I came out and burst into tears, and said, 'Dear Lord, dost thou follow a wretch like me into the shed?' I knew the devil had hunted me about pretty well, and so he does now at times: that morning when I went into breakfast, I could not help crying, and said, 'Mother, I know Mr. Skelton is sent here to do some good.' I went down to Halesworth that night and heard him very well concerning the burden on the shoulder, and the yoke on the neck; hoping the dear Lord had got them on me; if he had I knew he would take them off me, when he thought proper: during the three days which then passed over my head, I was very concerned about my soul, wondering what ever was to become of it, and almost wished I never knew the worth of it. O, my life was miserable, and I wondered however I done my work at all. I felt myself a bigger wretch than ever: and felt as if the devil must have me, and yet my worldly enjoyments appeared gone. Saturday following, that came to my mind

that I must go to hear Mr. Skelton at Aldringham; the devil told me that he should run me there to make people think that there was something good hung about me. I rose in the morning with the same on my mind; I prayed to the Lord if it was his work to make it known unto me: I told my mother not to tell uncle and aunt where I was gone, and what was on my mind, and felt myself a real hypocrite; and feared I should so remain. I started, and thought no one would know where I was then going. As I went along, I wanted to ask the dear Lord whether it was his doing, that I took this walk in hand; but I dare not, for some time; I thought it must be the devil's work to torment me, and I stopped, and wondered, whether I should come back again; but I knew my mother would want to know what chapters he preached from, and whether there was any likelihood of his stopping; so I thought I would go through; and before I got there the dear Lord gave me liberty to pray to him, that his dear servant's labours might be profitable to my soul. O, that my journey might not be all in vain. I got within half a mile of the chapel, and I saw one coming one way, and two another, and I stopped and looked around, and I saw a great many, and I thought here come the dear Lord's sheep, flocking together, and I burst into tears, and asked the Lord was I one of his sheep? and I prayed unto him much, that I might be one of them, but I could not think he would take such a wretch as myself. I thought no one on this earth so bad as myself; I continually kept crying during the morning, and wondering what would become of my poor soul. Mr. Skelton spoke a great deal concerning the dear Lord, how gently he drove his dear sheep when they are of young, and how he succours his dear lambs; he does not drive them on harder places than they can bear; and he prayed that if the dear Lord had sent a troubled soul there that morning, to be with him, and comfort him, and bless him, and give him hope; that God would be to him an upholder; and I began to have hope that it was the Lord's work. At noontime, I thought I would get in amongst them, and find out whether they liked your dear brother; I thought I should not be known, but every member of the chapel I came near kept offering their hands; and I shook and trembled, and felt afraid to offer them my hand, for I thought the Lord's people shook hands with themselves, I felt myself one of the devil's flock, and I thought I had no business with the Lord's people. Then I wondered whether the dear Lord meant to take me into his flock, and so make his people known unto me. I got into conversation with two of the members, I felt full

of soul trouble; and could not keep from crying; I asked one of them where was Mr. Skelton, not thinking of seeing him; one of them said she would find Mr. Skelton; and I said, 'no don't.' 'O, yes,' she said, 'I will;' and went after him, and I saw him coming, and I felt dreadful at the thoughts of meeting him; he shook hands with me; and asked me how I was; I told him full of troubles; he said, 'What is the matter? you never told me anything about this, when I was at your house.' I said, 'I dare not.' We sat down and had about half an hour, I was forced to tell him my thoughts and my feelings, and I told him what part of the sermon was suitable to my feelings; and I told him that I was come here for relief; and I expect I shall not get it: he said, 'what do you want?' I said, 'I want real inside troubled-soul preaching.' He spoke from the 24th chapter of Isaiah, 11, 12, 13, verses; and blessed be the dear name of the Lord, I came home full; he gave me what I wanted; I had about fourteen miles to walk, and very wet I was. I have heard about people facing all weather to take a little money, I felt as if that no money should buy what the dear Lord gave me that day. I felt as if I could not thank the dear Lord enough for it.

My dear friend, I have at times come into my chamber, and stood and wondered whether I should go down on my knees or not; I felt as if I must do it; and after I have been down on my knees, the devil has told me that it was he forced me down on purpose to mock the Lord; and I prayed the Lord if that was his work, to shut my mouth, and close my tongue to the roof of my mouth; and I have got into bed, and wondered what would become of my soul. I had a little hope it was the Lord's work; I did not mind where I went if I could find out that it was: if it be the Lord's work I shall never forget in what way and manner he began me; and I trust he has given me many reasons to believe it is; blessed be the dear Lord, he began me with a weight within me; I felt myself not able to carry it; one Sunday night I began to wonder what was the matter with me; I came home, and had to go on my knees and cry out, 'Dear Lord, have mercy on me, a wretched sinner.' That continued three nights and three days, then the dear Lord sent one of his servants to preach what I had experienced in that time: it appeared to me that the dear Lord goes before in his work with a poor sinner, and then sends out his servants to preach what they have experienced; and that gives them hope that it is the Lord's work began in them.

* This is the time at Halesworth, I have before spoken of.

My dear friend, I think sometimes, the Lord fed you with meat, and sprinkled your soul with wine. I feel at times, as if I could not be thankful enough if the Lord would let me have a mite of the bread of life, and a drop of water: we say there is no man enjoys his food like him that labours for it; and so it must be with the Lord's people; and if it be the Lord's work in me, I feel to have a wish to labour for it; but the dear Lord knows what is best for us. My dear friend, this is what I have passed through during one month: I am forced to pray two and three times a day, that it may prove to be the Lord's work in me: I made four attempts of writing these few lines when I was by myself; and I was forced to go down on my knees each time to ask the dear Lord leave to write a few lines to his dear servant concerning the good work he has begun in me.

If it is the Lord's work, I shall never forget you two dear men; and especially you, as being the first I ever heard that made any impression on my mind. I trust I shall have the pleasure of hearing you before long, if it be the Lord's will. I pray that he may give me liberty; and put me forward in his everlasting truth. May the Lord bless you, and keep you steadfast in his truth, and bless your labours to his dear people, if it is his will.

Sometimes I feel as if I could not thank the dear Lord enough for what I hope he is doing for me, and sometimes wondering what is to become of my soul; these are my thoughts nearly every hour in the day.

Your's, W. SALTER.

For the present, my dear brother, I leave these few scraps with the Lord, yourself, and all who may be led to peruse them, in the humble hope that when the mysterious wheel of Providence has fully worked out the unchanging purpose of God, as regards time things, and creatures, and when eternity with all its immortal glories shall be opening to the transported view of the redeemed church of Christ, that then yourself, William Salter, and the poor worm who now writes, will be found at the right hand of the Majesty of Heaven; wherefore I subscribe myself, your's, in the faith of the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

6, Pagoda Terrace,
Bermondsey New Road.
Southwark.

The Separation from Zoar; and the Opening of Jireh Chapel, Brown's Lane, Spitalfields.

THE question has been urged upon us again and again, "Well; and what have you to say now, respecting the separation from Zoar?" Our answer has been simply this; we are so solemnly awed by the circumstances connected with the opening of the new Jireh, that we tremble to advance a single sentence touching any of the parties; and yet we are in a great measure pledged to record the event. In doing so we are compelled to declare our belief that the re-opening of Old Brown's Lane Meeting House, by the present parties, to be the commencement of a new division among what may be called the Experimental Calvinistic Baptists; it will present another occasion for continued excitement in that part of the religious world; it will be another asylum for country ministers; it will be well calculated to promote, and to strengthen the growth of itching ears; and will be a constant temptation to the members of the moveable body to be shifting their quarters. Jireh Chapel, as it is now called, was re-opened on Lord's day, April 12th, 1846, when Mr. Tryon, of Deeping, in Lincolnshire, preached to the people: and took occasion to notice at considerable length, some of the painful circumstances, which had constrained him to countenance the present separation from Zoar. "It is a most remarkable fact, (says a shrewd, and faithful watchman,) that ministers have left the Establishment, and have come amongst us Baptists, to set us to rights; yet these are the very men that are splitting and dividing us in all directions:" surely there is some truth in this declaration! Nevertheless, who shall say but that on the one hand, there has been some urgent necessity for this sifting work? and on the other hand, a great good may ultimately be thereby worked out unto the church of the Living God, in these ominous times?

The position that we now occupy respecting the event referred to, must be a neutral one. There are many things which (to the eye of sense and reason, connected with this religious move-

ment,) appear, we say appear, to be decidedly bad. But what has there ever been in the church of Christ, (abstractedly considered,) that has not been bad? The serpent's tempting Eve; Eve tempting her husband, and her husband's falling into the temptation, was bad indeed; but who will dare to put any other comment upon that, the beginning of all our sorrows, than the words of the Apostle, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose?"

It may be that there have been many things in the constitution and management of the church at Zoar, calculated to wound and offend her members; it is equally possible, that there is much in the movements of those who have separated, which is open to censure; and, (highly as we must esteem and love Mr. Tryon, as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ,) yet the open, and public manner in which he reflected upon the characters and conduct of some acknowledged servants of Christ, gives rise to many very fearful and serious reflections; but as yet we have no authority, nor evidence sufficient to condemn either party. We are more than ever assured, that while it is impossible but that offences must come: still, Jesus is King in Zion; and "he must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet;" he "will overturn, overturn, overturn (the whole machinery of human affairs) until they shall be no more: and he shall come, whose right it is; and the kingdom shall be given to him." (Ezekiel xxi. 27.) Rather, therefore, would we hope, that while the "multitude of the city is being divided," as in days of old; that while the "contention between Paul and Barnabas is so sharp that they must part in sunder," yet, that hereby the Lord is graciously preserving his people from placing an undue reliance in instruments, while the instruments themselves are being sent hither and thither confirming and comforting the churches in the truth as it is in Christ.

"It is evident," says a judicious Christian man (after hearing Mr. Tryon twice,) "there is some mud somewhere among the parsons and people, to whom Mr. Tryon referred; and who

shall dare to say, that the Lord has not raised him up, and sent him forth, to witness against that that is evil and inconsistent even in the church of the living God?" In answer to this solemn challenge, we can only repeat, we dare not; we desire not, to question the divinity of Mr. Tryon's mission: he has been heard by many of the living in Jerusalem with comfort: the almost unanimous decision which they have come to, is, "that he is a man sent of God for a special work." That work, if it be of God, he must, and will accomplish: and however mortifying and afflicting some of the outward movements connected with that work may be to other ministers, and to other parts of the believing body, still, it shall certainly be productive of a vast amount of essential good.

We understand James Weller, of Robertsbridge, and Mr. Tryon, are expected to supply the pulpit of Jireh during the month of May. That the glorious gospel of the grace of God may be their theme; that the divine Presence may be enjoyed, and that the church may be built up and edified, shall be our most fervent prayer.

The Blessedness of the Gospel Church State.

Fragment from a Sermon: By C. W. BANKS, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

I purposed to notice,—1. The Hill.—2. The places.—3. The "them."—4. How God will make them a blessing.—5. The abundance of mercies to be manifested to and realized by the Church of Christ.

1. I have spoken of this hill, as described in the 68th Psalm, "The Hill of God," that is, the person of Christ is as the hill of Bashan. Christ is indeed the hill of God, being deity itself, being set up by God, and commissioned to bring in everlasting righteousness for the whole election of grace.

He is said to be "like Bashan." Bashan was a fruitful land; it laid beyond Jordan. Christ has carried the Church beyond the reach of death and hell, no death in Christ.

Bashan was full of hills; Christ is full of elect, redeemed souls: Bashan was

bounded on the south by the river Jabok, and on the north by Mount Hermon; so Christ, and the Church in him, is bounded by the river of everlasting love, and the mountain of the all-righteous, glorious, and unchanging decrees of God.

I know that Zion is called "The hill of God's holiness" (Psalm ii. 6), but that is because the Church is one with and in Christ: the Church is the city, which is set upon Christ the hill, which cannot be hid. Matthew v. 14.

David, in the third Psalm, calls Christ God's holy hill; he says, "I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill." God in Christ can hear and answer a poor guilty sinner; but out of Christ, our cries cannot be heard. God out of Christ is too high to stoop—too holy to be approached, but in Christ he comes down, and comes near to us.

So, in the 43d Psalm, you have the breathings of a soul sensible of its sin and weakness, and greatly longing after God and his Christ. The poor soul seems to lay a long way off, yet, like Jonah, is looking again towards the temple, and says, "O send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me: let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles."

There you have a beautiful expression of the faith and feeling of a real sensible sinner.

What does he want? He wants four things. He wants God to send out his light and truth, that is, his word of life, by the power of the Holy Ghost. 2. He wants to be led by these—and by these to be brought unto Christ, and also to the tabernacles; that is, into real fellowship and communion with God. Herein, I think, you will see, in the Holy Ghost's light, whether you have the life of God in your soul. Examine yourself by the 43d Psalm.

2. Of the "them." In the context, you have a rich description. Seven things are said of them.

3. I come to notice "the places round about the hill." I have no doubt but that the first and literal meaning of this part of the text is spoken of the benefits the temporal and national blessings, which Christ and his Church brings to all where they come; but a more deep and spiritual interpretation is to be found, with-

out straining the word.—1. These places were called the "places of drawing of water." "They that are delivered from the noise of the archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord." Who are these that are delivered? The whole family of God. What are they delivered from? The noise of the archers, the law, satan, sin, and the world; an entire deliverance. Where? In the places of the drawing of water—the sufferings and sacrifice of Christ. These were the places—Gethsemane and Calvary. It was there he satisfied Divine justice; atoned for sin; and by that one offering, perfected for ever, them that are sanctified! Are these places round about the hill? Yes, Christ wears the marks of his sufferings still: and the heavenly world may be said to be thickly studded with the trophies of his victory, whose song will ever be "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his blood."

These places are called "the places of the paths" (Prov. viii. 2). Wisdom stands in these places of the paths. Solomon speaks of high places and the places of the paths. Christ stands in the high places of electing love, and covenant engagement. He will never come out of these high places, except it be to punish the wicked, as is written in Isaiah xxvi. 21. I may say that neither Christ nor the Holy Ghost never effectually call, or quicken, or receive, or sanctify any but elect sinners. "All the Father giveth me shall come unto me." But look again, Solomon says, Wisdom standeth in the top of high places, in the places of the paths. The Gospel churches and Gospel ministers are high places, which God has raised up; there Wisdom's voice is to be heard. But the places of the paths are the inward teachings and workings of the Holy Ghost. What are the paths? Repentance towards God is a path, a spiritual path; faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is a path; passing from death unto life, is a path. Where are the places of these paths? The hearts of quickened sinners. If you have real godly sorrow for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, your hearts are the places of these paths, and Christ will stand, continue, reign, and carry on his work here; bringing back the prodigal, raising up the man going to Jericho, and restoring Peter from all his lies and blasphemy.

Are these places round about the hill? Oh, yes; broken hearts, repenting, believing sinners, all are close round and linked to Christ. So the Psalmist says, "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as are of a contrite spirit."

These places are called *quiet resting places*" (Isaiah xxxii. 18.) "My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation (that is in Christ), in sure dwellings (that is, in the undisturbed purposes of a Triune God), and in quiet resting places." When guilt is removed from the conscience, and the pardon of sin is sealed home upon the heart by the blessed Spirit, it is then we have quiet resting places indeed. Although Zophar went the wrong way to work, yet he doth most beautifully describe these quiet resting places. He speaks of them in their order—he, says, "Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot," that is, a holy nearness and communion; he says, "You shall be steadfast and not fear," that is, you shall not turn back, nor be shaken with dreadful terrors. He says, "You shall forget your misery, and remember it as waters that pass away," that is, your sin will ever, like a river, be passing away; but the horror of it shall be gone. He says, "Your age shall be clearer than the noon day, you shall shine forth and be as the morning," that is, you shall be made manifest and established in the consciences of the people of God, as one whom he hath ordained to eternal life: your interest in Christ, your union to, your knowledge of Christ, your consistent and spiritual walk in Christ, shall be declared and known. I do believe that this is the blessed position of many of God's ministers and of his dear people. They have been raised up, kept up, and continued in the faith; they are seen and known as the living epistles of God. He says, "You shall be secure, because there is hope"—you are anchored in Christ. Many afflictions and foes and temptations may assail, and dangers affright, but you are secure. You shall not finally fall nor nor faint. He says, "You shall dig about you and take your rest in safety." Though you dwell in quiet resting places, yet you will not be idle, nor presumptuous, nor be resting on your lees: there will be a digging into your state, a digging into your heart; a digging into the mysteries of the kingdom; a digging into

the work of the blessed Spirit in the soul; and as this digging goes on, so will rest and safety and a firm footing be found. He says, "You shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid; yea, many shall make suit unto you." Oh, yes; the church will cleave unto you, and enquire after you, and long to hear from you, what God has done for your soul.

These quiet resting places are all round about the hill: they are all the fruits of a vital saving union to Christ. Here is communion with God: steadfastness in the faith: freedom from the guilt and horror of sin: a being made manifest in the consciences of God's people: security in the time of temptation: deep experimental digging into the things of God: a lying down in the green pastures of the Gospel, and being blessed with the communion of saints.

4. We come then to the promise, "I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing." I feel this promise is fulfilled in three ways:—1. In the persons designed of God to be blessed coming into the experimental possession of the blessing; 2. In the increase and progress of the gospel kingdom; 3. In the temporal and civil benefits which the gospel kingdom confers.

1. In the persons destined of God to be blessed coming into the experimental possession of the blessing. When the reigning powers of sin are subdued; mercy sought; guilt removed, and fellowship with God realized—then, indeed, there is a blessing. When we are favoured with the blessed witness of the Holy Ghost within; and the countenance and comfortable communion of the children of God without, then indeed there is a blessing. When we are enabled to dig into our hearts and into the mysteries of sovereign grace, and find where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound, then indeed there is a blessing.

2. This promise is to be fulfilled in the increase and building up of the church of God's elect. God will make his ministers and churches instrumental in gathering together the outcasts of Israel: "sinners shall be converted unto God:" fallen children shall be raised up: mourners in Zion shall be comforted; and surely there shall be showers of blessings.

(I trust my friend will accept this brief sketch; it is all I could possibly give him out of the two discourses.—G. W. B.)

ENDURING TEMPTATION.**DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,**

According to my promise in a former *Vessel*, I again resume my subject, by relating some of the dear Lord's dealings with my soul; and O, my God! do thou be pleased to make me honest and sincere, in every word I write; I have to do with thee, O, thou Most High and searcher of hearts, in whose presence, and at whose bar, I must shortly appear: under this solemn impression, do thou be pleased to enable me to relate thy gracious, and merciful dealings with me; with no other view, desire or design, than for the comfort and encouragement of those who may be in the midst of some such acute and sharp pangs, as thou hast in a great measure brought, (mercifully, yes my brother, if my God could ever be merciful to me in any one respect, more than in another, it was in bringing me) out of this sore temptation, which I am about to relate; and in relating it, I shall state to you, how I was first brought, or what first led me to cry unto God.

When about fourteen years of age I remember going to a fair, and buying a knife; but however I had not got this knife many days, before I felt a most surprising sensation come over me; I felt I must destroy myself with this knife; this pretty little knife which I had purchased, and which I valued so much: although such a being as I then was, I thought it most strange that I should have such a feeling as this: then the thought of everlasting punishment strikingly occurred to me, I thought if I do this I must certainly go into everlasting punishment: everlasting punishment was deeply laid upon my mind, for my poor father often used to talk to me when a boy, about the fire being poured out upon the wicked for as many years as there were waters in the sea. But, alas! the feeling did not go from me; I therefore put away the knife, with the hope of getting rid of such a distressing state as I did indeed feel myself to be then in. But, beloved brother, the putting away the knife, did not put away what I felt, deeply, and distressingly felt: No, for alas! alas! other knives were just as bad as that: I could not look at them without feeling that I must

take one of them up, and commit the fatal stroke. Oh! how I wished that I could never see a knife! for my feelings were as a devouring fire, destroying me by inches, for I saw hell before me, and I feared exceedingly I should plunge myself into it: this feeling followed me up also at night; for if I went off in a little sleep, I did not stay many minutes before I awoke in an exceeding great fright. If I had a thousand worlds offered me to describe what I felt, I could not: the horrors were too great ever to be described: I would not wish them to the meanest reptile, that ever crept on the earth: speaking after the manner of men, I would rather die a thousand deaths than ever pass through them again: it seemed at that time, like it was only the fear of punishment that kept me from plunging into the depths of hell. I used to go to the Established Church at that time, and when they used to repeat the creed, and came to that part of it where it says, "He descended into hell," I could not help saying, that is where I shall certainly go; then started the tears from my heart, soul, and eyes; for the thought of going into hell I could not endure: my eyes told those about me that there was something the matter with me, for I looked like a man wild, though acutely sensible of what was the cause of it, viz. the awful and intolerable feeling that I must plunge myself into hell.

Then next of all water was presented to me; I must go into that; O, how I have dreaded to go by any place where water was. If I at any time, saw water at a distance, I would sometimes think I would close my eyes while I passed it, that I might not see it, because if I saw it, the horrors of my mind were intolerable, fearing I should plunge into it. At another time I would go back, in order that I might not pass it; but to describe just what I felt in those seasons, I will add, that when I would close my eyes, or turn back that I might not see the water, I had some thoughts of whether I were not tempted of the devil; and if I were, I would not let him see that his temptation had any effect upon me, because I thought if he saw I did not notice it, he would soon go away from me; for I would have given worlds by tens of thousands, to get rid of such anguish of spirit.

Now, my brother, it was while labouring under this dreadful state of mind that I was first, shall I say driven? for surely I was driven, at that time, to cry unto God to keep me from plunging into the depths of hell's eternal abyss; and surely, my brother, although I did not at that time feel that God heard or regarded me at all, for I felt worse, a great deal, after I had made some attempt to pray, than I did even before I began; (so I fancied at that time.) But bless his eternal name, I know that he did hear me, or I well know where I should have been now. This was how my merciful God permitted that subtle, and crafty enemy (the devil,) to tempt so intensely sharp my soul, for the accomplishment of his good purpose, which he bare towards me; so that you see, brother, the devil's attempt to draw me eternally from God, was God's merciful, and good way of drawing me to himself. Although it was only through fear of being eternally lost that I cried unto him at that time, yet I have reason, I hope, to believe that that was a good beginning of what has since followed.

But again, when I attempted to pray I was exceedingly afraid, and trembled dreadfully to mention the devil before God, for the impression was so powerfully laid upon my mind, that if I mentioned the devil's name, I was ten thousand times worse afterward. Oh! if any one could ever feel anything of hell upon earth, I felt it at that time. I wandered about wishing to be alone; and yet the anguish of my spirit would not let me remain alone; for I feared and trebled every moment about what would become of me: then I tried to talk to some one or other, to try if I could get rid of the anguish of my soul, for I felt I could not possibly live under it; I wanted to tell some one of what I felt; Oh! methinks I could have given worlds to have done this; but I was afraid; I feared they would say I was getting mad, since they would have said that no one in his right senses, would ever think of putting an end to his existence; all this occurred to my mind, and I thought to myself, but am I not in my right mind? do not I feel that if I do this, I shall surely go to hell? So I went on in this agonizing state and did not mention to any one what I felt. It is said that the men in Paul's ship,

"wished for the day," being greatly distressed; and oh, when upon my bed, and troubled with such indescribable horrors, as I was; Did I not? Did I not, indeed, watch narrowly, and keenly, the window for day-light to appear? For surely night was worse with me than the day.

Again, I thought to myself I will go and be bled, for it may be that there is something the matter with my constitution, and perhaps bleeding will relieve it. Accordingly I went to the chemist, and was bled, but still I continued to have just the same sort of feelings as before; still I thought I would try it again; so I went, and was bled again the second time; (these are the only times I have ever been bled, and for no other cause than what I have described.) But O, my brother what folly was all this to relieve my restless soul. Alas! I did not want blood taken from me; but rather to have some brought into me, even the dear Lamb's blood

"Which perfectly cleanses
From sin and from guilt;
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health."

It was a feeling sense of His dear blood that I wanted: neither did I get any relief until a feeling sense of the need of it was mercifully created in me by the blessed Spirit of my God. There was nothing previous to this to compel Satan to give up his strong hold; no ensign of my being enlisted under the glorious banner of a stronger than him. But after this dear blood was brought into my soul, it formed a new thing, the new man; and provided for it an armour which no longer suffered this cruel and mighty enemy to remain there unmolested, but to give up his hold, and retreat at a distance; to wait (with his keen and sagacious eye,) opportunities for hurling in his fiery darts, if, by any means, he might do some injury to the new man, and for the dishonouring of the founder of it. Oh! beloved brother, how does it behove us to take good heed of what the Holy Ghost says about this armour in the sixth of Ephesians; for depend on it, if any part of it is left off, satan will surely find out a way for his darts to come in; yes, my brother, have we not found it so? for oh! how sharp and bitter have we found his darts to be!

I must forbear saying any more on the subject at present, or I fear I shall crowd your little bark too much; I will therefore reserve the remainder for the next, shall the dear Lord spare me so long.

But one word more, how do you account, dear brother, for the enemy's being so ravishing after my soul, while I was already in his iron grasp? Do you think he foresaw what my precious Lord was about to do for me? for we generally find that he does not disturb his own dupes much.

March 10th, 1846.

C. C.

Parable of the Rich Man and poor LAZARUS.

PRIMARILY this parable, it appears, sets forth the Jewish *Hierarchy* as the "certain rich man," and Jesus, as the beggar named Lazarus. Which by interpretation means "God help me." "He that was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." He was so poor that he had no place to lay his head in this world; and the world of rich pharisees, priests, and professors hated him. The poor is hated of his neighbour, and the rich hath many friends. Thus Jesus saith to his poor friends in this world, "Marvel not if the world hate you, it hated me before it hated you." Oh how the rich priest and pharisees hated the poor and lowly Jesus; and I am persuaded that all the rich priests, proud parsons, and pharisees in our day, now hate a poor saint of God, with the same hatred. I mean one that is not only poor in this world, but the poor in spirit who have neither riches, righteousness nor goodness of his own to boast of, and is so poor that he has neither bit nor drop of comfort but that which God gives in a way of free grace, and pure mercy. Well, we talk of poverty, Jesus was the poorest man that ever walked on this earth. He was not only destitute of worldly good and worldly riches, not one foot of this accursed earth would he claim as his own, nor a place to lay his head; but he had the reproaches of the people, the weight of our sins and the curse of the righteous law upon him, and the sure prospect of doleful and poignant sufferings, and

death always before his eyes; well might he be called "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

By what means the dear Lamb of God was fed while on earth, I am at a loss to affirm. Only it is said that "women ministered unto him of their substance." As the first Adam forfeited all by sin, so, the second Adam, was made sin for us and a curse, and in that capacity he had no claim on worldly things, only as sinners were moved to give to him of their worldly perishables. Neither sought he riches, pleasures, honours, or glory from the world. He saw things as they were, the whole world and all the things of the world, under the curse, and he himself involved in the wreck and misery of the curse and death. And the God of this world, the prince of darkness, reigning in darkness over this world, and in the hearts and minds of fallen men. And though in real and extreme poverty and temptation, when the God of this world said "all these things will I give unto thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me," Jesus refused them.

This parable of the rich man and Lazarus, is doubtless spoken against the Jewish *sanhedrim*, the rich priests, scribes, pharisees and hypocrites, who were grown abominably proud, rich, and wicked, under the garb of external religion. The priests lived on a part of the offerings, but their hearts were not established by grace or the love of God; and those meats for the belly profited not the souls of them that have been occupied therein." Heb. xiii. 9. What a pious fraud it is to count worldly gain godliness, and to grow rich, proud, and bigotted, as masters of mere formal religious ceremonies, and despise and oppress the poor! They despised Jesus, as an outcast and mendicant; of all their riches, purple and fine linen, and sumptuous livings, they had not a crumb for poor Lazarus, laying at the gate, full of sores which our sins had made in his soul, when he said "my soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." He died and was carried by angels into "Abraham's bosom." Angels shouted him home to glory with "open ye the gates!" But while he, laid at the rich man's gate, just out of the gates of Jerusalem, where he died, full

of wounds and bruises, rejected of the Jews and chief priests; the Gentiles, whom the Jews called dogs "came and licked his sores." Luke xvi. 21. And by his wounds and his stripes are we poor vile Gentiles (whom the Jews called dogs) healed. His flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed. O, mysterious, O, marvellous love! that by his sores, wounds, and stripes, we should be cleansed from all sin. Come, poor filthy, guilty, wretched sinners, poverty-stricken, and in deep distress—who may think and feel yourselves vile dogs, come to his sores—come to his wounds and blood; it will heal sin-madness, and silence devils. Remember the poor maniac among the tombs, cutting himself with stones, and crying and howling like a dog. Jesus healed him, and he came to his right mind, sitting at Jesus' feet. Remember, the poor Sirophenician woman, whom the Jews accounted as a dog, said "True, Lord, but the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table." O, woman! said Jesus, "great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Ah, the smallest crumb from Jesus, of his sweet love and mercy, is better than all the rich worldling's, or rich pharisee's dainties, that pamper their flesh and their pride. He that was refused a crumb from the rich man's table, was wounded, bruised, and ground between the mill stones of the law and our sins, to make living bread for the multitudes of poor hungry, starving, dying sinners. "Bread corn is bruised," and from the Father's golden table of shewbread, here are crumbs of love and mercy, peace and pardon, for poor Gentile sinners. "Dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the Master's table." Come, ye poor, outcast, vile and guilty sinners; kicked about by the proud priests, parsons, and pharisees of the day, as dogs are kicked out of their houses, and their fine chapels; here are crumbs for you from "the Master's table," who was treated as a dog by the "rich man," therefore he knows how to sympathize with you in your sufferings; he will take you in when all men will cast you out; for he was, on earth, an outcast himself, and will gather the outcasts of Israel: whatever sins, sorrows, bruises, wounds, and rendings

you may have received, either from saint or sinner, from satan or from self, (that midnight assassin,) Jesus saith "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." If proud priests, rich men, and parsons, and all men cast you out, and you cast yourselves out, through guilt and fears—"He hateth putting away," "He will in no wise cast you out."

The Jewish visible church, became rich, proud, and tyrannical: the Roman Catholic church, amassed enormous riches through priest craft, and became rich, proud, cruel, and bloody persecutors: the Church of England, with her bishops, is become enormously rich, through trading ecclesiastical merchandize, and was very tyrannical, until the toleration act passed; and many of them are very stiff and bigoted now; and what are the greater part of dissenters now become? just like the rich man that despised poor Lazarus, bloated with pride, error, and hatred of the truth, "having the form of godliness, but denying the power; proud boasters, heady, high-minded, "lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God:" despisers of them that are good, and that preach the sovereign freeness of God's love and mercy in Christ. If Jesus, or Paul, were to come in person, and preach the same things that they preached when on earth, they would be ready to push them out of their chapels and pulpits. The greater part of them are now like the rich man, clothed in fine linen, and faring sumptuously; but if a poor Lazarus, a poor wounded distressed saint, full of bruises, and wounds, and sores; one that feels, and knows the plague of his own heart, and own sore, lay complaining at their gate, for a crumb of true gospel, I fear that there would not be a crumb for them, only a frown and a spurn from their gates.

But remember, poor souls, that Jesus hath gone this path before you, and hath been "despised and rejected of men," and as poor and distressed as you can be, and knows how to succour them that are tempted. May the Lord help you to look unto him, and when you cannot do that, he is always looking upon you for good, and watching you every moment, and will never take his eyes off you to all eternity.

POOR LAZARUS.

A little of the Lord's dealings with the late Mary Barrett.

Better known by her maiden name Howard, as she was a single woman up to the last two years and five months of her life, together with some little account of the younger sister Elizabeth.

Now Elizabeth was impressed with the things of God as early as eight years old, and having a God-fearing mother, she constantly attended the ministry of the late Mr. C. of the Surry Tabernacle. But to return to Mary, from her own statement, she was strictly moral up to the thirtieth year of her age, and considered, as all moral people generally do, that they are entitled to heaven for it; but she knew nothing of the one thing needful as her youngest sister did at her early age. But God moves in a mysterious way to perform his wonders of grace. If he appoints the removal of a mother to be the means of bringing a child to a saving knowledge of himself, it must be done, however severe the stroke, and this was the case with Mary. Her mother had been lying upon a bed of sickness for some months. But, the time of her departure to be with Christ drew nigh, which took place on the 29th of June, 1830. Mary being in her thirtieth, and her sister Elizabeth in her fourteenth year. The night previous to her mother's death, being happy in the Lord the mother distinctly sung this verse out of Watts' hymns,

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed?"

(And when she came to this line)

"Would he devote that sacred head?"

she firmly said "Yes, Lord, thou didst for such a worm as me;" she then began to sink into the arms of death, and just before she expired, she said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, into thy hands I commit my spirit." Mary perceiving her jaw fall, said, "mother, are you happy?" she faintly bowed her head and smiled, and as the soul left the body, it left a glory beaming on her countenance, which remained for two or three days. The death of this dear woman had a very singular effect upon the youngest daughter Elizabeth, they being accustomed to go the house of God together; as soon as she found her mother was gone, she turned nearly black in the face, and appeared so strange, that she was obliged to be put out of the room, and from that time derangement has been coming on, which is now sixteen years ago. The death of the mother made some serious impression upon Mary, and as she was the eldest of five, the funeral expenses fell upon her, the father being a man that cared nothing about home, and would frequently leave them destitute, although he

held a good situation, and the man attended the same ministry on Sundays as the mother did. But, solemn thought, that same sun that softens the wax hardens the clay, and mark the awful sovereign hand of God not long afterwards. Mary now went to chapel with her sister, the minister, Mr. C., having removed to Crosby-row, and continued there until his death; now about two years after the death of the mother, being the time the cholera raged in London, the father was seized with it, and died in the greatest agony: the awful death of this man, had such an effect upon one of the brothers, that he died the next day.—Thus the Lord was pleased to display his mercy and his justice in these two characters. To return again, the death of Mr. C. at Crosby-row, caused great contention, and those who were taught of God left, because the truth was not preached; our young traveller, Elizabeth, was one among them, she went to Surry Tabernacle again, but did not get on quite so well. Mary not knowing truth from error, remained at Crosby-row, and wondered why her sister could not stop, for she considered them all good people that went to chapel, especially ministers so called, but let them preach what they would; but before I proceed further, I would state, that after the mother's death, Mary, considering they had no father, took Elizabeth under her care, and acted a mother's part by her as far as she could, she being then employed in the fur business, her wages being thirteen shillings per week, they struggled on together for some years, sharing each others' joys and sorrows: they had often been brought to their last meal, but their covenant God was not unmindful of them. Now Mary's sight began to fail her, consequently she was obliged to leave the fur business, because her employer would not suffer her to wear glasses, after serving him faithfully as fore woman for twelve years, but the Lord mercifully, and providentially appeared for her.

Crosby-row chapel was now shut up altogether, and as the Lord was gradually discovering to Mary what she was as a sinner in his sight, she began to seek after truth, and to pray that the Lord would direct her, and singular to relate, she prayed that if the Lord ever permitted her to marry, it might be to a God-fearing man, that he might be the means of instructing her in the way of salvation more perfectly. Now this petition, however simple it may appear, was of the Lord's own inditing, as after circumstances will prove.

About this time, a little Baptist cause, was about to be opened in Walnut-tree-walk, under the pastorate of Mr. M.; myself and three more acted as deacons: it was a commodious school-room, at a rent of £16 per annum: it was opened on a Easter Mon-

day, in the morning, by Mr. Foreman, in the afternoon by Mr. J. A. Jones, and in the evening by Mr. Milner: on the Saturday previous to the opening, as I was cleaning the windows, a female entered and inquired if that was the chapel that was to be opened on Monday, I answered yes: this female was Mary Howard, and to my knowledge the first time I ever saw her. Mary became a constant hearer, and the Lord prospered the word to her soul, so that in less than one year, she came forward with three more as candidates for the Ordinance of Baptism, and a solemn and delightful ordinance it was to her soul, as she expressed afterwards; she now became a consistent member of our little cause. Her sister Elizabeth who had been the longest traveller, yet not having joined any church, soon followed her steps, and joined us too: so in this case, the last was first, and the first last.

At length our pastor left us, under curious circumstances. We strove to keep it on by supplies, but it did not appear to be the Lord's will, consequently we were compelled to resign the key.

We were now a scattered flock, but Mary, her sister, and myself, kept together, and frequently went to Surrey Tabernacle: now Satan caused a little disagreement between us, consequently, they moved away. I saw no more of them for nearly two years, during which time my wife fell asleep in Jesus after three days confinement to her bed. Now after Mary became my wife, she told me that when she heard of her death, it would often dart across her mind that I was to be her husband, and she fought against it much. But the counsel of the Lord that shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. Being one Thursday at a friend's house to tea, I was seized with parylisis, brought home and confined to my bed.

Mary came to see me on the following Tuesday, and brought me a little aid; for at this time I was very low in circumstances; this occurred in October, 1842, my former wife having been dead one year; Mary visited me several times while I was confined to my room, and ministered to my necessities; which I believe they stood in need of at home: the last time she came to me before I was able to walk out, she left me a trifle in money, when she was gone, my heart went up to God in gratitude and praise, and I said, dear Lord, how shall I ever make her amends for such kindness as this? Something crossed my mind, as if it spake, "make her your wife;" this, of course, arrested my mind, not having the most distant idea of such a thing, especially under such circumstances, being afflicted with parylisis, and almost destitute.

In about four weeks I was able to walk out

with a stick; our intimacy now became stronger, and what had crossed my mind about marriage followed me so close, that I could not get rid of it. If ever I prayed in my life, for weeks I did now, that the Lord would direct my steps. I said, "Lord, if it is thy will for it to be accomplished, thou must do it, for thou knowest I have no means; but the Lord sent the means; we were united together in a comfortable manner, and enabled to praise his name. This took place on the 8th of October, in the same year: we now, with her sister Elizabeth, dwelt together in love and unity. We soon after this, went to Surrey Tabernacle, and was pretty comfortable up to about June following, but, I suppose our happiness was envied, for a circumstance took place there, which caused us to leave, but from no disrespect to the minister.

Now this circumstance brought to my mind a promise I had made to my friend Mr. Smith, to go and hear a Mr. Banks at Crosby Row Chapel; we now went, and were not disappointed, nor have I regretted the change; for I now stand a member of that little favoured corner of Zion, where the gospel of Christ is faithfully preached, in its trinity of blessings, namely, doctrinal, practical, and experimental, and such a ministry I believe the Holy Ghost will ever bless: the ministry of Mr. Banks was particularly blest to Mary, my wife, for this ministry satisfied her mind upon a subject we had conversed about, namely, that Christians have plenty of work to do to manifest themselves christians in the sight of the enemy, not for life but from life, agreeable to the epistle of Peter; but, this sort of religion is almost out of fashion now. Her attendance at Crosby Row was of short duration, for her cough, which she had laboured under for some time, now became so troublesome that she was compelled to stop at home. Now, up to this time, she could get no farther than hope; she soon took to her bed; it proved to be the last stage of consumption: about three weeks before she died, God broke in upon her soul at midnight, with such an assurance of her interest in his great salvation, that she awoke me by repeating this verse of Watts' Hymn:

"There I shall see his face,
And never never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

When she had finished the verse, she added, "yes, Lord, yes, Lord, I shall see thy face, and never, never sin." This full assurance never left her up to her death, nor was the enemy suffered to come near enough to her to disturb her peace, and so strong was her confidence in the Lord, that she said more than once, it would be wicked in her to doubt: this

is blessed dying. Now our brother Whiting was the first Christian friend that visited her after she took to her bed, and a blessed visit it was to both of them. I was not at home when he came, but I got home in time to share a little of the spoil; another brother joined, and there was such a blessed telling out of the goodness and mercy of God to each other, that surely God was in the place, for it was a Bethel to our souls. During the short time she lay, she was visited by several christian friends, who were astonished at the steadiness and firmness of her mind; she dwelt much upon the Songs of Solomon, it being an exhibition of the mutual love between Christ and his Church. She was much exercised about myself and her poor afflicted sister, how we should struggle on, but the Lord was pleased to remove this from her, and she said she could leave us both in his hands: the day as she expired in the evening she spoke very little, being very low, her own brother and a brother in the Lord visited her in the evening, but she could not talk to them: before they took their leave of her, which was a quarter to ten, she requested to be turned upon her right side, which was done; they then took their leave of her, and went away. I was now alone with her, her sister being in another room, it was about half past ten; she had just taken her medicine, being quite sensible, her breath became short, and troublesome, she said, "Oh, I can't get my breath;" she tried to raise her head, but could not, I then went to her aid, but I perceived, as I thought, death coming on. I said, "Lord, in mercy look upon her;" and with that she raised her left hand, and took hold of my right, and pulled it down and kissed it. I perceived she was going, and I said, "Lord Jesus, receive her spirit," with that she fixed her eyes upon me with such an expressive look that I shall never forget, and in a few minutes her soul took its happy flight into Abraham's bosom, which is Christ. And now, dear Lord, what can I say, thou hast given me three partners in life, and thou hast taken them away, and what wait I for? Let me die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like her's. Amen.

E. J. BARRETT.

THE BELIEVER'S PRAYER.

Great God! when my weak trembling steps,
Shall tread the dreadful vale;
Let not a dark distressing doubt,
My heavenly hopes assail.

Shew me, in Christ, that thou art mine,
For there's my total rest;
Then calmly I'll my breath resign,
And smile to be undress'd.

Place me beneath thy guardian wings,
Do thou my passage guide;
And if a shaft from hell be thrown,
Oh turn that shaft aside.

Christian Cottager's Mag.

REVIEW.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. HANNAH JUDD.

(Continued from our last.)

DURING our sojourn at Leicester, we fell in with a Christian friend, who was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Judd's husband, and some other members of her family. Truly, he declares, Mrs. Judd was not only a dear child of God, but one that was for the most part called to dwell alone; and to endure a great fight of affliction, she was a discerning Christian; she could feel out the work of God in the soul of a poor sinner, and therefore her testimony is the more valuable; in all parts of the country the Lord has been pleased most abundantly to bless the solemn, and deeply interesting account which Mr. BERNARD GILPIN has been instrumental in sending forth. We are bold to say this book may be safely put into the hands of any poor sinner; and whatever his temptation or trial of soul may be, there is much that is calculated, under God, to be of great and of lasting benefit to him. The work is not only purely simple and plain, so as to be understood by the smallest mind, but it is certainly free from all extravagant and extraneous matter. It has been our lot to read, and to examine the written lives and experiences of many of the Lord's dear people; but we unhesitatingly declare, that since the days of Bunyan, Huntington, and a few other choice exceptions, there is not to be found a more rich, solemn, and permanently valuable testimony, than the Lord has enabled Mrs. Judd to leave behind. There can be no question but that its circulation will be most extensive, and its existence, as a standard of real christian experience, will be preserved as long as vital godlines shall be known among the sons of men. We again repeat, the work is published in London by Groombridge and Sons, and may be had through the medium of any bookseller. Criticism in a work of this kind, is altogether out of the question; all we shall further do, will be to cull a few of the choicest flowers which this most delightful little garden abounds with. It appears that Mr. GILPIN had many opportunities of holding converse with this dear afflicted saint. The substance of her conversation,

correspondence, and dialogic, is given ; and forms such a blessed compendium of experimental truth, as sets ones very soul on fire to read on to the end.

The account which she gave Mr. GILPIN of her son Benjamin, is very clear, as regards his real conversion to God. Read the following sentence therefrom extracted :—

“When he was about twenty-six years of age, the work in his soul began, and it seemed to me a clear work. He was deeply convinced of his sin, and afraid that he should die without pardon. He fell into such distress of soul that he may be said to have been ill in body. His fear was because he thought he should never be saved. Some neighbour who heard his groaning reported that he was dying, and it was soon bruited abroad that he was not only dying, but dead; and people wondered why we concealed his death. After all this he was brought out into very marvellous light. It was one Sunday when his deliverance first came. He was so unwell that he stayed at home, and I stayed at home to take care of him, which I was sorry for at first, thinking I should only lose my time. But just then it was, that the Lord sent the promise of his power so powerfully into his heart, that he cried out and said, ‘I have found grace in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I shall be saved. The Lord has promised me this!’ Presently he broke out singing with such sweetness, that I really felt as if heaven had come down to meet us. Now this was the beginning; and from that time as far as I could judge, he continued to walk very tenderly in the fear of God. After some time, the enemy came in, and seemed to me to sit this work to the uttermost. Sometimes under the power of strong temptations, he used to say, ‘Oh mother, I have mistaken the way, I have been all wrong!’ Yet at such times the help returned to him; and often in the morning he would say, ‘Mother, the Lord has manifested himself to me, and shewn me such and such things.’ Often he would complain, ‘Oh the enemy, how he comes in, how he tries me to the uttermost.’ Once I watched him walking to and fro by moonlight, and saw he was in deep distress, but he said nothing. Afterwards he told me he had a hard conflict. He was fond of going into the out-house, to pray there by himself, and I never saw any one so deeply troubled as he was, because of the sins of others. The neighbours used to say, ‘If ever any one was sent to warn us, it is Benjamin Judd.’ I have known the workmen turn as pale as ashes at his words, and remember that one man whom he very seriously warned, could never bear to see him afterwards.”

Now look at one most striking proof of the ignorance and death that reigns among the ecclesiastical priesthood. William Shepherd was the own brother of Mrs. Judd; she says, he was truly converted to God: in his natural state, he was very proud, and vain, and fond of dressing and adorning, and admiring his own person: at length the Lord sealed conviction of sin home on his heart; he fell into deep soul travail; and continued in it for more than four years: his fears and cries appear to have been very strong: his father, being an unconverted man, was sadly distressed to witness the solemn conflict which his son had to endure. During this time, the clergyman came to see him, and said,

“‘Why William, the fault’s all your own! you are only low-spirited, why don’t you pluck up more heart, and go more into the world—why don’t you go a hunting, you’d soon get better then.’ It gave poor William a great turn, he could never bear to think of that minister afterwards, nor to hear him preach, for he said, ‘What’s the use of such instruction as this?’ They tried to divert his mind in all possible ways, but in vain. They observed that he had seemed attached to some young woman shortly before, and wished to account for his strange ways, by saying they supposed he was in love. So they sent for her down, and she came; but it was soon seen that it did William no good. He wasted away, and became quite ill, and very thin; they thought he was going off in a decline, and he quite thought so himself too. But about that time the Lord came in for his comfort, and shewed him where the true resting place was. This was the point which was impressed upon him,—the resting place,—and that he must prepare for it: and then the Lord began to teach him many things and make him understand the way of true religion.”

“In his last years he suffered much from cancer in his tongue, of which he died. I know no particulars of his death, but I know this, that he was safe and happy, for he was truly converted to God.”

We could not for all the world, forbear taking the following extract from the correspondence which Mr. Gilpin had with Mrs. Judd. Reader!—ponder deeply and frequently over this pithy and wholesome piece of real in-wrought, soul-felt divinity. Oh, truly, it is worth its weight in gold. We can only give a sentence or two :—

“I will tell you, (says Mrs. Judd,) a trial I have had lately. I have been very unwell

since I saw you, both in body and soul, but the Lord had mercy upon me. I was in much pain, and felt my weakness greatly, having no friend in the flesh to lean to. While in this extremity, sinful impatience arose, even to be angry against God. For it seemed to me as with Job, the enemy had accused me to the Lord, and obtained leave to distress me. I knew not for some time how to pray. At last this word was sent to me, 'Dost thou well to be angry?' Like as in Jonah's case, it was as if I said in spirit 'I do well to be angry, even to death.' Thus I was in great distress. But after a while a still small voice followed, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee.' Then my pain abated and I had power to look and pray to the Lord again. Now also my impatience left me. Oh his mercy was beautiful. His word began to flow into my soul very fast, I was humbled and yet rejoiced too. I felt very heavy for my sin, but the Lord did not impute it.

"I thought I knew a great deal before I came here, but it is nothing compared with what I have learnt since. For I know now that it is a great thing to learn to live by faith, and to have strong confidence in the Lord. The Lord does not shew us the weight of our sins at first. If he did we should be like the Egyptians when they drove heavily because their chariot wheels were taken off. But he prepares us by his mercy to feel the weight of our sins. Perhaps at first we do not understand the Lord's light. For 'the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not,' that is exactly the way. Yet for all that, David's words are true, 'The entrance (even the entrance) of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple.' Aye that's true. The Lord will have us quite simple, not wise. He says, 'I will destroy the wisdom of the wise.' He will have us like little children, who are gentle and quiet and cannot trust themselves. And it is by this he prepares us gradually for strong faith. Now faith feels the weight of our sins and the power of God."

What an expression! it is indeed the essence of what David calls "truth in the inward parts." "*Strong faith feels the weight of our sins and the power of God.*" Is this it? Aye, that it is! strong faith gets into right down earnest with God, and says "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Strong faith sits in the lions' den, and says "My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouth." Strong faith lays in the whale's belly, and cries out, "yet will I look again toward thy holy temple." Strong faith

brings the conflict between the flesh and the spirit to a most wonderful conclusion, it says, "so then with the mind, I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin."

"Some people have a faith which looks very strong. They say, 'We trust in the Lord, the Lord is sufficient,' whereas they never felt the power of God. Now that is not strong faith, it is only talking. I have felt my sins, lately, deeper and deeper. I may say my sin is ever before me.' The Lord brings my sins to remembrance, and oh how afraid he makes me of sin, and how anxious that I should not have one sin unforgiven. But I thank him, I find forgiveness as well as seek for it: even forgiveness for all sin: and the Lord is my witness that this is true."

Never did we meet with a soul that could so simply and powerfully tell out all the crooks and corners of a certain experience as does this mother in Israel.

In another conversation with the author of her memoir, she says,

But I've this to say about my inward troubles, that for the most part in former years I could open my troubles to none, because none understood me. I found no comfort even from the minister of the place. For I remember once after the death of one of my children, being greatly burdened, I endeavoured to open my feelings to him, but he said, 'Oh, Mrs. Judd, you should not feel all these things, you should overcome all these feelings.' So then being afraid to say more, I shut up my mouth. But I was obliged to tell the Lord all, and he heard me. * * * * *

For my part I think such as have many fears and deep feelings which they cannot express, are more likely to be in the way of the kingdom, than such as are at ease, and confident, without knowing the trouble. The Lord leads very gently, and teaches very slowly -- not all at once. And there is great grace and little grace, great faith and little faith, great love and little love. Only I must say this, the least grace, if it be grace, will bring us to the Lord, and to renounce all the world for Christ; and if there be but a little discovery of his mercy, there will be a great desire for more. Also those who have seen something of the glory of God, will be brought through many trials, and be made to feel the weight of their sin, supported by remembering the Lord's goodness, and waiting for the Lord's return. Now I know, and am quite sure that the Lord will never leave his own work, but as it is a great work it is accomplished by slow degrees. Hence comes the darkness often for a long time together.

"There is no cause for any one to be discouraged because of this, for after all there is no way to be happy except this way of the Lord. As Moses said 'Go with us, and we will surely do thee good,' so it is very good indeed to follow the Lord, for his glory is greater than the world's glory. When Moses had been with him only forty days, the skin of his face shone, because of the wonderful glory: how much more will it be glorious to see him for ever! We think it would be well for us to be always rejoicing in the light; but at present there is much to be learnt in darkness, therefore the Lord brings us into darkness. David and all of them knew what it was to be in darkness and in wonderful trouble, yet they found comfort, as it says in the thirty-fourth Psalm—'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his fears.'"

In our next, if spared and permitted, we shall say something respecting the death of Mrs. Judd. For the present, dear friends, farewell. May you and I be found partakers of "like precious faith." Amen.

MAY FLOWERS.

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

HAIL, lovely May! Hail, holy lily, of this dark valley of the shadow of death! All, all was winter and death, until Jesus, the sweet lily; the spring flower of eternal life, sprang out of the dark earth. The "molten sea" in Solomon's Temple, emblem of the sea of eternal love, was wrought with flowers of lilies on it; and the two main pillars, *Jachin* and *Boaz*, signifying stability and strength, with their chapters upon them, were of lily work. 1 Kings, vii. 19. All in the wintry dispensation, prefiguring Jesus, the pure lily in human nature, coming in the gospel of spring, and gospel garden lilies from Jesus, the holy seed and root of the righteous.

O, molten sea, Fountain of the water of eternal life! O sweet lily! fragrant water-lily, "who came by water and by blood."

"White is his soul from blemish free,
Red with the blood he shed for me."

Jesus is the "rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Dust, dust, dust; the first man, Adam, was made of the dust of the earth; and a living soul breathed into it. But the old serpent, the destroyer, found his way to the root of the first wintry flower in paradise. Yea, poisoned the root with the poison of death, so that earth itself is full of

mineral, vegetable, and animal poison. Yea, the very heart and soul of fallen man, the old man, is full of the deadly poison of sin! Yea, the scriptures declare man to be "viler than the earth." And since the old serpent found his way into the earthly man, Adam, earth is his habitation, and he is lurking in all the dark holes of our earthly dusty nature. O, the numerous windings, turnings, and twistings, that he has in our corruption, tempers, lusts, and passions! So that all "is earthly, sensual, and devilish." For the earth is full of worms, serpents, insects, and reptiles, and they crept into the rotten roots of the old hollow tree, Adam. So that the very root, branches and fruit of that tree is poisoned, and stink of sin and death. All the flowers of this field do wither.

But although this is the melancholy state of our earthly corruptible nature, nothing but filthiness, corruption and death: "all flesh is grass," withering, corrupting, and falling back to the earth, yet we read of another seed, and another root, "the seed of the woman," which should bruise the serpent's head. Yea, though all flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of the grass; and all trees cast their leaves; we read of the "*Holy seed*." Isa. vi, 13. This "holy seed," is that "holy thing," "the holy child Jesus," the holy root, the pure white heavenly fragrant lily. "The holy seed" of all the lilies and sweet flowers of the spring of regeneration that smell of holiness and heaven, and that savour of Jesus' name and his love; every spring flower savours of Jesus and his love—every little church composed of *heaven-born* souls, savours of his love, "the unction of the Holy One," and sweet odours of the everlasting paradise of bliss. Oh, ye sweet lilies and fragrant flowers, of the garden enclosed," have ye not experimentally and inwardly witnessed this, while assembled together in Jesus name—when love, like holy incense, has filled the place? Life, from the holy root, springs up in the soul. And holy unction and holy odours of the Spirit within sends forth, as from sweet flowers, a sweet perfume. It is then from the breath of the Spirit of Jesus, that the very breath and gospel words of saints are sweet to each other, as the perfume of sweet flowers. Ah! it is sweet setting under the dew droppings of Jesus' love, these silent dews fall on the sweet flowers, causing them to send out a fragrance, and we find ourselves in the garden of God, when the soul melts with overcoming love, and dew drops stand in the eyes, and fall as dew drops from the bells of flowers, on a summer morn in May. Now these flowers did not make themselves nor plant themselves, neither can they water themselves, nor give themselves their sweet

perfume. No, all arise from Jesus, the holy root, and from the work of the Holy Spirit within "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, and blow upon my garden that the spices may flow out."

Come, holy dews, and heavenly showers,
Drop on these pleasant plants and flowers;
Arise, O righteous Sun, and shine
Upon these tender plants of thine.
Awake, O holy wind, and come,
Bring out sweet odours of perfume,
And all our souls with odour fill,
In Sharon's vale; on Zion's hill.

God's spiritual church is a garden of pomegranates, with all manner of pleasant fruits and sweet flowers. "Thy soul shall be as a watered garden," with a spring of water in it. And Jesus is the fountain in the garden from whom, and through whom all blessings flow. Ah, a fountain of gardens. "O fountain of gardens, and well of living water, and streams from Lebanon." When this fountain is playing among the sun-beams of glory, shining on us and around us, the garden is all perfume, and saints are compared to both sweet flowers and chirping birds, some are full of heavenly odours, though all have not tune nor voice, to sing; all smell of heaven; some, like little singing birds, sit chirping, and warbling the songs of the dying, bleeding, living, rising, reigning love of Jesus. To sit among the saints, in a little church, in villages, is like heaven begun below. "Come, let us go forth into the field, let us lodge in the villages, among the sweet flowers, and chirping, birds, singing in the vallies among the hills." Ah, the very walls of the place where Jesus is preached, and known, appears to be gilded with golden glory, around us, while "golden oil," holy odours, holy union, and sweet perfume is experienced within, more sweet than lilies, pinks, and roses.

Here we could spend the live-long-day,
And love, and sing, and praise and pray,
While holy fragrance fills the place,
And glory shines in Jesus' face.

Have you felt and enjoyed these things, my sweet souls? Ah, then you will enjoy them again; for the long winter of your natural state is over, and gone, and though you may have many cold winters of dark feelings, the sun will shine again, and the flowers will spring again, and the birds will sing again; "I shall yet praise him for the health of his countenance, and my God." For the root of these sweet flowers is not the corrupt Adam, but the incorruptible Jesus; and though in winter, clouds, frost, and dark hail-storms are felt, and your joys and blossoms may appear to wither away, the root is the same, and you bear not the root, but the

root bears you; Jesus is the root, and thou art in the root, and the root is in God. Jesus saith, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me, and you in me." "Rooted and grounded in love." "God is love."

During these wintry storms of affliction, persecution, and temptation, and biting blasts, the poor birds feel much coldness, hang their wings, and cease their songs, and skulk under any old rotten hedge, or refuge in the creature; and the flowers loose their sweet savour for a season, and the poor dull saints fear that some wrath is in the windy storm and tempest; but there is none; Jesus drank it all up: and God hath "sworn that he will not be wrath with them, nor rebuke them (in wrath) any more, but in love." Come, come, ye little spring songsters, ye are not like canaries or house-birds in the brawling woman's wide house, or mere formalists, and pharisees, who can sing at any time all the year round. No, no, you must wait for the spring season, till the flowers appear again, the sun shines, and the "springs begin to run in pure streams through the hills." Then you will sing again the same song, and finally sing for ever.

But I have almost forgotten to say, you must expect to find some croaking ravens, birds of prey, and stinking weeds; but these do not spring from your "holy root;" no, no, they spring from your old corrupt root; old Adam: and you must pray the good Husbandman to help you to weed out such rubbish; for like nettles, thistles, worm-wood, and deadly night-shade, they will spring up every season to choke the sweet flowers; and look out, for there will be some roots of bitterness spring up, and trouble you, and give you a deal of trouble too, if not cropped in good time: I have much pain and trouble with them, both in the visible church and in my own deceitful heart; ah! and in mine own household.

But I say, sirs, O, what an age this is for artificial-flower-makers, and artificial flowers. O, look to the shop-windows, and under the ladies' bonnets; their faces look like flower gardens. But O! smell, smell of them; ah, you will not find either life or savour in them: all dead show. Oh dear, they are but died, and painted rags, although there be symmetry, shade, and colour. "All our righteousness is as filthy rags." Ladies, I beg that you will bear with me, I tell you the truth; is it so, or is it not? I solemnly think, and fear that the visible church, called Christian, is full of these artificial flowers, painted hypocrites, with a mere form of godliness, denying the power, because they savour not of Jesus.

Ah! well, I can tell you this, sirs; that I think very little of flowers, either natural, or artificial, if they have no smell, or savour

in them. There are sweet flowers of all heights and sizes; there is the tall sun-flower, that always faces the sun; and the evening primrose, that shuts up its flower when the sun goes down; and there is the humble violet, peeping from among the moss in the valley, but it smells exceeding sweet; and, "the mandrake gives a good smell." Well, the humblest, and most neglected flower by men, that savours of Jesus and his love, shall not be forgotten of him when "he comes down into his garden, to gather lilies," and sweet flowers; for he gathers not our souls with sinners (or the wicked,) nor our lives with bloody men.

I have another little bundle of May Flowers, you may have if you like these; and then I will send you the roses in June.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

"If a Man desireth the Office of a Bishop, he desireth a Good Work."

DEAR SIR,

I have had the pleasure of perusing your *Earthen Vessel*, in which I find matter likely to strengthen the weak hands, to confirm the feeble knees, and to bring consolation (under the blessed Spirit's power,) to the tempest tossed child of God, on his journey through life's troubled sea. At least, I can say I have found it so; and my heart's desire is that the Lord may abundantly bless you in your work and labour of love.

I have a few remarks to make, and trust to do it in the fear of God, and I think, under his direction; but this, perhaps, remains to be proved. I feel an union to you in spirit, though I do not know you personally. I have been greatly exercised of late, especially for the last three years, respecting the work of the ministry, and have spoken a few times in the name of the Lord. Sometimes I have thought I had no business with the work at all, and at other times the word has been most sweetly opened up to my soul, and has felt like fire in my bones. Then, again, I have thought if the Lord had ever intended me for such an important work, he would have made a way for me long ere this, or that I am like Moses, gone forth too soon; for I really at times, dread the work, as much as a child can the rod. But I know if the Lord thrusts out, he will give strength equal to the day. Sometime since, the matter came with greater weight than ever.

I think the impulse is from the Lord, that prompted me to send you these particulars. For I thought you might know some of the Lord's poor distressed family who find it difficult to get a supply of men who preach

free, discriminating grace truth, and if the Lord should lay the matter upon your mind, you would, of course, act accordingly.

Should you think this step an inadvertent one, or that I am putting myself too forward, I pray you do not fail to tell me so; for my only object is to know the mind of the Lord in the matter. Trusting you and I may be directed under the guidance of the Holy Spirit,
I remain your's in Jesus,
JOHN.

[We can conscientiously assign three reasons for giving insertion to the above extracts from a letter which we have received. First, because we hoped the exercise of mind of which the writer is the subject, is of the Lord; although we assure him we cannot approve of his pastor's decision: if, as John tells us, the pastor was satisfied, he ought most certainly to have granted John the privilege he sought. But on this point we forbear. Secondly: after reading John's letter again and again, and knowing as we do how many of the Lord's dear family there are who are scattered about in the corners of the earth without any minister, we felt moved to announce that if any of them should feel a desire to be favoured with a visit from John, we would endeavour to arrange it for them; indeed, we should at all times feel a pleasure in assisting little churches to obtain living, God-sent, God-fearing ministers. Thirdly: the words of Paul to Timothy was to us like a nail fastened in a sure place — "THIS IS A TRUE SAYING—if a man desire the office of a Bishop, he desireth a good work." We said, "the letter shall go in, although John did not desire it made public. Who can tell; but that the Lord may, through this medium, make him known unto a destitute people!"]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SPEAK YE COMFORTABLY TO JERUSALEM.

DEAR SIR,

The few lines now sent were written after visiting two poor distressed aged females, who lived in a garret in Doctor's Commons, and who complained much of the roughness of the path through which they were called to pass. On my second visit I read these verses to them, which, from their own statement, was made a blessing to them. They have long since been called into an eternal world, and though poor and destitute in this world,

in temporal matters, they were rich in faith, and I have no doubt they are now singing the high praises of a covenant God—where all sorrow and sighing, is for ever done away.

Should these lines be deemed worthy of a place in your "Vessel," they are at your service. Yours, truly,

J. F.

Why, tempted soul, complain
Against thy Father, God?
Why gloomy thus remain,
Because thou feel'st his rod?
Shall not the Judge of all do well,
Who snatched thee from the gates of hell?

He will not always chide,
Nor show a frowning face;
But own thee as his bride,
And cheer thee with his grace!
Tis for thy good he treats thee thus,
And can'st thou think this path a cross?

This is the good old way
The saints of old did go,
And this must be thy way,
If thou would'st reach thee too:
Dream not of flowery beds of ease,
Since some have passed through bloody seas.

What tho' the road be hard,
And nature seems to shrink;
The God of Hosts thy guard,
He will not see thee sink:
Stand fast, thou tempted soul, stand fast,
Thy God will cheer thy soul at last.

He faithful is, and true,
To all the chosen race;
And he will bring thee through
The furnace to his grace.
Like gold is tried, he'll try thy faith,
And thou shalt conquer by his death.

Why then, poor soul, complain?
And why give way to fear?
He knows what thou canst bear,
And thou shalt have no more.
For as thy day thy strength shall be,
And thou shalt his salvation see.

What tho' thy faith seem small,
And much beset with fears;
His grace shall sweeten all,
And drive away thy cares.
"One look from me would cheer thy heart,
And I will grace to thee impart."

Lord! 'tis enough! my soul's at rest,
And I shall see thy face;
For thou hast said my heart thou'lt cheer,
And keep me by thy grace.
Blow on ye winds, ye tempests roar,
Since Jesus smiles, I'll fear no more.

When he has tried my faith,
I shall as gold come forth;
For Jesus to me saith,
I will thy soul support.
Come sickness, sorrow, pain, or death,
Ye cannot touch my soul, 'tis safe.

Lord, give me patience then,
To wait thy sovereign will;
Whatever trials may come,
(Oh, that I may be still—
And wait, and watch thy hand, my God,
And trace thy footsteps all the road.)

Then shall my heart rejoice,
Tho' rough may be the way;
If I can hear thy voice

Behind me thus to say—
"This is the way, press onward still,
Until you reach yon heavenly hill.

"Where all my chosen sheep
In robes of victory shine,
They bow before my feet,
I saved them, they are mine!
Without thee they are not complete,
For thou must worship near my seat.

A few more weary hours,
Before thou reach thy home,
Then shout with all thy powers,
Thy Lord will surely come!
For thou shalt conquer through his blood,
And he will bring thee home to God.

Farewell, all earthly friends,
My soul is on the wing;
I see my Jesus stands,
My soul to welcome in:
I mount above all earthly joys,
To sing my dear Redeemer's praise.

April, 1827.

J. F.

The Hidden Path of Life.

"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen."—Job xxviii. 7.

There is a path which no one knows;
Tis in this path the Christian goes;
It lies conceal'd from reason's view,
From carnal, dead professors too.

'Tis walked by those whom God hath taught,
To know themselves as less than nought;
And strange to tell, though there they walk,
They seldom of the way can talk.

For darkness often veils their minds,
And fiercely blow the win'ry winds;
The savage beasts then rage and roar,
And threaten each moment to devour.

And so they would, but Jesus' power
Upholds his saints in each dark hour;
In weakness He his strength displays,
And saves them by a many ways.

This path that always leads to God,
No hypocrite has ever trod;
Tis deep, mysterious, dark, unknown,
'Tis walked by sheep, and sheep alone.

JABEZ.

To an esteemed Friend under affliction.

Ransomed soul, dismiss thy fear,
Jesus for thee will appear;
He will shew a smiling face—
You will sing delivering grace.

Thy every need he will supply,
Jehovah, Jireh, still he is nigh;
He knows thy wants, he hears thy prayers,
And bottles all thy mournful tears.

Cheer up then, saint, rejoice and sing,
Remember Jesus Christ is king;
He holds the reins in his own hand,
Afflictions fly at his command.

Submissive wait your Maker's nod,
And own this as a chastening rod;
Remember trials serve to prove,
That you're an object of his love.

AARON.

The Goodness, Mercy, and Long-suffering Forbearance of a Covenant God towards JAMES MASON.

(Minister of the Gospel, Sunning-hill, Sunning-dale, Berkshire.)

DEAR BROTHER AND COMPANION IN TRIBULATION, AND IN THE KINGDOM AND PATIENCE OF JESUS CHRIST.

I HAVE had it laid upon my mind for some time to write an account of the goodness, mercy, and long suffering forbearance of a covenant God, towards one of the chiefest of sinners. When this first struck my mind, a passage of Scripture dropt into my heart with some degree of power, preciousness, and sweetness—"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." First, here were the characters to be addressed; those that fear God, who are the only people upon the face of the earth who can understand the work of God in bringing a sinner to himself. Secondly, the declaration to be made; for it was not merely to tell them, but to declare what God had done for my soul; but so many things appeared to conspire to hinder me, that this feeling gradually departed from my mind. Again, at another period, this Scripture seemed to arouse the feeling which the first had created in my soul, "Take thee a roll of a book, and write therein all the words that I have spoken unto thee;" which was followed by these words—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might: for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." All the feelings that I experienced from the application of these Scriptures, have lately been revived, and that by the perusal of the *Earthen Vessel*. I have read the *Warning Voice*; the *Tree Cut Down*; and *Letters written in the Valley of Achor*, and can truly say, "My soul doth magnify God" on your behalf.

In your note to me of February 19th, you write concerning mine as follows:—"Your letter to me this morning, gave me to feel much union of soul to you;" and I tell you, my brother, that it is a reciprocal union: I have traced you in your sorrows, and have known what it is to weep with you; I have followed you in your deliverances, and have found my soul drawn out to bless the Lord for that grace bestowed upon you; though strangers in the flesh, we are one in the spirit, and as the dear Lord enables us, can join to celebrate the praises of him, who hath plucked us as brands from the burning, and shout unto him that hath 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. My soul

hath also been refreshed and comforted, in reading the testimonies of some of your correspondents; and from these things feel constrained, if the Lord spare me, and give me permission, to lay before you the dealings of God with a poor sinner, for you to use as you may think fit; I am no scholar, and therefore shall make no apology for grammatical blunders, feeling fully assured that the Lord's dear people in general, are not a learned people in the wisdom of this world, but a poor, tried, tempted, persecuted people, who love the truth as it is in Jesus, stated in a plain and simple way, and I hope and trust it will be for the glory of God, and the benefit of such poor souls, that I am constrained to write; desiring to be guided by wisdom from above, that in my experience God's dear children may see their path marked out, and that it may be made a blessing to the church of God.

The eternal and ever-blessed God was pleased to begin to work effectually in my soul on the 26th of July, 1831. The 10th day of the aforesaid month was my birthday naturally, on which I completed my thirty-second year; during which period of time, a long-suffering, forbearing, and merciful God, had watched over me in the follies of my youth; preserved me, notwithstanding all the sins, madness, blasphemy, and rebellion of my riper years. Preserved me! "Why?" is a question I am often brought solemnly to ask in my own soul, when so many are cut off in their transgressions, who have never gone to that extent of iniquity and awful rebellion to which I was permitted to go, "why was I preserved, who so richly deserved the lowest hell? I, who never merited anything, at the hand of a holy, and just God, but eternal destruction, from the presence of his glory for ever and ever? The reason why, never can be found in me, for I daily feel I am a poor, empty, vile, and guilty creature in and of my self, and that in me, that is in my flesh "there dwelleth no good thing." The reason why can only be found in the sovereign love and discriminating grace, of a covenant God. This precious scripture, the sweetness of which, I have tasted, handled, and felt in my own soul's experience, hath opened the mystery, "Sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called;" here is the why, and wherefore such a wretch as me, was preserved, and is still preserved and made a partaker of the rich and sovereign grace of God, which is treasured up in Christ Jesus.

But to return :—The 10th of July, 1831, found me an hardened infidel ; dead in trespasses and sins ; no fear of God before my eyes ; it being my birth-day, I was determined to enjoy myself ; such a blind infatuated fool was I by nature, that wallowing in sin, drinking in iniquity, as the ox drinketh in water, I called enjoyment, such was my wretched case : I invited a friend to dine with me, and several to spend the afternoon with us ; one amongst our company was a professor of religion, but like thousands of professors, destitute of the power of vital godliness, or he never would have made one of our company : he was invited, (I write it with shame, and confusion of face, and my soul is humbled within me, under a sense of my exceeding sinfulness, and the riches of that grace that plucked me from such an awful state ; he was invited,) on purpose to be our fool, to make our mirth in iniquity, the greater : we knew that he would maintain the truth of the Bible, and thus by having an opponent I was able to belch out more lies and blasphemies against that precious book, and against that dear God who is the author of it, than otherwise I should have been able. I am often made to look back to this day ; sometimes with sorrow of heart, sometimes with wonder and astonishment, sometimes with love and praise, language cannot describe the feelings of my heart. It was only last night, brother Banks, I retired to bed, between ten and eleven o'clock, I lay there, but the Lord kept me awake all night, and I did not drop to sleep till day-break this morning ; I had all the events of my guilty life presented to my view ; never did I experience the fulfilment of that scripture to such an extent as I did last night—"Thou shalt look back on all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee, these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, that thou mayest know what is in thine heart." I really was made literally to commune with mine own heart, and be still, whilst the God of my salvation talked with me, dropt his word into my soul and instructed my reins in the night season. But to return : in the afternoon, the heavens gathered blackness, the rain fell in torrents, the lightnings flashed, and the thunders rolled in awful peals over our heads ; God's judgments were abroad in the earth ; the hail cut the ears of the standing corn, and laid fields waste, and a thunderbolt fell, about a mile from our scorner's assembly. During the awful storm, I was mocking the thunders of heaven, scorning, and denying the existence of a God ; insulting the Majesty of heaven, and ridiculing the contents of the Bible. By night, I got intoxicated, and went to bed ; rose the next morning with

the feelings of all the sad effects of the intemperance of the preceding day, unable to work, but able to enter again on the devil's drudgery, and continued in a state of intoxication till the night of the 14th.

The apostle Paul writing to the Corinthians, 1 Epistle, thus addresses them—"Know ye not that the unrighteous, shall not inherit the kingdom of God ? be not deceived, neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves, with mankind ; nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God : " and how does he sum the matter up ? "and such were some of you." Ah, Paul ! I plead guilty ; such was I ; and like the sensible sinners Paul was writing to, I hope, I trust, yea, I believe, I am interested in the glorious mercies which follow—"But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." I shall not run through a detail of my enormous transgressions, suffice it to say, that through drunkenness, and my own foolishness, I threw myself out of employment, and started from Wantage to London, a distance of sixty miles, and left my wife and children to follow me by the waggon ; I left Wantage without a single penny, but that adorable, that kind providence, that has watched over such a wretch as me, and provided for me all my days, appeared for me now, in the midst of my folly, sin, madness and rebellion, but I knew him not, and heeded not the wonders of his hand ; but attributed all ! all, to fortune and good luck ! Now ! now, I can truly say, "I once was blind, but now I see ;" see his hand in innumerable instances, how he has preserved me, snatched me from destruction, and provided for me when I knew him not, and was a stranger to his ways. I stopt at the small town of Watlington, and here a kind providence appeared for me, and gave me a little work, and the opportunity of earning 4s. 6d., which I found a sufficiency to carry me to London, where I arrived on the 21st of July, and went to my sister's, and told her I expected my wife and children on the following morning, and borrowed money of her to pay their carriage, having left them nearly as destitute as myself ; here, again, a kind providence appeared for me, although I plunged myself into difficulties, by my own sin and folly : oh ! how free are his mercies ! and I feel at this moment while I write, the language of good old Jacob, the language of my heart—"I am unworthy of the least of all thy mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast shewn unto thy servant." The dear Lord inclined my sister's heart to lend the required sum ; the following morning

I went to the waggon-office, and learned to my surprise that my family had not arrived; low-spirited, and melancholy before, this added to my despondency, and a thousand anxious fears ran through my mind. This state of suspense I was kept in from the 22nd to the 26th.

On the morning of the ever memorable, and ever to be remembered day of the 26th of July, 1831, I got up between three and four o'clock in the morning, full of anxious fears, very melancholy and proceeded to the waggon office at Warwick Arms, Warwick Lane, Newgate Street, unable to account for my strange feelings, I had often felt them before, but never felt as I now felt; I had gone to meet them on similar occasions, but never felt as I now felt; my feelings seemed the presage of something awful, and so the reader will find: I arrived at the entrance of the waggon yard, and the first thing that saluted my astonished ears, was the shrieks and cries of my wife and children: my legs took wings, I ran to enquire what was the matter, but felt as though I was afraid to ask the question. I feel quite assured God brings his people to himself by terrible things in righteousness, and the first lesson he teaches them, is to know and feel that there is a God of holiness, and justice, against whom they have sinned, in a state of nature. I was an open, a professed, and an avowed, atheist; I find most men profess they believe there is a God, and will admit they are sinners; but I can find but very few, comparatively speaking, with the vast bulk of mankind, who know and feel there is a God, are made sensible by his almighty power, that they are, in, and of themselves, poor, lost, wretched, ruined, guilty sinners; and none but these, who are made to feel so, by the quickening, and convincing operations of God the Holy Ghost, can ever value Jesus Christ, the Almighty, all-sufficient Saviour.

“Sinners are high in his esteem,
And none but sinners value him.”

But to return:—My legs quickly brought me up to the waggon. I put the question, “What is the matter?” and received this answer from my wife, “My child is dead;” to use a common expression, you might have knocked me down with a feather; I quickly enquired which child? and received for answer, “Mark.” Mark was a fine baby six months old: I had left him about a week ago in perfect health, and now received him into my hands, a lifeless corpse, but still warm, and with the anxious hopes of a parent I ran to a surgeon’s, but it was too late, his spirit had fled to God that gave it; when I took him into my arms, a thought, yes, a thought, struck my mind like lightning, that this awful event, was a judgment from the

God of heaven, for my sins and transgressions; it was an unknown visitor, and an unwelcome guest; I began to enquire where it came from; I endeavoured to believe it was the effect of a superstitious education, which was a term I gave to a religious education of any kind; but, lest I should be mistaken, I will here say a word concerning my early life:—I was the child of poor parents, cast into the lap of poverty from the womb, and have been kept in that vale all my life, as my father was before me; who used to say, “poverty was no sin; better to say there goes a poor man, than there goes a thief.” My parents were moral, strict, church-going people; and when I arrived at a proper age I was sent to a charity school, where I received all my natural education; and was brought up as the rules of the school expressed it, in the principles of christianity as by law established. I knew what it was in early life, to have natural convictions; my mother died when I was fifteen, and her death made a strong impression on my natural mind; I thought of death, judgment, heaven and hell, and began to think about being religious; under these feelings I went to hear Alexander Fletcher, of Albion Chapel, Moorfields, and became, what would be called by the religious world, a pious youth; but, alas! it was all natural, and rottenness was at the core. It was when I was about eighteen, that I began to drink in the withering, blighting, and blasting principles of infidelity. These principles swept away like a mighty flood, all my piety all my religion, and all moral restraint, and left me like the poor mad Gadarene, who had his dwelling among the tombs, no man could bind him: no, not with chains, because he had been bound with fetters and chains, the chains had been plucked assunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces, neither could any man tame him; possessed with a legion of devils; this was my state when I received my child into my arms; and the thought in my heart with irresistible power, “a judgment from the God of heaven, for thy sins.” Talk of men having power to repent, and turn to God; those who thus talk, know not the depth of the fall, and are strangers to the depravity of their own hearts; yea, are unbelievers, though they profess, and call themselves christians. Man has neither will nor power to turn unto God, this I know, for God hath taught me this lesson by heart-felt experience; neither is man a tractable being, the carnal mind is enmity (in the abstract,) against God. Man by nature is a rebel against the eternal Jehovah, till made willing in the day of his power, and all the Lord’s people experience the same.

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH-BED OF MRS. JUDD.

READER!—you and I must die. Have you ever been brought solemnly to cry out from the very bottom of your soul—“Let me die the death of the righteous?” If you have—come and see what it is for the righteous to die.

The publication of “the Life of Mrs. JUDD, by the REV. BERNARD GILPIN, has indeed been rendered a great blessing unto many of the Lord’s living family. We purpose to review at length the correspondence of Mrs. JUDD in future numbers, but for the present confine ourselves to a short extract (from this most invaluable work,) descriptive of her approach unto, and passage through the Jordan of death. Under the head of “Mrs. JUDD’s declining years, and death,” our esteemed author says:—

“About half-a-year before Mrs. Judd left Black-fan Wood, she had a remarkable and very clear revival of the good work in her soul, accompanied with great joy and peace, which seemed intended to strengthen her faith and hope during the trials which followed to the end of her life. I will therefore give some account of it, being the substance of several conversations which I and another friend had with her at the time.

She had long been in a feeble state, and was at that time confined to her bed. Having found her, during the previous week, low in mind, I expected she might still be so; but no sooner had I entered than she exclaimed, ‘Oh blessed, blessed, blessed be the Lord for ever! glory, glory to his name! To think of his mercy to such a wretch as I am.’ I replied, ‘Is the glorious light of his presence with you?’ ‘Indeed,’ she answered, ‘it is. This glory does not appear outwardly, but I have it within. It is the greatest joy, in the midst of the greatest sorrow. I said, ‘You remind me of the words, ‘Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ.’ ‘That’s the fellowship!’ she exclaimed, ‘Oh what a beautiful fellowship that is! Who can express the feeling of that

fellowship! Oh, that I could put it into the heart of all who come to see me! I have not enjoyed this peace without opposition, for the enemy has striven hard to rob me of it; but oh, what a thing it is to see a great God come in, stop him in his career, and not suffer him to have his will!’

“I then read with her the twenty-third Psalm; ‘The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want! He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters!’ Here she broke out saying, ‘That’s what I’m doing now, walking beside those still waters.’ ‘Tell me (I said,) what they are?’ ‘Oh, (she replied,) peace in private with my good God, my great God, my Redeemer!’ I said, ‘The waters have not always been still: you have often been in deep waters, in which (as David says in the 107th Psalm) you have reeled to and fro, and been at your wit’s end.’ She answered, ‘Oh, many, many a time; oh, how dreadful those waters have been! Over and over again I have thought I should be overwhelmed in them; and now what a stillness there is! How calm, how quiet are those waters! And how sweet is my fellowship! Oh, my precious Christ and Saviour, to think what he has done to bring wretches to God! I know and feel I am altogether a hell-deserving sinner; though I am saved from it, I am only worthy of it, *that I know.*’ I said, I know that words cannot set forth how destitute you have felt your soul to be, when the Lord has withdrawn, and left.’ ‘True Sir,’ she replied; ‘destitute, poor, blind, naked.’ ‘Yes,’ I added, ‘and besides all, *fallen among thieves.*’ ‘Just so, indeed,’ she went on; ‘like the poor man in the parable: and to think how many passed by him in that case, and could not help him, till the Good Samaritan, came. Now I say that good Samaritan, Jesus Christ, has come to me, and saved me, and taken care of me. Though I am very weak, and all is in private between me and my God, and no one can see my feelings, yet I am strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.’”

“I asked her to give me an account of the coming in of this great joy;

which she did, partly at the time, and partly in a subsequent visit as follows:

“When I saw you last week, sir, I had none of this joy. At that very time I was going *down*; and soon after you left me, I quite despaired of myself. I said, ‘I am taken away! Oh, I am taken away! I shall sink for ever! Surely I am not right! Surely I am going down to the everlasting pit!’ I prayed and cried, ‘Oh manifest thyself to me! Oh shew me my sins, hide nothing from me!’ Then he shewed me my sins, and I saw that if he cast me off for ever, I deserved it. None need despair, if I am saved. I am more brutish than any—yes, brutish, brutish! I have followed the ways of the enemy; I have not set forth the Lord’s glory when I might have done it! But oh! that any one would help me to praise God. Before the great and blessed light of the Lord came in, he sent me these words, ‘Be still and know that I am God.’ Then these words followed, ‘The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.’ I wondered what sort of a coming this would be, for the feeling of my sins made me to fear; but behold it was coming in wonderful and unspeakable mercy, to deliver me from all my fears and doubts: For the Lord broke in at that time, I wish I could describe it, but I cannot, and it almost seems as if I should not, because it is too great. This I can say, he renewed his first covenant with me over again—aye, his marriage covenant, he renewed it over again. It was as if we had been parted a great number of years, and came to meet again; and the joy of our meeting was unspeakable. It was as if my great and blessed God took it hard of me that I should ever have doubted. It was as if one friend were to meet another friend after a long separation, and to say, ‘Do you think I forgot you?’ It was of that nature, only it was spiritual. Blessed, for ever blessed! Oh I can now say, ‘My beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.’ My darkness was as if a person was out in a dark night, and could not so much as see his own hand, and behold the glorious light sprang in. Oh, wonderful!

“And now, as I lie here, it is as if heaven opened to receive me. I think of

the blessed company the spirits of just men made perfect; I think of the blessed Redeemer in all his beauty and glory, and I am swallowed up in love. Neither is the time long, for the blessed word of God in my heart shortens the time that it is nothing.’

“She continued in this state of heavenly joy for some time, and the power of it gradually withdrew.”

* * * * *

“True it was, that from this time, to the end of her life, which was rather more than four years, she was deeply tried both outwardly and inwardly. The death of her only surviving son, and the embitterment of all family enjoyments, were no small afflictions in her most helpless condition. She suffered much at times, through severe illness, as well as from the increasing infirmities of old age; and these things pressed more heavily because of her lonely solitude and blindness. Nevertheless, her spiritual joy and peace often abounded, though every revival was quickly overpowered in returning conflict and darkness. What appeared, as I thought, most conspicuous of all, was the strength and power of God in supporting her spirit under the heavy cross which she endured; so that on the whole we may say, that ‘her bow abode in strength: though the archers sorely grieved her, and shot at her, and hated her.’ (Gen. xlix. 22.) Next to this, what I felt most was that she was preserved as a monument, to shew the excellency of spiritual repentance in the sight of God. Her mourning under this tedious course of affliction, because of her sin which was so brought ever before her, is that part of pure and undefiled religion which *man* despises, but *God* despises not; as it is written, “The sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.” The word was indeed verified in her case, “They called thee an outcast, saying, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after.” (Jer. xxx. 17.) The mourning and the desolation were great, but there was glory within: so that she was often like a fire smothered in embers; if we blow away the ashes the fire will glow. I remember once after she had expressed great mourning for sin, something directed her spirit to hope, and I over-

heard her with a low inward voice speaking as follows:—"Oh that day, that day! Yes, it will come, it will come! The robe, the ring, the marriage contract; yes, it will come, it will come!"

In the course of a conversation which the author had with Mrs. Judd, at her new residence, she said:—

"Now come what will, it is of the Lord's sending. He has been my help, or I should have sunk under the weight of a burden no one knows but my great Redeemer and myself. That burden is the horror of my mind because of my sin. These troubles bring me to think of my sins; yea, I may say, 'My sin is ever before me.' Yet from time to time I am comforted, because I remember one place and then another place where the Lord has taken the burden off. I look back to the time, now several years ago, when I sunk upon the floor in my bed-room, and thought I was sinking lower and lower, even to hell; when a horror of great darkness overwhelmed me, and I found neither foot-hold nor hand-hold, though I looked for one or the other; yet out of that depth the Lord delivered me, and will yet deliver me. All I want is a heart to bless and praise him for ever. I feel no power to pray that he would remove the afflictions, for he sees fit I should bear them: and by praying against his will I should offend him. But I have this to look to with the apostle, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

"At another time she said, 'I have many fears, and I always have a fear of death; but I do not fear being left alone, nor yet lest I should die alone, for I know none but the Lord can help me. Indeed, my greatest fear is lest in thought, or in word I should do anything to offend his holy will and majesty.'

"Sir, (Mrs Judd would say,) I am poor and shiftless and helpless; but I am not senseless nor Christless, nor graceless: blessed be his name for ever! Oh, my great Creator and my great Redeemer, who has done these things for me, blessed be his name for ever!"

"From the time of her settling at Wormley, and indeed before, her strength was but labour and sorrow; but she continued able at times to sit up, till the

winter of 1840, from which period she was confined to her bed till her death. Her son who was about fifty years of age, began to shew symptoms of great pulmonary weakness, and the harassed state of his mind tended no little to confirm his bodily indisposition. He became very ill in the spring of 1842, and died in the course of that summer, just a twelve-month before his mother."

"One Monday morning she said to me and a friend, who called upon her together, 'I have not been left altogether comfortless in my great destitution and solitude; but yesterday morning, about the time as I judged of your meeting together in public worship, I began to meditate upon you all, and to pray for you all most earnestly, and while thus engaged, a sweet and encouraging light sprang into my mind, with a clear sense of God's favour and mercy, of my safety in Christ, and of the fulfilment of the word so often sealed upon my heart, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' Towards evening my sickness and pain increased, my joy faded, and I felt a good deal of gloom; but not a settled gloom, for there are kindlings of the holy fire and spiritual peace from time to time, even now."

Mr. GILPIN thus describes one of his visits to this deeply exercised, but richly anointed saint of the living God. Oh, reader, ponder long, and deeply upon the genuine repentance, the godly sorrow for sin, the heavy chastisements, and the divine manifestations of grace and mercy, which in Mrs. Judd's case, certainly constituted what may be called, a vital, experimental knowledge of herself as a sinner, and of her salvation in Christ.

"Being exceedingly exhausted through bodily weakness she at first fell asleep, but awakening refreshed, she spoke as follows:

"It is through great tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven. The goodness and mercy of the Lord have been great to me. He called me when I was very young, and afterwards I had no relish for the world, nor worldly people, nor they for me. At times, when they talked with me and I with them, I found my loss; and I was forced to go up and down, dark and sorrowful till the Lord returned. Where I lived before I came down to these parts, there were many professors of religion; many who

took the communion, and would talk a great deal; but when I spoke about what the Lord shewed me within, and taught upon my heart, it seemed a strange thing to them, not one understood it."

"But, oh! you do not know the folly that has been in my heart. For instance, some years ago, I thought I wanted to do nothing but serve the Lord. I did not wish to work, nor anything, but that servants and all should serve the Lord. This was my folly, for it is in all these things we are to serve him, 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' I used to wish I had no burden nor cares; but the Word says, 'Cast your burden upon the Lord, for he careth for you.' I lie here, and think of those who have riches and honour, and pity them, for riches bring snares. The word says, 'Take up your cross daily' but it never, in one place, speaks of laying the cross down."

She then spoke of her conflicts and temptations, and the dreadful thoughts of her heart at times; adding, "The Lord tries us, and the devil tries us—the Lord for our good, the devil for our destruction—but his bounds are appointed." Then lying quiet for a short time, she broke out in praises with great strength, 'I praise God! I bless him! I hope in him! I trust in him! I depend upon him! I praise God for his wonderful goodness and mercy!' These expressions she kept repeating fervently.

"As the summer of 1843 advanced, she gradually became so feeble, that it began to appear certain she could not long survive. Her affection for her family, mortified as it was to the uttermost, caused her an abiding sorrow; and she would sometimes, but very sparingly, say a little to me on the subject.

"Whenever she mentioned her approaching death, it was with some gloomy forebodings, saying that a dark cloud hung over the prospect of it, and she remembered the words, 'My desire is that Job should be tried to the end.'

"I did not become aware that the crisis was immediately to be expected till past the middle of July, when two friends who had been to see her, returned with so gloomy an account of her weakness of body, and sorrow of spirit, that I took the earliest opportunity afterwards of going over with another friend to see her, thinking it might be for the last

time. Her spirit was meek and patient, but I may truly say in one sense that she was sitting in the shadow of death. She told me that the dark cloud was now still darker, hiding from her all the glory, the mercy and the love. She said, 'The Lord is far off!' I replied, 'Do you not know that he will return?' She answered, 'Yes; but I am afraid it will be a long time first.'

"The following morning, (the day of her death,) nine of us assembled round the bed on which she was expiring. She was perfectly sensible, but sinking fast. One put the same question to her as before, but she replied that the Lord was still far off, and all the glory, the mercy and the love, were hidden. There was no shadow of despair in her spirit, but only the present comfort was withdrawn. She appeared greatly resigned, and without any mistrust. It grieved me to see her deep sorrow, and that it did not seem to be the will of God to remove it. I left her bed-side for a short time, and finding some power upon my spirit from Isaiah xlvi. 9—11, I returned again, and slowly repeated to her the words, the last she heard upon earth—'For my name's sake will I defer mine anger, and for my praise will I refrain for thee, that I cut thee not off. Behold, I have refined thee but not with silver, I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction; for mine own sake, even for mine own sake, will I do it; for how should my name be polluted? and I will not give my glory to another.' She shewed us in a marked manner that she heard and understood the words, slightly inclining her head, with such a mingled expression of meekness and sorrow on her countenance, as could not be mistaken. But she had always intimated herself that she believed the cloud would not be removed before her death, nor was it; for immediately after the above, the symptoms of approaching dissolution appeared, and in less than five minutes her tried spirit was released from the body of sin and death for ever. This took place about noon, July 24, 1843, she being in her eighty-fifth year.

The scene was mournful, but nevertheless profitable. I will not here enlarge upon it, but refer my readers to the observations at the close of the third chapter. I will only add that I was able to acknowledge the power and

strength of God in the heart of that dying believer, and that the darkness she passed through, in which her faith failed not, was no small test of that strength. And though the Lord taught her, and teaches us, by the dark part of this dispensation, that sin is exceedingly sinful, and that his dear children must not presume, yet surely he enabled her remarkably to fulfil the charge given in Isaiah l. 10, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

"And now she rests from her labours, and only her works of faith and patience do follow her: and she awaits the day when the New Jerusalem, of which she was a lively stone, shall be seen 'descending from God out of heaven, having the glory of God;' and it shall be said, 'Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.'"—Rev. xix, 7.

THE ROSE IN JUNE.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lilly of the Valley."—Song ii. 1.

HAIL, lovely rose, without a thorn, rooted in pure divinity and love, who budded in Bethlehem, opened thy sweet perfumes among poor, fainting, dying sinners, blossomed and in full bloom on thy cross; blushed, bled, and died—a sweet smelling savour for our sins—a sweet smelling savour unto God and man. "Thy name is as ointment poured forth." Jesus is the holy root of the righteous, in this wilderness who shall bloom as the rose,—at the resurrection of the just, and never die any more.

Oh, happy, happy state of our first parents! O, blissful rosy bowers and ruthful shades, where evening dews distilled ambrosial sweets, and all the air was love. But, O the wily snake! the serpent in disguise crept in, and told the happy innocents sad lies. Lied from the beginning, abode not in the truth, deceived the happy pair, poisoned the first fair youth—poisoned their healthful, youthful minds with lies; in those sweet roses bred the worm that never dies!!

Stop, stop, my soul, stand still and drop an honest tear for thy first parents' ills, before you further go. But O! let scalding streams run down my cheeks for my own sins, which breedeth all my woe; but tears of blood, if shed by us poor sinful men, could not atone for guilt, nor take away our sins; nor all the rains of heaven, nor Noah's flood. No, no, my soul, it must be blood, squeezed from fair Sharon's rose—the lovely Son of God.

But let poor nature have her way for once, and weep; those fading rose-buds, poor old Adam's fruit, may drop some tears and dew-drops on their root, but never cure the malady of sin, nor kill that canker-worm within. Only the tears of Jesus, and his precious blood, can wash away our sins and bring us nigh to God.

Ye rosy, robust sons of Adam's race, now turning up the earth—cursed sod, how frail; thy strong-built limbs soon fail, and drop into the earth that's cursed of God. Daughters of Adam, with fairest rosy cheek in youthful bloom, and smiling face so sleek, look down and weep. See, see, the hollow gaping tomb: the fairest rose that now from Adam spring, breed lice and worms and creeping things, and withers midst life's tempest storms. Temptations, sorrows, aches, and dolorous pains, now drive them over earth's withering plains. I have seen them go; I am going too, now, while the wildest whirlwinds blow. Ah, gnawing sin, the worm within, and sad diseases tell me so.

By storms of hell, poor Adam fell, the withering blast consumes us fast. Ah, sad to tell the whirlwind foul has raised wild storms within the soul, where beast and sin and passions howl. Sin brought a withering curse and wailing woe on poor lost man, and woman too, with curses on the serpent and his seed. Dust be their meat—on sin, and dust, and death they feed. All flesh is grass, and dust beneath the eternal skies; the fairest rose that now from Adam blows falls to the earth and dies.

Unto the woman God said—"I will greatly multiply thy sorrows and thy conception; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."—Rule, sweet Jesus, rule thy bride by love.

Ah, poor woman; driven from thy paradise by God for sin. Thy pains im-

mediately came on. Infirmities and female sorrows too, and pains peculiar to thy sex, poor woman's woe. All pure and holy joys of Paradise were gone—all fleshly sweets and lusts being dolorous pains and groans. But O, the deep laid mysteries of a covenant-keeping God—first symptom of this coming, blood-red Sharon's rose, was human blood. E'er wicked man was born, or Abel's blood was shed, the promise ran through blood. "The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head." E'er the first virgin bore the man of sin, who shed his brother Abel's blood. But, Mary—blessed virgin—bore the lovely rose, the righteous Son of God, to save, perfume, redeem, and wash away our sins in his own blood. High summer noon, the fulness of time, was come Jesus—sweet rose—appeared, the offspring of a virgin's womb; blossomed, and bled, and died for our accursed sins; was laid in the dark tomb, arose in full, immortal, never-withering bloom; filled heaven, and earth, and my poor soul with sweet perfume. This is the immortal rose that never dies; now in full bloom above the old decaying skies. This is the rose that cures our aching smart. O may this rose lie near my fainting, bleeding heart, in life; and when I yield my poisoned, fleeting breath, O may its odours fill my soul in death. Daughters of Zion, this is the rose that cures your love-pains and your smarts; O, may it blossom in your love-sick hearts, and bloom between your breasts all night, and in your bosoms lie; it will cheer you when you faint—preserve you when you die. Spare, spare your dear-bought odours; do not be at such a cost now to perfume your dying mortal flesh—your labour is lost.

Washed, washed, in this rose-water, sweet and pure, this sweet water makes you sweet and all your sad diseases cures; clean through the Word, the Spirit, and his precious blood, you are perfect, pure, and sweet in Jesus' eyes, and precious to our God. Odour of roses, O, how sweet to me! Jesus, thy blood and love hath cleansed my soul, and set me free from condemnation, death, and sin's sad malady. Tincture of this blood-red rose can do you real good; nothing can cure the bite of that old wily snake but Jesus's precious blood. Ye serpent-bitten, sin-stung souls, that cannot rest, O may this rose now bud and blossom in

your breast; the heavenly odours of this sweet redolent rose will make you ever blessed, and give you sweet repose. "Sleep on, and take your fill," it is heavenly rest with Jesus—this sweet rose found in your breast. With this sweet rose in my poor musing breast, I would lay down, and with my Jesus rest; and sleep the dull and darksome night away, until the morning dawn, and shadows flee away. Lord, on that morning let me hear thee say—"Rise my love from thy dark dusky bed, and come away." Auspicious morn of morns, how joyful would I rise, and wipe the dust of my immortal eyes—and face to face my dear Redeemer see, O sweet immortal rose, and ever bloom with thee—eternal summer it will ever be.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, May 19th, 1846.

The Goodness and Forbearance of God to CALEB COATES.

(Continued from p. 82.)

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,

In reading my letter in the April Number of the *Vessel*, I perceived therein, a few errors; allow me, now, to correct such of them as are of importance:—

First, I beg the reader to understand that the full point, situate on the twenty-first line from the top of the eighty-first right-hand page, ought to stand in the place of the semi-colon on the twenty-third line of the same page; then the sentence would end thus:—"and never have I touched a skittle ball since the time I left that, to me, besetting game at the commencement of my illness." Again:—the word "or," ought to take the place of the word "and," on the bottom line of the same page; then the author of that quotation, would be understood to say (which he did,) "that one of the two states I should find rest in, if I was destitute of divine life; namely, a dead round of duties, or open profanity." Lastly:—at the conclusion of my letter, it reads, "that I lived in hope that the Lord's goodness to me, would make my eyes run down with tears," substitute the word "and," for the word "that;" then it would declare that the Lord's goodness to me at that time, produced that effect. Of that goodness I now desire to speak, as manifested in providing for me and mine, in providence, and in giving me victory over my old companions, or separating me from the company of the men of the world.

I said in a former part of this work, that I feared to encounter the snares and tempta-

tions which I fore-saw would lay in my path, when I returned home to London: and many times, in the spring of the year 1833, would find myself entrapped in the company of the men of the world, who would call to see me on Sundays. I had not power to leave their company, and go to chapel, until I had suffered much on account of keeping away from the ministry of the word; at last I resolved to tell many of them that I wanted no visitors on Sundays; but to one man I could not so speak, nor could I get away from him when he came to see us; however, after I had felt as though I had lost something by not going to chapel on Sunday-evenings, and feeling the want of this something very keenly, I was enabled to say to him, "Well, Mr. B—, will you go with me to chapel?" he replied "No;" then, I said you will not be angry if I do not spend the evening in your company, and I then told him I should go to chapel; and when I opened my door to go out, these words came powerfully, and sweetly to my mind, my soul is "as a bird out of the hand of the fowler." (Prov. vi. 5.)

Ever after that I was enabled to avoid such snares, and to turn my back on Sunday visitors. (Ps. xvii. 13.)

In the spring of this year we were very much tried in providence, but I was in some humble measure helped to trust the Lord, and to look up to him for daily bread; many times we had not one farthing of money over night, for breakfast the next morning; but the Lord used to cause in his providence some one or other to come, and buy something out of the garden, so that we never had to go without a meal; though many times, we had only sufficient money for each meal, this was a very trying time for me in providence, for I had taken a market garden ground, and had little or no money to carry it on with; but with the assistance of friends, and parting with every thing we could well spare out of our house, we were enabled to get through with difficulty, until the return of the spring crops. At one time in particular during this trying season, I was very much tried, but never did I see the Lord's hand stretched out on my behalf, more than at that time: I went out to try to borrow ten shillings, but was disappointed, as I did not like to make my case fully known to two dear christian friends, Mr. and Mrs. L—, persons who love and fear God, and who have been the best friends we ever had, therefore had to return home without any. I said to my beloved wife on my return, I can get no money, and I fancy every one looks shy at me; you have a few potatoes, let us have them for supper, and when she was putting them into the saucepan, I said to her, the Lord must feed us, as

he did Elijah the Prophet; I felt at that moment that my dependence was not on an arm of flesh, but on the arm and purpose of the omnipotent God; and the feeling of that dependence I believe was given me from on high; and when that is the case, something is sure to turn up to supply our wants; such was my case, for that same evening about ten o'clock, into our house came two persons, enemies to truth and godliness; we wanted them to tell us what their business was at that time of the night, but to do that they did not appear to be in a hurry; however, when they were about going away, one of them threw three sovereigns on the table, and said we were welcome to the use of them for three months; this was done without telling them of our destitute state, which proved to us it was the hand of the Lord, at which my wife was truly astonished, but I could not teach her to live by faith after this wonderful deliverance, as William Huntington did his, as is recorded in his Bank of Faith. Man's extremity is God's opportunity; his strength is made perfect in our weakness. This circumstance tended to humble me and to encourage me to trust the Lord, that he would help me through, and his good Spirit in those days would soften my heart, and cause me to read his holy word with great attention, and divine power appeared to attend it, insomuch that I was led to see that the Lord had chosen Jerusalem, and had redeemed her inhabitants, washed away their filth by atoning blood, brought in everlasting righteousness, and had said, "here will I dwell, for I have desired it: therefore did Moses exclaim concerning the Lord's purchased possession—"Happy art thou, O, Israel! Who is like unto thee, O, people, saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help? and who is the sword of thy excellency? and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places."

In those days I would read my Bible every meal time, and would search the word every evening, and would meditate upon its contents while at my work during the day; such was my spirit for searching the word that many times I have got up in the night and got a light to read the word. Oh that I had that spirit, and that same kind of feeling now; how different should I be. This frame of mind continued with me until the June or July following.

About this time, while witnessing the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, these words entered my mind, "without are dogs;" observe, the members of the church were sitting at the time in the body of the chapel, and I was sitting outside; and these words seemed to tell me that I had no business outside with dogs, but had a right to join my-

self to those who were manifestly the children of God; therefore I said to a brother, Joseph Lewis, (who has been in heaven many years,) "I feel desirous to become a member with you at the Tabernacle;" at this he appeared glad, and told me he would acquaint the church of it: he also asked me what my views were of baptism? I told him I believed that the ordinance was of Divine appointment, and the only door to the Lord's table, and that I believed no person ought to sit down in church communion who was not baptised. He said "could you countenance or sit at the Lord's Supper with unbaptised persons?" I said, "no, for this reason; I believe the ordinance of immersion in water is by Divine appointment, and that they who trample on that Divine command, commit sin in so doing, and if I could sit down with such persons, then I should be countenancing their sin." I was asked "what then would you do with a person who wanted to sit down at the Lord's table with you without being first immersed in water?" I said, "let them stand aside until they could see God's order, for it appears to me that unbaptised persons have no more right to sit down at the table of the Lord, than those persons who are not baptised by the Holy Ghost have a right to be baptised with water." I gathered this opinion, if it is an opinion, from the tenor of the Word relative to water baptism.

It is written—"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." Why this condition, but to shew us that believers only are the proper subjects for that ordinance; not infants, who, instead of believing with all their heart, make sometimes a sad noise, to the annoyance of the priest who never goes down into the water, therefore can never come up out of the water with his unbeliever, as Philip did with his believer.

All whose eyes are not blinded by prejudice, must acknowledge, from the account we have of the eunuch above referred to, that he was not only born of God, which is the one thing needful—without which no man, let his faith be ever so strong, his wisdom ever so extensive, his gifts ever so great, can ever enter heaven. "Ye must," says the Scripture, "be born again," not of religious parents, but of God, before you have a right to be baptised with water; I say every unprejudiced mind must acknowledge that the eunuch was also baptised with the Holy Ghost, or he never could have believed with all his heart that Jesus is the Son of God.

Philip preached unto the eunuch, and God owned his labours; and there is no doubt in my mind as to the subject of his discourse, namely, the Lord Jesus Christ and his great work; of his being buried in the awful and

tremendous sea of God's wrath against sin. Neither does it appear that the preacher kept the eunuch in the dark about that ordinance which shadows forth the dreadful immersion of the Son of God—namely, deep water baptism; this is obvious from the exclamation of the eunuch—"See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptised?"

Philip preaching, and then baptising, is following the example set him by Christ himself; as it is written, Christ made and baptised more disciples than his predecessor. Observe, Christ first made disciples, then, doubtless, he gave commandment for his disciples, elders of his church, to baptise those new converts; for it is written, "Christ baptised not, but his disciples." (John iv. 2.)

Your's, to serve for the truth's sake,
C. COATES.

The Breathings of a Living Soul.

AN ACROSTIC.

E ternal, merciful and gracious God,
L et grace and mercy flow through Jesus' blood,
I n streams of pardoning love, to sinful me;
Z ion's high privilege let me feel and see,
A nd know my interest, gracious God, in thee; }
S alvation may I sing, with holy joy,
T hough satan would my faith and hope destroy;
U phold me, Lord, by thine almighty power;
D o thou give me to prove thee mine high tower;
D efend me in each dark and trying hour. }
H ow many times have doubts and fears prevail'd!
A nd O how oft have peace and comfort fail'd!
Z ion's complaint has oftentimes been mine;
E ternal favour doth no longer shine.
L ord Jesus, thou who art thy people's life,
W ith thou forsake me in the struggling strife?
O h! let thy mighty pow'r in me be felt!
O h! may thy love and blood my feelings melt;
D iver out my slavish fears, and sins, and guilt: }
S ay, Lord, to me, "Salvation now is come
U nto thine house, for me there now is room,"
F rom bondage, law and fetters set me free,
F rom all law debts and bonds and penalty,
O may thy blood give me a full discharge;
L et gospel liberty my soul enlarge,
K eep me as justified from every charge. }

AHIEZER,—“The Brother's Help.”

A Corner for Correspondents.

“John P.” is altogether wrong. We know more of Browns' Lane than he is aware of. We are neither to be frightened nor hurried. We are glad to say Mr. TRYON said but little upon it on the 24th. “Preach the Word.”

“J. B. E. of Walworth,” “John Elihu.” “J.H.” of Leicester—Our friend at Kingston, and many other pieces, are thankfully received, and shall appear as early as possible.

We are vexed and grieved to be compelled to leave out “The Poor Worm,” “Eliza.” “John Taylors'” sweet Poem, and others. It is out of no disrespect: but circumstances have so fallen out.

**The Goodness, Mercy, and Long-suffering Forbearance of a Covenant
God towards JAMES MASON.**

(Minister of the Gospel, Sunning-hill, Sunning-dale, Berkshire.)

(Continued from our last.)

I now proceed to tell out, how I received this thought which was fastened on my mind; I fought against it with all the malice of a devil; I tried every stratagem in my power to get rid of a feeling that struck horror through my soul; the thought is superstitious, cried I, 'tis foolishness, 'tis madness, 'tis nothing but the weakness of a broken mind, through trouble:" but fast it was rivited, "a judgment from the God of heaven for thy sins." These feelings were followed by a passage of Scripture, "Who hath hardened himself against him, and hath prospered?" this text camelike lightning into my mind, and seemed to throw a light on the whole course of my life; I was the man, the very man, who had hardened myself against him, therefore he would not let me prosper in my way.

Blessed be his precious, his adorable, his exalted name, he hedged up my way with briars and thorns, and brought me acquainted with the plague of my heart, and made himself known to me as my precious God, and loving Saviour, but in a way quite contrary to carnal sense and human reason; the text quoted above, (Job ix. 4.) seemed applicable to my present circumstances, that I could not get rid of it; I felt it come from God; I felt it was truth, here was I through my own folly, out of employment: no house, no home, and a dead child. I had for years looked upon the Bible as a book of lies; but oh, how I felt the truth of the Bible when this Scripture struck as an arrow from the Almighty, into my soul, "The way of transgressors is hard." To describe the feelings of my mind at this time is impossible; but those who have felt the terrible power of the Most High, in convincing them of their sins and transgressions, can best form an idea of my feelings. I can also set to my seal that God is true, "In the midst of judgment he remembers mercy." Oh, the mysteries of his providential leadings! Oh, the wondrous footsteps of his grace! Whilst my heart was rising in an awful rebellion against these convictions; whilst I was arraigning the justice of the eternal God, at the bar of carnal sense, and human reason; whilst I was crying in the enmity of my heart, "If I am a sinner, if I am a blasphemer, if I am a rebel against God, what right has he to strike my child dead, who never knew good nor evil? why did he not strike me dead?" Whilst such was the rebellion of my heart, with feelings too horrid to write, praised be his

precious name, he led me by the hand in the mysteries of his providence to a neighbourhood where I had lived before, where he enabled me to get a furnished room, close by an undertaker's, who had buried a child for me before: and by his wonders in his providence, by the following Sunday, enabled me to bury my child with decency and respect. On the Saturday before the funeral, I got a promise of a constant place of work, quite at the other end of London; thus a gracious God led me to one part of London to bury my child, and on the Monday removed me to the opposite end of London to give me employment. Oh, how I have been led to see his hand, and to adore his goodness towards such a presumptuous, rebellious worm.

Once more settled in a little home, and blest with employment, I began to think of what steps I was to take for the future; all around me could see I was deeply in trouble, but none knew the conflict within; that was locked as a secret betwixt God and my own soul, and not a word escaped my lips; no, not to the wife of my bosom. I felt the belief of the existence of a God, forcing itself on my conscience; and more, that I had most awfully sinned against him. I trembled, lest Christianity should be true; I cried in the horror of my soul, "If the Bible is true; if Christianity is true; I am a lost, a ruined man:" I abhorred the thought, and seemed determined to perish, rather than submit to the authority of the eternal Jehovah. My neck, indeed, was an iron sinew, and my brow brass; and had it not been for electing love, the firm decree of sovereign mercy, the irresistible purpose of the eternal Jehovah, I had this day, that I now write, been an hardened infidel. But glory be to sovereign grace, not one of the sheep of Christ can rove beyond the limits of his love,

"Fenced with Jehovah's shalls and wills,
Firm as the everlasting hills."

Though they have made a league with death and a covenant with hell, He that is mighty to save will break the league, dissolve the covenant, and snatch them as brands from the everlasting burning, and bring home every one of the purchase of his blood, as trophies of his glorious victories over sin, death, and hell. But these glorious truths I then knew nothing of; but glory be to his precious name, he hath revealed them in my soul,

and I feel now my need of his Holy Spirit to enable me to trace out the way, and manner he hath taught me, and to bring all things to my remembrance, whatsoever he hath spoken unto me.

But to return: to endeavour to stifle the misery of my mind, I resolved on a reformation of my conduct and manners, and kept this wonderful resolution a little more than a month; that is, till the 3rd of September, which was Bartholomew fair. I knew nothing of the subtlety of satan, at this time; but can now say, I am not ignorant of his devices; oh, how the devil tried to keep me in his strong hold; and before his temptations, my vain resolutions flew asunder, like the green withs, wherewith Sampson was bound. To the fair I must go, and drown in pleasure, the morbid melancholy of my mind, and get rid of the sour gripes of religion; to the fair I went, and strove to be happy there; but all in vain, I returned home, and my convictions returned with redoubled violence. I was a miserable wretch and had hell in my conscience.

September the 8th was the coronation of William the 4th; again I was determined to attempt to drown the feelings of my mind I worked till dark, and then went to see the illuminations, and did effectually drown my feelings for a few hours, but the next morning I awoke to all the horrors of a guilty conscience; totally unable to work from the effects of drunkenness, and the borrid feelings of my mind; and should again have plunged into the same excess; used the same fatal remedy; for I had no power to resist the temptation; it held me as in a strong hold; but I was prevented from doing so, having no money to put into practice the desires of my wicked heart; I walked the streets of London this day, like a condemned malefactor; I wished I had never been born; I wished God would annihilate me; I wished I were dog, a cat, a horse, a cow; yea, a frog or a toad: anything in creation was better and happier than such a miserable, guilty wretch as me. I was tempted, and that powerfully, to destroy myself; and, humanly speaking, should have thrown myself into the Thames, but for the horrid fear of instantly plunging into hell. In this awful hour of temptation I was preserved, preserved to know the power of Jehovah's arm; to trust his mercy, and adore the unsearchable riches of his grace.

September 14th, my boy Julian was taken suddenly ill; I now had but two children, this boy and a girl; and I dearly loved my children; and God seemed determined to attack me at this tender point. This boy from the birth I had named Julian, after that idol of my heart, Julian, commonly

called the apostate, whose memory I held in as much reverence, as the Roman Catholic does his patron saint. My guilty heart had formed the hellish hope that Julian would live to grow a man; and that he would display as much enmity against the cause of Christ as Julian the apostate. Oh, what awful iniquity! Dear gracious, and long-suffering God, well may thy word declare, that the "tender mercies of the wicked are cruel;" these were the tender mercies of a tender parent, to wish the eternal destruction of my much-loved child! Dear God avert my cruel hope; and might thy worm be allowed to say, "if consistent with thy will, grant that he may be a living branch around thy table, and feast upon thy goodness and thy mercy:" I now look upon the character of Julian with as much abhorrence, as I once did with admiration; his death I once admired as well as his life, and his dying words, were treasured up in my memory, as a glorious testimony of the triumph of human reason, over death itself. But now, I view his death with horror; and his dying words, dying with a lie upon his tongue, and Julian sinking with all his imperial pomp into the regions of the damned, and devils shouting over him, "art thou also become like unto one of us?" Bear with me whilst I examine his dying words, "I die without remorse, for I have lived without guilt." The word of God declares, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." The Psalmist says, "My heart sheweth me the wickedness of the ungodly, that they have no fear of God before their eyes." And I, like the Psalmist find my heart shews me what other men are, vile by nature; my heart the sink of depravity, shews me all men by nature are guilty before God; Julian left to believe a lie; and a poor sinner like me, through matchless mercy, brought to a knowledge of the truth, and made daily to feel that "I am unworthy of the least of all his mercies, and all the truth, which in mercy, love, and kindness, he hath shewed unto me." But to return:

My boy Julian was taken suddenly ill, and his illness increased to an alarming degree; his disease baffled our skill; we were obliged to seek medical aid; and the surgeon at once pronounced him in imminent danger; he prescribed medicine, but it appeared of no avail; his disease, according to the opinion of medical gentlemen, was water on the brain; whether it was or not, I cannot say; but this I can say, it was the most dreadful, the most alarming disease in its effects to witness, that ever I beheld in human being. For eight days and nights, he was in a state which can be described by no other term than raving madness; his shrieks and cries were 'dreadful to hear:

passengers in the street would stop day and night, to listen to his shrieks, and would enquire, "what is the matter?" At times it would take all my strength, and his mother's, and sometimes three people, to hold him in bed. He was leached and blistered; his strength became exhausted; and we have watched for his last breath, and concluded at times that he was dead. The feelings of my mind at this time, were dreadful. "God hath spoken once, yea, twice," were words which followed me night and day; I could see as plainly with the eyes of my mind, as I could see natural things with the eyes of my body, that God had spoken to me, and in judgment, in the death of Mark, yea, twice in the affliction of Julian; but my heart was full of enmity, full of rebellion, full of blasphemy, full of infidelity.

"Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

The last thing ordered by the surgeon, was to have his head shaved, and put a blister on; and if that had not the desired effect, he could do no more for him. But the adorable Jehovah not only spoke to me in judgments, but he also spoke to me in mercies.

About this time, the master for whom I worked placed his apprentice under me for instruction, and I received a sum of money with him, which helped me greatly in this affliction. Oh, the goodness and mercy of God towards such poor sinners. From the distress and horror of mind, and the fatigue of body, occasioned by sitting up of nights, and working of days: I was completely knocked up; (or more properly speaking,) God laid his hand upon me, and threw me upon a bed of sickness. Brother Banks, should you give this a place in the *Vessel*, I would say to every reader, "reader, do you know anything of the chastening hand of God? If thou art a professor in a smooth way, thou art a stranger to it; but if Jehovah hath broken thy heart and thou feelest his rod, it is because his blessing is upon thee—" Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest;" again, 'for whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;' again 'but if ye be without chastisement, whereof all, (that is God's elect; God's children; God's sons and daughters, whereof all) are partakers; then are ye bastards and not sons.' Again: 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.' God's rebukes, and his chastising rod, makes a man to feel his iniquities; and is God's way to make a man know the plague of the heart; and whilst God is teaching man out

of his law, enmity and rebellion boil up in his heart; this was my case, for the law worketh wrath; God appeared my enemy, pursuing me to destruction; but various were the feelings of my mind at this time; at times I felt the terrible majesty of God summoning me before him, with all my guilt and blasphemy on my head, and I trembled in the very feelings of my soul; at another time I felt hardened in sorrow, and did not care what God did with me; at another time, I strove to harden myself in infidelity; but though I would fain have shut my eyes, and steeled my heart, and cried still with the fool, 'there is no God.' Jehovah was determined I should not."

One sleepless night as I lay on my bed, so ill all fast asleep around me, death stared me in the face; I ruminated over my past life, my sin and guilt stood in array against me; to look on the past, was black, gloomy, and dreadful; to look to the future was horrible beyond description; self-pity appeared amongst the feelings of my wretched heart; I pitied myself in my sad condition. Here I lay, expecting to die; in this awful state, my boy by my side, I had no hope of his recovery, and did not know which death would snatch first; hitherto amidst the convictions that the Bible was true, and that there was a God in heaven, who had found me out in my sins; I had scorned to pray, scorned to ask for mercy at his hand; and at times, when I felt his existence, and the powerful force of the truth of the Bible, I did not dare to pray, I was too guilty to ask for mercy; but this night by an involuntary principle in my mind, I cried in the agony of my soul, "If there is a God in heaven who knows and sees the concerns of mortals, O, that that God would look in mercy and compassion on me! O, that he would prove his existence and his power, by raising me, and my child to health! And O, God, if thou wilt do this, I'll turn Christian, and have my children christened, and bring them up in the fear of the Lord;" such was the language of my poor blind heart. Strange as the language may appear to the reader, it has appeared still more strange to me that God should hear and answer such a prayer, prayer that began with an unbelieving if, and concluded with foolish, and self-sufficient promises; what became of the promises, the reader will have in the further sequel of God's dealings with my soul; but to the honour, to the praise, to the glory of a long-suffering, and forbearing God, who is indeed, very slow to anger, from this very night both me and my boy began to recover; thus Jehovah descended to give to me, his presumptuous worm, the evidence I required: in addition to all the evidence he had given

me before in his judgments, and his mercies, and his evidences, in the feelings of my soul. Before Christmas, me and my boy were both restored to health, in answer to the first prayer that ever escaped my infidel lips; and the reader will be ready to enquire what became of my promises? Ah, quickly forgotten; I had neither will nor power, to become a Christian; I have since learned, that it is not every one that professes, and calls himself a Christian that is one in reality; to be a Christian, is to feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin: to be brought by the power of God, acquainted with the plague of the heart, to know Christ in his sufferings, and the power of his resurrection; to feel the life of prayer in the soul; and find the Spirit of God bearing witness with our spirits, that we are born of God. Religion consists in the feeling power, and not in a name. With returning health, I had returning peace of mind; but it was a false peace, a deceitful calm; my horror of conscience, my convictions, all appeared to have left me; my conscience became steeled and hardened, and infidelity again reared its rampant head in my abominable heart; anything like a serious thought crossing the mind, actually made me miserable, but whilst I could steel the mind with infidelity, I appeared easy; for this purpose I bought new infidel publications to harden my heart, and shut my eyes against the light; I rushed into all sorts of iniquity, and seemed determined to have my fill, and swing in sin. Why was I not left to perish in my sin? "He passed by me when I was in my blood, and said unto me, live." "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in trespasses and sin, hath quickened us together with Christ; by grace are ye saved." Matchless grace, wondrous mercy, astonishing love, wonderful forbearance; well might the Apostle say, "counting of God to us ward salvation." I have been made to look back to this period, and stand astonished at the long-suffering mercy and forbearance of God.

The Lord soon visited me with another affliction; but judgments and mercy seemed entirely lost upon such an hardened obstinate sinner.

Shortly after my boy was restored to health—one day, as he was playing with some marbles in the room, and all in a moment, he fell down in a kind of a fit, and lost the use of his limbs: this event struck horror through my soul; but I shut my eyes against the light, and hardened my heart to do evil; he was restored to the use of his limbs as suddenly as he lost them. Sometime afterwards, these events seemed to me the voice of God in judgment and in mercy. These events which I have re-

corded, rushed into my mind at times, one after another, and I felt there was a God; and that I was fighting against him; yet, I had no power nor will to cease this awful war against the Most High; but went on as I have said before, and drenched myself in iniquity of every description for nearly six months; the horror of my mind at times was dreadful; I have thrown down my work like a madman, rushed out of the house, and on one of these occasions, (I can never forget it,) I went to a public house, I attempted to drown my feelings with drink; but spirits appeared to take no more effect upon me than water; I tried to amuse myself with the news paper, but could not; I was wretched beyond description; a dog lay asleep on the hearth before the fire; I envied him his ease, his happiness, his insensibility, I wished I were that dog; "the wicked are like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt; there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." I know the truth of this Scripture by heart-felt experience.

My poor wife and children suffered much from my awful conduct; and after a course of iniquity too painful to relate, I again, in the early part of June, 1832, threw myself out of employment, and turned all my friends into foes; miserable and wretched, I again determined to leave London. I have often found a natural feeling in my heart, inclining me to rove from place to place, thinking if I left a place when I was in trouble, or felt trouble of any kind, by shifting my place of abode to another, I should by so doing, get rid of the burden off my shoulders; but instead of having my expectations realised, I have always found my burden and trouble increased, (presuming this may meet the public eye,) I would say, "dear reader, dost thou feel the burden of thy sins, the plague of thy heart? hast thou strove every means in thy power to get rid of the burden, to lighten the sorrow? hast thou strove to fly from the Almighty? Depend on this (if thou belongest to the Lord,) for a truth in thy soul's experience, from one who knows it to be a truth by painful experience, thy kicking against the pricks, thy rebellion, thy striving to fly from the Almighty will only increase thy sorrow, thy trouble, and thy burden: and though thou strive to fly from God, he who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, will work thy strivings and rebellions, so to increase thy burden, till it shall be so heavy as to bring thee low, and sink thee at his dear feet like the publican, with a 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" I still strove to stifle conviction, to run from the power of the eternal God; and for this purpose, on June 8, 1832, left London, leaving my wife with one child, and in the family-way with another, and took

one child with me, and wandered about the country like a fugitive and a vagabond, with a hell in my conscience. To describe the state of my mind and the miseries I endured during a three weeks' journey would be impossible. No money, no victuals, scarcely a bit of shoe to my foot, and the hand of God going out against me, blasting my every attempt to get employment: by the hardships I endured, my proud spirit was completely broken: I began to be tired of my own madness, sin and folly. At this time, I have stopped under hedges in lanes and fields, and have wept before God like a child, cried for mercy and begged of him to appear for me once more in his providence, to teach me the right way, and tell me what to do, and make me obedient to his will.

(To be continued in our next.)

Some further account of the Experience of JOHN MATE.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,

It is impressed on my mind to attempt to relate a further account of the gracious dealings of God with my soul; which impression of mind is strengthened by the Scripture—"Call to remembrance the former days; in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions." Heb. x. 32. And of course, this account will commence where the former closed; and this "great fight of afflictions," which followed upon the back of those comforts then mentioned, will be the first thing narrated here. The peace of God being now established in the conscience, and the love of God so sweetly shed abroad in the heart, the "great adversary—the devil," looked at the happy state of my soul, with all the malice and envy which he is possessed of; and finding he could not disturb that inward peace and joy which my soul possessed, through being brought most blessedly to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation, he now endeavoured, by all possible means, to strew my outward path with thorns and briars, thick and three-fold: but, for tenderness sake, I wish to be very delicate in touching upon this thing, because the chief part of the persecution I met with at this time, arose from the opposition manifested towards me, on account of the strange proceeding, as it was considered by those, whom the strong ties of natural relationship forbid me to expose. However, it arose to such a pitch of fiery trial with me, that, notwithstanding the repeated threatenings and repulses shewn, which did appear, indeed, to my trembling soul, to present a most gloomy aspect; yet in the midst of this fiery trial I was found, at every opportunity, pursuing my way to

the place where my chains were made to fall off: and these seasons, in hearing the Word preached, were inexpressibly sweet and solemn at this time; although it was a great question, whether I should find an entrance at the door of the house when I returned home. But all this outward persecution was abundantly compensated by that inward peace and consolation which my soul enjoyed; being blessedly favoured to hold sweet communion with my reconciled God and Father in Jesus. These sweet visits from him caused me to move on gently, so that when the fire of persecution appeared to send up a vehement flame, this caused the "water to hoil," as it were, within me; and often have my very howels yearned over my dear relatives, so that I entered very minutely into the meaning of the dear Redeemer's own words—"Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you;" and I was now made acquainted with very many portions of the Word of God, which until this time had not been familiar to me, only as a *history*; such as these, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord." "Think not that I came to send peace on earth, I came not to send peace, but a sword;" "A man's enemies are the men of his own house;" although at this time I knew but very little of the *spirituality* of these, especially the last, yet these and similar portions of the sacred word of truth, were my companions day and night. I cannot omit mentioning one in particular, which was made to issue out of my mouth, as though it had been shot out; it was this of the prophet Isaiah,— "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter," and the issuing out of this Scripture was at a time when the enemy's artillery was playing most fiercely, and I have since remembered the effects this sword of the Spirit then had; it appeared to put a sudden check upon the enemy, so as to cause him to pause for a moment, as it were, to take breath; but this was but a temporary respite, for he continued to lay hard siege against the newly liberated captive for some time after this. At length his rage and fury, made manifest in raising this persecution, began to abate, after finding by repeated trials that his projects and schemes could not be carried into effect, the Lord baffling all his devices by affording unto me strength to endure this fiery trial—for it was a fiery trial indeed to me—and the remembrance of it, and the mighty upholding, strengthening, comforting grace of God, afforded unto my soul in the midst thereof, hath been, and still is, a matter of solemn reflection. Persecution for the *cross of Christ* is worth enduring by the

Christian; but it is a matter of question with me, whether much of what is called persecution among professors of religion, at the present time, arises from this cause; some of it appears to arise from nothing else but the *noise* and *clamour* of its professors, so that, in reality, this is no persecution at all. Now there are, in my apprehension, certain things that serve to distinguish the one from the other; that which is real persecution for Jesus' sake, has its *seasons*—it lasts for a time, and then the storm is hushed into a calm. But that persecution which professors are themselves the cause of, does not know of this peculiarity, but is every day *alike*; it is *always* a time of persecution with them. Not so with the real christian, (at least not *outwardly*, although his *inward* persecution is a continual thing,) he has particular seasons when the enemy pours in upon him a volley of his great guns, from the frontier of his dominions: this mighty cannonade lasts just as long as the governor-general has previously given command; and then ceases. So it was with the *open-field* combat, which it was my lot to be engaged in; it was exceeding hot for the time it lasted (which was nearly a month), and then I had *no more* of this; and there is not to this day (a space of ten years,) the least appearance that the enemies will be again opened at the same quarters; although they are still within view, they have not been opened since, but kept continually closed by night and by day. Herein is verified that Scripture which saith—"The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought, he maketh their devices of none effect." And it is a most astonishing thing (and clearly proves the truth of the proverbs of Solomon, that "the Lord turneth the hearts of men as rivers of water, withersoever he will,") that although there has been no "yielding to pacify offences" in this case, yet it is a matter of fact that "the wolf dwelleth with the lamb, and the leopard lies down with the kid—the calf, the young lion, and the falling, are found companying together;" and it is also a fact, that the *nature* of these voracious animals remain in a *spiritual* sense the same. (Isa. xi. 6.) It was during the time of these outward commotions that I enjoyed most of the Lord's presence and blessing within, whereby the world, and all things here below, was made to appear as a vain and empty bubble in my view, and I seemed, as it were, to tread under foot all that the world calls good and great; and I began to discover, more and more, that the things so highly esteemed by me, were but little prized by those around me, which often caused me to mourn in secret before God, and to lament and bewail their wretched and miserable condition. O! thought I, if they could but see how near

they stand to the edge of eternal destruction, they would begin to cry earnestly for help: but, alas! as they did not fear any evil at hand, they appeared to go on smoothly. These were among the chief things that occupied a considerable portion of my soul's attention at this time, being very keenly touched with sympathetic affection for the salvation of the souls of my fellow-creatures, and my ardent desire was that they might share in the same blessedness which I well knew my own soul was the happy partaker of; and how they could possibly slight or disregard so weighty and momentous a matter as the salvation of their immortal souls, was so unaccountable to me, that I was frequently found pursuing a similar method to the Arminians—endeavouring by all the force of argument I could possibly use to make them acquainted with things which I have since found to be the whole and sole prerogative of the Lord the Spirit to accomplish.

About this time there was a great stir in the neighbourhood, concerning me and the things which had happened unto me, in reference to my leaving the Church of England in such an abrupt manner; and this thing was in almost every one's mouth; inasmuch that it drew forth the generous, humane feelings of some of my former companions, who endeavoured to give me advice and counsel in this matter, pointing out the great inconsistency of such a movement, which had taken place with me: but however their kind intentions might be looked upon, as tokens of respect and regard for my welfare, yet, in this case, their arguments had not the least effect upon me; they seemed to pass by me like a puff of wind. And wherefore did they so? Why, because the Lord, the Spirit, had so effectually accomplished *that part* of his divine work in my soul, which I have noticed before, that it could not possibly be *undone*. One of my delightful employments, at this time, was to be frequently visiting and conversing with several christian friends, on the interesting subject of sinners' salvation, through Jesus Christ, this being the chief topic of our conversation: and many precious seasons I had, and spent much time in this way—perhaps more time than would have been allotted unto me had *Mr. Prudence* been then in commission; but it so happened that one *Mr. Zeal* was the chief butler at this time, and he would constantly affirm and maintain that it was a maxim long established with him, "that time had nothing to do with him;" but it must be observed, that this *Mr. Zeal* carried out his principles to such an extremity, that when *Mr. Prudence* came into office (which was some time after,) he found it necessary to correct the former gentleman's folly; for this *Prudence* was

once a chief butler in the house of an ancient king, and had embraced many of his excellent proverbs, and one of them was this, that "to every thing there is a *season*, and a *time* to every purpose under the heavens." (Ecls. iii. 1.) But, as was before said, *Mr. Zeal* was now in office, and his maxim was generally adhered to, viz.—"that time had nothing to do with him nor his movements." The great hue and cry was, that this *Zeal* (Jehu like) would be proclaiming aloud, "come, see my zeal for the Lord," and neglecting the necessary concerns of his household: well, be it so, or not, it is not my intention to prove at this time; I leave it to them who are best acquainted with the nature of it, to conclude for themselves: this I know, that it was in vain, at this time, for *Mr. Prudence*, or any of his offspring, to attempt to put a stop to his eager pursuits, for by such an attempt they would run in danger of being wounded and maimed during the residue of their lives, by reason of the speed of his driving.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

Some of Aaron's Ups and Downs.

57, Long Lane, Bermondsey,

DEAR BROTHER,

In accordance with your desire, I sit down to write a few lines to you, and may the Lord, in mercy, anoint my soul and direct my pen.

The portion *Mr. Langham* read for a text this morning, you will find in Genesis chap. xxxv., verse 18. He first of all spoke of *Rachael*—a type of the Church, the Lamb's wife—that she was so from choice; here he dwelt upon eternal separation, and I observed one or two, I think, not our regular hearers, could not stand the fire: but this did not disturb me, knowing that "whatsoever will not stand the fire must perish." The preacher then spoke of what election had provided for the Church; viz.—a surety: then that she was the gift of the Father, then of marriage, that this took place in eternity, but that the marriage was at *Calvary's* cross; that the Church was presented to him a pure virgin not in herself, but being washed in his blood clothed in his righteousness, is brought to him in raiment of needlework: finally, that she is brought to lay with him in the bed of truth—that ever-green bed spoken of by the mouth of *Solomon*. The preacher then spoke of the barrenness of *Rachael*, and of the labour; and last of the bringing forth, that it was at the time of her death, shewing how the Lord *Jesus* was born in the soul. Lastly, the Lord going before his people (as *Jacob* passed over the brook) having become two bands—"So the Lord passed over, and

brought his redeemed, two bands of Jews and Gentiles," and that the Lord would pass on before his people in all their journey, and finally would bring them through the valley of the shadow of death unto himself.

I must say myself, that I was quite satisfied; but hearing from one of your flock, you doubtless will say, how are things going with you, for I know the ministers of God desire fruits? I will endeavour to tell you a few of my exercises this past week, painful and pleasant.

After sitting down with the Lord's family last Lord's-day, not without some emotion of soul towards him whom I daily desire to be the beloved of my soul, I began the week but, alas, my poor mind was soon sunk down within me, through the power of my depraved mind, and the first three days I was so sunk in the ditch that my own clothes abhorred me; but towards the latter end of the week, finding things were a little more promising, or I should not have attempted to have come to see you in the evening; then I mounted upon the wings of hope and expectation, last night; and this morning, before going out, have had some sweet contemplation upon the glorious person and finished work of the Lord *Jesus*, that has ravished my soul; I have been at times lost almost to myself, I would say of him "he is the altogether lovely," there is nothing I would desire in comparison with him; what intense desires have been in my soul, what earnest longings to have him in my heart—to be found in his embrace—to be conformed to his image; blessings for ever upon his name, ever to be adored, that these longings and desires are in my heart.

"Sure the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart."

I have had these blessed lines hovering over my mind this last day or two,—

"A happy, pardoned child thou art,
And heav'n is at thy door."

Last evening, waiting in secret before the Lord, these words came across my mind with some degree of sweetness—"And thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name." Surely these must be the whispers of his love; but though these are precious things, they are not deliverance: but at these times, like poor *Jeremiah*, I present my supplication before the king, that I may not return to the house of *Jonathan* to sink in the mire, lest I die there.

My Brother, remember me when you see the king; tell him there is a poor soul longing for his embrace, longing to lie with

him on the ever green bed of eternal truth. I have been a little cheered in reading our brother Skelton's work; surely he is my brother.

Your unworthy Brother,

AARON MILLER.

Some Sketches From the Life of the late HENRY FOWLER.

(Continued from our last.)

Now that the Lord had turned my captivity, it again occurred to my mind that I should yet be called forth to speak to poor sinners in the name of the Lord; and my mind was continually ruminating on the ministry, and I thought my prayers to that end were approved by the Lord; for I found no rebukes when I prayed to him, but many encouraging promises. The summer of 1800 being now nearly at an end, and my work falling off, I begged the Lord's direction in my future movements. But I little thought what was coming; for a few days after, I was taken ill of a fever, and laid by several weeks: I was reduced very weak in body. On one occasion I heard my nurse say to my medical attendant, "What do you think of him, Sir?" He said "I fear he is in great danger: there is but one thing more I can give him that is likely to do him good." This news sunk me very low. I was indeed in much darkness during my affliction; but I had not the fear of death, nor dread of hell; nevertheless, I was much puzzled to make out my path, as I had been favoured so much just before. The only thing I wished to live for was to preach Christ to poor sinners, that they might be blessed, and He glorified. A few hours after my medical man left me, an old disciple called on me, and I believe she concluded my life was nearly at a close. She asked me how I was, but my dark state of soul, and my great debility, prevented me giving her an immediate answer. At length I told her as to the state of my mind. The dear old disciple said, in a most emphatical tone, "God has been gracious to you, and what have you to fear? Has not God said, I will never, never leave thee, nor forsake thee?" She had no sooner uttered the words than the Lord applied them with power and sweetness to my heart; and as soon as I could recover myself, (for I was quite overcome with a sense of the Lord's goodness), I said, "Yes! and bless his holy name, I know he will never leave me, nor forsake me!" A few hours after, the medical man called on me to see the effects of his *last effort*, and was quite surprised: he said, the fever has left him; he will do well. He did not know that the best physician had visited me, even Jesus Christ. O how sweet are the visits of

Jesus Christ in a time of real need! No matter how poor and insignificant the instrument he makes use of to bring the blessing.

From that time I began to gain strength in body and soul; for the sunshine of the Lord's presence shone sweetly upon me; and though I was somewhat tried in temporals through my affliction, and had no prospect of work when I got well, yet these things did not much trouble me. If God give peace who then can make trouble? It was several weeks before I gained strength sufficient to undertake a journey; but as soon as I judged it prudent, which was late in October, I went to Portsea. During my slow recovery I had much time for reading and meditation: the Lord indeed blessed me much at times in reading his word, the sense of which has lasted for days, up to the time of my going to Portsea. The morning I left for Portsea, I was as happy in my soul as a man could wish to be this side glory. I sat behind on the coach alone, when we started from Charing-Cross; and as we passed along Westminster Bridge, I sung with inexpressible pleasure that well known hymn,

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah."

There was a large fire blazing at Wapping; and from the bridge we beheld that striking emblem of the last great day: that fire, I believe, consumed several hundred houses! It being long before daylight, the sight was very striking to me, and furnished me with some profitable meditations as I travelled. But this prosperity of mine was very short-lived; for it rained nearly the whole of the journey, and at times in such torrents as I have seldom been exposed to; and not being well prepared for such weather, nor properly established in my health, I caught a cold, and was seized in the most violent manner in the night at the inn where I slept. I thought I could not live till daylight; but the Lord was merciful to me; but I could scarcely walk when I left the inn: yet through his tender mercy I was relieved in a few hours, and though very debilitated, I got quite well in a few days, and sought labour, which I obtained immediately; and was mostly employed during my continuance at Portsea.

"During my continuance at Portsea, which was two months, I had to take up my cross day by day; for I met with such trials as I never expected to pass through again in this world. Mine was not an outward cross; for I had not much to try me in this respect, having good health, and labour for my hands; but I was attacked first by infidelity, and this so prevailed over me, that I was led into all sorts of carnal reasonings: and when I read my bible, every deistical objection was raised in my mind against the truth of the holy scriptures, so that I was made com-

pletely miserable! If I tried to call to mind my former mercies, and God's gracious deliverances, it was all set at defiance, and laughed at, as it were, by this gigantic monster, *infidelity*. Such was the confusion produced in my mind, I could see no sort of self-consistency in those parts of the word of God which I read. All the arguments that deists usually bring against the truth of the Bible, and which I had heard much of before, came into my mind in torrents, especially when I took up my Bible, or attempted to pray; insomuch, that I have trembled when I have opened the book of God; and sometimes I have closed the book, and thrown it down in a terrible rage, and in my heart found fault with the Lord, that he had not revealed his mind and will more plainly, and less liable to objections. Oh! the awful hardness, rebellion, and blindness of my heart! I seemed now to be in the worst condition that I was ever in before; it was so unaccountably strange to me, that after so many mercies and deliverances, I should be plunged into this *horrible pit, where no water is!*

"In this horrible place, I struggled for several weeks, yet, not without the rays of light occasionally, but they were not abiding; and sometimes such was the violence of temptation, that it was with difficulty I could attend to my lawful calling. I remember one day, as I was walking in the market at Portsmouth, that I was suddenly assaulted with a spirit of blasphemy, and rebellion, that I could not tell what to do with myself; and the enemy suggested, you had better throw yourself into the sea and drown yourself, and then you will have done with all this misery; this made me shudder, that such a desperate thought should ever enter into my mind; yet, I felt as angry with the Lord as Jonah. In this state I moped about in the market for some time, reasoning, caviling and contending in my spirit with the Lord, why he suffered me to come into this state; at last those words came most powerfully into my mind, 'Be not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle.' This stopped my rebellion in a short time; and I said to myself, Why, I have been acting like a beast! Hath not the Lord a right to try me as he pleases?

"One day when I was very much tried with a spirit of infidelity, so that it was with difficulty I could do my work, it came into my mind that as soon as I went to dinner, I would once more go and pour out my soul to God, and beg of him to remove every stumbling-block out of my way, and shew me plainly that the Bible was his own revealed truth. I did so, and found the blessed Spirit to help my infirmities. When I took my

Bible, I opened it at that part which I most stumbled at, and a divine light shone on the sacred page, so that I stood surprised at my own ignorance; and it forcibly struck me that I had been under the power of satan, and that he was the author of most of the base, and God-dishonouring things that I had felt working in my heart. I said, 'Satan, thou art a liar, the Bible is true: thy lies, and my blindness, have been the source of my confusion.' The snare was now broken, and my soul was made to escape from one of the worst places that a pardoned sinner can ever be brought into. * * * When I used to make use of any word in prayer, that implied appropriation, or attempted to remind the Lord of his former mercies, I used to be assaulted most grievously, that my religion was a delusion—that no one that was a partaker of grace could ever sink so low as to doubt the truth of all revealed religion—that I was a real deist, but too much of a hypocrite to acknowledge it. In reflecting on this hour of temptation, I am inclined to think that it was God's school of instruction, and that he was preparing me to be of some service to his people; and I do believe that the school of affliction is better calculated to make a useful minister of Jesus Christ, than all the learning taught in all the universities and academies in the universe. * * * I left Portsea for Plymouth Dock, (now Devonport,) about Christmas, by a small vessel: I wanted to see some of my old friends, and tell them a little of the Lord's goodness to me. It was very smooth when we set sail; but as we passed the 'Needles,' the wind blew very high, and the sea rolled over the deck of the vessel, so that we were obliged to close the hatch-way with all speed, or we should have been sunk. A very high sea continued most of the night; but the wind was in our favour: we had also good moonlight, and no fogs; and by the goodness of God, who 'manages the seas,' I landed at Devonport, after twenty-three hours' sail. Thus I was again brought back near my native place to have more trials and more mercies."

[*Henry Fowler's call to, and entrance upon the work of the Ministry, will be given in our next.*]

"*Truth Vindicated in a Dialogue,*" by W. Gosling. We cannot now say much about this little controversialist, but we fill up a corner with the following extract.—"There are a set of people in the world who are never satisfied—nobody knows anything but themselves: one preacher is too legal, another too doctrinal, and another too practical. I am sure I don't know who would like to be a preacher in the present day."

The Church of Christ, at Aldringham, and Mr. Skelton's Poem.

It is with feelings of the deepest interest that we give insertion to the following letter, which was written by Brother GARRARD, and addressed to that much-beloved saint and servant of Christ, JOHN SEWELL, one of the deacons of Aldringham Church.

Iken, May 8, 1846.

To the Church (and Congregation, if you please) meeting at Aldringham, through the medium of Brother John Sewell.

Dear Brethren,

Life, love, peace, and mercy everlasting be unto you from God your Holy Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the hope of Israel, with the teachings and comfortings of the Holy Spirit—Amen.

Having known Aldringham for some years as a favoured spot where God, even thy God, hath manifested his presence, love, and glory to a few of the fallen sons of Adam—and where in the days of my youth I felt the sweet, bright, and cheering beams of the Sun of Righteousness—I do the more freely write unto you. Ah! "light is sweet, and we know that the days of darkness are to be many." Ah, my dear souls, and our foolishness is much, and our backslidings many! O! I sometimes feel as if I could rend my heart in pieces for my foolishness, since I have known the love of Christ, but my death nor my blood, neither of them can atone for my follies. "What profit would there be in my blood?" But "the blood of Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth from all sin." God Almighty and the Eternal Spirit lead me more and more into the atonement, and bring the atonement into us, into our poor, dark, sin-stung, satan-oppressed souls—that we may know the love of a long-suffering God in Christ Jesus, and feel that there is balm in Gilead still for our gaping wounds, running ulcers, and old sores, for the plague-spots will break out sometimes, and there is no healing but in God's love and mercy, and in Jesus' blood. The poor old prophet said—"My wound is grievous—heal me, and I shall be healed—save me, and I shall be saved, for thou art my praise."

The cause of my writing to you at this time is as follows:—I have heard that some person or persons have circulated a report, that in my poor preaching at Aldringham, on the last sabbath in April last, that I struck at my Brother Skelton's poem of God's Sovereignty, and flatly contradicted it. Now, in truth, I had not then seen my dear friend Skelton's poem, neither did I make any reference to that whatever. But I have

since then seen it at a friend's house, and had an opportunity of reading a part of it, (and will, if spared, read the whole, and then make some observations on it.) The part that I have read I find no fault with, believing it quite in accordance with the Holy Scriptures—truly, "God's Sovereignty," is a high and momentous subject, which sometimes makes saints tremble, sinners stare, and frightens self-righteous Pharisees, some weak minds seem to be scared at friend Skelton's bold expressions. "Well, but Isaiah is very bold;" friend Skelton is very bold, but not too bold according to my judgment. Men that do not believe in the doctrine of reprobation, cannot be sound believers in eternal and personal election, because one must stand or fall by the other. If there is no reprobation, there is no election; but they are both clearly revealed in the divine oracle to enlightened, sanctified souls. This great secret was from all eternity locked up in the eternal mind, but is opened unto us in the fall of man by sin—and the revelation of Jesus Christ, who came to lay down his life for the sheep "who are quickened in time to believe this truth in their hearts with love, and what can be more plain than these words from Christ's own mouth, "Ye believe, not because ye are not of my sheep." John x. 26.

When at Aldringham last, I was weak and sickly both in body and mind, and felt in some measure under a cloud—and had not time to enter into the latter part of my subject in the afternoon. My drift was to shew that God is what he ever was, viz. LOVE, and that the changes in the creature by sin have not changed him. "God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He is the ever-blessed God, causing his sun to rise on the good and on the evil, sending rain on the just and on the unjust, profusely pouring blessings on all; even on the vilest blasphemers. His goodness continues unchangeable, though vile man is changed by sin, and that man's destruction is of himself, and not of God. "Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help found!" The fact is, man's destruction is of himself, and we by nature were children of wrath, even as others. And if the Holy Ghost had left us all under death, sin, and damnation, he would have been just: therefore, as a sovereign judge his holy law condemns for sin. But death is not in the law—that is holy, just, and good; the death is in the sin—"Was that which is holy and good made death unto me?" No, God forbid; but sin working death in me by that which is good. Truly, in my opinion, a holy God in his holy law, does not damn irrespective of sin.

But the fact is, "we have all sinned," and by nature are begotten and born in the flesh of fallen Adam; and he that believeth not is condemned already," and sovereignly left under the sentence of death and damnation for sin, while others are sovereignly saved by grace and mercy, through our Lord Jesus Christ. O the depths! There are two deeps unfathomable—the deeps of sin, and the deeps of eternal love. It is Christ that died for us, "and the sins of the elect church were sovereignly condemned and damned in the holy body of Christ, made sin for us." (Rom. viii. 3.) And the church is sovereignly redeemed and saved by the righteousness, obedience, and blood of Christ. So that we are saved in sovereign justice and mercy, and the church saith—"I will sing of mercy and judgment, mercy rejoiceth against judgment, and all the "upright in heart rejoice." But by nature there is none upright among men, only those who are made upright by the Spirit, in faith, truth, and love, to walk uprightly by faith in Christ before God, and shew forth the fruits of his salvation by a clean gospel preaching and conversation among men, "to the praise and glory of his grace, who hath made us accepted, in the beloved." The upright love thee.

Time forbids me saying more on the subject at this time. I will conclude by saying, that if friend Skelton goes on preaching in that strain, declaring fearlessly the whole counsel of God, and opening these awfully sublime, great, and glorious things of the Gospel, he must expect that unsanctified and corrupt minds will oppose him, as I have found "that bonds and afflictions have awaited me in every city," and where an effectual door is opened, there will be many adversaries.

My advice to you, who are now become elders in the church, and know these things, is to stand by him and encourage him; for, like other men, he will have his castings down, though not destroyed.

Grace be with you all. Amen.

Your's, truly,

W. GARRARD.

The Believer's Two-fold Legacy, Grace and Glory.

GRACE! What a great word is this! The eternal favor of the Eternal God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, without fluctuation, variation or change; in which divine favor, God's people everlastingly stand; nor can sin, death or hell, get them out. And when this great and glorious gift is bestowed on its elect objects, instead of tending to what is called Antinomianism, it leads to soul-as-

tonishment; clothes its unworthy recipient with humility; bringing him, or her, to wonder why, or wherefore, God should have been thus gracious to them while so many are passed by.

This amazing gift—grace—is converting, consoling, and confirming. "Except, (says Christ,) ye are converted, and become as little children, ye shall, in no wise, enter into the kingdom of heaven." What is conversion? Being turned from one thing to, or into another; a being made to differ from what we once were, and what thousands still are; turned from darkness to light, from the power of satan unto God; from the love and practice of sin to a delight in, and love to holiness, from the ways of the world to the ways of the Lord; from death to life; from self to Christ; from carnality to spirituality; from the pursuit of the pleasures of a dying world, to the pursuit of peace, by and through the blood of Christ; from all that is earthly, to all that is heavenly; from all, that is here, to all that is hereafter. This, then, is one of the glorious effects of grace, when given of God. It is, also, consoling grace.

Truly, many are the afflictions, trials, crosses, losses, difficulties, exercises, and sorrows of the heaven-born, and heaven-bound soul; he learns by deep and solemn experience, that through much tribulation he is to enter the kingdom, his destined port of holiness and happiness; he often eats the bread of adversity, and drinks the water of affliction: yet, has he "something secret sweetens all;" it is more grace given; and this he fully proves sufficient for him, according to the blessed promise; this, then, comforts his mind, affords him peace and joy, which none can know, but God and his own soul.

By continual communications of this consoling grace, he continues to hold on his way rejoicing in the grand declaration that—"though a troop (of sins and sorrows, trials and temptations, doubts and fears, enemies within, and enemies without, men and devils) often overcome poor Gad, yet he shall overcome at the last, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Again, it is confirming grace; and he finds it is a good thing to have his heart established with grace; it works in him effectually, and confirms him in the great and glorious doctrines of the gospel; in the faith of the great mystery of the Trinity of Persons; in the undivided essence of the Godhead: in the decrees and purposes of God; in the absolute certainty of the fulfilment of all the promises; in the execution of every awful denunciation against the wicked, or reprobate world; in the sure protection of the church of God, from the final injury of every foe; in her's and his ultimate victory over all

enemies, and final admission into the kingdom above, to sit with Christ on his throne, and to go out no more for ever; wherefore, we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace (that is our great desire,) whereby we may serve God, acceptably with reverence and godly fear: and no man can serve him so, that is destitute of this grace.

Secondly, Glory; "he will give grace and glory." O, matchless gift! this is God's prerogative alone; having the one, the other is absolutely sure; the connection is God's, and quite indissoluble; having not the one, (whatever else a man may have,) he will never have Glory, the one is indispensably necessary for, and essential to, the other, but the mercy is that both are gifts; "not of works, lest any man should boast." Glory, what is it? Who can tell? Not so much is said of it in God's word, as the immortal soul shall eternally realise in full fruition. Confine it for a moment to two things, viz., the glory of God in the soul, and the soul in the glory of God; his image, his holiness, his peace, his perfection, his pleasure, his power, his praise, his purity, his person in the soul, his brightness and blessedness, filling the soul with dazzling splendour, and perfect beauty; his love without the least interruption reigning through all the soul, filling it with vast delight and boundless joy; his smile filling the soul with ten thousand times ten thousand pleasures, and the light of his glorious countenance shining on and in it, in such high perfection as would eclipse ten million suns in their meridian splendour.

Again, the soul in the glory of God; the redeemed, blood-washed, grace-saved disembodied soul wafted home by angels, and ushered into the presence of God with an abundant entrance; clothed in a saviour's imputed righteousness, and pronounced all fair. "Where is he?" Job says. We answer In the Glory of God in heaven, where God is glorious in holiness, where the glorious sun (Christ) everlastingly shines, filling all the regions of bliss with uninterrupted peace and pleasure: where there shall be no night, no darkness, no devil, no death. Sorrow, and sighing quit those glorious regions; no inhabitant shall ever be sick; here the soul shall and does realise fulness of joy, and the undisturbed pleasures of peace, pardon, and praise for evermore. Yea, it is filled with all the fulness of God, and thus absorbed in everlasting delight.

"O, glorious hour, O blest abode,
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control,
The sacred pleasures of my soul."

WATTS.

The Lord will give Grace and Glory.
Happy is that people who are called by grace

even now, yet shall they be much more happy when crowned with everlasting glory.

T. STRINGER.

WILLIAM SKELTON'S Parting Song at Brabourne.

The following verses were dropped into the mind of WILLIAM SKELTON, as he sat upon his seat, making shoes: and, after preaching his farewell sermon to the dear people at Zion Chapel, Brabourne, from 2 Cor. xiii. 11. on the last Lord's day, in April, they were given out by our esteemed Brother JOHN MATE, and sung by the congregation.

Father of mercies, God of grace,
Grant us the visits of thy face,
While we would crave with godly fear,
Thy blessing for thy servant here.

We bless thy name, because thy truth
Has been proclaim'd, from heart and mouth,
By him, while he has labour'd here
In holy word, and doctrine clear.

And here we also would record,
In thy heart-searching sight, O Lord:
Oft have our ears with pleasure heard,
The experience of thy saints declar'd.

In him and by him practice too,
Has been set forth in open view;
Those fruits which spring from living faith,
And prove the soul is not in death.

Here with unvarying certain sound,
Our souls with joy the truth has found;
While he, in his great Master's name,
Among us has dispens'd the same.

From truth so dear ne'er may he swerve,
Men's smiles to gain or men to serve;
But may he still a preacher be
Of Christ and gospel liberty.

We bless thee, Lord, who sent him here -
In answer to our fervent prayer;
And though thou takest him away,
We own and bless thy sov'reign sway.

Where thou hast call'd him, may he go,
Determin'd nothing else to know,
Save Jesus and him crucified,
Pouring contempt on all beside.

May the glad news of sins forgiv'n
As with the Holy Ghost from heaven,
Be still proclaim'd by him abroad,
Through Jesus' righteousness and blood.

May Christ's all-glorious person be,
Exalted by him constantly;
And may he never shun to tell,
Christ hath redeem'd his church from hell.

And may that Christ be all in all,
Which from his lips and tongue shall fall;
In endless future, boundless past,
May he proclaim Christ first and last.

And Oh! our God, in mercy raise,
One who shall teach thy sacred ways,
To us who may assemble here,
In Jesus' name and in his fear.

WILLIAM SKELTON, S. S.

Late Pastor of the Church of Christ,
Meeting for divine worship, in
Zion Chapel, Brabourne, Kent.

**The Conversion and the Creed of
- William Smith, Minister of the
Gospel.**

"I SHALL never forget whilst I live in the world, that some time ago I told a minister I knew the time when I was regenerated, when the Lord first quickened my soul; he said that he doubted it, he could hardly believe it; but he could not beat me out of it. When I say this, that I knew the time when the Lord did this, I do not set it up as a standard or a rule of God's work, though all God's saints must know, I am of the same mind still: when the Lord really did send the word into my heart as a nail fastened in a sure place, where it was, when it was, and how it was he operated on my mind. In the year 1808, nine or ten days before Easter, the Lord only knows what I passed through during those few days; often did I make use of that saying—'My punishment is greater than I can bear.' But on Easter morning, about two o'clock, I felt gentleness, peace, calmness, quietness, and meekness; oh, what a feeling I had within—a feeling that cannot be told—yet not, I believe, such a feeling as comes up to that point—faith in Christ, bringing deliverance into the court of conscience, through the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. However, whatever it was, it was a something more than nature; it was a something that came from God, something that made me glad, something that buoyed up my mind, something that increased my confidence; it was something, through the blessed Spirit of all grace, that caused me from time to time to cry mightily unto God for greater manifestations. I remember coming to pray in public, but there the Lord stopped my mouth, and I am sure he served me right, for I depended upon Watts instead of the Lord; I had obtained Watts' Guide to Prayer, and he tells us what language is to be used in every part of prayer; therefore to it I went, like a child to his task, and I learned it, as I thought, and had got it well, and went satisfied to the house of God; but when I got there, the Lord took it all away, and nothing came in the room thereof. You may be sure I was not a little mortified; my swelling pride the Lord truly mortified. There is a time to break down and a time to build up: I had been building up, and the Lord had been breaking down. The Lord's time had come after I had been building up on another man's line of things—teaching me by his Spirit to eall upon him after his own way and order, which I had not. At another time, and that for a length of time, I was lying at the mount of corruption, and oh! the devilishness, the filthiness, the

corruption and lusts of my heart that boiled up; it puts me in mind of that saying—'He spreadeth sharp pointed things upon the mire, he maketh the deep to boil like a pot.' What I felt for six months in the dead of winter, the Lord only knows how I got through; but all this while the promise was getting short—the appointed hour drew near. When the Lord's time drew near, here it was, in the very place in which I was born naturally, in an old mud-walled cottage, with life, light, and power, that portion came home sweetly to my conscience—'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.' Oh, the power, the love of God in my heart, and the blood of Christ in my conscience, with the blessed Spirit setting his seal to the work, as to my interest in him, and blessed me in believing with all joy, favour, comfort, peace, and good-will of God towards me, a poor guilty wretch. What I then felt I trust I shall never forget this side the grave. Then was that fulfilled in me—'By the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water.' Those men who dwell much upon the letter of things, on God's decrees, purposes, and counsels, with what he hath done for his church, by giving their assent and consent unto these, are by some called orthodox. In holding the blessed truth of God's electing love, they take it for granted, because they do give their assent and consent, that they are the favourites of heaven, they are the people who are interested therein. Not so, my brethren. Here I am narrower than people think me. I suppose it is generally understood, that if a man holds the same sentiments that I hold, that therefore he passes current with me for a christian? I can assure you I have no more opinion of a man who holds the creed I do, of his being a christian, than I should a mere worldlyling, unless he is taught by the same Spirit, led more or less into the same things, feels more or less the plague of his own heart, and knows something more or less of the grace, the mercy, and the love of God coming into his heart, teaching him to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to walk soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world. It is all vain babbling, all a bubble, all a delusion, if the grace of God in a man's heart is not influential, and does not lead him to be doing something.'

William Smith is now an aged, but he is a bold and faithful watchman still. And, much as he may be censured for standing so aloof from many of the Lord's servants, we are persuaded he has found much cause to make him suspicious.

"Hearken to me; I also will shew mine opinion!"

"Heaviness in the heart of a man maketh it stoop: but a good word maketh him glad."—Prov. xii. 25.

I BELIEVE all natural men are the subject of heaviness in the heart, and sadness of heart, at times, to a greater or less degree, produced by disappointment and vexation, blasted hopes and blighted affections; and I believe that all natural men are, at times, the subjects of gladness, produced by worldly advantages, prosperous circumstances, and smiling prospects; but the diversity of feeling expressed in the above words of the wise man contain something more than nature can produce—more than nature, sense and reason can understand; or in any way enter into. But the manifested elect have it revealed to them by the Holy Spirit, to and in the heart feelingly, and not in the head. I am sure that a view of the holiness and majesty of Jehovah, and a sight of our sinfulness, will bring heaviness into the heart.

The feeling of standing before a God of such infinite purity, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, searching the innermost parts of the belly, discovering the hidden things of darkness, and bringing to light the gloomy shadow of death—manifesting sins long forgot, and causing them to fall on the conscience as a huge load—this will produce heaviness of such a nature as no man or angel can in any measure alleviate; God himself must do this deed. This heaviness will have its effects; it will cause the heart to stoop; in this is seen the grace of faith working beneath the burden of sin, causing the individual to abhor himself and his sins most heartily, to sink low in his own feelings, and to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," at the feet of Jesus, feeling himself most unworthy of hope, and in his soul acknowledging the justice of God. But though faith thus works, it is imperceptible to the possessor, consequently he is in heaviness, he does not know that he is a fit subject for mercy, he does not know but that he shall be sent to hell, he feels he cannot pray (though he prays often), he cannot believe Christ will save him, this makes him stoop, indeed, not only in his natural feeling, but before God; he will begin to sit lower and lower with his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope, it is not "will he be saved?" but "can he be saved?" It is not what creed shall he take up so as to go on comfortably in the world," but "is there mercy for my soul?" Will God look upon one so vile as me? will he hear me? will he bless me? This is praying from necessity;

from the heart, and not from a creed in the head: this praying, God will hear, and does hear, and will answer, and does answer in his own time. God suffers his people to continue crying and praying sometimes a long season before he answers them; thus he more effectually empties them, and causes them, and causes their hearts to faint and to sicken, till at length a good word comes which fully recompenses them for waiting. It makes them glad in the Lord while they hear him say, "Eat, oh, friends, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." The blood of Christ—the wine of the kingdom makes glad the heart, (the oil), the unctuous powers of the ever blessed Spirit maketh his face to shine, and (the gospel bread) the body of Christ, fed on by faith, strengthens his heart—he is melted down to less than nothing; and, as before he wept for sorrow of heart, so now he weeps for joy of heart. But I know that the non-elect experience heaviness of heart, and that of a deep nature; they sometimes see the majesty of God, and the holiness of God; and they see themselves and feel themselves sinners; and they believe they shall go to hell, and they may go from outward sin for a time. But does heaviness make the heart stoop? Yes, it does make them stoop very low; so that they fear to be alone. But it does not make them stoop before God, so as to be humbled? No; they hate him more and more; and let them but get rid of hell, and they will show how heartily they love sin, if they can but brand their consciences with "no hell," they will try to dethrone Jehovah himself with their tongue and pen; not only with the heart.

Reader, to which do you and I belong?

Another thing which will produce heaviness in the heart, is a sight and feeling sense of the filthiness and scum of the heart, so depraved, that it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: this is called, in Ezekiel 8th, the chambers of imagery, in which dwells every lust and sin that one can read of, hear of, or imagine, and a thousand times more murders, adulteries, blasphemies, and a host beside, (see Mark 7th). These things are there portrayed, and there live and rage; they are not there by the infusion of satan now and then, but that is their residence—the heart of man. Now, when the Christian begins to feel these things raging and boiling up in his heart, it will bring him to a great stand in his feelings, and he will find and feel as Mr. Hart says he did—

"Swarms of ill thoughts their hane diffuse,
Proud, envious, false, unclean;
And ev'ry ransack'd corner shews,
Some unsuspected sin

His feeble faith gives way to doubt,
 His spirit yields to fear;
 Struck with the sight, he'll straight cry out—
 "Can ever God dwell here?"

I know it was so with me; I did not know what would become of me; I thought I should be left to fall into open sin, and disgrace his cause: and indeed my feet did almost slip, I went to the edge of the pit, another inch and I must have gone. Hope seemed almost expired, I could see nothing but hell before my eyes, life was a burden, I did not know what to do; I wandered about in great heaviness, as full of all manner of sin as I could hold without running over, satan distressing me sorely, sometimes stirring the utmost filth, sometimes blowing on the coals of pride, most abominably telling me I should shine amongst God's saints if I minded and looked very sanctified; and I was fool enough to look in the glass one day to see if I looked sanctified, though, I must confess, I am no judge of sanctification in the face; oh, how dreadful is the human heart! At another time he would say I was a hypocrite and reprobate, therefore I should go to hell, whether moral or not, provoking me to the sins most suiting my carnal taste. But I hated sin, and I groaned to be kept from it, and the Lord kept me outwardly. At other times he sorely pressed me to self-destruction; oh, the mercy of God! how did he shew himself a sovereign in my case—preserving me when the razor was opened, when my feet was at the waters' edge on the awful business. One place especially, (I shall never forget it,) for in two years after, satan had his ends with two in the same spot. Oh! these are solemn moments to my soul; these brought perverseness in my soul, and they made me stoop before God. They made me sometimes in agony of mind, they made me wrestle before God for internal evidences—a word from his mouth, with power to my heart. Nor did the Lord deny me; but he made me stay his time. I know that the hell of sin felt within, as I felt it, made me hate it a thousand times more than I did before; I felt it, and so it always will; it will make the soul prize the least drop of consolation as a jewel, it will crucify him to the world and the world to him—he will seek for ministers who preach experimentally the whole truth, and when he finds them he will love them, and though their remarks may often wound him, yet there he will go, for he is persuaded that these men are the (only) servants of the Most High God. But the Lord will not leave his people altogether without a witness, as I said, he heard me, so will he hear others; sometimes by dropping a secret promise into

their souls, sometimes in hearing according to his own plan and purpose: these may not last long—they make the soul glad while they do last; and though they often afterwards fear it was all a delusion—they would not be without these things for all the world when their soul was alive to God, they would rather have five minutes communion with God than a thousand pounds. But the world often hangs upon them, and often spiritual things lose their weight with them, so that they often call in question all that they have felt; they would believe but fears prevail; they see not their signs, and they mourn for the light of God's face, and are in heaviness; this proves they love him, for if they did not love him they would not mourn his departure, nor lie in heaviness when they see him not. JABEZ.

Christian Reviewer.

Review of a Pamphlet entitled "Seven Reasons for Free Communion at the Table of the Lord, with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." By Cornelius Elven.

With the view of giving our readers at once a fair and a concise view of the positions really assumed by the writer of this "sevenfold" defence of open communion, we will enumerate, in fewer words than our author uses, his various propositions, and endeavour, (praying for the blessed guidance of the Holy Spirit,) to show their fallacious and sophistical character. Mr. Elven affirms either directly, or by inevitable implication, the following things:—

1. That strict communion is not "christian communion," but that free communion is:—
2. That unhaptised believers ought to be admitted to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, but ought not to be admitted to church membership.—
3. That one part of the beatitudes of heaven, will consist of the freedom of the glorified, from "the trammels of strict communion."—
4. That "strict communion is at variance with the genius of the gospel, which is emphatically 'love.'"—
5. That (in the author's case) strict communion principles, and "divine affection implanted in the soul by the Holy Ghost," have long been at "painful conflict."—
6. That strict communion is, "like all ultrasms in theology," sought to be sustained "by the monopoly of a few perverted texts."—
7. If Baptists exclude unbaptised believers from their Communion Tables, they ought to exclude unbaptised preachers from their pulpits.—
8. That for a christian to be baptised "without light" as to his obligation, would prove him unfaithful

to his own conscience, and a transgressor against God.—9. We have no evidence that the first communicants were baptised, therefore they were not baptised before communicating.—10. Tested by the word of God, "strict communion is weighed in the balance and found wanting."—11. Strict communion is unjust, as it equally excludes the unbaptised saint, and the drunkard or blasphemer.—12. That the primitive christians celebrated the death of Christ by the breaking of bread, when not assembled in a church capacity.

Here are twelve propositions, but we confess we have looked in vain for the "seven reasons" spoken of in the title-page. We cannot imagine that Mr. Elven would willingly deceive the public, but certainly he has virtually misled us, for we expected "seven reasons," and down to the present moment have failed, after diligent search, to discover even the fraction of a "reason," properly so called. But, in order that we may not pronounce judgment without the production of sufficient evidence, we now solicit the calm and serious attention of our readers while we submit to their consideration the following examination of the various points which we have gathered from Mr. Elven's pamphlet.

1. [That strict communion is not "christian communion," but that free communion is.] If this be true, then is anti-Christ enthroned in Mr. Elven's own church, and Mr. E. has announced his intention of submitting to his own church rule of "strict communion," until his people see fit to alter their plan. This is rather like sacrificing truth upon the altar of expediency. If Mr. Elven's statement be true, his conduct is culpable. But that any minister of the gospel should dare to say what the writer of this Tract has said, is positively awful to any mind made to feel the weight and solemn importance of the following portion of God's holy word. Acts ii. 41 & 42. "Then they that gladly received his word" (here is living faith) "were immersed," (here is believers' baptism,) "and they" (the immersed believers and none else,) "continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread (or the Lord's Supper) and in prayers." If this was the order of things when the apostles were "filled with the Holy Ghost," (ver. 4) how much it becomes men, in our days, who profess to bear "the vessels of the Lord," to shrink from anything and everything which would introduce another form of order into the baptised churches of Christ, and even pronounce that New Testament "order" the work of anti-Christ, and the offspring of narrow-mindedness and superstition. The Holy Ghost then instituted

strict communion, and recorded its institution for our guidance and instruction. But Mr. Elven says, that order of things is not christian communion. "We ought to obey God rather than man."

2. [That unbaptised believers ought to be admitted to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, but ought not to be admitted to church membership.] Here is fleshly wisdom on the heels of mere fleshly charity. By what rule can this advocate for "mixed communion" consistently exclude from the church meeting the very parties who commune with him stately. He says they should come to the type, because they have partaken of the thing typified, and to the shadow as they enjoy the substance by vital faith, then does it not necessarily follow that if they are evidently destined for the great church meeting above, they are worthy of admission to the church meetings in "Garland Street, Bury Saint Edmunds?" "No," says Mr. Elven, they may come to meet my Lord and Master at the supper; their disobedience to a plain commandment of Christ's does not disqualify them for the "Lord's Supper," but it does for "our church meetings!" Why, it seems Mr. Elven is a "strict" man after all in this matter. But herein lies a point of worldly wisdom. (Page 7 explains all:) there we read that the same parties who may come to the table, are not to come to the church meeting, because they might interfere in "ELECTING OFFICERS, MAKING OR RENEWING TRUST DEEDS," &c. Yes! yes! to cast a practical contempt upon the ordinance of believer's baptism is nothing in some eyes, compared with coming to the church meetings to meddle with MONEY MATTERS! If this is not opposed to the "wisdom that is from above," what is, or what can be?

3. [That one part of the beatitudes of heaven will consist of the freedom of the glorified from "the trammels of strict communion."] If "strict communion" be warranted by apostolic example, and who with his eye on Acts ii. 41 & 42, can truly assert that it is not? what is this but a mere flourish in which there is neither weight nor value? It may be convenient to get a long distance from the point in dispute; but Mr. Elven's book, professing to treat on a matter of gospel church order on earth, gains no point by speculating upon the enjoyment of the glory state. It is true that the labour of the ministry, the "trial of our faith," and the "assembling of ourselves together" will cease on our removal from this present state, but ought they therefore to be decried and neglected now? That is the question, and to that point, in relation to scriptural communion, writers, on each side, will do well to confine themselves.

4. [That "strict communion" is at variance with the genius of the gospel, which is emphatically, love.] Nothing which the apostles did under the direction of the Holy Spirit can be opposed to the genius of the gospel. The love which is not indissolubly united with a solemn adherence to the TRUTH, as it is in Jesus, is NOT the love of the gospel. There is no true affection, either to Jesus or his people, in a practical encouragement of disobedience on their part to his easy and blessed commandments. He did not say—"If ye love me," countenance my saints in disobedience to my precepts. But, by the admission of the unbaptised to the Table of the Lord, we say, by our conduct (whatever we may say with our lips),—"Believer, baptism is not requisite," and the apostles "when filled with the Holy Ghost," furnished an example unworthy of our imitation, and much inferior both in "love and wisdom" to the plan which our modern charity has espoused.

5. [That (in the author's case) strict communion principles and "divine affection implanted in the soul by the Holy Ghost," have long been at "painful conflict."] Until Mr. Elven has produced, from the practice or the language of the Lord Jesus Christ, or his holy apostles, a "Thus saith the Lord," for the popular figment which he defends, he has no right to affirm that the "affection" he speaks of was implanted by the Holy Ghost. The spirit of all truth never implants affections in the soul at variance with his own instituted order in the church of the Redeemer. Error may often be detected by tracing it to its consequences. If men of old were moved by the Holy Ghost to act on "strict communion" principles for the imitation of the churches of the Saviour in all after ages, as they were, (and we firmly, but respectfully, challenge all men to deny it, and prove a contrary position to be tenable,) then all "affection" which prompts to an opposite course is any thing but an emanation from the ever-consistent and unerring Spirit.

6. [That strict communion is "like all ultrasims in theology," sought to be sustained "by the monopoly of a few perverted texts."] Our respected author deals more largely in assertions than proofs. Nor are his readers furnished, in this place, with any illustrations of the "wresting of the Scriptures," which is here affirmed. The charge of "perverting" the sacred oracle is a solemn and heavy one, particularly when brought against the primitive communionists by an advocate of "charity" and good-will, with a heart too large to be compressed within the limits of a strict communion creed. We are afraid that Mr. Elven's heart bears a mark of disease, in being larger on one side than

the other. For, speaking of his friends, to whom he has just gone over, he intimates, more or less directly, in his pamphlet, that they are scriptural-breathers of the atmosphere of holy love—and many other things most worthy and commendable. But the friends from whom he has just deserted, are stigmatised as inconsistent, unjust, and perverters of the Word of God!! It is a good thing when the heart and the head act reciprocally and unitedly; but when the feelings master the judgment, there is no means of predicting the lengths to which a well-meaning, but mistaken writer, may go in the paths of error and confusion.

(To be continued in our next.)

A Narrative of the Life and Experience of William Harris, Minister of the Gospel, at Providence Chapel, Hailsham, and at Lewes, Sussex.—Palmer and Son.

BLESSED be the name of the Lord, in the midst of all the chaff and fleshly rubbish which is now found in our land, under the garb of the so-called Gospel Ministry—our covenant God, our glorious High Priest, and our Teacher and Comforter, have still their witnesses, their chosen vessels, their Eleazers, unto whom is given the red heifer, and who are enabled to bring it forth without the camp: and who do, willingly, faithfully, and experimentally preach CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED, to the glory of God the Father.

We knew nothing of William Harris, until we read this Narrative of his life; it is a straight-forward, and precious testimony in favour of vital godliness; and a striking instance of the power of God in calling a sinner out of darkness into light. We can only now give an extract or two from the work itself: in a future number we hope to notice some of its features more fully.

"I was born in the year 1784, on May 7, in Hailsham, Sussex. My parents were very moral people, my mother in particular, and both were attached to the established church."

"One Sunday morning as I was crossing a lane called the Links, and feeling the corruptions of my nature rising up within me, I said to myself, oh, what evil workings do I feel, how shall I escape, what course can I take to surmount them? And while pondering over these things, I looked up and saw two brigs which were bound to the westward, and in a moment it came into my mind that a sea-faring life was the best, for there would be no one to draw me aside, or lay temptation in my way. My thoughts convinced me at once that this would be the most desirable life I could live, and though I found by doing so I should lose five-pounds which was due to me for labour, yet so determined was I to adopt it, that I immediately went to Hastings and agreed with Mr. Breeds, to go on board his sloop named the Johnstone, which was then bound for London on a trading voyage. I accordingly went on board, but

in a few hours after I was convinced of the rashness of my proceeding. For on the second day after I had embarked, a seventy-four gun ship passed by, the crew put off their boat, that they might come on board our sloop to press for hands, which caused me much fear. Just as they had thrown their rope on board, with the intention of keeping their boat close by our ship, and my missing to catch it, they broke out into such awful imprecations, as caused my very soul to grieve, and concluded that people were no better at sea than they were on land. However, they came on board, but took no hands from us, our indentures clearing us. This was the first unpleasant affair I had met with during the short time that I had been a sailor, nor was it long before I again had cause to rue my folly, for at four o'clock in the afternoon a most violent storm arose, and continued until four o'clock the next morning, the sea rolling mountains high, and the lightning most terrific, at least it appeared so, to so young a sailor as myself. When the storm first came on, the captain put me on the watch; but judge my distress when the waves came breaking over our ship, and all hope appeared to be lost. To behold the sea running over us in so violent a manner, I concluded that the Lord fought against me in every way. And here I was led to examine what the cause of it could be, self-pity by no means being in the back-ground. And I argued with myself thus; I went to sea in the uprightness of my heart, as I thought; I left land because I would not sin against the Lord. Here my cogitations became very alarming, and I sunk into deep waters, where there was no standing. To say the Lord's prayer then, I knew was of no use, neither the creed nor the belief; and as to my sea prayers, though they were turned down, I could not get to read them, for there is no time for prayers in a storm, and I did not know them by heart. Then I began to lament, and wish that I had never taken to the sea; added to which, the immoral conduct of the sailors in general, was so filthy and obscene, that I held them in abhorrence; they neither observed the Sabbath day, nor the statutes of their Maker, but oaths and imprecations formed the basis of their conversation.

"The sea ran dreadfully high, and the wind blew tremendous, so much so, that I could scarcely keep myself upon deck, and the captain had given orders to the men to keep close to the pump. At eleven o'clock at night, I heard the captain say to his mate, The ship will not lay under this weather; so he ran her on the French coast, when we sounded for depth of water, and heaving her about, he then ordered us to lace down the main sail on the deck, and hoist the square sail; then she ran before the wind until four o'clock the next morning, when on a sudden the wind dropped, and we were near the Nore, where we cast anchor. My first watch of two hours being fulfilled, I sat down on the deck, and being tired and weary and wet, I soon fell asleep, but when I awoke, it was with all the horrors imaginable, and I said to myself I have done wrong. I have left undone those things which I ought to have done: here I failed. Before I said I was holy, but then I saw I was unholy, and I became exceedingly dejected, and continued so until I left the ship.

We have thus briefly introduced the Life and experience of William Harris to the notice of our readers.

In our next, if spared, we shall produce from this work a striking testimony of two of the most solemn points in the Christian's experience — namely — condemnation under the law — and pardon, peace, and fellowship with a Triune God, ministered and manifested by the Holy Ghost.

We hope to be instrumental in making the case and circumstances of William Harris more fully known.

"The Way of Salvation set forth: or, the importance, nature, and design of Salvation unfolded." By James Smith, author of "— Ah, too many works to be enumerated here:" the whole of which may be had of J. Gilbert, Paternoster Row.

WE have had the work laying beside us for a length of time; and have, as yet, neither opportunity nor disposition to give it such a fair reading as is absolutely requisite, previous to either recommending or condemning any work. Therefore, we only say, as "A Present for the Young," and as "an effort to honour God, and to bring sinners to him by repentance and faith," we do believe it to be well executed. If the Lord has given a command to James Smith to make the effort, it will not be ineffectual; but more of this in a future number.

ANOTHER JONAH.

AFTER reading this letter from which the following extract was made, we said, "William Skelton, and the church at Aldringham will do well to stand much upon their watch-tower, seeing that some sifting work is predicted." A brother from the neighbourhood of Richmond, says, in the course of a kind letter:—

"I have not got over the disappointment, and the tremendous shock that came upon me, at the refusal of our brother Skelton's coming amongst us. I think I shall never get rid of the disappointment, as I made it so sure in my own mind; I verily think, and do now believe, that William Skelton hath played the part of a Jonah, for we certainly gave him the first call, and that call, I believe was from God, as the whole church of Richmond was of one mind towards him, and the disappointment was severely felt by all. We were made sad whom God will not have made sad; I believe from my very soul, that he will not remain long with the people where he is gone, and I think God will raise up a terrible and tempestuous storm against the place, and at length he will be thrown overboard. I feel so rebellious whilst I am writing, that I cannot wish brother Skelton God speed; and as for the people where he is gone, I count them no better than thieves and robbers, for I know they widdled and diddled him to stop, perhaps against his own mind and will."

We are fully persuaded that our correspondent has judged both harshly and incorrectly of the Aldringham church; but we do here call upon, and beseech our brother Skelton, publicly to defend both himself and the people with whom, for a time, the Lord has given him to dwell.

THE CAUSE OF GOD AND TRUTH IN THE CITY OF CANTERBURY.

Canterbury, May 26, 1846.

DEAR SIR,

Some few months back you wished me to send you an impartial account of truth in our priest-ridden city. At that time, however, I felt I could not comply with your request, in consequence of a cloud of great darkness and bondage which hung over my soul. Since then I have had a little hope revived and a little light and liberty imparted, which I trust I shall never forget; so that I have appeared to meet your wishes, by a desire to lay before you, (and if you think it of sufficient interest for you to lay it before the readers of your *Vessel*,) some account of truth, since I have been made acquainted with it, and its present position in this place. In the humble hope that it may be blessed of the Lord, to the encouragement of other little causes of truth in this our land, who are, or have been, similarly situated, and who have had, and still do have, similar conflicts to cope with.

I think I am justified in the above remark, which I have made respecting the city in which little Zoar at present stands: by the fact, that in a city whose population does not amount to 20,000 souls, there are at least twenty-four places of worship, consisting of fifteen parish Churches, and a Cathedral; which place alone employs somewhere about twenty priests of the Establishment; and eight or nine dissenting Chapels; all of which I hesitate not to say are either directly or indirectly opposed to the truth as revealed in the scriptures, and who bear evident marks that they are strangers to that vital godliness, and the power of that gospel of which the Apostle declared he was not ashamed, because he had proved it to be the power of God unto the salvation of his soul. Am I hereby saying there are no children of God among their congregations?—by no means. But this I will venture to say, if there are any, with the least particle of life in their souls, they shall not be able to sit long beneath their present ministry. Some have said, and I doubt not will continue to say, that because we make these assertions, and because

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we believe in, and sometimes trust are partakers of, those safe and fundamental doctrines of eternal truth manifested in predestinating, calling, preserving, sanctifying, and glorifying a people which the eternal God had determined should be saved from their sins unto everlasting life: (and that, too, without the least particle of creature help,) that we are a narrow minded, bigotted set, and that we believe we are the only people that shall be saved, whilst all others will be eternally lost. And again, they tell us that these precious soul-comforting, sin-subduing, self-debasing, and God-glorifying doctrines, lead a man into licentious acts, and that they have a dangerous tendency. But, blessed be God, I can deny these serious charges in *toto* . I know they are the only safe preservation from evil, when received in an honest heart by the grace of God. It is a lamentable fact, however—that thousands receive them in their judgment, who have never been made to feel the value of them, and therefore they hold the truth in unrighteousness, not having the grace of God in their hearts: sooner or later they will make it manifest that they are the servants of sin, and degraded slaves of satan. And it is these characters God gives over to a reprobate mind, to work all manner of sin with greediness, having no fear of God before their eyes, they run swiftly to their own destruction, and bring disgrace and a reproach upon the cause of God and his truth. But shall we attribute the fruits of that deadly foe (sin,) and the corruptions of a depraved nature, and of a carnal heart, which has ever been, and will ever continue to be, enmity against God, and against his grace in the heart of a believer—shall we, I ask, attribute these things to the glorious doctrines of eternal truth, which emanated in and flowed from the grace or free favour of God to poor sinner's souls? I cannot, let others do as they may. But again, those with whom I stand connected in church fellowship, founded upon these solemn truths, instead of arrogating to themselves that they are the only people of the Father's choice: it is for the most part the reverse of this; they often times

fear that their spot is not the spot of God's children : that their profession of these truths has arisen from the flesh rather than from that inwrought reception of them by the spirit and grace of God ; and their cry is, " am I a partaker of the grace of God ? am I in that narrow path that leadeth to eternal life ? Oh, am I deceived after all my profession ? Do, Lord, shew me whether or not thou hast begun that work which if thou hast, thou wilt most assuredly complete ?" Their great concern is not so much, who shall be saved or who shall be lost, nor how many, nor yet how few. But, am I one of that happy number of whom the scriptures speak, as being saved with an everlasting salvation (Isaiah xlv. 17.) in and through the Lord Jesus Christ (Matt. i. 21.) by the shedding of his most precious blood (Hebrews ix. 22—26.) for the washing away of that guilt, his people had contracted, and the penalty of which (eternal death) was their just due ? I would ask those who thus speak evil of us in the language of Holy writ—(for it is alone by their fruits that they are known,) " Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles ?" They would, doubtless, answer No ! and perhaps feel offended at the question. But I would tell such, that it is as reasonable to expect it, as to look for truth from error. I know these so-called ministers of the gospel are ever attempting to mix truth with error ; but their labour will ever prove unavailing, for it is as impossible as to attempt to mingle light with darkness. I am aware I have taken a broad stand against a profession of religion in this place ; but I believe I have the whole canon of Scripture on my side in this matter, and if God be for us, who really can be against us ? or, rather, who or what shall ultimately prevail against us ? nothing shall ever be able to separate between the two.

Oh, what a solid basis is the church's security founded upon ; even upon the love of God, in Christ Jesus ! Nothing can move it, either backward or forward, nothing can change, or alter it ; it stands as it ever stood before the foundation of the earth was laid ; and it will continue to stand when time shall be no more ; and this love shall shine brighter and brighter, as eternity develops itself. But I must forbear to enlarge, I wish merely to state, as simply and briefly as

I can, what I believe to be the view those take of the ministry of divine truth, who espouse it in this city. We believe then, that the ministry of the gospel consists of two main features—firstly, the light of the Spirit shining through the gospel discovers to man his true standing before (not only a merciful, but) a just and holy God. This shining is upon the holy law of God : and it is when this light begins to shine, for the first time the sinner begins to see himself in his true position before an heart-searching God. He begins to see and feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the breadth of the law of God against it ; hence David says, " I have seen an end of all perfection, thy commandment is exceeding broad ;" (Ps. cxix. 96.) so broad that he felt he could not comply in any one instance with its requirements. The word of God when applied shews to the sinner that he is ruined, undone, and lost, hell-deserving, and one that must suffer the just penalty due to the sin of which he feels himself to be the subject. The effects of this light was manifested in particular in the experience of the prophet Isaiah, (vi. 5.) where he cries out " Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the king, the Lord of hosts." And by it the apostle saw another law in his members, warring against the law in his mind, and bringing him into captivity to the law of sin, and making him cry out, " O, wretched man, that I am, who shall deliver me ?" And, in fact, we believe that not a soul can be saved until he has had discovered to him, by the light of the Spirit, his true standing as a sinner before an heart searching God : this, then, is one feature, we expect to see manifesting itself in every sent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, as a minister of his word ; an earnest contending for man's utter ruin, and man's utter helpless state to extricate himself from it ; for it was when they had nothing to pay that the debt was cancelled, and the debtor set at liberty, and made meet for the master's use ; the sinner must know he is a debtor before he will be concerned about payment, and he must have nothing to pay with, before he will, or can really value a surety. But,

Secondly, another main feature in the

proclamation of gospel truth, we believe is an experimental preaching of Christ in all the offices he bears as prophet, priest, and king, unto such characters as I have been feebly attempting to describe, for it is to such only he is precious; and why? because he is a suitable Saviour; he not only comes into the place where the sinner lays, helpless, and hopeless, but he possesses ample power to rescue him from his perilous and woeful condition.

Under such a ministry, the sinner born again of the Spirit, is emptied and filled; stripped and clothed; made to hunger and made to eat; made to thirst and made to drink; made to hate self, and love and long for a precious Christ; made poor and yet made rich; made to have nothing, and yet to possess all things; made to groan on account of this wilderness state, and made to long for the spiritual Zion, the city of the great king.

Wherever, therefore, this ministry is to be found, there would my soul desire to sit; and (as an instrument,) drink from it of the waters of that rock, which has been smitten for poor, lost, perishing sinners, and which, blessed be God, continues to flow into such poor sinners' hearts, to the comforting and establishing of them in the faith of God's elect.

Whether that ministry be in the established church, or among dissenters, or other denominations, is of little moment; but where it is wanting, from parson and from people I hope ever to be a separatist. I hope ever to maintain, (in the fear of the Lord,) not a warfare against men but against error, against a false conversion, a false faith, a false zeal, and a false Christ, "for there are, in these last days of the church, many false Christs gone out into the world, to deceive the nations of the earth, and they are sending their thousands to the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, and whose torment ceaseth not. Solemn fact; they readily, or willingly, believe a lie, that they might be damned.

Should these few, and very imperfect remarks, fall into the hands of any who are making a blazing profession of religion, and as they think, are doing much for the glory and honour of God, and good of man, but who, in their hearts, despise the glorious doctrines of electing love, and the predestinating

decrees of a kind and gracious God; or who, perhaps, may give their assent to them, but who are afraid to advocate them, because they believe them to be dangerous doctrines; I would say to such, allow me to ask you, should there be a poor sinner brought to see himself in the sight of God's most holy law, in any of your congregations, should he be made to mourn on account of indwelling sin, should he be made to feel his utter helpless state in the exercise of faith in Christ, and love to Christ, and our Saviour, and who, in the face of all your offers and proffers of salvation, in spite of all your entreaties, for him to lay hold of the invitations and promises of the gospel, I say, in the face of all this, should he still persist that he was utterly unable to do so; that he could not, and dared not call the Lord his God, and Christ his Saviour; that he could not, by faith, take the promises of the word of God to himself: would you not, (I ask it in meekness, and I hope in the fear of the Lord, at the same time with honesty,) look on such an one with suspicion of imbibing an antinomian spirit? would you not charge him with holding dangerous doctrines, which lead to licentiousness, and every evil? and if there is no possibility of reclaiming him from his error, after several attempts to do so, do you not (let conscience answer) earnestly wish him to withdraw himself, lest he should contaminate any of those who are quietly sailing down the stream of that profession which, if grace prevent not, must end in eternal death?

Having made these preliminary remarks, I shall close for the present, intending in my next if life be spared, and an inclination be given to do so, to proceed at once to the subject under consideration, although I shall make no promises to do so, then I shall break none.

I remain, your's truly in the hope of the gospel.
JABEZ.

How many take Christ by guess; be sure that it is HE, and only HE, whom ye have met with; his sweet smell, his lovely working in the soul will not lie. Christ and his cross are not separable in this life: howbeit, Christ and his cross part at heaven's door, for there is no house-room for crosses in heaven.—RUTHERFORD.

Precious Fruits brought forth by the Sun in JULY, shewing the different Fruits of the Tree of Knowledge, and the Tree of Life.

SUMMER is come! The sun in *Leo* burns; the skies are glazed; the cooling shade invites us now among the garden trees, where fragrant flowers, and summer fruits are found. But, hearken! watch! the old snake is there; for though his head is bruised, he lurks among the weeds, and thorns, and under-wood that bear no fruit. Take heed to that old withering tree corrupt, "the tree of knowledge;" 'tis said he's hid within the hollow root; if so, he'll poison all the fruit. Take heed then, what you eat; remember, poor old Adam, and his wife, they found "the tree of knowledge," miss'd "the tree of life." Ah! since our first poor parents ate of this one tree, "the tree of knowledge," which opened wide their eyes; their children all declare the fruit is good for food, and say it makes them holy, just, and wise. Well, if we say the fruit is good, we know it is only natural food, and natural men may eat and die. With all they know, it is only what they now know naturally. (Jude 10.) If our first parents, then, were poisoned by that fruit, take heed, my friends, for death is in the root! The serpent lurks within the root, and branch and fruit: men eat of the food, and call it good, and may die like the brute. (2 Pet. ii. 12.)

Ah! you may stare, but I declare, that's all "the tree of knowledge" bare. If now, it ope's your eyes, as wide and bright as Balaam's were, and heavenly mysteries declare,—all natural knowledge dies. Yea, though we speak with tongues of men, and wiley fallen angels too; and have the gift of prophesy; and understand all mystery; and all this knowledge know: yea, may all natural faith receive, and intellectual knowledge have; and, like the devil, may believe the oracle divine; and mountain difficulties move; and feed the poor, through natural love; beast feed their own young kine: yea, should our natural zeal inspire, to give our bodies to the fire, to raise our reputation higher no profit could it be to me; they are dying fruits, from a dying tree. I, better things desire. Unless "the tree of life" be mine, and holy charity divine, I am at most, at best, alas! but like the clang of rattling brass, that dies upon the wind. This tree of knowledge is very tall; its branches spreading wide; some tell us there is fruit for all; there, men of knowledge hide. They live upon the dying food, and all declare it very good, and say it ope's their eyes, and makes them wise, to know both good and evil. But hear, I pray, bow come you by that knowledge, say—came it not through the devil? (Gen. iii. 5.)

Why, boast then, of your shining fruit?

It all springs from a deadly root, whatever ye may know. The devils know, and tremble too, believe in God as well as you; ah! they know good and evil too, but have no love to will or do, the holy will of God. A word to the wise may end this strife: some know, but thirst not for "the tree of life;" nor Jesus' precious blood. Such knowledge leaves us destitute of life; remember poor old Adam and his wife, ate of this tree, and died; and so might we, I plainly see, and say—such knowledge vanishes away. (1 Cor. xiii. 8.) Man driven from his garden, with his wife, with all his knowledge, could not touch "the tree of life." Ah! "knowledge puffeth up." I feel my head begin to swell. Upon this "tree of knowledge," now, I will no longer dwell. Its root and branch is withering now, in every part; its fruit is foul, it swells my head, but does not fill my soul, nor cheer my fainting heart.

Spirit of life, divine! Come, Holy Spirit, come to me, and thou, fair sister, charity; come, lead me from this withering tree, whose fruit I find is death to me. Come, lead me from those boasting, noisy, knowing men of strife: come, lead me down the cooling, shady vale; shew me "the tree of life;" that ever-living, lovely tree, whose living fruits are sweet to me—and food for "the Lamb's wife." Jesus, that ever-green, that ever-living tree, once wounded in its side, that bled sweet smelling myrrh for me: that dropp'd into my mortal wounds and my poor gaping bleeding heart; silenced my groans, and heal'd my wounds, and cured my aching smart. Come, fainting souls, come look, come taste and see, sweet balm of Gilead from that wounded tree, can heal heal your gaping wounds; it healed me; drove mental, foul diseases from my soul; Jesus, dear Son of God, his love, and precious blood, can make you whole.

A shining cherub stood, with flaming sword, preventing my approach to God, it pointed every way; wounded this tree instead of me: out flowed the healing myrrh, so free, 'twas health from life's fair healing tree. A bleeding Jesus, here I see, a consecrated way for me, through his most precious blood. Come, thirsting souls, come, enter in, this is the way from death and sin, the truth, the life, the way to God.

Fair tree of life! to thee I fly; my shade beneath a burning sky; my shelter is thy blood. How precious are thy fruits to me; no other do me real good: thy flesh my meat, my drink; thy blood; thou art my life, for thou art God. Fair tree of life! to thee, to thee, I fly in haste, thy leaves can heal my ulcered soul, thy fruit my burning fever

cool. O, how they please my taste! Love, joy, and righteousness divine; life, peace and pardon, all are mine—how sweet! they do me good. A stormy wind shak'd life's fair tree; ripe fruit comes tumbling down to me, from God, through Jesus' blood: under thy shadow with delight, I spend the sultry day, and wear the long dark night away; and sometimes thou hast heard me say, under the shadow of thy blood, I find sweet rest and peace with God. Delicious are thy fruits to me, love-apples ripe from life's fair tree; yea, I have tasted, I have felt, these apples in my mouth to melt, and melting, melt my soul. Love-apples, from love's apple-grove, they smell, they taste of Jesus love, and all my inward fevers cool.

Fair tree of life! thy root is all divine; our life is hid in God with thine: thy body pure, and every branch in this fair living tree, brings forth some living fruits, great God to thee. 'Tis from the holy root, the branches are supplied, with life and sap, and bring forth fruit: thus God is glorified. Shine, sun; blow, wind; come, rain and water me—spring up, O Lord, my life, in my poor soul, that I may bear more fruit to thee. Come, come, my dearest Lord, come down, and eat thy own, thy pleasant fruit, 'tis not from me, it is from thee; thou art the holy *root*. My God and man, in this fair tree I view, the root of David and his offspring too; in him is wisdom, life, and power divine; the life is such, that the old serpent could not touch. Saints! How can he touch your's or mine?

Sweet tree of life! thou art my healthful food; I live upon thy fruits, the benefits of thy death, and blood; and love, and life, and righteousness are sweet to me, I live on life, found in this healing tree; and every branch found in this living tree, must bear the fruits of love and prayer and praise, upon their lips to thee.

Come, dearest lovely Lord; and let me hear thee knocking at my door; and though I am so lame and sick, and miserably poor, my longing heart would leap, to open unto thee: that I might sup with thee, and thee with me. And let me taste again, sweet summer fruits, from life's refreshing tree, and then, ah then, my best beloved, I shall bring forth fruits of praise for thee. Then let us sup, and eat and drink of Engedie's best wine. Then let me say, that I my best beloved's am, and he is mine. Like John, I'd lean my weary head upon thy tender breast, through the sweet wispering words of love, I shall be truly bless'd. Then after supper, rest in sleep I'll take, to breakfast with my Lord, when I awake; until I sleep in dust, time's lingering night away, and wake to sleep no more in life's unclouded day, to see the morn of glory dawn, and shadows flee away. A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, 1846.

The Footsteps of the Flock.

I'd raise to God a grateful song,
For his great love to me
In putting me, a worm, among
His chosen family.

He held me in his fond embrace,
Ere I in Adam fell;
Design'd that I should see his face
And never go to hell;

Put me in Christ his darling Son,
Ere earth and skies were made;
And thus I was a holy one
In Christ my holy head.

But that I might his truth embrace,
And Jesus, glory in,
He shew'd to me my woeful case,
That I was nought but sin.

His holy law he did apply,
To show me I was lost,
Then none but Christ who came to die,
Was my sweet theme and boast.

This God of love has made himself,
More precious day by day,
More dear to me than wordlings' self,
Which soon must pass away.

Though sin and darkness, doubts and fears,
Hath caus'd me greatest grief;
As often did my God appear
And give me sweet relief.

When sunk as to the gates of hell,
In sorrow's horrid gloom,
My God did his dear self reveal,
And bade this hell begone.

He hath sent forth his healing word,
And made me to rejoice,
And know I'm saved in the Lord
As his beloved choice.

He made his truth most plain to me,
That he'll not change in love,
Or least unkind would to me be,
Though I did faithless prove.

In nature too, as well as grace,
Oft hath my God appear'd,
For which I ne'er would cease to praise,
This good and bounteous Lord.

Avaunt, my unbelieving heart,
Be still; I am God's care;
He never did from me depart,
Nor disregard my prayer.

His faithfulness can't know an end;
Nor can his love grow cold;
He is my true eternal Friend;
From me he'll nought withhold.

And as my many needs require,
He will again appear;
Prove hell and unbelief a liar;
And thus dismiss my fear.

He hath told me my sin's forgiven,
And hush'd dread Sinia's blast;
Prov'd me a special heir of heaven,
Whom he will hold most fast.

With saving grace he did adorn
My fallen helpless soul;
Prov'd me built on the corner-stone,
While endless ages roll.

Told me he was my stable rock,
My strength, and my defence;
And that, though hell and world should mock,
They cannot pluck me hence.

These sacred spots I bear in mind,
When God did thus reveal
The love of his eternal mind,
My soul with joy to fill.

LOVE-TRUTH.

A Seven-fold description of the Stony-ground Hearer.

"And these are they likewise which are sown on stony ground; who, when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness; and have no root in themselves, and so endure but for a time; afterward, when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, immediately they are offended."—Mark iv. 16, 17.

THE stony-ground hearer comes closer in his appearances of possessing divine life than any other professor. May the Lord the Spirit help us to examine ourselves by the very solemn test, which the Saviour has here laid before us.

Reader! here are seven marks of a poor stony-ground hearer; hast thou one living witness and testimony in thy soul that, although those seven things which mark the stony-ground hearer are in thy flesh, yet, that "the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness" is within thee? Oh, then it is well. But come to the law and to the testimony.

I.—His heart is a stony heart. This is the first great evil. Oh, you can never make enough of a poor broken heart. Look, the godly man *speaketh the truth in his heart*. (Ps. xv.) Look into the 5th of Judges. In the divisions of Reuben, there were great thoughts, or impressions of heart; and then, the next verse it says—"In the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart." Who is Reuben? It means one who sees, or has a vision of the Son; typically and spiritually then it means that where there is a revelation of Christ in the heart of a sinner, there will be first "great impressions of heart." He cannot help feeling deeply that he is a vile, guilty sinner; he cannot help thinking about God, and his Christ, and also, these impressions will bring great searchings; but the stony ground hearer has nothing of this. The promise of God is to "take away the heart of stone, and give an heart of flesh," a soft, humble, broken, repenting heart. A stony-ground hearer may have many convictions—many stirrings up of the passions—much apparent zeal and outward joy in the things of God; but he has nothing of the abings of either faith, hope, or charity. Paul gives you in one chapter (1 Thessalonians i.) a wonderful de-

scription of the life of God in the soul. He says, where Christ and eternal life come into a sinner, it is by the gospel coming in power; and in the *Holy Ghost*; and in much assurance—giving the sinner a deep rooted sense of the truth of God, the holiness of God, the sovereignty of God, in his own soul. Mark, you, Paul says, "the word is received in much affliction (first) and with joy of the Holy Ghost" (afterwards). Hence you may see what this work of God in the souls of the Thessalonians did produce, and how it was made manifest in a three-fold degree of spiritual fruit—"the work of faith—the labour of love—and the patience of hope." Are these things IN THEE?

II.—The second feature of character—"they had not much earth." By earth, I understand an inward capacity of mind to receive the Gospel: enmity against God and his truth, may be apparently gone, and there may be such room for the truth, that it is received. All three of the evangelists say "he received it with joy, and immediately it sprang up."

This is not frequently the case with the people of God. Christ himself in the parable of the wheat and the tares, (Matt. xiii. 24—30.) says the kingdom of heaven is like unto good seed sown in a field. Before this good seed sprung up, the devil came and sowed tares; that is, a host of false spirits; unbelieving fears; and so on. Well; did the good seed spring up all at once? Not a bit of it. There is first, the blade; that is a little weak appearance of grace, which has had hard work to get up through the earth at all; and now it is almost afraid to shew itself, or to lift up its head: beside, look; what is all that which comes up around it—enough to choke and stifle it? They "are the children of the wicked one." Matt. xiii. 38.) Oh, professor; indeed it is a truth—God's grace in a poor sinner's heart, is like seed in the bowels of the earth—"it lives and labours under load." A stony ground hearer soon jumps up into presumption, and away he goes for a time. Poor thing—his light must soon go out.

III.—They have no root in themselves; no depth of earth—There is no depth of acquaintance with the wickedness of the heart; no depth of humiliation before God; no depth of faith in the eternal, and all-sovereign decrees and mercies of God; no root in themselves; their profession is by no means connected with any divine principle in

the heart. They may be firmly fixed (as ministers or more private men) in the letter of truth—in ordinances and forms—but no root in themselves. How many of these internally vacant professors are now in our pulpits and our pews, God only knoweth.

IV.—They endure for a while, or for a time; that is, they stand well, run well, speak well, and according to all appearances, for a time, they look like christians. There are two wonderful things in the Gospel church, which none but deeply exercised christians can understand:—1. A man with only a stony heart, may stand long in the church, and nothing can be found against him in outward things. 2. A man with the life of God in his soul, and much depth of experience, may be suddenly thrown down, and seemingly destroyed; the one is left alone by the devil, the other is hunted and tempted, and may, for a moment, be left of God. These stony-ground hearers “*endure for a while.*” It does not say how long—it may be weeks, months and years. Oh, gospel hearer! remember, “He that endureth *to the end*, shall be saved.” How many times I have feared I should lose all my religion in a dying hour. May God, for Christ’s sake, prevent it. Amen.

V.—They have opposition and persecution for the word’s sake. How this shall arise is not for me to say, but they are sure to have it. If you are only a stony-ground you will be sure to be led to believe you are persecuted in some way or other; the minister will offend you; the deacons will offend you; there will be persecution; the flesh, the devil, the world, and the professing church, will be an offence in some way or other. The fact is, Mr. Stony-ground must be made a wonderful deal of, or he is soon offended. Nurse his pride, feed his ambition; tell him he is a wonderful man, a very useful man; let him be first and foremost in everything; and then it will do; but only dare to dispute and to think little of his religion, and off he goes. Good bye to Mr. Stony-ground.

VI.—Well “by and by he is offended.” Ah, there it is; flesh breaks out and says, “I will not endure this; I will leave this, and will turn away from this;” oh, a fleshly, formal, lifeless religion cannot stand the day of trial, nor the hour of temptation.

By their practice, these stony grounders will soon tell you that they are not godly ones. How so? Why the Holy Ghost says, “If any man will live godly he must suffer persecution,”—he must endure hardness; but these shallow gospellers they say, they will not suffer persecution—they will not endure hardness. The fire of persecution burns up their temporary zeal, their fleshly pride, and out comes anger, hatred, malice, and envy. Oh, dear; this conduct is condemned by Christ himself—“If any man will come after me, *let him DENY HIMSELF*”—[Oh, what hard words are these for one that has no root!] “let him deny himself, and take up his cross *DAILY*; and follow me,” No wonder God’s people are a tried people; but for them, his grace is made sufficient. Glory to his name.

VII.—Having no root in themselves, “they wither away.” Their religion perhaps does not go out at once. It is with many a gradual withering, until at length they go out altogether, or stand in the church, as a blighted, withered, unfruitful tree is permitted to stand in the garden. Reader! Art thou a stony ground hearer? Examine thyself, whether thou art in the faith!

The Precious Sons of Zion.

That promise in the 122nd Psalm, is a great and glorious one indeed! “*They shall prosper that love thee.*” Who speaks this promise? It is a covenant God—God that cannot lie. See how concerned he is for the welfare of his church: he says plainly and positively, if you love my church, you shall prosper. You may be called to make many sacrifices, to bear many crosses, to endure many trials, but if you do really love, and labour for poor Zion, you shall prosper. Oh, I say, take a word of advice, if you can; do not forsake Zion in her troubles: pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love Jerusalem.

Here, then, you have an indirect denunciation, and an absolute promise—If you hate Zion, you won’t get on; but, if you love Zion, you shall prosper spiritually.

Why is so much promised to these lovers of Zion?

1. Because none can love her sincerely but new-born sons. These are called the *precious sons of Zion*, comparable to fine gold. Notice, they are the *Sons of Zion*—not bastards nor

strangers, but sons born of God, brought up and nourished in the church. They are the *precious Sons* of Zion. Loved with an everlasting love; redeemed by the precious blood of Christ; made precious to God and Christ, and to one another, by the Holy Ghost's work. The man that is born and brought up in Zion cannot but love her.

2. Because they are so few who love Zion—"This is Zion whom no man seeketh after." It is but very few that really love Zion.

3. So great a promise is made to those who love Zion, because this love is a most labourious, persevering, all-conquering grace. It is not a momentary whim or fancy—it is not a flighty flash—nor is it an indolent lazy notion—nor is it a novelty seeking spirit. No; it is a down-right, persevering, laborious passion; it lays all other things aside, and goes after its object. I have heard married men sometimes say, how many hundred miles they had travelled to see and to seek their wives, and how many years they had patiently waited. Well, and after the woman has become the lawful and affectionate wife of the man; then, perhaps, she has to travel and to wait for the husband. It has been thus with the Lord Jesus Christ and his beloved spouse: he waited and travelled for her: she, by grace, is called to wait and travel for him.

JOINING THE CHURCH.

My Dear Sir—

I have, for the last fortnight, felt it much laid upon my mind to write to you, with a desire that the dear Lord may encourage your heart in receiving such as may come from the church where Mr. W—— is labouring. The ministry of that man of God has not become barren, for the Lord is blessing him still as an instrument in calling many out of nature's darkness; but there are some in the church, and some among the hearers, who cannot hear with that profit they once did. I for one can say this, I have learned by painful experience that God is a sovereign, he blesses where, and by whom he pleases. I had a great desire to unite with that church about three years ago, but could not see that it was the will of the Lord, yet I did apply for admission, and as soon as I had done that I was filled with slavish fears, so much that I went twice to go before the church, and returned home without; the third time I went, I was under much bondage and darkness of mind. While I was in the

vestry waiting to be called, a woman who sat next to me was telling a friend how the Lord had in the space of ten months convinced her of her sinfulness, and manifested to her his blood-bought pardon. Instead of me rejoicing with the poor woman, I could not bear to hear her talk, and got up from her and went to another seat. In this unhappy state of mind my name was called, and I went before the church, I believe in my own strength, for the Lord shut my mouth, and I felt as if I had never known anything about the Lord or his mercy either, consequently I was told the church would hear me another time; this mortified my pride very much, and the enemy set in upon me with this, that I had now shewn the people what I was, which was nothing but a painted hypocrite. In this way I was harassed all the week; when the Lord's-day came, I went to hear Mr. Hoadly, in Golden-lane, he preached from these words—"Unto you is the word of this salvation sent; he described the characters who received this salvation; and what were the fruits and effects of it; the Lord applied the text to my soul's comfort, and I was enabled to believe that I was one of the characters set forth in the sermon. In the evening I went to hear Mr. W——, but the whole of the discourse, was shut up to me, and I felt separated from that spot where I had first realised the pardon of my sins; this led me to enquire of the Lord for his direction, for I longed for a settled home; I asked him to lead me to one of his own sent servants, where he himself would come and bless; this he has done, in bringing me to C—R—.

After hearing many good men with profit, the first time I came to hear you, I felt careless about coming, I seemed more desirous of going to hear Mr. Hoadley, but the Lord met me under your ministry, so powerfully that I could not keep away afterwards, and I gradually saw and felt that the Lord had heard and answered my poor prayers, and even my secret sighs and groans he was openly answering, for I soon felt one with you. I now asked if it was his will to unite me to the church, to manifest the same, for I desired not to rush in without his authority. Bless his precious name, he gave what I asked for; one Tuesday evening you were enabled to speak a few words upon—"he hath set before you an open door." This was so blessedly opened up to my view, that I saw my way clear, and solemnly believed that the Lord had opened the door into that church for me. It was with a full assurance of this, that I came to speak to you. I can truly say that I find it a home indeed; the union I feel is stronger than it ever was to the church I belonged to before. Yours in Christian love and unity,

J—— F——.

HENRY FOWLER'S CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

(Continued from our last.)

"I was now just passed my twenty-first year. Upon reflecting, as well as my memory will assist me, I think I had something like the feelings of the patriarch Jacob, on his return to his native place. There is, somehow, a predilection for the place of our nativity, more especially when we are young, and have not travelled much. I think I looked back with admiration on the goodness of my God, who had preserved me amidst many sore trials both in body and in mind, during my rambling here and there.

"Being brought to my native place, and having gained by spiritual trading, and as the Lord gave a door of utterance, I soon became the companion of many gracious people, *too many*, as I now think; but my heart was warm, and I could not forbear speaking of the precious name of Jesus; for he was to me the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely! His word also was my meditation day and night; for he had made darkness light, and crooked things straight, according to his blessed promise. I was therefore always ready for spiritual conversation at this period, which united many to me, and we have walked and talked of Jesus and his grace; and of his righteousness and blood; of his precious promises and sweet invitations; of the high and blessed privileges of his saints, as heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; and of their inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, until midnight. These were times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, that ought to be borne in remembrance.

I had now a longing desire to spread the savour of the dear Redeemer's name to my fellow sinners; but oh! when I thought of the vast importance of the work of the ministry, I trembled in my very soul, and often viewed it as an act of the greatest presumption! A poor illiterate man as I was, to think of preaching the gospel! I used to *tremble at the thought*, and wished to get rid of it, but could not. I have cavilled and objected, again and again; and as fast as I have objected, God has by his word knocked it all down. These words used to run in my mind:—"I will make thee a fisher of men—Who made man's mouth?—Say not I am a child—Thou shalt go unto all that I send thee:" No one knew at that time my thoughts respecting the ministry.

One day when I went to see my dear relations, a few of God's people met together for prayer and spiritual conversation in an

old thatched house, and I gladly joined them as there was no true gospel preached in the village. After some conversation an old disciple who lived in this humble cottage, said to me, "I wish you would read a chapter; and, if anything strikes you, do tell us about it." I did as she requested me, and continued more than half-an-hour. This was the first time I had attempted to speak in the name of the Lord; nor did I feel the least embarrassment in speaking, nor any condemnation in my conscience after I had spoken. From that time I concluded, that the Lord was about to employ me in his vineyard; but I kept all these things to myself. The circumstance of my speaking to these few people was soon spread abroad; and I was requested, soon after this, to speak at the Old Tabernacle in Plymouth, which put me into great straits; refuse I could not, and yet to attempt it was horrible to my feelings. For some days before I made this attempt, I felt a wish that I had not made a promise; and such was the darkness and perplexity of my mind, that I could with the utmost difficulty attend to my labours; and as the hours passed away, I fancied I was something like the man in a dark cell, looking with horror towards the day of his execution.

Thus I was tormented up to the day appointed for me to preach. I had been often preaching to myself; and found plenty of matter to flow when alone in meditation; but now from the darkness of my mind, the confusion of my thoughts, and the prevalence of my unbelieving fears, I felt that I should be confounded before the people; and it appeared nothing less than presumption to enter the pulpit. In aid, my pride has brought me into all this misery; and I greatly feared that God was about to publicly expose me. The sign being given for me to mount the pulpit, I trembled from head to foot; and as I entered the pulpit, it suddenly crossed my mind, this is he pulpit that George Whitefield has often preached in, as well as other able men; and can such a presumptuous fool as I dare to stand and attempt to preach after such men! This added to my confusion, while my knees smote each other as I sat in the pulpit. The hymn being sung, I felt as if I should have fainted. I rose as well as I could, and concealed my trembling from the people as well as I was able, hiding myself by the help of a large velvet cushion. When I began to pray I found my trembling began to abate; and finding liberty in calling upon the Lord, I began to take courage, and I pleaded his promises as one that really stood in need of his helping hand. Having finished my prayer, I sat down, and thanked the Lord that he had been better to me than my

fears thus far: but while the hymn was singing, I was overwhelmed with fear again. It was suggested to me, you have gone through your prayer because you have been in the habit of praying; but what will you do when you stand up to preach? why the people will all laugh at your folly! Thus was I buffeted till the hymn was sung; when I stood up trembling, with my eyes fixed on the Bible, and gave out for my text, Zech. ix. 11.—“As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant, I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water.”

I had, by experience, known what the pit was, and what it was to be a prisoner in the pit, and how God delivered me, even by the blood of Christ, applied by the Holy Ghost to my sin-burdened soul. I knew also that the blood of Christ was the blood of sprinkling, and the blood of the everlasting covenant which was to be paid as the price of our redemption to divine justice. I had had many a blessed meditation, and sweet feast from these great and precious truths: but now I wanted the door of utterance to be opened for me that I might set these things before the people, that their souls might be comforted, and that Christ might be exalted. As soon as I began to preach I felt the sweetness of my text, my fears and trembling were in a great measure removed, and I was furnished with a full supply of appropriate scriptures to explain and illustrate my text; neither was I at all at a loss for words, and matter flowed faster than I could express it by words to the people, though I think I spoke faster than is commendable in a preacher! for rapid speaking prevents profitable hearing to many persons, whose capacity is slow and dull. I spoke about three quarters of an hour, but dare not take my eyes from my bible one moment, lest I should be thrown into confusion. When I had done, I felt like a man who has been relieved of a burden too much for his strength. The testimony of the leading man at the chapel, as well as several others who heard me at that time, was very encouraging; but of this I shall say no more. I went home rejoicing; but loathed myself in my own sight, that I should have listened to the devil, carnal reason, and unbelief, to the dishonour of God, who had so many times fulfilled his promises to me, and answered my prayers. This news of my preaching was soon blazed abroad, and I was from that time frequently employed in preaching in Plymouth, and in many villages round.

“After I had once preached, and having been somewhat favoured, I thought the principal difficulty was got over: but alas! I soon found that I was much mistaken: for my trials had but just commenced, as respects the ministry.

“Now a new scene of trial opened before me. Some of the brethren, I thought, disapproved of my preaching, and they used to throw stumbling-blocks in my way to hinder my proceeding. Their conduct to me, and the importance of the work of the ministry, greatly depressed my spirits; and I frequently thought I would give up all thoughts of preaching; nay, I have been pleased many times with the idea, that I had for ever done with preaching. But my pleasure was soon at an end, for shortly after some text would press on my mind, and be opened to me in meditation, that before I was aware, I was arranging my sermon: and then I used to recollect myself, and say, ‘Why I have done with preaching, I have quite done with it! I will have no more of it! I am determined to be a hearer!’ Thus I used to try to extinguish the light. For a little time I used to get rid of it; and I thought it a delusion of Satan, that had got hold of my mind, and filled me with a vain conceit of preaching. The same day, perhaps, some letter or messenger would bring me word that I was wanted to preach at such a place, that if I did not go, the people would have no one to preach to them. I tried to make all the excuses I could; and if I was poorly, I magnified it in order to get off preaching; this I have done many times. Again, I used to beg a little time before I answered the application; and while reflecting on the matter, I have been so lashed with many scriptures, that I have been overwhelmed with trouble. I was charged home with rebellion against the light, and as not fit for the kingdom of God, having put my hand to the Gospel plough, and now I had turned back. Then the promises I had made to the Lord, and the prayers I had offered up to him in respect to the ministry, used to come fresh to my mind. I laboured hard to get rid of all these things, and tell the Lord that I had no learning necessary for a preacher; that I had not a proper gift of speech; that I was in such a dark state in my soul, that if I attempted to preach again, I should be confounded before the people, and bring dishonour on his holy name, and disgrace on his cause.

“Thus I used to cavil and dispute, till the Lord stopped me by such words as these: ‘Who made man’s mouth?—Say not, I am a child, lest I confound thee before them.—I will give you a mouth and wisdom.—Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.’ These words used to be both reproving and comforting; and I said, I will go and preach *this once*, and if these promises come from God I shall know by his affording me help in preaching; and by his helping me I shall conclude that he does design me for the work of the ministry. Thus, I set my hand to the plough again, and I received

most sensible help from the Lord several times, which so filled me with self-loathing on account of my base past conduct, that I could not lay myself low enough at the feet of my gracious Redeemer; his mercy, grace, and long-suffering, quite overcame me. I was now raised to a comfortable persuasion that the Lord's hand was in my preaching, and that I still should see his hand more plainly.

Thus encouraged, by some sweet manifestation of Christ, I went forth again boldly when called upon, and made sure that the Lord would be with me. In this, however I had made a mistake; for I did not see what a vast heap of pride had sprung up in my depraved heart, taking the advantage of God's indulgences to me. Hence, when I attempted to preach again, all my meditations were snatched from me, and such horrible darkness came over my mind, and such trembling of body, that my speech seemed to me quite altered in sound; and in this bondage and misery I have gone on for three quarters of an hour preaching, and when I had done, my sermon appeared to me a complete jumble of confusion. When I have retired, Satan has assaulted me most grievously, not that I then suspected it to come from Satan; but I concluded that my embarrassment was a certain sign that I had presumptuously run into the ministry without being called of God; and I begged the Lord to take all thoughts of preaching out of my mind that I might not offend him again by assuming that sacred office. Perhaps, not a week after that, I should have more matter flow into my mind than before, and get rid of it I could not, but was like a bottle that wanted vent; applications were also made from different quarters for me to preach. Thus I continued, sometimes encouraged, and at other times so overwhelmed with fear, bondage, and temptation, that I wished I had never thought about the ministry. Some of the Lord's people used to express great satisfaction in hearing me, even when I was in such embarrassment myself, which used to provoke me to wrath; and I concluded, that either the devil had deceived them as well as me, or else that God had used me as a messenger, to carry a morsel to them, as the unclean raven was employed to carry food to the prophet.

There were several young men that commenced preaching at that time, with whom I was acquainted. I gave several of them some hints about the trials of my mind; but they appeared quite strangers to my path; and they would tell me of their great *liberty* in preaching; of the way they had handled their text; how much they had been blessed to this, that, and

the other, and seemed highly pleased with their performances. Alas! I thought, I was a singular mortal, very different from any one that I had met with: they appeared always ready, and were anxious to preach; I was generally backward and fearful; they found no fault in themselves or their preaching, and I was doing very little else.

(To be continued in our next.)

What the People of God cannot do.

"I do not know that I have sworn an oath for these twenty years, certainly not since the Lord touched my heart; but I have had many times the working of it within, though, through mercy, it never has escaped my lips. What a temptation this is to a child of God! But was not Job tempted by it, when his wife, who should have strengthened and encouraged him, proved his tempter, and said, 'Curse God, and die?' Was not Peter tempted with this, when he broke out into oaths and curses, and denied the Lord of life and glory? Was not Jeremiah more than tempted by it? It is true, he did not curse his God; he was saved from that, through mercy; he was kept from passing beyond that bound: but he cursed the day of his birth, and the man who slew him not from the womb. (Jeremiah xx. 14, 17.)

"Some persons say, 'the unpardonable sin cannot be committed now.' But I want to know this. Is not Jesus 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?' Is not the Spirit, the Third Person in the glorious Godhead, unchanging and unchangeable? Has his power ceased in the hearts of God's people? Then, if men could sin against the Holy Ghost in the days of the Apostles; if men's hearts are still the same, and if the power of the Spirit upon God's people is the same now as then—why should not men *now* commit the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, as well as *then*? I believe, it is committed by many. But none of God's people can commit it: there is a blessed hedge set round about them; they may sin deeply and foully, and fall into the basest transgressions: but they can never break the bonds so as to commit the unpardonable sin; they can never trample upon the blood of Christ, blaspheme the Holy Ghost, or count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing. Satan may work in their mind all sorts of abominable things, and fill their hearts with all kinds of obscenity; (those who are acquainted with these things best know to what daring lengths the accuser of the brethren can go;) but he never has, and never will to the end of time plunge an elect vessel of mercy into the unpardonable sin.

God himself will keep him, so that he never shall break through the bonds. But there are seasons when he will be sadly tempted by Satan to think that he has committed it: and in a fit of despair his carnal mind may even sometimes wish to do it, that he may know the worst of it. But God the Spirit will keep him; the heavenly Pilot will preserve his bark from making shipwreck upon this fearful rock."—*Philpot*.

The Life and Experience of William Harris.

In the *Earthen Vessel* for June, we briefly introduced this work to the notice of our readers. We have perused the work with considerable interest: it is written in a plain and simple style; and contains a most decided and satisfactory declaration of the work of God in the conscience of an elect and redeemed sinner. We should be thankful if many who are running with the tidings of the gospel, could give such a reason of the hope that is in them, as William Harris has done. We would not for a moment set up this *Life and Call to the Ministry of William Harris*, as a standard for all the servants of God: we know that would be folly: nevertheless, we do rejoice when a man is enabled fully and faithfully to trace out the work of grace upon his own soul; and to shew that he has indeed passed under the rod, and by the sovereign love and mercy of God, has been brought into the bond of the covenant, into the liberty of the gospel, into peace with God, and into a rejoicing in hope of immortal glory. William Harris has in some humble measure, trodden in the steps of William Huntington: we mean, with reference, first to his long and laborious going about to establish a righteousness of his own; and, secondly, with reference to the heavenly, and blessed manifestation with which he was indulged, of the power and presence of the Lord in his own soul.

Passing over many valuable parts of his life, we come to notice first, the terrors of conscience which he endured; and secondly his deliverance therefrom. Of the first of these he says:—

"One day as I was ploughing in a field, called the Wilphins, it was about half past two o'clock on this day, that a conviction darted into my mind, immediately on my hastily speaking an oath; that 'Thou shalt

not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain.' The word *guiltless* troubled me more than anything, nor could I for some time make out its meaning; at length I concluded it must mean, that the Lord would not hold him *innocent*. Now I never in my life was addicted to profane language, whatever my other failings have been: but no sooner did I become satisfied as to the meaning of the word *guiltless*, but the whole of my profession was shewn up to me, in a moment of time; that my prayers, my vows, my good deeds, as I considered them, were all offered, and done in presumption. The guilt of sin, the wrath of God, was entered and charged home upon my soul; satan, the enemy, was let in like a flood, and tempted me to believe that I had sinned beyond the reach of mercy, that there was no forgiveness for me in this world, neither in the world to come; therefore, I had better despatch myself, and know the worst of it. But oh, the anguish, the trouble, the despair that I felt in my soul, what course to take, what to do, or where to go, I knew not, to procure a little ease to my poor distressed mind.

"After finishing my work as well as I could, I went home with my team of horses, but was much troubled to unharness them because of the anguish of my spirit; I endeavoured to hide it from the people who were about me, by assuming a cheerful countenance, but could not; and, I concluded that I was now given up to satan, that I had got the mark of Cain, and that there was no forgiveness for me.

"I had never heard any one describe such feelings as I was then labouring under, and though I often wished to speak to others concerning them, yet I greatly feared that if I did, they would one and all pass sentence of condemnation upon me, and I should go quite distracted, and lose my rationality.

"At one time, in the depth of my misery, I had a thought of going to some of the parsons round about me, to tell them of what I felt, but I concluded it would be of no use, for they were in the same condition as myself; but it had not yet been shewn to them; and so, after labouring for many months under these feelings, I was one day reflecting on that important subject eternity, and what I should for ever feel, when time with me should be no more. On the back of this, many passages of Scripture opened to my mind, and led me to conclude, that after all, perhaps, I might find mercy; but at the same time I was led to behold afresh, my actual transgressions, and even where they were committed; from the sight of which I really concluded, that it was quite impossible, for such a vile wretch as myself,

ever to experience God's mercy, and I considered that I was lost for ever.

"But while I was ruminating on these things, I thought: well, if I must endure an eternity of woe, after my earthly existence ceases, I will try if I cannot procure some peace of mind, while I am living. And one morning, being very sad and sorrowful, the enemy broke in upon me in this manner, suggesting that if I went into the army, I might get some cessation from my sorrows. Upon which I hastily left my team of horses and went to the barracks at Hailsham to try, but when I got there, I could not say a word to any of them about it, so I returned again as I had gone out, with the exception of being more, if possible, disquieted than before; and then the enemy suggested, that the sole cause of all my distress, arose from my having restrained prayer, upon which I took up my forms again. Then it pleased the Lord to give me a further view of the wickedness of my evil heart, which sunk me again still lower than before; and I continued getting worse and worse, until the night before the Lord delivered my soul.

"On the last night of my bondage state I was going to the town on my master's business, and after I had arrived at the town, and executed the business upon which I had been sent, I met with a person, with whom I was somewhat acquainted, and he was of the baptist persuasion, and I concluded in my own mind, that I would in my present extremity, venture to put a question to him, which was this, 'If he was afraid to die?' to which he answered in the negative, for he did every thing as well as he could, and death had no terrors for him."

"I replied that I had done so too, but all was of no avail, and I concluded that now I was certainly given up, to all intents and purposes. But as I was returning home, having left my acquaintance, methought I would once more try to pray, and coming to a stone at the bottom of the town, I fell there on my knees, and began to pour out my grief and anguish before the Lord, and my words were these, or to a similar effect: 'Lord God Almighty, I am a sinner indeed, I have tried to make myself better, but I am not able, I pray thee to forgive me, and if thou wilt do that, I will ascribe all the glory to thy name, in this world and in that which is to come:' but I rose up with the same burthen, as when I went down on my knees, and as I was going homeward, I said to myself, I shall never do another days' work in this world; the enemy at the same time suggesting that I was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity, and down dropped all my confidence; the Lord appeared to me in all his holiness, justice, and displeasure, and as a consuming fire.

"I hastened home as well as I could, expecting every step I took, that the earth would open and swallow me up, as it did Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, or that I should be cut off by some other judgment.

"My appetite having failed me for some time, I was become very weak and languid, and that in connection with the distress of my soul, made me almost unable to perform the functions of life, and indeed I concluded that my labour was then finished. I shortly after arrived at my home, and went to bed with as heavy a heart as could be, the Lord knows, but feared to close my eyes; yet notwithstanding, I did so, through weariness of body and mind; but when I awoke in the morning my burthen appeared heavier than before. I sat up in my bed, lamenting my miserable condition, and nothing but a fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation from the Lord presented itself. While I was thus reflecting upon these things my mother called me down to breakfast, and upon my going into the kitchen, she looked very steadfastly at me, and asked me how I was, but I could not answer her, because of the grief of my soul, and supposing that she and others who were present, could see the mark of Cain upon me, which is the curse of God, I said to myself, ah, me, my dear mother, if you knew the anguish of my soul, and that I am doomed to that place of misery and woe, where hope never comes, I think you would go crazy. At her request I took a little tea, but no food, and after the morning's repast was over, I went and laid myself upon my bed a second time, with scarcely a hope of ever rising from it again. In the midst of my distress, and I may say of my distraction, I took up my Bible, which was laying by me, and opened it in Isaiah lxvi. and fixing my eyes on part of the second verse, which reads thus, 'But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word;' from just that glance, none scarcely can conceive, nor is it in my power to relate, the comfort that was imparted to my soul; surely it was the Lord, 'marvellous are his works, and that my soul knoweth right well,' for I felt a strong encouragement to hope, that I yet was in the footsteps of the flock, and that I yet might obtain mercy; but my comfort and joy were but of a transitory nature, for scarcely had I begun to taste this heavenly food, but the enemy was permitted to come in upon me with redoubled force, and down I went again as low, or even lower if possible, than I had been before, when these words, or the substance of them, were applied—'Cast out the unprofitable servant.'" Here I found my newly acquired hope give way, and all confidence

was lost. I concluded that I was a cast off and condemned wretch, and that the devil was come to guard me to my long and dreadful home. Such was my agony and distress, that I could not abide any longer in my bed room, for fear of this unclean spirit, who stood ready to guard me to hell. Out of my room I rushed, in all the agonies of the damned, at least according to my view, for I concluded that there was not the least difference between them and myself, only that I was still out of that place of torment, where they must for ever abide. But on reaching the bottom of the stairs, all on a sudden I felt a little softening or melting in my spirit, and my mind was enlightened, to see the happy state our first parents stood in, as they came pure out of the hands of their Maker. I saw that there was sufficient power given them to stand against the assaults of Satan, and to keep the law of their God, which he had put into their hands and power; and above all I saw that there was no injustice whatever in God. All this the Lord led me to have a satisfactory knowledge of, as the Apostle Paul, in Romans v. 12, makes mention of: 'Wherefore as by one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.' Here the enmity of my heart was slain, here I was brought to see, and submit to his justice, here I died to every thing, excepting a cry for mercy, like to the poor publican, or the thief upon the cross, so was my cry: Lord, if thou canst, do forgive me."

Before we further proceed with William Harris, we are compelled to give an extract from a letter written by a friend who has sorrowfully experienced similar conflicts of soul to those described by William Harris. We know that by high-minded, and presumptuous professors, these depths of soul trouble are treated with contempt *because* they were never the subjects of them: howbeit, God's living family find it is THROUGH MUCH tribulation that they ENTER the kingdom. Our poor afflicted brother, in the course of his letter, says—

"When I came home that night in my chamber, that is over my father's shop, I went down on my knees to pray, and thought the dear Lord was with me. I got into bed, and laid and heard the clock strike twelve, and tried to go to sleep, but could not; about half-past twelve I began to wonder what would become of my soul, I began to cry and sweat, and sometimes cold chills all over me, and crying out unto the Lord to have mercy on a wretched being; I knew I was not worthy of the least of his notice; I

began to shake and tremble, and being afraid to lay alone, I arose up off the bed twice, and looked round the chamber to see whether my enemy was after me; I thought I saw him; I got out of bed and dare not stop to put on my shoes, I ran to my father and mother for shelter, crying, and calling them up, and waiting at the door, and shaking it, and looking around me, expecting every minute the enemy would seize me, my father let me in, and said, 'what is the matter?' I told him the devil was after me, and I dare not be alone, I shot in, and looked around the house, expecting he was there, I went up stairs and looked there, and dare not come down till the morning; I kept crying and noising; for a long time my mother talked, and tried to give ease but she could not, and after some time she asked me to go to sleep. I told her I dared not, I kept looking about the chamber, and expecting every minute to be devoured by my enemy; I felt so bad and so wretched; I said, 'mother, I shall go mad,' and I cried out unto the Lord, to have mercy on a wretched being, and not let a wretch go mad; my mother said 'you would not take more harm than we;' I said, mother you have got the dear Lord to protect you, and I have not; and during this time I kept crying out I want to see Mr. Banks; my mother said, you will soon see Mr. Skelton, and I said, I must see one of them, I long to know Jesus, but I cannot think he wants to know me."

Oh, how applicable, and how painfully realised, (in such cases as these,) is that Scripture in Rev. xii. 12—"The devil is come down unto you, having great wrath because he knoweth he hath but a short time." As truly as "Jesus was led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil," so surely there is a time in the experience of quickened, living sinners, when the devil doth, with great wrath, set at them to destroy their souls. But in every such hour of temptation, the God of Israel will make a way for *his people's* escape, so as that they shall be able to bear it. In proof whereof, come with us, and behold the wonder-working hand of God in the blessed deliverance of William Harris.

In connection with what we have given in a preceding page of Harris's soul-trouble, he says as follows:—

"In a moment of time, the Lord condescended to break in upon my soul, in such a manner, as I shall not attempt to describe to the full, for that would be impossible; but I felt his heavenly love in such measure and manner, that I could not tell whether my spirit was in my body or out of it, and

how long I remained in that state, is what I must leave to my Lord, who in the great day when all secrets are made manifest, shall make it known; but the happiness which I felt, the comfort that I enjoyed, as it related to my knowledge that I was in the favour of the Lord, no words can possibly set forth; the gratitude and thankfulness which I felt going forth to the triune God, Father, Son, and ever blessed Spirit, it is in vain for me to attempt to describe.

"Still continuing in this glory, it pleased the blessed Spirit of all truth to reveal Christ as God incarnate to my soul, and I as clearly saw him with the eyes of my understanding, and the Father in him, as ever I saw the sun at noon day, with my bodily eyes. The Father looked at me, and gave such a smile, as I shall never forget, and he said to me: Salvation is not in the law, neither is it to be had by the law, and pointing to Christ, said, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' (See Matt. iii. 17.) It is for his sake, that I have blotted out all your sins; and no sooner was this done, but the blessed Lord revealed himself to me, in all his sufferings; he shewed me his hands, his feet, and his side; he shewed me his garments and said, 'I have stained all my raiment,' and I saw his garments, as though they were dipped in blood. Such was the sight, that I know not how to describe, but it never can be forgotten by me.

"This being done, it pleased the Lord to endear himself to me still further in his mercy, loving kindness, and tender compassion, shewing me how dear I was to him, as was every elect vessel. His love still increasing in my soul, I cried out: Lord, it is enough; Lord, withhold; Lord, I am satisfied; I then came to myself, or had a right understanding that I was still in the body, and knew where I was; but before, my knowledge of earthly circumstances had all vanished; my body was in a different position to what it was when the Lord first appeared to me; but what my joys were, I cannot now express, nor can I unfold my happiness and thankfulness, for so unspeakable a mercy. Being in the house when this change took place, I went out into the garden, and every thing that my eyes beheld I asked to praise and bless his holy name, who had redeemed me from death, and had delivered me from the triumph of the grave. I searched after my former trouble, but it was gone; I tried to bring on guilt and wrath again but could not.

"I thought of hastening into the house, to tell my parents what the Lord had done for my soul; but instead of doing so, I stood still, wrapt in amazement, and was at a loss to describe that glory, which I saw was due to his blessed name. So, instead of going

in, I passed by the door, and went into a little building near the house, and here I stood lost in wonder. At length, I asked the Lord, if he led all his people into the same feelings as he had led me, and he graciously condescended to answer me, that in a degree or measure he did; that he killed before he made alive, that he wounded before he healed, and that all must, in their own apprehension, be lost, before they find a Saviour. So I must say, that I never heard any person speak of this way, before the Lord taught it me; neither did I learn it of man, nor receive it of man, but was taught it by a revelation of the blessed Spirit.

"I continued in this building, and occasionally walking round, until about nine o'clock in the evening, when my parents called me in; my deliverance took place about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, and I did not lose the enjoyment for many weeks, but had sweet communion with my God, especially in the night season continually I went weeping and crying over him, grieving that he should undergo such sufferings on the account of my sins, as it is recorded in Zech. xii. 10."

Deferring for the present, any further review of the Life of William Harris, we subjoin a letter which a friend of his has forwarded to us. In our next, if permitted, we return to the author's account of the subsequent experience of his soul. The following is the letter referred to:—

DEAR SIR,

I deem it a privilege in having an opportunity of giving you some account of my venerable friend, and dear brother in the Lord Jesus Christ, William Harris, whom I have known for many years: we have taken sweet council together, and I have been highly delighted, and felt sweet union to him, in hearing him relate the Lord's wonderful dealings with his soul; and as I have received from a friend his little concise narrative, which is only a brief outline of his great experience, I cannot but come forward on the present occasion to give my humble testimony to so precious a work, in which the glory of divine sovereignty was so blessedly displayed in the salvation of his immortal soul; indeed he was a poor obscure individual brought up at the plough's tail, inured in all the ignorance and superstition of the National Church for many years, until the Lord's decreed time arrived for those dark clouds

of error to be dispersed by the refulgent rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and the illuminating power of God the Holy Ghost, under whose divine and blessed teaching, he is made a minister of the New Testament; nor shall I be saying too much, if I term him the first apostle among that part of the religious community, in which he stands designated among men. He is a firm believer in all the grand, and fundamental doctrines of divine revelation; and maintains with boldness, and invincible energy, the mysterious doctrines of the trinity in unity; the Person, Godhead, and ministry of each of the Glorious Persons, in the divine essence; God's eternal election of his dear Son, as the Great Head of the church; and the elect in time, viewed, secured, and loved with an everlasting love, in him, before all worlds; predestination and final reprobation with all its solemn consequences, the redemption work by the Lord Jesus Christ as the glorious mediator, in all its divine perfections, and comprehensive meaning; his unparalleled, and inexpressible sufferings and death; the all-sufficiency of his expiatory sacrifice: and the efficacy of the precious blood of atonement, to cleanse and purify the heart; the spotless purity of his all-justifying righteousness, in which the church stands eternally complete without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; the great work of God the Holy Spirit, in his convincing power and operation within; the mystic death of the sinner, by an application of the spirituality of God's righteous law to the conscience; the resurrection power of the Holy Ghost displayed in regeneration, and the manifestation of eternal life; together with the final perseverance of the saints through a life of warfare between the flesh and the spirit, until they are brought home to glory; these are the grand leading points of this humble man of God's ministry; he is, indeed, a living epistle known, and read of all men, and what was said of the beloved disciple John, might be said of William Harris, that he is "a burning and a shining light," and his walk and conversation in life, is as becometh the gospel that he preaches. He is a pattern to all believers, and labours abundantly, for

"the love of God constraineth him." He enjoys much of the divine presence in his own soul; and preaches under the dew, unction, and power of the blessed Spirit: he is loved and highly esteemed for his work's sake by all his friends. This is his glory here, and, I doubt not, will be his crown of rejoicing in an upper, and better world.

Your's in truth,
W. ARNOLD.

Honey in the Carcasses of Lions.

A WORD to the much tried and tempted, poor and outcast sent servants of God; not riding as princes on horses, nor yet riding in glass coaches, nor yet receiving large and stated salaries, nor yet living in grand houses, but who, Jonathan-like, have to climb up the gutters, and traverse the sultry globe, and sun-burnt forest, thousands of miles on foot, as Baruch was sent into the valley on foot; and in all storms of rain, hail, or snow; in winter's blasting weather; all storms, and often preaching in wet clothing, and sleeping in comfortless beds at night, scorned and contemned by the affluent and rich, and great professors, and profane; and suffer hunger and cold; beside all spiritual travails and inward conflicts, and after all how much better their way and fare than those worthies recorded in the 11th of Hebrews; and when once my soul is led down to the valley Jesus walked under the loss of all reputation; and view him, as Hart says, "Sunk as low as I, and lower too:" my murmuring tongue is then silenced, and I have felt the words of HART, come home—

"These walk the way their Master went."

It is with trembling and timidity, I proceed to give the following account. In one sense, it will be but half-an-ounce weight, (should the *Vessel* receive it,) in addition to all its cargo: it will not burden it much, but still I have weighty things on my mind to communicate (D.V.)

It is now sixteen years since the Lord sent me forth to testify of the gospel of his grace, and often have I wished it had not been my lot, as my path has been very rough all the way, and as Hart says—

"Beset with sore evils without and within,
By legions of devils, and mountains of sin."

And never have I known a preacher

among all my acquaintance, that satan has laboured so hard to shut all doors against, as he has me: and yet I never knew any one have so many doors open: and all the craft of hell have been employed, the vile tongues of men, have done all they could to stop my mouth, and the Ashdodites, parsons and people have strove hard to stop me; but I still enjoy that passage once sealed, recorded in the 23rd of Deuteronomy, and last verse. And in all storms, the Lord has stood fast by me, and in my greatest troubles has blessed my soul, and shewed me his secrets so that I could sing as follows:—

“And opening his own heart to me,
He shews his thoughts, how kind they be.”

And notwithstanding my sin and unworthiness, he has blessed his truth to many souls, at many places, both as to humbling down, and comforting; and though wretched, unbelieving, rebellious, and doubly hell-deserving sinner, that I am, I have often, Jonah-like, felt fretful, and discontented, and disobedient, until, as out of the belly of hell, I have been led to cry to him once more, and after having paid sweetly Jonah's vow, I have been exceeding glad of some gourd, and exceeding angry when that gourd was withered; and have envied *all men*, and almost every thing my eyes have seen; until, as Ephraim, I have been led to smite on my thigh, and have said what have I to do with idols?

Then, again I have sung, and truly felt the words rest with soul-dissolving dew on my heart—

“I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and his ways;
Envy, and pride, and lust depart,
And all his works I praise.”

Nothing, I feel assured, so supports and comforts the tried and tempted, poor, sent servants of God so much, relative to the ministry, as to be satisfied, that when drawing the bow at a venture, the Lord, the Eternal Spirit, directs the arrow of spiritual conviction into some sinner's heart, and brings him down guilty before God; also that liberty is proclaimed to captives; chains made to fall off from such as were shut up unto the faith, and mourners in Zion comforted, and Jesus made preci-

ous to poor distressed souls that glorify God.

On the other side of the question— one of the greatest afflictions attendant on the faithful administration of unadorned, real truth, has been to me as follows: and my reason for writing this is, I do not recollect having read any good man's mind upon it: viz., when a poor, outcast, distressed, and much-tried servant of the Lord, in addition to all other trials he is called to pass through, when he has cherished a hope that the work of the Lord was really begun in some individual, and then that same individual has been permitted to number their own days, and put an end to their existence by suicide. No tongue can tell what horror, and sharp pangs of bitter agony and soul-racking torture, I have passed through with this trial, four years since; and I am now living in the daily fear of it, which is the cause of my thus addressing you on the subject; I would not, and God forbid I should, attempt to extenuate the awful force of that Scripture, “No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him;” which must fall chiefly on self-murderers, for many of the Lord's own family have murdered others and found mercy, as the Scriptures witness.

About four years since, a woman that constantly attended my ministry, seemed to be savingly wrought upon, and I had strong hopes that it was a genuine work of grace; she was to all outward things, a great friend to me, and to the cause; and her strictly moral conduct adorned the truth she professed, in every outward punctillio, yet she never professed to have enjoyed gospel liberty, as I knew of. Being of a melancholy habit, she was taken ill in body, as well, and gradually sunk into despondency, and all that friends who highly esteemed her, could say, had no effect on her despairing mind; and, solemn to relate, the last time she came to hear me, (I knew not that she was present,) and if I had it would have been the same, I was led to say, when describing false hopes, and false refuges, that a sinner might, with a heart full of slavish fears only, sink to hell. She came to me after the service, and said, “You have cut me off to day, quite:” and her agony was great, almost to

desperation; she went to her home worn down with a feeble body, having long lived upon the smallest portion of food, as she was too much distressed in mind to eat; for several days she got worse and worse; I was gone fifty miles away; and one morning she arose very early, and walked to a pond of water, and in that she was found drowned; but, strange to say, she had been, by the doctor, considered deranged in mind; she slept with a sister, and yet no one heard her go out that morning; and again, several persons owned that they heard her call for assistance loudly at the place, yet not knowing what it was, no one went to see, and when they found her, she was dead, but the position of her body, just in the water, close to the bank, proved she had struggled hard to get out, but being extremely weak, could not. Oh, what I felt when I received the heavy tidings! the place where I was can witness, I thought I must have sunk into the earth. Oh, what a stroke! and under all, how did satan set in upon me; and said, ah, it was what you said about slavish fears has sent this poor soul to hell; and in addition to this, there was another friend of her's that the Lord cut down under my preaching, that was under heavy convictions at the time, and I knew she had often been tempted to suicide; "ah, (says the enemy,) she will be the next:" and I am sure I dreaded to see the postman with a letter more than many prisoners dread the assizes; fearing a second death-blow the same way, but bless the Lord she has been delivered. All this woman's friends, with the exception of one sister were sworn enemies to me, and the truth. You must judge what a storm I had to meet from them and the world.

Oh, my dear friend, if ever my soul was tried about preaching, it was then, indeed. God only knows the agony and distress I waded through, and the dreadful persecution I met with, from close quarters on the account; daily was it sounded in my ears—"Oh, more of them will do it! Your preaching will send them all to hell, and yourself with them." If I am addressing any brother in the same trial, he will know what I mean, when I say that I often sunk under fears that the enemy spoke truth.

Now, all the hopes I could have of that poor soul, is, that it was not immediate death, as she was heard a long time calling for help, and there was not much water in the place, and the testimony of the doctor was that she was mentally deranged, and that as soon as she plunged into the water, that brought her to her senses, and then she longed to get out, but could not; and I wish to leave secret things with the Lord, but I would say, who can tell what the Lord might do for her, while striving to be delivered? certain he can make a short work if he pleases, and there I must leave it. But amidst my distress about it, almost in black despair, one day a heavy thunder-storm came up, and I was out in it, and walking up a field under the apparently angry heavens gathering dreadfully black, I felt a most blessed submission given me to the dear Lord, so that all my will was swallowed up in his sovereign will, and I felt, and told his blessed majesty, under the electric fluid, that I felt sweetly resigned to give all up into his hands. Oh, blessed, never to be forgotten season.

But now, at this present time, I am daily distressed with fears relative to a man immersed in worldly trouble; and often, I know he has suffered from this awful temptation—he narrowly escaped from piercing the jugular vein. Last Saturday, oh, what a day of trouble, blasphemy and rebuke that was, and how my poor soul dreaded Sunday: but he was preserved: here was honey again, out of this lion: and what groans, cries, and constant errands it gave me to the gracious throne. I do hope the man is a child of God: but you know, there are those eccentricities about some persons, that it is impossible for fallible man to get a full satisfaction about them. Happily, the Lord knoweth them that are his: Oh, Lord, do give submission.

Down in the east part of Sussex, a dear young friend has lately suffered some disease of the brain, and temporary derangement ensued, and to the grief of us all, he swore and raved like a mad Gadarene. Oh, what a young lion this was to roar. But the Lord has delivered him. Honey, again, out of the carcass. *Horsham, Sussex.* Your's, J. R.

W. SKELTON'S DEFENCE.

Aldringham, Suffolk, June, 14, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

ON exploring the contents of your June pot or *Vessel*, it has been found that beneath many sweet confectionaries therein contained, there is at the very bottom of the pot, a little portion of rather harsh, acrimonious matter; which has been adjudged to have a brackish, and a bitter taste to the palates of many here, who from time to time are accustomed to receive, and to open your *Vessel*; for the purpose of inhaling the odoriferous perfume of the "Flowers of May," and the "Rose in June;" as well as for the purpose of finding "a good word," which, while eating "maketh their hearts glad," Jabez, I said, while chewing over "Another Jonah" some sifting work is indeed predicted relative to WILLIAM SKELTON, and the church at Aldringham; concerning which sifting work, both he and them do well to stand upon their watch-tower "to see and to hear what the Lord shall be pleased to say unto him, and unto them when they are reprov'd." (Habakkuk)

Now I trust it is a maxim inwrought in my very soul, that if a man among the multitudes of *preaching*, *would-be* preaching, and *will-be* preaching men in this our day, has not a "thus saith the Lord" in his own soul concerning the matter in which he is engaged; none of his plots and schemes to be employed and engaged *preaching here* and *preaching there* will be attended with the seal of Jehovah's approbation, but sooner or later his emptiness shall be made bare; Solomon says, "spiders are in king's houses," and that they take hold with their hands; and with what avidity and evident gratification does the spider grasp the entangled fly and convey it to its hole, to suck its very vitals and blood, and I have many a time thought, there are many who, like spiders, have seven eyes, which eyes are all engaged (a vain glorious eye, a time serving eye, a covetous eye, an ambitious eye, a cunning eye, an evil eye, and the eye of pride, which looketh with lofty looks.)—in looking out for the best opportunity, either to offer their services in the work of preaching, or to lay hold on that which is most congenial with their fleshly pursuits and carnal and corrupt designs. And dare call it by the name of a call from or by God; therefore let the churches of Christ, being in the providence of God destitute of pastors, do as Samuel did by Saul; let them say to the man who may appear among them—"bid thy servant pass on before us;" and you being left alone without servant or helper, either your own wit, or your own worldly advantage, let them

then say, stand thou still awhile, that I may shew thee the word of God relative to this affair; and let men who have a peculiar knack for removing from one church to another, stand solemnly still till they have the word of God for their direction and movements, which being given by God unto his people on their behalf, shall meet them to their wondering astonishment as they find the Lord disposing of their minds to act, in perfect unanimity with the voice of God, as made known unto his people relative to them, individually.

Now, Messrs. Editors, seeing ye have publicly called upon and beseeched me publicly to defend both myself and the people at Aldringham, who are considered by our dear brother near Richmond, to be "no better than thieves and robbers," with whom for a time, even the period of six months, the Lord has given me to dwell, I respond to your call, and do it the more readily, feeling desirous to justify them from such charge, by declaring them to be as innocent, and as free from the charge, as the shipmen were free from crime in the matter of our real brother Jonah, being found on board of their ship, on his voyage to Tarshish, where he would have fled contrary to the express and positive declaration and commandment of his God. And I would say to our dear brother, as our dear Lord once said to those who came out to take him as a thief; "If ye seek me (if you would prefer a charge against me) let these (the Aldringham people) go their way" (free); for in the alledged matter of robbery and theft, and widdling and diddling, so prevalent among parsons and people now-a-days, they have not done by me as the tribe of Dan once did by Micah's travelling parson whom he at first found travelling where he might find a place, and whom he hired for £1. 2s. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., per year; (I suppose for spending money or pin money)—giving him his victuals and a yearly suit of clothes, he for a time being content with his wages: they have not dealt with me as the tribe of Dan dealt with this Jonathan, Micah's priest, whom I suppose finding his little ones increase in number, may have thought they had too much of Micah's loaf, or that a little more spending money would be acceptable; well, this Gershomite, who had hired himself to Micah, was widdled and diddled, not contrary to his own will; for his heart was glad at the proposal of the five men of the tribe of Dan; (query, were they like deacons?) they being engaged in obtaining a priest or minister for the tribe to which they belonged. However, they stole Jonathan away from Micah, and widdled and diddled him; that is, they artfully coaxed him away, saying, "Hold thy peace; lay thine hand upon thy

mouth, and go with us; and be to us a father and a priest; is it better for thee to be a priest unto the house of one man, or that thou be a priest unto a tribe and a family in Israel?" At which words his heart being glad, he took Micah's ephod, teraphim, graven image and all, (I suppose he had not much household furniture stuff of his own at his rate of wages) went into the midst of the people with his very glad heart elated now with towering prospects, and they putting the cattle and carriage, and all the little ones, (and no doubt Jonathan in the midst of them,) putting the whole lot before them, they drove off with the stolen property to the grief of poor Micah, who cried after them.

Now the Aldringham people, relative to "Another Jonah" being found amongst them, are perfectly free from these things, as facts and incontrovertible evidences, existing among them, will fully demonstrate and prove; but, dear brother, I presume the only method I can adopt whereby to defend myself from the charge of having played the part of Jonah, in the matter of my removing to Aldringham, is a statement of real facts, in the sight of an heart-searching and re-trying God; which method I shall now pursue, stating, that, as a well known fact, in the month of February, 1846, I was at Brabourne in Kent, as the pastor of the church of Christ, assembling for divine worship in Zion Chapel, among which people it was in my heart to have lived and died, for the love I bare, and do still bear unto them for the Lord and his truth sake, could I have obtained labour for my hands among them in that locality, for the obtaining the bread which perisheth, they not being able to supply my absolute necessities, being few in number, and called to labour daily for their daily bread; yet during the last nine months of my being among them, I do verily believe through their prayers the Lord most wonderfully fed me and mine; causing me many a time to exclaim, surely the prophet Elijah never had a more manifest display of the good hand of his God, when fed daily by ravens, than I was made continually to behold in my own individual case, in being kept among the dear few of God's family there.

At the close of the month of February, I received an invitation from London, to speak in the dear Lord's name among the people at Beulah Chapel, Shoreditch, on Lord's Day, March 1st; and, I think, the day following, I received another letter of invitation from Reboboth Chapel, Richmond, to supply there, either the second or last, Sabbath in March: consequently, I proposed being there March, 8th; I then received an invitation from Aldringham, to be

among the Lord's people there, in the ministry, March 15th, and the three following Sabbaths, and so left Brabourne, having this line of road, I trust marked out for my footsteps by the Lord, who hath said, "all the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

After fulfilling my engagement in London, I proceeded to Richmond, and found, in every sense of the word, a most kind, and warm-hearted people, there, for the pure truth's sake, whom may the Lord bless with his truth, and sanctify through his truth. Fulfilling my engagement there, on Lord's Day, March 8th, and having spoken on the following Tuesday-evening from 1 Samuel, 9th chapter, and part of the 27th verse—"Stand thou still, awhile, that I may shew thee the word of God," I returned to London the following morning, on my way to Aldringham. While at Richmond, some of the friends asked me, if I would come, and see them again? to whom I replied, whenever a door may be opened in providence, I should be most willing so to do. On my leaving Kingston, dear brother Niner accompanied me from his house, a short distance, and in conversation informed me he fully expected the church at Richmond, at their forth-coming church-meeting, would be disposed to give me another call, with an eye to invite me to remain among them, in the ministry of the word, desiring me to hold myself ready to receive such further invitation as the result of their next church-meeting; I, then, in the course of the said conversation, stated, in the fullest terms, the exact position in which I stood, relative to Brabourne, and my going to Aldringham for a month, not knowing what might befall me there; stating, at the same time, that whatever might transpire at their church-meeting, as relating to myself, I begged they would write freely to me on the subject and I trusted the Lord would be my director and my guide.

I arrived at Aldringham, March 15th, ill in body, and with an heavy heart, having had my mind prepossessed with a persuasion that the Lord would remove me thence, from the dear people of my soul's affection, for the truth's sake, at Brabourne. After remaining at Aldringham nearly the whole of the time of my engagement; wrestling day and night in prayer, that the Lord would shew me his way, on my return from Walpole and Halesworth, in Suffolk, at which places I had been invited to preach, which was Thursday evening, April 2nd, I found a letter at my lodgings, at Mr. Self's, Aldboro' forwarded by my dearly beloved brother Niner, of Kingston, informing me of the result of the aforesaid church-meeting, at Richmond, the same being unanimous to

give me a further invitation, concerning which, he stated I should speedily hear from the church, through the medium of brother Cogswile, one of their deacons; and also, another letter, which proved to be from Brother C. in behalf of the Richmond church, inviting me unanimously to be among them the whole of the month of May, he stating that prudence forbade him saying more at present; both these letters bearing date, March 27th, having taken by some means, a most circuitous route, in postage, in connexion with my leaving Aldringtonham on a visit to Walpole and Halesworth on Monday morning, March 30th, came not to hand till Thursday evening, April 2nd. I immediately answered brother Niner's letter, promising to reply to the letter from the Richmond church on my return to Brabourne.

I was now placed in such position: and in the midst of circumstances, having Walpole, Richmond, and Aldringtonham, as three several ways, for my removal from Brabourne; which now appeared as the certain result, producing soul-conflict, in fact, agony of spirit, to be acquainted with the mind and will of God, as concerning the way I was to take for his glory and his honour; yet these words followed me—"the last shall be first." And never can I forget the agony of soul I felt on the morning of Friday, April 3rd, in brother Self's garden, at Aldboro, by the space of one hour, as I told the dear Lord I would return back to Brabourne, and die with his people there, even if it were his will to starve my body to death, and that at Aldringtonham, I would not be found any longer, or future time than the following Sabbath, which would be the termination of my engagement; in the midst of which deep felt exercise, the Lord, I trust made me to feel, "nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." I laid hold on his sacred feet, and put him to his sacred promise—"I will instruct thee in the way thou shalt go;" and taking my bible from my pocket, I opened it immediately to, and fixed my eyes on that portion or sentence in Prov. xiv. 28. "In the multitude of people is the king's honour." And, I believe, Messrs. Editors, they fell right into my heart, with weight, unction, and power, having been found begging, beseeching, and in agony of soul, wrestling with the King of kings, and Lord of lords to lead me, guide me, and direct me for his own honour. I beheld, as in a moment the multitude of people at Aldringtonham, and the many destitute villages for miles round it, as presenting a wide and extensive field for labour, to an hard-working, tried, and exercised man of God in the ministry; and with these words, and the effects they had produced in my soul's feelings, I told the dear Lord, that if it were his heavenly will, I

should further be found at Aldringtonham; and that for his honor, and glory, to let the same be confirmed in me by the issue of the church-meeting to be holden in Aldringtonham Chapel, Lord's Day, April 5th; when for the confirmation of my mind, it was resolved unanimously, with the exception of some four or five of the members, that I should be invited to accept of a further six-months' call; and to commence my labours during the said call on Lord's Day, May 3rd, giving me an opportunity to return to the dear few at Brabourne, and if I could see the hand of the Lord in these things to take my farewell of them, and so to return to Aldringtonham, according to proposal. And even now still clinging to Brabourne; I told the dear deacons of Aldringtonham, as they made known the mind of the people concerning me that if by any unexpected event, during my absence, the Lord, in his providence, had, or would provide for me eight shillings, per week among his people at Brabourne, I could not, and would not accept of the said call.

However, circumstances on my return, laid a necessity upon me to remove; consequently I was brought here May 3rd, 1846. And am here found, as the people say in Suffolk, "upon liking;" and, I trust there are some, (I write tremblingly,) who fare as though they like the power, which sometimes accompanies the word, preached in much weakness, by the most unworthy of all the Lord's sent servants.

And now, Messrs. Editors should you hear that God hath raised a terrible, and tempestuous storm against Aldringtonham, on "Another Jonah's" account, and that he is cast over-board, into the sea, and even swallowed up in a fish's belly; while he shall cry, as out of the belly of hell, don't cease to pray that he may be vomited out on dry land. And when you visit your correspondent in the neighbourhood of Richmond, do tell him if he can cease from anger, and wish his brother Skelton God speed in his movements, he will be found praying the Lord, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, abundantly to make up every lack, and to counteract every disappointment, and to make the hearts of those who may have been made sad, at Richmond, through, and by him to abound with joy, and gladness; while they find a covenant God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to be their eternal, and ever present portion, and wishing them and you, dear brethren, every new covenant blessing for Christ's sake.

I remain, affectionately their's and your's in

Holy Gospel bonds,

W. SKELTON.

JESUS WEPT.

John 11. 35.

O, how sweet, under the teaching of the Spirit of truth, to contemplate the various expressions of tenderness and love of our most glorious Head, the Lord Jesus Christ; and in the passage here referred to, we behold him in the tenderness of his heart, (over one with whom, no doubt he had often condescended to hold sweet communion,) groaning in spirit, and shedding the tear of pity. Were not those tears, in part, caused by the thought of the awful consequences sin had entailed upon all the posterity of Adam? and though, as God, he abhorred sin, yet, in his condescended love as God and man, the Lord's Christ, he could feel for those, who might be said to have no feeling for themselves; being made partaker of flesh and blood he had all the feelings of nature over the death of a friend, and shared in the sorrow of Martha and Mary, and those Jews who came to comfort them. Should this meet the eye of any who may have the fear of death before them, and whose only hope and trust is in the blood of Jesus—O, may they be enabled to remember that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever, that he still has all power over death; that he has washed away all the guilt of sin, and made full atonement to the offended law of God, by the sacrifice of himself, and though our own hearts may often condemn us, yet God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things; he knoweth the soul loathing that is felt, even by the poor sinner himself, on account of his being the subject of such abominations. He also knows the many groans, prayers and sighs, that have been breathed forth from a heart sensible of its own weakness: for he hath said that "for the sighing of the prisoner, and the groaning of the captive, now will I arise and deliver him saith the Lord, from him that is stronger than he." Oftentimes is the poor soul when in darkness and temptation, left to conclude that there is no hope for him; but remember that his name was called Jesus, because he should save his people from their sins—

" 'Twas not the righteous in their own esteem,
But sinners whom he came to call."

An empty sinner who feels his need of a Saviour, is a fit vessel to receive a full Christ. Is he weary? Christ is the good shepherd, who carries the lambs in his arms, and gently leads those who are with young; and he hath said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and ye shall find rest unto your souls;" dost thou find sin and self a burden? has the world lost its greatest charms for thee, and is the language of thy soul—"as the hart panteth after the water

brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O, God"—"I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness"? If this is thy case, O, sinner, our Lord's benediction, Matt. 5, 6, is suited for you—"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

J. B. C.

Triumphing in Christ.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THAT PRECIOUS,
PRECIOUS REDEEMER,

You were enabled to exalt, this morning, to the solemn joy of my ransomed spirit; well might the Poet exult, and say,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear."

Yes: his dear name is unutterably sweet, when the Holy Ghost lets it into the conscience with unction and power; and gives us a FELT interest in all his salvation attributes. But, alas! how soon the sense is gone—

"And we to our sad place return
Our wretched state to mourn."

But, my brother, let us praise his dear name, for even once visiting our sin-sunk, hell-captured souls. Who, but Jesus, as the "Mighty God," could have ever delivered us from the power of sin, from the iron grasp of hell, from the potent Prince of darkness? O, precious, lovely, loving Jesus! Thou Strong Deliverer; thou hast delivered my soul from hell; thou hast delivered my feet from falling. And, bless thy name, thou wilt yet deliver me from every foe, from every sin, from every lust, from every temptation, and from the power of inbred, indwelling filth and corruption, for thou hast promised precious Jesus, NEVER to forsake the work of thine own hands, that thou wilt not leave me, nor forsake me. O what a glorious mercy, brother Banks, that while friends on every hand prove false, our Jesus still is true, and faithful to his promise, for he loveth, mark, loveth! not loves the poor sinner to day and hates him to-morrow; no, no; but "loveth at all times." There never was a time when he did not love his people: and there never will be a period when he will not love his people, with all their infirmities. He in covenant love espoused them, and became amenable (in their law place, room and stead,) to offended justice, and violated law, and fell a bloody victim beneath the direful curse, that his church, his low sunk church, should arise a glorious trophy of his almighty achievements over sin. O, blessed Redeemer! thou hast triumphed gloriously, thou hast satisfied justice, obeyed the law,

swallowed up the curse, put away sin, destroyed death, and him that had the power of death, which is the devil;" thou hast opened a living way, wrought out, and brought in everlasting righteousness, which is to all, and upon all them that believe; and now, Lord, what wait we for? "The adoption to wit the redemption of our body." Rom. viii. 23. Ah, brother, is it not so? When the dear Lord visits our poor benighted souls, how we long to be with him: yes; long to be with him. A few more battles, a few more nights, and a few more sorrows and temptations, and then we shall come off more than conquerors, through him that loved us. And then the song of the ransomed shall for ever revibrate through our very souls, even "salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God." Rev. xix. i.

I had no idea of thus writing. I sat down to write you a brief outline of the Lord's goodness in delivering me out of that awful state of wretchedness I was in, the last time I wrote. I continued in that desperate state till Tuesday, when these words kept following me, with a softening, and solemn power—"When my spirit is overwhelmed within me." "When my spirit is overwhelmed." "When my spirit is overwhelmed." This worked like leaven in my poor soul, till it brought me into sweet communion with the God of Jacob. My rebellion was gone, my temptations flew like chaff before the wind, and I felt such a sweet, solemn resting in the love, and faithfulness, of a long-suffering God, that I cannot now express; I thought in that dreadful state of darkness I never could attempt to speak in the Lord's name again; but when light came, the word came with it, and I believe the blessed Spirit lodged these words in my soul, for our morning's meditation; for, in speaking from them, I found some mighty, and solemn matter. Exodus xvii. 2. "Moses's hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon, and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands." I had three ideas given me on the subject:—First, Weakness implied. Second, Strength made perfect in weakness. Thirdly, The glorious result; the discomfiture of Amalek.

Time forbids my proceeding, but I would say in conclusion, pray for me, that the work of God, and the fear of God, and the love of God, may be blessedly deepened in my soul; that a tender conscience may be kept alive.

Really, brother, preachers and professors, in the present day, seem to have no conscience but a seared one. How many miles you may travel to meet with a healthy soul. Parsons seem more alive for gain than godliness in this evil day, a fair show in the

flesh, with a few dead notions in the head, seem to constitute the characteristics of professors in general. Then I ask again, can we be too thankful for such discriminating mercy, that we, by the power of divine grace, should be made to differ? That the dear Lord may abundantly bless you in going out, and coming in, is the prayer of

Your's in the Saviour of sinners
S. COZENS.

You are always in the Extremes.

"THEN, who is among you walking in darkness, and yet fears to offend God as much as hell, and endeavours and desires to obey him in all things, as much as to go to heaven? Such, when they find God withdrawn, and their hearts left comfortless, their spirits dead and hard, do call God's love and their own estates into question, especially if they were in the sunshine before, but now sit in the valley of the shadow of death: if dangled in God's lap before and kissed, now to be lashed with terrors and his sharpest rods, and on the tenderest place, the conscience; to have their songs in the night turned in 'writing bitter things against them,' how bitter is it to thee. Once they say they could never come to the throne of grace but their hearts were welcomed, their heads stroked, and they went seldom away without a 'white stone,' an 'earnest penny' put into their hands: but now 'God is a terror to them;' and when they arise from prayer or the like duty, their hearts condemn them more than when they began. Once, they never looked to heaven but they had a smile; now they may cry day and night, and not get a good look from him. Once, say they, they never hoist up sail to any duty, but they had a fair and good wind: God went along with them; but now they have both wind and tide, God and the deadness of their own hearts against them. In a word, God is gone, light is gone: God answers them neither by vision or prophets; neither in praying nor in hearing; and therefore hath forsaken them, cast them off; yea, will never be merciful! Oh, woe to us, say they, we are undone!

"You err, poor soul, not knowing the scriptures, and the manner of your God, and of his dealings with his people; to think that his mind is changed, when his countenance is, and

so to run away from him, as Jacob did from Laban; to think he has cast you off, when he is but returned to his place, that you may seek him more earnestly! Like children, when their mother is gone aside a little, you fall a-crying, as if you were undone. So it is that you are always in the extremes: if he shines on you, then your mountain shall never be removed; if he hides his face, then he will never be merciful. This, as it is a fond and childish fault, so it is beastly and brutish also thus to judge; I term it so, because ye are led therein by sense; and, like beasts, believe nothing but what you feel and see; and measure God's love by his looks and outward carriage, which when Asaph did in other afflictions, as you in this, he cries out he was ignorant, and as a beast, (Psalm lxxiii. 22.) What! will you trust God no further than you see him? It will shame you one day, to think what a great deal of trouble your childishness put the Spirit of God unto. As what a trouble is it to a wise man to have a fond and foolish wife; who, if he be but abroad, and about necessary business, perhaps for her maintenance, yet then she complains he regards her not, but leaves her: if he chides her for any fault, then she says he hates her: and is so much dis-tempered by it, as a whole day's kindness cannot quiet her again. Thus deal you with God; and though he hath given you ever so many fair and clear evidences of his love, and these even so often reiterate and renewed, still you are jealous, never quiet, always doubting, questioning all upon the least frown, that either God must undo you, by letting you go on in your sinful dispositions, without ever rebuking of you; or else lose the acknowledgment of all his love formerly shewn, and have it called in question by your peevish jealous misconstructions, upon every small expression of his anger towards you. Some of you that are less troubled, and thus 'wanton against Christ,' I would chide out of it.

"But you that are more deeply and lastingly distressed, I pity you: I blame you not for being troubled; for when he *hides his face, the creatures are troubled;* (Psalm civ. 29.) If you should not thus lay it to heart, it were a sign you had no grace; that you made

not him your portion, if you could bear his absence and not mourn. Carnal men, having other comforts, can bear the want and absence of him well enough; but not you, that have made him your portion, and exceeding great reward. But yet, though you are to lay it to heart, so as to mourn under it, yet not to be discouraged, to call all into question; for though you change, yet not God, nor his love; for his love is himself. (1 John iv. 8, 9, 19.) We may change in our apprehensions and opinions, and God's outward carriages and dispensations may be changed towards us, but not his rooted love. We are not the same to-day that yesterday we were; but *Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.* To say that he hath cast you off, because he hath hid his face, is a fallacy fetched out of the Devil's topics, and injurious to him: for *in a little wrath have I hid my face for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee.* (Isa. liv. 8) First, I have but hid my face, not cast thee out of mind: and though in anger, but a little anger, and not long neither, but for a moment; and all that while I am not unmindful of thee; I remembered thee, &c.; and this with kindness, from everlasting to everlasting. When the sun is eclipsed (which eclipse is rather of the earth than of the sun, which shines as it did) foolish people think it will never recover light; but wise men know it will.

"But you will say, if this desertion were for a moment, it were something; but mine hath been for many years.

"How many years? This life is but a moment; and God hath eternity of time to shew his love in; time enough to make amends for a few frowns;—Everlasting kindnesses. Remember, the text says, '*One that fears God may walk in darkness:*' not for a step or two, but many wearisome turns it it. Heman was afflicted from his youth: David so long, that he thought God had forgotten mercy. (Psalm lxxvii.) And doth his promise fail for ever? Remember what is said in another case—(Luke xviii. 8.) '*That though he bears long, yet he comes speedily;*' that is, though long in our eyes, yet speedily in his own; who hath all time before him, and knows how much time is behind to be spent in embraces with you."—*Goodwin.*

THE REAL CONVERSION, AWFUL CONFLICTS, AND HAPPY DEATH OF A WICKED SINNER.

A LITTLE work has just been published by Nisbet and Co., of Berners Street, entitled—"The Rescue: a narrative of a very recent conversion.—By an Eye-witness."

We have read the tract with much suspicion: have been made deeply to weigh and to examine its contents; and we must confess that although death-bed repentances, and death-bed conversions are frequently delusive; here is a case wherein is most wondrously displayed the sovereign grace, the boundless love, the overflowing mercy, the omnipotent power of a covenant God towards poor, elect, repenting, returning sinners, let *them* be found under what ever circumstance they may. Here is indeed a most striking illustration of that great scripture—"where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound:" and here is a testimony which seems to throw open the full meaning of the Apostle's words,—"*By grace are ye saved; through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.*"

Oh, how rich and free, how sovereign and unmerited is the saving grace of God in Christ! Truly, truly, "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." "There is no searching of his understanding." Solomon declares that it is impossible "to find out the work that is done under the sun." "The righteous and the wise, and their works are in the hands of God:" that is, are secretly hidden in his hand: "no man knoweth either love (them that are loved) nor hated, (them that are finally left in impenitence) by all that is before him." No, Judas is a follower of Christ, but he betrays him and goes to his own place; the thief on the cross was a reviler of Christ, but he is a vessel of mercy and goes to glory with him. "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

But to the subject before us. The writer of this work says—

"It is now about seven years since I knew R—D—. He was then living at H— and now and then he attended the preaching there. I remember seeing him once very much affected by what he

heard, but his habitual course of life was openly profane and vicious. And, as he was remarkable for vigour both of mind and body, and for boldness and generosity of natural disposition, he had great influence with his companions. He was, indeed, a chief among sinners.

"It was not until about two years after I first saw him that I had any intercourse with him. But about that time I overtook him on the road to P—, and we had a long and very interesting conversation. He made no secret of his sentiments, but instantly avowed himself a Deist. It was evident he had read the Bible a great deal and that he had thought much on religious subjects. He spoke warmly in praise of God's goodness, and power, and wisdom, and ridiculed the notion of there being no God; pointing to the star-spangled sky over our heads in proof of God's being and glory. But he utterly rejected the Bible as a revelation from God."

It is recorded of R— D— that he was laid down on a sick bed through intemperance; when from a Deist he became a Unitarian; rejecting the God-head and atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. From this affliction, he was raised again; and went deeper into the practice of sin than ever. The time, however, to pluck him as a brand from the burning, drew nigh. And it is the circumstance connected with his real conversion and death that we are desirous to lay before our readers. One solemn fact like this, is, to us, better than ten thousand doctrinal arguments, or the most elaborate essay that ever could be penned.

Here is a true account of "A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE." The writer says:—

"About two months ago, I heard that he was again laid on a sick bed, and very ill. Again I visited him. But I was, on the whole, less satisfied with him than ever. He would listen to anything I pleased to say: contradicting me in nothing, whether I spoke of God, or of himself, or of the Lord Jesus: but it always seemed like a tale told to a man who knew it all before hand. He would rouse himself when I spoke of his body

—or of any remedy for its diseases—or of his beloved wife and children—and he always manifested the strongest possible anxiety to live. Indeed he would never allow the idea of his not recovering to be entertained.

“About half-past three o'clock that very night my bell was rung, and on my looking out of the window, a man said, ‘If you please Sir, to come up to Mr. R—— D——, for he is dying, and he is very anxious to see you!’ The shock which this gave me was very great, and it was much increased by the instant remembrance of the feelings with which I left him only a few hours before. As speedily as possible I was at his bedside. And here I found a scene of terror such as I never before witnessed. He was stretched out at full length on his bed, with his eyes closed, and his mouth wide open, uttering the most fearful cries and groanings. His whole appearance was expressive of extreme terror. He looked like a man who felt he was seized by some power hitherto unknown to him—a power alike irresistible and terrible! And yet, fearful as his appearance then was, those in the room told me that the groans he was then uttering were not to be compared to his cries about half-an-hour before!

“It appears, about half-past one, he said to Mrs. D——, ‘Don't go to sleep, for I am worse.’ She asked him if he felt much worse, and he said, ‘No—only don't go to sleep.’ Soon after, noticing that he was much disquieted, she again asked if he felt worse. He said, ‘Yes,’—presently adding, ‘I have been very wicked—and now I fear God has forsaken me!’ His distress increased very much, and Mrs. D—— saw that he was trying to pray. She said to him ‘God will hear you, if you pray to him.’ As his excitement and agitation still increased she became much alarmed, and said, ‘Shall I send for Mr. D——?’ ‘Yes do,’—said he ‘do—and beg him to come at once.’ He then seemed to make a strong effort to cry to God; and presently said, ‘tell them to go directly—and beg Mr. D—— to come as fast as possible, or I shall be dead before he comes!’ Just after this, he became exceedingly agitated, and suddenly uttered the most awful and piercing cry of terror it is possible to conceive! He seemed swallowed up in terrors! So awful was this

cry, that a neighbour in an adjoining house told me that it awoke him from his sleep, and said to his wife,—‘Did you hear that cry?’ This person assured me that it did not sound like a human voice—that he could not have supposed it possible for any human being to utter such an appalling sound.

“But if all this was so terrible to hear, and to look upon, oh, what must it have been to the seized and terrified one himself! There is a vast world unseen to us, but which will be seen, sooner or later, by us all! And how little do we know how the struggling spirit may glance through into eternal things, and see whither it is going! God may unveil the unseen world, at such an hour, before the soul—and how overwhelming must that sight be, to one wholly unprepared to launch amidst its awful realities!

“When I entered his room this terrible storm was subsiding. And yet, as I found him, he was a fearful and heart-rending spectacle. I instantly attempted to make him hear my voice, but he appeared to be quite unconscious of my efforts or of my presence, and continued this loud, long groan, until his powers of utterance were exhausted. He then appeared to be quickly settling down into death. His breath grew shorter and fainter, and the signs of instant death were thick upon him. But to our astonishment he continued in this state for nearly seven hours; sometimes violently convulsed, sometimes so low that we thought him gone.

“These were, I think, the most solemn hours I had ever passed. Death was no new sight to me, but this was to me no common death. Before me, in the very gripe of death, lay one in whom I had long taken deep interest—but in whose safety I had no hope! His fearful death—my own want of diligence in the efforts I had made to set the truth before him; the awful solemnity of all that into which he was so rapidly entering;—his piteous cries, evidently more from horror of soul than from agony of body;—the wreck, so soon to come;—the plunge;—the flowing over him of waves of fire never to be quenched;—all these things rushed through my soul and ploughed it like a field! And yet what could I do? During all these hours he gave no sign of being conscious of my presence.

What then could I do? I turned to God! I felt that he alone could help. I felt that his salvation would avail even for such a case as this. And I lifted up my heart to him for mercy for this poor perishing sinner. I felt assured that in Christ Jesus all was provided that even such an one needed to save him from hell, and to fit him for heaven. And I knew that if God was pleased, by his Spirit, to reveal Jesus to him, he would yet be saved! My faith in the completeness of Christ and his work, as God's great means for the salvation of the lost, was unusually strengthened. And I asked God, to be pleased in his mercy, to apply the blood of Jesus to this perishing one. And then I called the name of 'Jesus' into his ear. I think I hardly uttered any other words than 'Jesus!—Jesus!'—'Christ; believe on Christ;'—'Trust in the blood of Jesus.' He had for years been rather deaf, and now he was so far sunk down into death that it seemed hopeless to cry even these words in his ears. But it was all I could do. My feeling was as if I saw a man sinking fast beneath the waters, but close to whom floated a rope, on which I called to him to lay hold. I felt that his ears were most likely filled with the gurgling waters—that it was all but too late to shout to him—but yet shout I might—and shout I did! Faith or hope as to his rescue I had little, perhaps none;—but I had confidence in God's mercy towards sinners of any dye; and in the sufficiency of Jesus and his blood as God's means of salvation.

"During the last two hours of this scene he lay nearly motionless, with every symptom of immediate death. Several times a light was held close to his eyes, then open, without any effect being produced on them.

"But about ten o'clock in the morning a most remarkable change took place. I was then alone in the room with him. The others who had been watching by him had gone down stairs;—for the scene had become almost too much for us all. While thus alone by his side I thought I heard his beloved brother's step below, and I went to the door of the room to listen if it was so. Just as I reached the door I turned and looked on him who lay like a corpse on the bed, when he suddenly raised his arm and beckoned to me with his finger! This was as startling a movement to me as

if it had been made by one actually dead. I saw, however, that he was looking very calmly at me, and that his consciousness was evidently restored. I instantly returned to his side, and as I took his out-stretched hand he said, with great composure, 'Well, Mr. D——, I am glad to see you; I told Grace to send for you. I replied, 'Why R——, how is it you are able to speak to me; we have been looking for your death every moment; I never thought to hear you speak again.'—'How long have you been here,' he asked. 'Between six and seven hours.'—'Have you? I never knew any thing of it. I have been quite out of my senses, then! I begged Grace to send for you, for I thought I was going, and I was terribly alarmed.'—'Have you heard any thing I have said to you?'—I asked. 'No. I remember nothing since I told Grace to send for you. But, oh, it was very terrible then! If ever any one saw hell without going into it, I did! It was right open before me! And the devil was here too, close by my side; and when I tried to cry to God he tried to stop me. *It seemed as though he was stuffing my mouth with hay!*" He said this with a most solemn look; and with the strongest possible expression of reality. After a moment he added, 'In that struggle I lost my senses!'—'But,' he continued, (and he seemed to be as if feeling himself to see what his state *now* was) 'but I am different now! I'm happy! I've peace with God now!'—'What!' I exclaimed. 'Why—I am happy; happy as any angel. I am going to heaven, now. Yes, I am going to heaven now; not to hell! And I am as happy as any angel! *And he looked so.* His large intelligent face beamed with calm, happy, light. It was impossible to look at him and doubt that he felt as he said he felt. The quiet confidence expressed in his countenance was very striking."

In our next, we shall, (the Lord permitting,) give the dying moments of this vessel of mercy; and some future notice of this deeply interesting work. We now only add, one object in publishing it, is to afford a little relief to the widow and three fatherless children. Reader! Sixpence cannot be better expended—purchase "*The Rescue.*" Read it; and send it among your friends. The Lord may make use of it. If you cannot get the work, send to us, and we will get it for you.

**The Goodness of God to CALEB
COATES.**

(Continued from p. 152.)

I NOW pass on to state, that before the time arrived for me to state to the church the way I came out of total darkness, and the reason of my hope, for I thought I had a good beginning in religion, and might therefore, expect a good middle, likewise a good ending; and when I had, as I thought, rightly considered these things, I became lifted up and not a little filled with pride; but, oh, what a wonder-working God is the God of Israel, he suffered me not to think thus exaltingly of myself, nor did he allow the pride of my heart to grow, but cut me and it down, under the following circumstance:—

On a day it happened that one of my old companions came to ask me a favour, which was to allow a shooting match in my ground, to which I thoughtlessly agreed, and when so done, I was asked to make one of the party, to this also I consented; then the person went away; little did I think at the time, that I was ensnared; but when I saw the shooters coming into my ground a few days afterwards, then, and not till then, did I as it were, feel a dart to pass through my liver; then I was almost distracted, and I said to my poor wife—"what shall I do? oh! what shall I do?" they shall not come here." I then thought I would lead them into a field a short distance off; so I met the party and I said to them "follow me;" but how to get into this field I did not know with such a gang of sportsmen following behind, for I had at that time made it known to my neighbours around me that I was a chapel attendant; I therefore thought I would go a kind of back way to the field, and not in the open street, which I did, and in this back way, lived one of the members of the chapel, to which I was about to join, and behold, when I reached the house, the person stood at the door; but nothing passed outwardly, more than "how do you do? but oh, inwardly, who can tell what I felt? when I got into the field, my gun was given me to shoot, but I had no more power, nor science than the man spoken of in Proverbs vii. 23; yes, God knows that I felt as though my head would receive the contents of a gun, every moment. I got out of this company as well, and as soon as I could; left my gun, and went and hid myself up; but the wound in my conscience would pain me very much, and make me to hold down my head, and to think that there was no hope for me; nor did I hold up my head until my conscience was healed, which was months afterwards. In this sad state of mind I had to appear before the church, and while on my road there, near

Newington Church, I thought "oh, what a wretch I am: I am a deceiver; I am undone; I am nothing." Yet I went to the church-meeting, but my mouth was shut to all that scene of iniquity; and my eyes were not suffered to look at what I had been guilty of; that is, I did not say a word about it to the church, nor did my eyes behold it, only I felt the sad effects of that darkness, which it produced in my soul.

After I had said a few things, respecting the way I had been led, one of the members stood up, and before my face, told the church that if any one had asked him, four years ago, what he thought of me, he should have said, I was a christian; but since that time, from the course I had pursued, he considered that I was a dead man, and should ultimately turn out such. To this strange, and ignorant expression, I said but little, merely telling him that what I had related was what I had passed through. The line of conduct referred to by this member the reader will find recorded in page 16, vol. ii. of the *Earthen Vessel*; and I wish the reader also to remember this strange expression, for God overruled it for my good, which I shall shew in this work should life be spared. I then was ordered into a private room, while the church came to their decision; which then appeared to me to be some time settling; and while I sat in this room, the enemy, I say the enemy, for I now verily believe it was him, who hateth Christ, and his slaughtered flock, that said, you are a deceiver, and they can see through you. I shall now leave you to judge what a state of mind I was in, for I cannot describe it; the assertion of this member was to me as the cursing of Shimei was to David; I knew my case was bad, and that I richly deserved such treatment, but how far he was justified in making such a remark I shall leave to the searcher of all hearts. At last the messenger came, and I was ordered to return into the chapel, when Mr. W—— said, "the church have decided that a good work of grace is begun in your soul; therefore we receive you as a candidate for baptism; and believe the Lord will preserve you unto his heavenly kingdom." The time arrived for me to go through the ordinance, and truly I can say I cried for darkness of soul and hardness of heart that evening, and my state of distress was increased by the joy of the brother who went with me through the ordinance, he said "God had snatched him as a brand from the everlasting burnings; and the glory of that redemption filled his soul; the minister appeared to me to pray earnestly to the Lord for my deliverance, but none was granted me, so I returned home, and in a very few days this potion arrested my mind "he that doubteth is damned if he eat."

Romans xiv. 23. I then was very much troubled about sitting down at the Lord's table; and I made my brother Lewis quite angry because I would be always, when he came into my garden, telling him of my doubts; at last I wrote to Mr. W — about this passage, but I said not a word to any one about the origin of my darkness, nor to this day was any one acquainted with it, in the church, save the person, whose door I passed. I received an answer, stating that that passage alluded to certain meats, which many of the Jews considered unlawful to be eaten, and which if they eat thereof under such an idea would condemn themselves. Many other things are in the letter, but nothing therein, removed the guilt of my conscience, nor, in the least tended to soften my heart, and drive away my doubts.

Soon after this I had an additional weight to carry, I would not relate this circumstance only for the glory of God, it is of a very painful nature:—A brother member told some lies about me; of which as soon as I heard, I went to his house to tell him I was very sorry to hear of his conduct towards me and to ask him how he came to do so? he replied without the least hesitation, "if you do not get out of my house, I will break your head with my poker:" I then left his house and went to another house, about this, to me, painful affair, and there the mistress of the house said to me, "you had better go and be dipped again;" I kept this all to myself; I did not expose the members, but I said to brother Lewis the following Sunday, "do you think it possible for a good man to tell lies about a christian man; and when told of his conduct, by the said christian man, to use the threats as above?" to which he replied, "I do not know what a good man will not do, if left to himself." Then I said no more about the matter; but I watched the hand of the Lord, with this man, who so threatened me, and I witnessed his death some years afterwards; and I have reasons to believe he died in the Lord from the following circumstance —

There was laid in my soul a desire that the Lord would make known to me if this man was a saved soul; so I prayed unto the Lord, who, now is my only witness, and I waited long for an answer; and on my road, the first time, to visit this dying man a thought entered my soul, that it was presumption for me to ask the Lord to reveal such a thing, and I felt as though I should not have asked the Lord to give me a sign. Observe; I said nothing to the man at any time about my suspicion of his real state; of course I could not receive him as a brother in the Lord without evidence, therefore from the time of the circumstance until the hour of his death, I felt no par-

ticular union of soul to him; I asked him how he did? on the evening before his death, which was the last time I saw him, he exclaimed, "I am much better in mind; for after you left me last night I was so overcome with distress of soul that I thought I must have gone distracted; but I was enabled to cry unto the Lord Jesus Christ to have mercy upon me, I said 'Dear Lord, send relief if it please thee to prevent a worthless worm going distracted;'" and he said, "immediately my distress left me, and peace and tranquillity filled my soul;" by this, says he, "I know that Jesus Christ is God; some persons say that they do not know how, or which Person in the ever-blessed Trinity to address, but I was compelled to cry to the Lord Jesus Christ, and he has heard me, therefore I am at a point in that matter." Many things more he said unto me, but the above was sufficient evidence to my soul that he was born of God, and I said to myself at the time, "Lord it is enough; I am satisfied." But I said nothing to him about my satisfaction; and the next time I went, he had taken his flight to a better world. But I must return, and take up, as it were, that dismal state of mind and soul I was in before stating the death of this good man—

I continued to get worse and worse, until I appeared hardened; and in this hardened state, fearing that I should not be saved, I went to see Mr. W —, and after telling of my feelings and the dreadful state of my soul, he replied, "God hath the keys of death and hell; if he has purposed to save you by his precious blood, you will be saved; but, if otherwise, he has purposed to damn you, you will be damned whether you like it, or not;" I shall never forget that expression, it silenced my rebellion, and I began to sink fathoms, almost in despair, lest I should be lost. I left his house in a very different state of mind to that in which I entered it; a longing desire filled my soul to know if the Lord would have mercy upon me; and this terminated in my deliverance, of which, God willing I will state in my next; for the present I conclude with the words of Uperoff—

If God's eternal love could change,
Or e're be overcome;
My horrid sins would do the deed,
And I should be undone.

Farewell. C. COATES.

Gathering the Saints together.

ON Lord's-day, July 19, 1846, a church was formed at Harleston, in Norfolk, on strict Baptist principles. The services of the day were found to be accompanied by the power and presence of the Lord unto very many of

the believing family, who were convened together from different parts of the country. Previous to the formation of the church, two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks. The following introductory remarks preceded the morning's discourse.

If ever anything was done under the countenance and direction of the Blessed Spirit of all truth—then I do think my coming here, this day is of God. This is saying a great deal, but I will state my reasons for so speaking.

I believe it was on Tuesday morning, the 16th of June, I read a letter from brother Mason, informing me that the friends here desired me to come down to the formation of a little church in this place. I was then laying very ill in my bed; and as I felt no desire to come and knew not when I might get better, I told my son to write to brother Mason, and tell him the friends must make some other arrangement, as there was no prospect of my coming at all: I was then laying not only ill in body, but exceedingly dark in my mind. It was on the following Thursday-morning, I had a dream; I dreamed that I went one Lord's Day-morning down to Tunstall, to preach to the people there; and that I was then commanded by the Lord to come to Harleston; and this word was spoken in my soul with great power—"Gather my saints together; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." With these words I awoke out of my sleep: and after I was fully awake, the words came to me again—"Gather my saints together, those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." From that moment I felt a secret persuasion in my soul that I should recover, that I soon should be engaged again in preaching the truth as it is in Christ, and more than all, although I felt I certainly would not undertake any more such long journeys, yet something secretly within told me I certainly should have to come down to Harleston, to the formation of that people into a church.

On the following Saturday, although I had continued very poorly and weak, so as hardly to leave my bed-room, these words were thrown right into my mind—"I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord." The next morning I crawled to the chapel, and after my brother Blake had read a portion of the word, and prayed, I went up and read those words, "I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord." And as I began to speak, strength came into my body, life and liberty into my soul, and from that time to this I have gone on in the strength of the Lord, telling out his love and mercy, and very sweet, indeed, has been the health and comfort he has given to me.

On Tuesday, the 23rd of June, brother Mason came to my house and he soon told me that the friends here were still waiting for me. I thought to myself, I shall not go. Well, the next day he spake again, and said brother Day, of Reading would supply for me while I was away. I still thought to myself I should not come, although I could not say so. On the next Lord's-day-evening, knowing that our people were much averse to my going out, I was constrained to ask the church to stop, when I told them how the Lord had spoken to me, and how the request had been repeated, and I said I should leave it with them whether I went or not. They deferred their answer until the next Tuesday evening. After service they met again; I was not present until the close of that church-meeting, when they told me I must come down, and so I do hope it is under the guidance of my covenant Lord and Master, that I am here.

As the time drew near for my leaving London, the words of the text came softly to my soul again: and that is why and wherefore I have read these words to you as my text—"Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice."

The 50th Psalm seems most glorious and solemn—it seems to open, by pointing to, and speaking of,

three distinct periods or parts of the kingdom of grace. First, it speaks of the author, and the accomplisher of the covenant of grace. Then of the nature and glory of the Gospel Dispensation. And lastly, of the awful, yet to (the saints,) glorious consummation of all things.

Then comes the text, which though it may belong to the final gathering, yet I am directed to look at it in a gospel sense. There are five things in it according to my feelings and views:

I.—That among the ruined sons and daughters of Adam, God has a people whom he calls his saints.

II.—That they are here said to have made a covenant with him by sacrifice.

III.—They are contemplated as scattered and divided, and driven away.

IV.—Here is the decree and commandment of God, that they shall be gathered.

V.—That this gathering is to be unto himself—"UNTO ME."

It is a ruined family indeed; this is a world of improvements and alterations, and inventions; the world has been in its appearance and machinery, turned upside down; but there are two things which have never been altered,—sin— and its wages—"the wages of sin is death;" The people continue to sin and die; Total ruin has come upon them: In the midst of all the devil's work, the awful flowings of sin, the universal and unalterable death of sinners, in comes the gospel, and it says, "even at this present time there is a remnant according to the election of grace."

After having spoken on the subject under the above heads, at some length, the services of the morning were concluded.

In the afternoon the discourse was more particularly directed to two points: 1.—The character, business, and design of the gospel ministry: 2.—The character and connection of the church of Christ, with the living ministry of the word. The church was then formed, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper administered, and we trust the foundation of a cause for divine truth, and gospel practice was laid; which shall be to the glory of God and the good of many souls.

The Throne of God and of the Lamb.

A few fragments gathered up from a Discourse Preached by C. W. BANKS, at Crosby Row, July 26, 1846.

"And he said unto me, son of man, the place of my throne, and the place of the soles of my feet, where I will dwell in the midst of the children of Israel for ever." Ezek. xliii. 7.

THESE words were laid in my soul last Tuesday morning, when at the house of Mr. Wright, of Beccles. After breakfast, that good man, and his household read the 42nd and 43rd chapters of Ezekiel, and when this seventh verse was read, it fell into my soul; and as I was that evening to preach at Norwich, I thought it would be my text—but it passed away—and did not return again until last evening.

At the time these words were spoken to Ezekiel, he was in captivity—he had been in captivity twenty-five years, and it was fourteen years after the city was smitten. (See Ezekiel xl. 1.)

Here you may see what a length of time the Lord may appear to leave his people, and what afflictions may come upon them. See how long a vessel of mercy may be left. The smiting of the city seems to me like the smiting of a sinner's conscience; and as Ezekiel lay near fourteen years after this smiting, before the Lord appeared unto him: so a sinner smitten in his conscience may lay many years before he can see whose, or where, or what, he is.

That appears to me most wonderful, what Ezekiel says, Chapter xl. 2, 3, 4, in the visions of God he was carried into the land of Israel; he was set upon a very high mountain; he saw the frame of the city; he was brought into the city, there he saw a man. The Holy Ghost will never leave a quickened sinner until he has brought him unto Christ.

That the Lord Jesus Christ is "the place of Jehovah's throne," appears clear from what the Holy Ghost has left on record in other parts of the word.

There are five most wonderful declarations of Christ, as "the place of God's throne,"—which declarations have been made sweet unto my soul—and to a brief notice of these I would desire to lead you for a moment.

First—By Jeremiah (chap. xvii. 12.) "a glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary." Christ is God's throne—that is, God in Christ doth reveal his divine sovereignty, his absolute dominion, and almighty power. It is upon the throne that royalty manifests itself, so it is in Christ that God reveals his purpose, his mercy, his law, his love, and something of his glory.

Christ is not only here declared to be a throne, which of itself denotes the high dignity of his character, but to show that he is the Christ of God—yea, that he is very God—it is added, he is "a GLORIOUS HIGH THRONE FROM THE BEGINNING." How glorious he is, as the revealer of deity, and the fulfiller and magnifier of Jehovah's righteous law, and as the church's Mediator, Redeemer, and Husband, I cannot pretend to say. My mind fails to furnish me with words fully to

express the wondrous glory of that Person who is not only the Son given and the Prince of peace, but the mighty God and the everlasting Father. The whole of this is implied in that one expression, "a glorious high throne from the beginning." That he is the eternal God; and that from everlasting he was set up as head over all things unto the church, is by Jeremiah most solemnly declared.

The second scripture which has interested me, is 2 Chronicles ix. 17, 18, 19. This is most blessedly typical of the wondrous constitution of the Redeemer's Person, as also of his being the medium whereby God cometh down to man, and man goeth up to God.

This throne (2 Chron. ix. 17.) is said to be made of ivory, and overlaid with "pure gold." Here is the immortal purity and eternal permanency of the Redeemer's Person: ivory can receive nothing that can alter its original constitution. The Lord Christ, as the place of Jehovah's throne, is eternally holy, harmless, undefiled; and "the same yesterday, to day, and for ever."

This throne being overlaid with pure gold, bespeaks not only the rich glories of his person, but also the amazing love of his heart. Gold and love, being sometimes, in the Old Testament, synonymous.

"There were six steps to the throne." This points to the wondrous methods and means which God hath devised (as the woman of Tekoah said,) "that his banished should not be expelled from him." (2 Samuel xiv. 14.) The eternal God—in the redemption of his people, hath come down by sure and certain steps; and it doth seem clear to me, that it is by the same way that God came down to sinners, that sinners must go up to God: so, at least, the Psalmist speaks—"Righteousness shall go before him"—that was God in Christ coming down to raise up his fallen people:—and by these righteous acts he hath "SET US IN THE WAY OF HIS STEPS."—(Psalm lxxxv. 13.) Look, for one moment, at these wondrous steps.—

The first glorious step was the setting up of Christ, as our precious Lord has declared in Proverbs viii. 22—31. Oh, read again that heavenly account of Deity coming forth in a way of provision for salvation to his elect; and how comfortable was the sight which the Holy

Ghost gave Paul of this great transaction. "It pleased the Father, (says he, in setting up Christ as the Covenant Head,) that in him should all fulness dwell."

The second step was the putting all the elect into Christ by a covenant engagement: so our Lord declares, "Thine they were, and thou gavest them to me." Christ and the church both laid in the bosom of the Father from all eternity. When, therefore, Christ was set up for the church, then was the church herself brought forth and given to him—for, "both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are ALL OF ONE." Read a full account of this in Psalm lxxxix. 19th and following verses.

The third step was the wondrous incarnation of the Son of God: think over that mighty expression, "The word was MADE FLESH, and dwelt among us." In speaking of the incarnation of the Son of God, the writers seem to have searched for, dug out, and brought forth, various figures and expressions, whereby to define and declare it—but it is as though Paul knew it to be impossible fully to comprehend this wondrous combination, and bringing together of heaven and earth, therefore, like one fully determined on the point, he says, "without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness, GOD WAS MANIFEST IN THE FLESH." Who, but the Spirit of God, could have gathered up such an unsearchable fullness of divinity as is here contained in six words? "God was manifest in the flesh!"

The fourth step is Redemption by Christ: "he hath redeemed us from the curse of the law;" he hath redeemed us unto God; we are made nigh by the blood of Christ; oh, this is a step indeed! Ask—"Am I made nigh?"

The fifth step is the gift of the Holy Ghost, and all the essential branches of his work. We can no more get to heaven without the Spirit of Christ, than we can be cleansed and justified without the blood and righteousness of Christ.

The Spirit knows for whom the Saviour bled;
He comes to raise them from among the dead;
He takes of Christ—his righteousness reveals;
And on the sinner's conscience full remission seals.

The sixth step is the dispensation and application of the word: whereby, under the Spirit's teaching, God's elect are led into all essential truth.

By these very steps the church of the living God are brought again from the

grave of sin, and from the ruin of the fall. In these heavenly places they sit together with Christ; his word comes into the sinner's heart with power; and by this "law of the spirit they are made free from the law of sin and death:" they receive the atonement: by a living faith they embrace and adore the person of Christ: the secret of the Lord is with them, and he shews unto them his covenant; here they enter into rest by a happy inwrought persuasion, that whom God did foreknow, he also did predestinate; and that whom he did predestinate, them he also calls, justifies, and glorifies. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Jeremiah seems to take a solemn survey of this throne, and of the sinner's ascent by it, when he says—"O, Lord, I know that it is not in man that walketh, to direct his steps" Oh, no; salvation is of the Lord.

The third Scripture which I notice is in Isaiah xxii. 23, 24,—“He shall be for a glorious throne to his father's house; and they shall hang upon him all the glory of his father's house.” Whether a living and believing sinner be blessed with a large or only a small measure of grace, it will bring him unto Christ, and upon Christ will he hang all the glory of his soul's hope and salvation.

Both under the Old and New Testaments, there were clear and blessed revelations of Christ as “the place of God's throne.” The vision which Isaiah had, under the Old Testament, seems to prefigure that solemn and distant view, which the church has of Christ on the throne—"I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple; then said I woe is me for I am undone." It is thus that the Holy Ghost revealeth Christ in the hearts of redeemed sinners: and these are the self-loathing views which the Lord's people have of themselves when Christ in his sovereignty and glory is discovered unto them.

John's vision of Christ upon the throne, (Rev. iv.) is descriptive of that holy rest, and familiar nearness which the church triumphant in glory shall have; each vessel of mercy shall have his seat; and sitting around the throne, shall worship him that liveth for ever, and ever, casting their crowns before his throne.

**The Goodness, Mercy, and Long-suffering Forbearance of a Covenant
God towards JAMES MASON.**

(*Minister of the Gospel, Sunning-dale, Sunning-hill, Berkshire.*)

(*Continued from p. 147.*)

I CANNOT forget here, one instance of God's providential goodness towards me—I arrived at St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, about a week after I left London, a mere beggar, living on the bounty of those whose hearts God inclined to relieve my necessities; having passed through St. Ives, I sat down under a hedge, and prayed to God to direct me what road to take to get employment. I then got up and walked about a mile, and in a field saw some men and women at work weeding; I stopped and looked at them, when one of the men called to me, and I went to him; he asked if I wanted a job? I told him I should be most glad of one, at anything that I could do; when he set me to work at pulling up weeds, and I wrought with him for eight days. If ever I felt grateful for anything, in my life, it was for this mercy, for, humanly speaking, it was the means of saving me and my child from starvation.

After this, I wandered again in search of employment, but without success. I really thought God had set a mark upon me, as he did upon Cain of old, and that I was doomed to be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; that every body could see what I was, and shunned me, as a condemned sinner; that I should drag along a miserable existence through life, and that hell would be my portion at last.

In the early part of July I returned to London again, to try what I could do, once more, there; vowing if I could once more get employment, I would become an altered man. Upon my arrival, I found my wife had broken up our little home, had sold part of our goods to pay some debts we had contracted, and had gone to her sister's; but the wife of my bosom was turned against me; she refused to see me, and her sister shut the door in my face; I stood alone; I had not a friend on earth. I stopped in London only three days; and what I endured those three days, I never shall be able to tell. Oh, what a precious scripture this is to my soul, (John xvii. 2.) "Thou hast given him power over all flesh." Oh, if it had not been for the power of Jesus Christ, what would not this hand that now writes, have perpetrated! I came to London with a heart full of good resolutions, but from the treatment I received my mind became the scene of one awful storm; and though I felt amidst it, it was treatment I but too

justly deserved, yet such was the exasperation of my mind, that could I have got to see my wife, after she refused to see me, (humanly speaking,) I should have murdered her; I was tempted to murder my child, destroy myself, and put a finish to my career of sorrow in this world. Nothing but the power of God could have upheld me, and brought me through this awful storm, and bless his name he did, and I am the living, this day to praise him. On the morning of the fourth day I determined to leave London, there was no shelter for me there, yet I knew not where to go. I went into St. James's park; there was a band playing; I followed the music to Palace-yard, foolishly thinking it would abate the storm within; but music had lost its charms on me; I turned away in disgust, and wept; a soft feeling came over my mind, my heart was drawn to pray to God; I felt what I had never felt before, I felt relief in telling him all my guilt, all my sorrow, all my woe, all my trouble; the storm in my feelings passed away, a calm came over my mind, and I cried "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" when I heard a voice, saying, "Return by the way which thou camest." I turned round to see who spake to me, but no one was near me but my child, who was crying by my side, to see the tears roll down my cheeks; I asked her if she heard any one speak? but she told me no; but I still heard the voice; it was within me: "Return by the way which thou camest;" what could it mean? When all the events, and more than I have recorded, came to my mind, till the mind arrived, at the period of the death of Mark, and the first thought God fastened on my conscience—Where did I come from? Wantage, by the way of Watlington; "Return by the way which thou camest." I felt I had the mind of God, and the direction of God, which way to take, and immediately struck across Hyde-park for the Uxbridge road, to proceed to Watlington, begging my way; when I arrived within two miles of Watlington, I opened a gate, and went into a retired corner of a field, and sat down under a bank; what I felt I cannot tell; but I was completely heart-broken; I wept before God and confessed my sins, but begged of the Lord to appear for me; the enemy of my soul told me it was presumption to pray; and I feared it was, but such was now the state of my

mind, I could no more help praying than I could help breathing. I had felt before that I could no more pray than I could create a world; and I have been brought into states and feelings, many times, since, where it appeared impossible for me to dare to pray; but when the God of my salvation is pleased to bless me with the spirit and power of prayer, my soul can wrestle with God, and I find I know something of the feelings of one of old, when he said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me," and whenever I have been blessed with these seasons, I have always found the God of my mercies has revealed himself to me, as a God hearing, and answering prayer. How long I there sat before the Lord, I know not, but I know I arose relieved in mind, and believing God would appear for me, but I found something within opposing and contradicting this belief; telling me that it was presumption, and delusion, that I was going mad, that these were the fancies of a disordered brain. Thus, amidst the conflict of believing, and unbelieving, I arrived at Watlington, and to the praise of the God of my mercies be it spoken, the Lord appeared for me, and gave me a week's work; gratitude and praise for the mercy, flowed spontaneously from my poor heart, mingled with cries for mercy to me a poor guilty sinner. I was led to take a review of the events of this twelve-month, now nearly expired, and I could not but believe, that by these events, as means in the hand of God, a poor blaspheming infidel was brought to know there was a God; and that I was a sinner, I was made to feel; and yet, notwithstanding all my sin, this God heard and answered prayer; and this one thing kept me from black despair.

Having finished my work at Watlington, I proceeded on my road to Wantage, believing that God would appear for me there, yet fearing amidst that belief, lest he should not. Well, by the good hand of God upon me, I arrived in Wantage in the month of July, having been absent just about twelve months, when what was my surprise, to find that my old master received me with every kindness imaginable, restored me to my former situation in the shop, and, seeing I was deeply in trouble, used every means in his power, to make me comfortable; but he knew nothing of the wounds within, they were still locked as a secret betwixt God and my own soul; and had I have told him I was in such a state of mind, no human power could have rendered me any assistance; and had I have opened my mind to him, he could not have understood me, being only, what is termed amongst men, a good moral man; but this testimony I will bear of him, had I been his own brother he could not have received me

kinder, or have acted kinder to me than he did, upon this and many other occasions. Oh, how I have seen that the hearts of all men, are in the hands of the God of my mercies, and that he turneth them like rivers of water, withersoever he will. This man was the instrument of a great providential deliverance; but I was forced to look beyond the instrument to the God of my mercies. But providential deliverances did not satisfy my soul. I wanted a deliverance above, and beyond all this.

MR. MASON'S SECOND LETTER.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—I again sit down to give you a further account of the way the dear Lord hath led me in the wilderness, and guided me into his precious truth, and I feel my need of wisdom from above to direct me, in laying before you this account; that I may not be allowed to exaggerate on the one hand, neither keep back ought that would be for the glory of God, the exalting of his grace, and the good of his church; but to lay before you the unvarnished truth, as the Lord hath taught it me, and as he shall condescend to bring it to my remembrance.

I closed my first with what I call, and must call his most wonderful and mysterious deliverance, which he wrought for me, in again giving me employment in Wantage in July, 1832; and, though I ever desire to draw a line of distinction betwixt providential deliverances, and soul deliverances, yet I cannot slight, yea, dare not treat with indifference, the providential mercies of the God of my salvation; and ever since he hath opened my blind eyes, I have loved to be enabled to trace his hand as the God that hath fed me all my life long unto the present moment, and I find providential deliverances so closely connected with soul deliverances, that they have appeared to me as a wheel within a wheel, to bring about the mighty purposes of Jehovah, which he purposed in himself, before the world was; and the effect this deliverance produced in my mind, was to bring me to see, and to feel, that I was a sinner against a good, a kind, and a gracious God; and in this light my sins and transgressions appeared of a ten-fold more aggravated nature; I dared no longer fight against the light, nor strive against what I knew was the irresistible work of God in my heart; and though I made no profession of religion and did not dare, and went to no place of worship, yet my soul was wrestling with God for mercy, and confessing my sins, iniquities and transgressions; and though this was all within, all without, who knew me before, could see I was completely an altered man. The first time I ever spoke of the fire that burnt within, was on this wise:—

One evening, as my custom was after I had done work, I went to take a walk; for if anything yielded me any comfort, at this period of misery, it was a lonely walk, to muse over my sorrows, and in many of these walks, oh, with what different eyes, have I gazed on the works of creation, to what I had ever done before. Every thing conspired to proclaim there is a God, and all joined to condemn me as a sinner against him. I have listened to the singing of the birds, the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the oxer, and every thing seemed to have a voice, to praise the Maker of all; and I had been that blind, dark, benighted fool, to deny his existence. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." But I was more ignorant than the ox, and more stupid than the ass. Well, in one of these walks, one of my shopmates overtook me, and after some common place talk, he observed, "Jemmy, I think you are in great trouble of mind, and I have observed you are quite silent with respect to your principles of infidelity; and politics you have dropped altogether." I stood stock still in the road, and I answered, "Billy, I once thought I was a wise man, and knew everything; but now I know I am a fool, and know nothing. God hath turned me inside out, since I was at Wantage last, and that is all I can tell you, for my heart is full;" and he could get no more out of me; my mouth was stopped, I had a yoke upon my jaws and could proceed no further. I now come to another eventful period in my experience.

I had been about two months in Wantage, when I heard of a man of the name of Tiptaft, a minister who had left the establishment, and had become a dissenter, and on Sunday, Sept. 23rd, was coming to Grove, a village about a mile from Wantage, to preach; somehow or other, I felt a desire to hear this man preach; and when the day arrived, I walked in the morning to Grove, and stood outside the chapel and listened, for I did not go in. Nothing particular struck my attention, only that Mr. Tiptaft was a very loud speaker; I came home to dinner; and an irresistible something prompted me to go to Grove again in the afternoon; and this time I ventured inside the chapel; after they had sung an hymn, Mr. Tiptaft read the 34th of Ezekiel. I marked he read it in a solemn and impressive manner, and it seemed to me a chapter I had never heard nor seen in the Bible; he prayed and preached, and again nothing particular struck my attention. I went home, and had some tea; and Grove so held my mind, I was constrained to go again at night, when nothing laid hold of me till Mr. Tiptaft read his text—1 Cor. iii. 13. "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare

it; because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." The text was no sooner read than it dropped into my soul as the word of God; (not the word of man,) "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing assunder of soul and spirit; and of the joints and marrow," and it was a discerner of the thoughts and intents of my heart; this sermon was a fiery sermon, that cut me up root and branch; stripped me naked and bare; a guilty sinner before the naked eye of God, before whom all things are naked and opened, and what appeared to me most strange, was, that Mr. Tiptaft in describing the fiery work of God in stripping a sinner, bringing him in guilty, and causing him to cry for mercy, entered into some of the very feelings of my heart, and described the things that passed in secret betwixt God and my poor soul, so that the secrets of my heart were made manifest; and I was compelled to declare that God was in the man of a truth.

This sermon produced three effects in my soul, which amidst all the changes my soul has gone through, from that day to this, nothing hath been able to efface:—

First:—It brought me into deeper soul trouble.

Second:—From that very night the poor infidel has become a chapel goer, from downright necessity; sometimes to hear what God the Lord shall speak concerning me; sometimes with a desire to get food for my never dying soul; sometimes, feeling my ignorance, I have gone with the desire to be instructed in the things of God; sometimes feeling that I was carnal, sensual, and devilish, and satan telling me, it was of no use to go; but all his temptations, and all the sin of my nature, hath not been able to hold me back; and "having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day."

Third:—From that very night, I have been a Bible reader from necessity; a searcher of the Scriptures, if so be there might be hope. I went home and borrowed a Bible, (for now I really wanted one; I had not got one to call my own;) I took it up stairs into my bed-room, opened it, and found the text—"the fire shall try every man's work"—was written with letters as a sun-beam, not only in the Bible, but in my soul. And now my work was tried; solemn work it was; my iniquity was found out to be hateful; my work was nothing but sin, iniquity, transgression, and rebellion; the language of my soul, was, "Woe is me, for I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips," unclean heart, unclean life, unclean walk and conversation; rottenness entered into my bones, my lips quivered, my belly

trembled, and I feared hell and destruction would be my portion, and I began to see and feel that God would be just in cutting off such a wretch, and consigning me to eternal damnation. I turned, and read first in one part of the Bible, and then in another; but I read nothing, could see nothing, but my own condemnation; At last I turned to the chapter Mr. Tiptaft read in the afternoon, (Ezekiel 34th.) I read it; it seemed to me a most wonderful chapter; it seemed to speak of people, under the figure of sheep, of whom God was very careful, and it contained the declaration of the Lord God, that he would feed the fat and strong with judgment; and I placed myself amongst them. I had been fat in sin, and strong in rebellion against God; and now he was about to feed me with judgment; here in time, and hereafter to all eternity; I found it spoke, also, of a glorious person, by the name of David, as the one shepherd, whom the Lord God would set over his sheep, whom I considered were good people, and this one shepherd, Jesus Christ; and my soul thrilled within me on account of my awful blasphemies against his precious name, and I shut the book in black despair. But oh, since the dear Lord hath in distinguishing mercy, opened to my mind something of the precious contents of that sacred portion of the word of God, how it hath rejoiced my heart, to find that the Lord himself hath engaged to seek, that which was lost; and my soul can shout this moment while I write—

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.”

How it hath rejoiced my poor heart to know that he himself hath engaged to bring back that which was driven away; a poor sinner, like me, driven away in the cloudy and dark day; stumbling upon the dark mountains of sin and presumption; but through mighty, victorious grace, he brought me to himself, how it hath rejoiced my heart to know that he himself hath engaged to bind up that which was broken; he brought me, a broken hearted sinner at his feet, and he sent his word and healed me. How it hath rejoiced my heart to find he himself hath engaged to strengthen that which was sick; he made me sick of the service of satan, sick of sin, me sick of self, sick of the profane world, its pleasures, its maxims, and its customs, sick of the professing, and hypocritical world, and strengthened me with his salvation; and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted.

JAMES MASON.

(To be Continued.)

Some further Account of the Experience of JOHN MATE.

(Continued from p. 139.)

ANOTHER favorite motto of his was this—“Except ye professed Israelites do measure the exact standard which I have by me, ye shall each one of you share the same fate as the worshippers of Baal;” so exceeding warm was his zeal. But leaving this gentleman to his exploits, let us take a view of the scene which followed after him. The bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness upon my soul was not yet suspended, nor the embraces of the heavenly Bridegroom withdrawn—

“The day flew swiftly o'er my head,
The nightly minutes gently mov'd.”

The outward commotions being somewhat abated, there appeared a prospect of a fair and pleasant journey all the remainder of the way home to glory; nothing seemed to obscure the sky, either from within or from without; I did not seem to know anything, (at least, next to nothing,) of the “law of sin which was in my members;” nor of its striving against the law in my mind. No, the knowledge of this was reserved for another day. The sum total of what I then knew of vital and experimental godliness, is comprised in these few following particulars, viz., I knew by happy experience, that the burden of guilt which had so long laid heavy upon my conscience was now removed by the sin-atoning blood of the Lamb of God, and that I was no longer under fear of wrath and condemnation on account of sin, it being drowned in the purple sea of Christ's precious blood. I also found that this knowledge produced blessed effects, for that it caused my inmost soul to dance as it were for joy, and to approach very near the sacred throne of my reconciled God and Father with holy boldness, in and through Jesus Christ, the only way of access; and this, at times, with such freedom and liberty, as though I was conversing with an earthly friend, but not with levity or lightness. Oh, no; but with the most profound solemnity; as though all the whole universe were standing to witness the transaction going on between God and my immortal soul. I also know that this was attended with an inexpressible token of the tender

mercy and lovingkindness of my God; and that it caused my heart to burn with sacred flames of love to God, in Christ, and to desire earnestly to walk with a tender conscience in his fear. I also found another effect following hard after this, which was an union, a love, and attachment to all such as I happened to fall in with, who knew anything of the same experience for themselves; and I have cause to bless God that I did meet with some to whom I could open my mind upon these solemn things, and this not in a speculative way, for I seemed at this time to shun a light and trifling spirit in religion, as much as I would shun the devil. Little as I was then acquainted with professors I did very clearly perceive this trifling spirit to prevail among some of whom I was led to expect great things: it was therefore chiefly within these limits, that the knowledge I then had of spiritual things was bounded; it was immaterial with me at this time by what denomination professors were called, for I knew them not after this manner; I knew no man but as he knew something of Christ: the indifference shewn to denominations manifested by me at this time, may be attributed to my being entirely ignorant of the nature of anything of an outward description attended to among dissenters, but the time very shortly arrived, when I was no longer to remain ignorant of these things; for having now for some few months attended on the outward means of grace, among a few of the Lord's people alternately at Ashford and Bra-bourne, I began by degrees to discover the principles and sentiments which they were led to embrace and to profess; having had some conversation with them upon these points: and thus having obtained particular information of these outward things, I found the definition of them to be thus:—"A society of protestant dissenters called 'Particular Baptists,' maintaining the doctrine of the one living, and true God, three equal Persons in the God-head; eternal, and personal election; original sin; particular redemption; free justification, by the imputed righteousness of Christ; regeneration, conversion, and sanctification, by the Spirit and grace of God; the gospel, a

perfect rule of conduct for all believers; the final perseverance of the saints; the resurrection of the body to eternal life; the future judgment; the eternal happiness of the righteous, and everlasting misery of such as die impenitent; and practising baptism by immersion, to such only as are of years of understanding, upon their own confession of 'repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

It now became a matter of deep concern with me, to know if these principles and sentiments were true, or if they had Scripture foundation to rest upon; and in order to come to some decision upon this matter, I was found eagerly searching the Word of God; something like the Bereans of old, (Acts xvii. 11,) who "searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so?"—Whether the things which the apostles spake were true; and truly I was no more ready to give implicit evidence to these sentiments upon the testimony of men, than these noble Bereans were; but was ready to make answer and say to those who maintained them—"Sirs, ye bring strange things to mine ears; I would know, therefore, what these things mean;" and this enquiry became more deep and close on account of these sayings embodying that idea of God's having an elect people. This, together with some other views of doctrine closely connected with it, I could not at all relish, much less digest: so that it may be concluded I was not converted from a churchman to a dissenter in a day or a week, or even in a year: this change of plan, people, and sentiment, was not like unto one jumping off from one train, and on to another, and then off full speed again. Oh no; it was not after this manner; it was something more like unto one striving with all his might, to squeeze through a narrow place, which after much labour and toil was at last accomplished. For although stubborn facts had constrained me to believe that the Lord had wrought a great deliverance for me, and that he would not suffer me to return to the camp of Hagar, the bond woman; nor to have any more fellowship with her children: (Gal. iv. 30, 31.) yet during that space of time between June, 1835, and June,

1837, these things were a matter of perplexity and confusion to my mind; often causing me earnestly to seek for wisdom, counsel, and direction from above; and in the midst of this continual searching the scriptures attended with prayer, I am sure if there had been any the least ground to object to the doctrine of God's eternal election of a people in the person of his beloved Son to eternal life and salvation in him, I should have withstood it with all the powers and faculties that an immortal soul can possess; but so far from this being the case, the more I was found examining the Word of God, the more I was convinced of these two things, namely, that election was a truth running through the whole of the Scriptures, and that the carnal mind was at enmity with this truth. And it appeared that the Lord was determined to confirm and establish my soul in this; for it so happened that the late Mr. Tappenden once let fall the following remark while engaged in preaching; he said, "man in his natural unregenerated state is seeking salvation by the deeds of that law which his carnal mind is at enmity with; which is a solemn proof of the total blindness and ignorance of his mind to the things of God."

This saying served as it were to clench the nail which was driven as hard up as it could well be; and the effect was, it took such fast hold that it could not be easily removed from its place. This thing, therefore, would be rolling over and over in my mind—"the carnal mind enmity with God," until it became so fixed there, like "a nail in a sure place," and the necessary conclusion was this, that all that aversion which I found in my mind to these truths, and the reason I could not embrace them, was because "the carnal mind was enmity with God," and with his truth; and consequently a mighty struggle arose in the mind at the time when they were first introduced to my view. From these things it will appear evident that I was not found advocating the doctrines of grace, until the same doctrines had laid hold upon my mind, with an irresistible power which it was impossible for me to withstand—"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

(To be Continued.)

A True Description of that which is called Gospel Preaching in these days.

A CORRESPONDENT from one of the provinces, in the course of a lengthened letter, says:—"You ask in your's 'Is truth spreading your way?' In answer to this, I cannot say that it is, for out of the ten or twelve chapels which is in the town which is about two miles from where I reside, I do not find it to be so, for at the best of places, I do not find that the Lord Jesus Christ is savourily and unctuously preached. I find, through the help of the memory, a dictionary, and a concordance, they can scrape together a great many sermons that are swallowed down very eagerly by poor, light, flimsy professors, but to me their sermons are little else but barrenness; and very often after hearing their best sermons, I go away more distressed in me than before I entered the chapel. I fear that the parsons do not know much of a Christ within, or they would preach him with more holy zeal, warmth, and feeling of love than they do. I think I can see which way their zeal, and warmth of feelings lead them, and that is to try all possible means to get as large a living for their preaching as they can. There is a Mr. —, who according to some writings of his which I have by me used twenty years ago or upwards, to preach the truth in an accommodating and unhesitating manner; but now it is all as easy and smooth as an old glove; he has been endeavouring for this few years past to get a living by preaching in —, but now he finds it impossible to get £150 a year any longer, therefore it is he has been having recourse to tea parties, and anniversaries, to make up his money, and some of his poor hearers have been complaining very much about his being so keen after money, saying they could not afford it, as it made them "deny themselves necessaries in the family."

I hear occasionally at the old Baptist chapel in —, where I stand a member at present, there is a person preaches there of the name of —, says but very little, if anything, about God's discriminating grace in his preaching; and I fear this is to accommodate his hearers, and in order to get a large company together, and thereby to increase his living; and most of the church are more careful (together with the parson,) to make a fair show in the flesh, than that God's discriminating, and unadulterated truth should be preached, and the church edified and built up on their most holy faith, and the glory of God alone advanced. This is plain to me, from things which I am acquainted with amongst them; which make

it appear to me that they (though they profess to be more decided for the truth than any beside in the town,) that they are seeking honour of the professing churches round them, and therefore not the honour which comes from God only.

I expect that I am a speckled bird amongst them; and if they were to strike me off the list I should not wonder; yet there is, I believe, some truly gracious persons among them; and where I see the true features of God's living children, I love those who possess them. I hope that there is something good in Mr. —, but his preaching rather starves, than feeds me; it is seldom that he can get into a text; the well is deep, and he seems to have nothing to draw with."

A COUNTRYMAN.

Ezra Coming out of Babylon.

(Continued from p. 35.)

BUT to return:—About this time I began to make sport of the Bible. O, bless the Lord, that I am not in hell, howling for a drop of water to cool my tongue; and a greater mercy it is, that I believe I shall never go there. Honours crown the dear brow of my most glorious Christ; and all ye that love him, ever sing — "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

At this time, the trade I followed began to fail, which was broad cloth weaving; I saw no prospect of any revival in the trade; my mind was led to pack up what little clothes I had, and to leave my native village and go and seek my fortune as it is called. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" My mind was directed to Bristol. I had an uncle that was very religious, and with him I went to chapel, although an enemy to God by wicked works; my first situation was at a baker's; and I was very good, as I thought, for a little time. But in about three weeks I soon deceived my friend; I went out on a Sunday instead of going to chapel, and every bait I was ready to catch at. My fellow sinners that I joined with, were ready for any action in sin, and I was more ready than they, for they soon found I was easy to do what they said, and I was soon their ringleader, and nothing was done without me. Sabbath-breaking was the first step; about ten or twelve of us

went to a place called Jack's Hole, in the rocks called Clifton Rock's, and there we gambled for hours. And one time, (O, I shall never forget it,) we were playing for money at "pitch and toss," and all of a sudden that word "Eternity" entered into my mind, and I looked up to see if the rock was falling on me, and I was constrained to leave my companions at gambling. I said to myself "I will never go there again." I soon got religious for a time; but it was like the clouds, it was soon gone. My friends soon began to shew me I was not to go there if I went on in my wicked ways; I promised I would be better, but I soon broke the bounds, and away I went on worse than ever. O, the depths of the riches of God's grace! Praise to his dear name that he would not let me die in my sins! but that he has taught me that I have salvation in Christ Jesus with eternal glory.

I soon had a situation in some Wine Vaults; here I began my old trade. I used to fill the bottles with spirits and carry them out in my pockets in open daylight: and in one instance I got two bottles of rum for my night revel, and instead of my drinking it myself, I gave it to two soldiers, and they drank the contents, and it made them raving mad, that they drew their swords and almost killed one man, and wounded others: they were tried by a Court Martial, one had fifty, and the other one hundred and fifty lashes. Oh, what has the sinner me done? I was one that took a part in the Bristol riots. O, the awful destruction I saw, and engaged in, no one knows but him that knows all hearts. When I look back, and see the fearful sights, numbers of my fellow sinners hurried into an eternal world by falling into the burning ruins some dead in the streets, others part of their limbs burnt off, and fifty houses, with other mansions, all in flames; the soldiers firing on the people, and others taken to prison: and four of my very companions in the riots hanged on the gallows, and me, the worst of all, left, and preserved to the present moment, I must again say, what hath God wrought!

(To be Continued.)

Christian Reformer.

"*John Calvin's Magazine.*"—London,
S. & J. Palmer.

MAGAZINES are as thick, and as numerous, in these days as omnibusses in the streets of London. The first number of "*John Calvin's Magazine,*" appeared on the first of July; the Editors say they have given it the above name because "those who hold the truth in its *purity*, are generally styled Calvinists." We feel grieved while we write the solemn fact, that we fear, yea, we are convinced that thousands hold some of the principal doctrines which Calvin contended for, and they are consequently called Calvinists, but as to holding the truth in its purity, we say it boldly, thousands of them are a disgrace to the doctrines which they profess to hold. Men that can lie, cheat, and defraud their neighbours; men that have the form of godliness on the Sunday, but deny its power all the week; men that can despise and ridicule, and set at nought the ordinances and precepts of Christ and the gospel, may style, and call themselves Calvinist, and may preach what are called Calvinistic doctrines, and publish Calvinistic books, but God's living family are no more to be deceived by all this, than God is to be mocked. Oh, no! what a man soweth that shall he also reap.

We by no means wish these remarks to be understood as applying in any measure to the proprietors and publishers of "*John Calvin's Magazine.*" We know nothing more of them, than is to be found in the work before us; from the Editors' remarks we make an extract or two, and leave our readers to judge for themselves, as to the amount of support to which this new candidate is entitled.

In an early part of the Address, the Editors say—

"Since the days of John Calvin, the church of God have strayed farther and farther from each other, and what we pray the great shepherd of the flock of Israel to do with us is, to take us in his hand, and to use us as his crook for the gathering back of his separated sheep from the mazes of party dispute, and sectarian controversy, causing them simply to be zealous for those doctrines essential to salvation, which the noble army of martyrs contended for, even to the death, let Reformation doctrines be dear to us as our

own souls—the doctrines of the Bible: but let us leave to men, who are destitute of the love of the brethren, all that contention for legalising observances and bigotted propensity towards external ordinances which now-a-day so disturb the peace of Jerusalem.

"If we be asked to what party we belong, we answer, We belong to that party who love and follow the Lamb. Can we be in better company?—We think not. We desire ever to be of that party who love the truth: 'the righteous nation that keepeth the truth.' We belong to that party who have ever been distinguished as a peculiar party; peculiar in their head, peculiar in their birth, peculiar in their education, peculiar in their constitution, peculiar in their doctrine, peculiar in their company, peculiar in their life, walk, and conversation, peculiar in their enemies, peculiar in their advancement, peculiar in their dying, peculiar in their death; in fact, so peculiar are they, that they are said in the apostles' days to be men who sought to turn the world upside down."

In closing up this introductory paper, the writer says—

"The ordinance of water baptism, whether administered to the infant seed of believing parents, or whether to be observed only by believers individually for themselves upon believing, will be a subject which will be altogether excluded from the pages of our work. On this point all quickened souls will agree, that the baptism of the Son of God, and the baptism with which the Holy Ghost baptizes, are the only baptisms essential to salvation. Church discipline is another non-essential matter on which every believer may lawfully judge, according to the light given him. Let the episcopalian be an episcopalian; let the presbyterian be a presbyterian; let the independent be an independent; let the baptist be a baptist; holding the truth, we can give the right-hand of fellowship to them all, and agree to be silent where God is so silent."

This is, certainly, a very broad, accommodating, please-every-body sort of an address: but we have no sympathy with that spirit which, for the sake of union, can sacrifice the holy ordinances of the gospel church. We shall watch the progress of this "*John Calvin's Magazine;*" and should its future numbers contain anything worth the notice of such as are friends to the whole truth, we shall inform them of the same.

We feel it would be unjust to our readers, as well as unjust to this modern John Calvin, if we did not notice the astounding announcement which he has made on the wrapper. He says—

We have it in contemplation to write out a few papers, the fruit of many months' experience upon those spiritual evidences, which the living experience of a child of God affords to those truths that are revealed in the word of God.....Great and learned men have written voluminously on the external evidences of Christianity, but hitherto the spiritual, internal evidences wrought by God in the soul, we believe have been left as a region unexplored."

There are two things in this marvellous notice. In the first place, some 'many months' experience' is to furnish

matter for these papers; from this we infer that young John Calvin is not yet a twelve-month old, in what is called "the divine life." His experience is not of many years, but many months. Well, well, we will not cavil about that, but come to the second thing. Young John Calvin says, "Great and learned men have written voluminously on the external evidences of Christianity: but hitherto the spiritual internal evidences wrought by God in the soul, *we believe*, (says this young John Calvin,) have been left as a region unexplored."

Very well, John: then you mean to say, that this region of an internal experience has not been hitherto explored—neither by the Holy Ghost, in the perfect word of God; nor in all the writings and preachings of Goodwin, Owen, Bunyan, Newton, Romaine, Hawker, Huntington, Gadsby, and thousands of other good and great men, of ancient and modern times? You tell us plainly, John, that good and great men have written voluminously on external evidences—"but hitherto, the spiritual internal evidences wrought by God in the soul, *have been left as a region unexplored!*" Why, young John Calvin, you completely stagger us. What! are we to take all the mighty and glorious works, which God's servants have written on the New Birth; on the travail of the soul; on its agonies under the law; on its wrestlings with, groanings after, and weepings before a holy God; on its hopes and fears; its joys and sorrows; its ultimate deliverance; and on the pardon of sin sealed home upon the conscience by the blood of Christ—are we to take all these and throw them away?—saying these men never yet entered, or explored the region of a Christian's experience? Oh, no, John: your young brains have carried you too far. Nevertheless, we shall see, if we live, how far you may be able to do, what all other men have left undone. We cannot leave this notice of you, however, without cautioning you to take heed to your ways. You have "made full proof" of your foolishness, weakness, presumption and pride. John Calvin, (the younger,) has done what some would-be-ministers are doing in our day. He has taken the name of a great man;

but he has evidently no part of his mind: so with these would-be-preachers, they go and hear great men, until they learn their habit, drink in their spirit, and gather up some of their matter, and then away they go to work with this borrowed axe.

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Narrative of the Life and Experience of William Harris, Minister of the Gospel, at Hailsham and Lewes, Sussex.

THE Holy Ghost, by David, in the 145th Psalm, says—"Men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts, and declare thy greatness: one generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts." In the preaching of the everlasting gospel: in the publication of the dealings of God with his people, and in the spiritual communion which saints have, one with another, these blessed predictions are most wonderfully fulfilled, so that we boldly say, the publication of narratives like the one now before us, is not by chance, but is among the all things whereby the Lord is accomplishing his own most holy and righteous will.

We have in a previous number noticed both the tribulations, and the triumphs of which William Harris has been the subject. The work is published in London by Palmers, and is calculated to be exceedingly useful, to the living family of the eternal God.

William Harris was evidently designed of God to be a preacher of that word which had been made the power of God unto his own salvation. We come therefore to look a little at the movements and circumstances by which this event was brought about. First, he says,

"I could not help longing for an opportunity of telling to others,

* What a dear Saviour I had found.*

and what he had done for my soul. I wished to encourage them also to seek that precious Jesus, whom I had found to my soul's unspeakable comfort, and considered myself justified in so doing.

* * * * *

"In the course of time I heard of a Mr. Jenkins, a minister at Lewes, and though many strange things were reported of him, and of his doctrine too, yet I could but believe, from what I

had heard stated by some, whom I judged spake impartially of him, that he was acquainted with the path in which the Lord had led me, and I became very anxious to hear him. Accordingly I went one Saturday evening to see a man whom I knew to be a regular attendant on Mr. Jenkins' ministry, to ask him if he thought of going to Lewes on the following day, to which he replied he did, and we agreed to walk together. So at the appointed time we commenced our journey, and we had not travelled far, before he addressed me in the following manner:—

“William, I have often seen you in great trouble, but now you appear to be very happy. I replied that I had been in great trouble, fearing that I should be for ever lost, and on account of it I could neither work by day nor rest at night. * * * My sins, and the wickedness of my abominable evil heart, were so continually before me, that I had been tempted to put an end to my existence. He then, and very naturally, inquired, how I had been delivered from my trouble? I told him that the Lord in his mercy had appeared for me, and wrought saving faith in my soul, shed abroad his love in my heart in such measure and manner, that I was completely lost in it; and that I had also had such a sight of my dear Lord and Saviour, in all his sufferings, that I should never forget. That he had assured me that all my sins were forgiven me for his sake, that I was a chosen vessel of mercy, that he had set his everlasting love upon me before I was born, that he had called me by his grace, and when I arrived at the end of my pilgrimage, I should enjoy that heaven, and that happiness, which he had prepared for me. He assured me that the love which I at that time enjoyed, was nothing in comparison to that which I should enjoy in the world to come, and further, that he had ordained me to preach his ever-blessed gospel.

“At my relation of these things the man appeared quite amazed, and asked how I could see the Lord? I told him he was revealed to me, and at the time I knew not whether I was in the body or out of it; and he seemed much pleased with my simple but honest detail.

“At length we arrived at Lewes, and went into Jireh Chapel, and I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Jenkins describe my feelings most minutely, when I was under the law, and the same under the gospel, which quite delighted my soul: this was a short time only before Mr. Jenkins discontinued to preach on account of the illness whereof he sometime afterwards died.

“When we came out of the chapel, my fellow traveller observed to me that Mr. J. had then preached just what I had been relating as we were walking along in the morning; and he certainly did with great feeling.” * * * *

“We arrived at our homes in the evening, and a happy day it had been with my poor soul. All the doctrines which I have before mentioned have never had a place in my heart since, and I am persuaded never will: but it grieves me to relate, that my companion appeared to lose all his religion before he died, while I am spared a monument of the Lord's mercy.

About this time I altered my situation in life, and by so doing I was brought into much darkness of mind, and experienced sorely the hidings of God's face, for I asked not counsel of the Almighty to direct me in so important an affair.” * * * *

“Corruptions began to boil up like a pot, discontentment prevailed, and everything seemed out of order; the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life predominated, and, in fact, every evil which I had before considered slain, began mightily to prevail; and I found the apostle's words to be true, in Gal. v. 17. * * * One night in particular, satan hurled such fiery darts of temptation into my mind, as I dare not mention, but it well nigh drove me to distraction. At another time he endeavoured to insinuate to me, that there was no God; but here through mercy, I was enabled to withstand him. I told him boldly I knew that there was a God, for he had delivered me from great and sore troubles, and not only so, but that he had made known to me, and that in the most confirmatory manner, that he had pardoned all my sins; that he had removed my transgressions, as far as the east is from the west; that he had set his everlasting

and electing love upon me, and that nothing should be able to separate his love from me, which was in Christ Jesus my Lord. But notwithstanding, satan, nothing weary, (ah! an unwearied enemy indeed he is,) suggested that the scriptures were not the word of God, nothing more than a cunningly devised fable. But here also, through divine assistance being communicated to me, by my ever adorable God and Saviour, I was enabled to rebut this his temptation, and told him, I knew, that the scriptures were the word of God, for he had applied many passages to my soul with much energy and power. Still he kept injecting his fiery darts into my mind, until one Sabbath day, when I went to Lewes to hear a gentleman of the name of Hudson, preach at Jireh Chapel, Lewes, where he officiated for Mr Jenkins. On the road * * I overtook a man whom I knew, and with him I freely entered into conversation, and I told him that if I had not lost my senses, I was greatly afraid that I should. But he opened the scriptures to me, and threw such light upon them, as enabled me to see the craft of satan, that I bantered him in such a manner, as to make him flee before me, which surely was of the Lord. When I arrived at Lewes, I enjoyed much calmness of mind under the discourse, and in a measure got grounded, as to the devices of satan."

How solemn are the exercises of a child of God, after pardoning love has been revealed in the soul! Oh, how dreadful are the corruptions of our nature! How powerful, and how palatable the temptations of the devil, in and towards our wicked hearts; so that certain we are, no measure of spiritual enjoyment, love, and liberty, before realised, can ever be a barrier against the rushings in of satan, nor the painful workings of a deceitful heart.

William Harris now became the subject of sharper conflicts than ever, preparatory to his being called into the ministry; but our notice of them must be deferred for the next number.

Mr. Balfour's Sermons.

WE tell you what it is, Master Balfour— if you think you are called upon to print

and to publish, and to advertise your Sermons, we think you ought not to lay it on so thick in the price. Only think! — three-pence, for what they call a Sermon—making little more than seven pages of large type. We declare, it is too bad! A penny is the utmost that ought to be charged. But the reader will say the *quantity* has nothing to do with the price—it is the *quality*. Well, then, let us look at what it is Mr. Balfour says.

"The Archangel's Trump."

That is the striking title of one of these threepenny books—and when you have read the title and the text, and a few portions of scripture strung together, you have read all that is worthy of a moment's notice—in fact there is nothing else. Not an original idea is to be found—not a feature of christian experience traced out—not an atom of scripture opened from beginning to end. Oh, Mr. Balfour, it is too bad to make the people pay three pence for such a make-out-sort of a sermon as this. We should hope some kind friend will persuade you not to push off your dried and cut sermons at so dear a rate.

"The Keys delivered to Peter."

This is another attracting title to a common place, uninteresting tract. We do not say, Mr. Balfour has not written and published truth: we find he has a concordance, and knows how to use it: he reads Scott and Doddridge, and can make extracts from them. All this is very well in sermon-making; but we do protest against putting flaming titles to empty tracts, and making the people pay for them at so dear a rate.

Droppings from Hermon.

Original Hymns by John Eedes. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

WHAT a contrast there often is between the *title* and the *contents* of many works that are published! "*Droppings from Hermon!*" "*Droppings from Hermon*"—"why," (we said to ourselves,) "that is a sweet little title; dare say John Eedes is a very spiritual man; and these hymns are the breathings of his soul; so we sent for the book; and here it is before us. A little better than thirty small pages for six-pence. "What is the Author's motive?" say you, "for publishing this dear little hymn book?"

Don't know; cannot pretend to say; only that "a wish has been expressed that they should appear in print." This wish has been complied with; and they are *nice little* hymns enough: but we have been looking for something a little out of the way; we hoped to find a few pieces that might be worth transcribing: but whether it is a want of judgment, and discernment on our part; or a want of real sterling value, on the Author's part, we cannot say; but while we find nothing to condemn in them; we see nor feel nothing to move us to urge the reader to do as we have done—give six-pence for the book.

—

A Faith's View of Christ, as the express Image of God.

By C. S.—London: James Paul.

THIS is a sterling piece of divinity: and is evidently the production of a mind that has been deeply rooted in this all-essential branch of Gospel-truth, THE GODHEAD OF CHRIST. Here are twenty-four pages (for two-pence) filled with an interesting contention for, and a simple elucidation of the truth as it is in Jesus. It is a tract well suited for general distribution; we could wish many thousands of them might be circulated through the length and breadth of the land.

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"The Great Charter of Zion, or Jesus all in all:" the substance of a Sermon by William Felton, Minister of the Gospel, at Zion Chapel, Deptford, Kent.—London: Highams.

THIS is certainly a discourse which displays considerable ministerial ingenuity; and some natural talent; the great fundamental gospel truth that "Jesus Christ is all *for his people*, and all *in his people*, is declared and set out with clearness and decision. We should, certainly, have been glad to have found more mention made of the blessed Spirit's work in the souls of sinners, without whom, Christ can never be savingly known; without whom Jesus' name, and blood, his person, work, and righteousness can never be experimentally dear. Mr. Felton says, "there are not a few who seem to glory in our Saviour's standing for us, but almost reject his dwelling in us; they talk like parrots about justification, but sanctification seems shut out of their creed."

Alas! it is too true: we have, ourselves, heard the people of God called "fools for looking for a Christ *within them*." "There is but one Christ, (says the great man,) and he is in heaven; and that is where you must look."—This is true, as far as it goes; but something more must be said upon the subject

or such an abstract ministry will be well calculated to strengthen that herd of hypocrites and unclean professors which now so thickly abound. We do solemnly believe that the ministry which stands in the power of God, will contend as earnestly for the essential work of the Holy Ghost within the sinner, as it will for the eternal redemption accomplished by Christ for the sinner. The following extract is a fair specimen of the pleasing style by which, in a few words, Mr. Felton comprehends and advances rich clusters of eternal truth:

"There is a vital association in every act of our redeeming Brother:—he represents to redeem; he redeems to deliver; he delivers to bring to himself. No heart yields, until he breaks in upon it; no eye weeps until Jesus touches it. Whatever he does, is done effectually and for ever. Thus as his representation is infallible, so we read his redemption is eternal; and the same is said of his salvation:—the saved must therefore endure, because Jesus is all their life; all their righteousness; all their holiness; all their fitness to come before God; all their strength to grapple with foes and fears; all their wisdom to teach them the good and the right way. As a priest he lives to save to the uttermost; as a prophet he has skill to instruct us in all our difficulties; as a king, he takes possession of his purchased throne. All grace is in him for his represented ones, and from his mediatorial fulness, shall every member receive, and grace for grace."

—

Review of Mr. Elven's Pamphlet.

(Continued from p. 129.)

"If Baptists exclude unbaptised believers from their communion table, they ought to exclude unbaptised preachers from their pulpits." Allowing that in the *occasional* interchange of pulpits, which occur between baptised, and sprinkled brethren in the ministry, both parties are in the wrong, still practical contempt of the Lord's ordinance of immersion would not be justified. Two wrongs can never make a right. But we dispute the soundness of Mr. Elven's position. Baptists do NOT EXCLUDE their independent friends from the table. They *exclude themselves* by their refusal to comply with New Testament terms of Communion; and it is hard usage of the poor Baptists to charge them with that which cannot be fully laid to their account. They admit Pædo-baptist believers to social intercourse, and sanctuary services, (preaching, prayer, and praise,) because they are new creatures in Christ Jesus—and that is Scriptural; they likewise admit others to the Lord's table because they are immersed believers—and that is also Scriptural; thus are they free from all charges of impropriety, or inconsistency.

8. "That for a Christian to be baptised, 'without light' as to his obligation, would prove him unfaithful to his own conscience, and a transgressor against God." This is a merc truisim, which applies to all acts of

christian obedience, and is altogether irrelevant to this subject. As Mr. Elven has introduced it, we will use it and commend it, in a slightly altered form, to his serious consideration—WITHOUT CLEAR LIGHT FROM ABOVE, AND A "THUS SAITH THE LORD," IN APOSTOLIC PRACTICE, (which Mr. Elven cannot adduce,) in defending the admission of the unbaptised to the Lord's Supper "he is proved UNFAITHFUL TO HIS OWN (enlightened) CONSCIENCE AND A TRANSGRESSOR AGAINST GOD."

9. "We have no evidence that the first communicants were baptised, therefore, they were not baptised before communicating."

It is natural that our readers should feel anxious to know whether this is *indeed* Mr. E.'s most illogical statement? Certainly it is. But as no direct statement is made in the New Testament, respecting the baptism of the eleven, to whom the Lord Jesus administered the typical elements at his last supper, we can only judge of the matter by implication and inference. We read that before the supper the apostles were baptist ministers; "Jesus baptised not, but his disciples;" therefore we conclude, and we believe most fully, that they had been baptised themselves, how else could they go forth and proclaim, "He that believeth and is baptised, shall be saved?" The natural reply, on Mr. Elvin's hypothesis, to such a message would have been—"Thou that preachest that another should not neglect baptism, dost thou neglect it?" Oh! how God-displeasing must the man-gratifying and money-getting heresy of "open communion" be, when it seems necessary in its defence, to make the Lord's holy apostles, appear like many hypocritical parsons of the present day, who, if they spoke the truth, would exclaim—"Do as we say, but not as we do."

10. "Tested by the word of God, strict communion is weighed in the balance, and found wanting." We wish when Mr. Elven had said this, he had *used the scales* as well as talked about them. If he will, at his earliest convenience, prove, from the Scriptures, that his assertion is true, we most cheerfully promise to unite in the advocacy of his popular views; but until he does this, we abide by the testimony of the Holy Ghost in the 41st and 42d verses of the 2nd chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and solemnly pronounce his statement, (however well meant,) to be condemnatory of apostolic practice, and insulting to the Holy Ghost; with whose sacred bedewings they were copiously blessed.

11. "Strict communion is unjust, as it *equally* excludes the unbaptised believer, and the drunkard or blasphemers." This is the

concentrated essence of weakness itself. Do not Mr. Elven, and his colleagues in modern liberality, exclude the unbaptised, and the ungodly, alike, from their "Church Meetings?" And again—but we cease; for how can we answer a proposition which asserts nothing, means nothing, and necessarily ends in nothing.

12. "That the Primitive Christians celebrated the death of Christ by the breaking of bread, when not assembled in a church capacity." This is supposed to be gathered from the passages which speak of "breaking bread from house to house." But do we not read of the church in the house of Priscilla and Aquilia, (Romans xvi. 3, 4, 5.) "the church, in the house of Nymphas," (Col. 4, 15.) and "the church in the house of Philemon," (2nd verse)? Still this is not the point in dispute. Mr. Elven has in our view treated his subject as some other preachers do theirs; he has gone round it, towards it, and right away from it, but not at all into it. He has succeeded in showing that the most fertile imagination, and the most accommodating disposition, and the most lively genius, must ever fail in overturning the decisions of the Holy Spirit as to the doctrines and discipline of the church; in demolishing the bulwarks which the King of Zion has placed around her; and in improving upon the gospel order of the ordained institutions of our Lord Jesus Christ. May the Lord's name be praised for this fresh failure of error, and disobedience; and this additional triumph of the strict, unchanging and ever-blessed truth as it is in Jesus!

How parson Gibbs obtained his wife.

I HAD for many years made up my mind (as I thought,) never to marry, yet I found some difficulty in escaping some, although I can say I never gave them any cause, for I ever detest playing on the feelings of a female to gain her affections and then abandoning her, I think it lets a man down very low, and renders him base; therefore I always stood clear of doing this; but on a certain day, I entered an house, and as it was appointed before time, I saw her that is my present wife, who being of the same profession, and going to the same place of worship as myself, and being in modest dress, just to my taste, (for I have a great dislike to see the female that professes godliness in gay attire, it certainly does not become such an one,) with one glance I was caught, and as she lived thirteen miles from this place, as soon as I had an opportunity, I told her of my desire, to make her my wife, but that I did not wish to take her by surprise, neither to receive any answer at the present, and therefore I wished her to ask the Lord for

counsel, and I would do the same ; and would leave her to give me an answer at the end of three months. I saw her no more till the expiration of that time, and then we came to a decision, after which, we seldom saw each other oftener than once in four months ; at length the time arrived that we were joined together in holy wedlock, but not without great opposition on the part of her friends.

Weighed in the Balances.

"The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed."

SIR,—Every Christian possesses a new state of existence, and consequently capacities to know, believe, obey, love, adore, &c. ; these are called into action by the word, means of grace, and the invisible but personal act of the Spirit. "As ye have learned Christ Jesus, so walk ye in him." Thus all learning connected with Christ is shown by the correspondence in the walk. Here we have a proof that where the life does not correspond to the professed knowledge, the knowledge is not from Christ : this is a most essential point in our, or in any time of the church. We are called to witness much profession of knowledge, faith and love, whilst the life remains as before. Faith, like knowledge, has its demonstration, and this demonstration is in what it does : by this we triumph over every foe ; the world, satan, and the body of sin. The word of God by this is obeyed : the grand development of faith is by love : love is the fulfilling of the commandment : obedience, knowledge, faith, and love cannot be separated. The word feeds knowledge, brings and increases faith : draws out, expands, enlivens, and invigorates love ; let the word be either misplaced, misunderstood, or obscurely comprehended, and all is at once deranged : confusion, error, disobedience, &c., have no check. The word is not the property of the world, but of the church : it behoves the church to see that she rightly divides the word of truth. Exhortation is largely scattered over the extensive field of truth : if this part of truth be obscured, misplaced or in any way deprived of its true bearing upon the church, its effects will be proportionally nullified : the church is robbed of one of her guides and blessings : Peter exhorts to give all diligence, "add to your faith, virtue ; to virtue, knowledge ; to knowledge, temperance ; to temperance, patience ; to patience, godliness ; to godliness, brotherly kindness ; to brotherly kindness, charity." The result from the regard, or from the disregard of this exhortation are pointed out : to those who do regard so as to comply, we are assured that they are neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ ; blessed truth : here

is the discovery between a fruitful and fruitless knowledge. Again, to them their calling and election are made sure. What a cluster of rich discoveries here present themselves ! A holy calling, called to holiness ; called to virtue and glory ; elected or chosen, to be holy ; to be without blame ; to stand before God in love ; these demonstrated to the soul work obedience to these heavenly exhortations. Such have moreover an assurance that they shall never fall. Here again the discovery is pregnant with security against all the difficulties that attend us in this sinful state. Neither do the blessings stop here ; a wide and holy entrance into the kingdom presents itself ; the obedient enter into the everlasting kingdom : the light, the love, the communion, the spirit of the kingdom now fills the ravished soul. Here is a state, a dwelling, a condition which nothing on earth can equal or bear comparison with. Thus the word becomes a lamp and a light for our feet, that we may not miss the path or paths of wisdom, which are the paths of peace. Opposed to this are carnal paths, strewed with envy, hatred, malice, &c. These two paths lead in opposite directions. Now it is certain that those who are found in direct opposition to each other in their walk, must be so in their character : faith obeys ; disobedience proves unbelief. The believer and the unbeliever are thus portrayed before our eyes ; "shew me your faith by your works, and I will shew you my faith by my works." Contrary streams flow not in the same river—contrary fruits are found not upon the same tree ; "by their fruits shall ye know them." The truth when spiritually received and rightly understood, acts inwardly, and guides outwardly. We feel its power, or the Spirit's power, through it ; we are guided by it, or the Spirit there shows us the way we should go. The allurements of time are thus brought in contact with the enlightening of the understanding ; perfect harmony exists in the actions ; the affections are brought into action with what the understanding approves ; the will thus captivated, follows, and obedience is the result. "I delight to do thy will, O God." The service of God is perfect freedom, and love fulfils the commandment. Teaching is sought for ; into truth such are led ; as they have learned, they walk ; and thus prove that they are in the school of Christ, and led by the Spirit of God. This is one of the things after, and for which every child of God sighs ; thus the Spirit by the word, points to, and shews how, we are to possess what the Spirit in the soul causes us ardently to desire and to seek. Thus the believer is brought to possess and become a living witness of what the Spirit sets forth in the oracles of eternal truth. Here he sets to his seal that God is true.

Leicester.

AMATOR VERITAS.

Rejoicing in Tribulation.

"My dear brother, I cannot but speak what I have felt, seeing my Lord Jesus hath broken a box of spikenard upon the head of his poor prisoner, and it is hard to hide a sweet smell; it is a pain to smother Christ's love; it will be out, whether we will or not. If we did but speak according to the matter, a cross for Christ should have another name; yea, a cross, especially when he cometh with his arms full of joys, is the happiest hard tree that was ever laid upon my weak shoulder. Christ and his cross are sweet company, and a blessed couple. My prison is my palace; my sorrow is with child of joy; my losses are rich losses, my pain easy pain, my heavy days holy and happy days.

"I may tell a new tale of Christ to my friends. Oh, if I could make a love-song of him, and could commend Christ, and tune his praises aright; oh, if I could set all tongues in Great Britain and Ireland to work, to help me to sing a new song of my well beloved! oh, if I could be a bridge over a water, for my Lord Jesus to walk upon, and keep his feet dry! oh that my heart could say this word, and abide by it for ever—"Is it not great art, and incomparable wisdom in my Lord, who can bring forth such fair apples out of this crabbed tree of the cross?" Nothing can come wrong to my Lord in his sweet working."

RUTHERFORD.

A Word to such as are espoused unto Christ.

"If you are married to Jesus only, and have such experience of heart deceitfulness, and the instability of your frames, that you dare place no dependence upon them; permit me to ask you, has your bridegroom the beloved of your souls, brought you into his banqueting house, into the church, the tent of his mother? Isaac brought Rebekah into his mother Sarah's tent; Boaz took Ruth into his house; and Jesus brought his spouse into his banqueting-house, also. Perhaps you will say, as some do, I must wait the Lord's time; when that comes, I shall be inclined to give up myself to the church. But having the written law of Christ in our hands, it is absurd, and to the last degree enthusiastic, to expect some farther manifestation to induce us to be found in the way of duty. The Lord's time is now."

Macgowan.

Divine Strength manifested in human weakness.

If in the heaven-ward way we're bound,
We oft shall find it true,
That stumbling-blocks our path confound,
And quick-sands, not a few;
The great deceiver lays his plans,
With skill to trap our feet;
By pictures gay, drawn by his hand,
Our fall he wants to greet.

Oft' when we think we're quite secure,
And heedlessly walk on,
Forgetful, that if we endure,
It is through God's dear Son,
Some untoward event will rise,
Which we had never thought;
We, then our skill and strength despise,
Important lesson taught.

Satan, and those who serve him here,
Delighted are, to find,
Those who profess Christ to revere,
As wav'ring as the wind;
"Hold thou me up," be this our prayer,
Great God, our strength and shield,
In every dangerous step and shore,
Grant us thy power to wield.

And when death's valley we pass through,
May we have nought to fear,
If thou our soul, with grace renew,
(Our path will then be clear
And in the new Jerusalem,
When we arrive in peace,
We then the Star of Bethlehem,
Shall praise, and never cease.

EDWARD REYNOLDS.

The Desires of the Righteous.

Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love
In my poor soul; bid darkness flee;
Reveal a precious Christ to me.

Dwell within this soul of mine,
Sprinkle me with blood, divine;
Holy Witness, speak within,
Pard'ning all my guilt and sin.

With a Saviour's flesh and blood,
Feed my soul, Celestial Dove;
Thus, my soul, for heaven prepare,
Seal my Saviour's image, there.

Quicken me, from day to day,
The glories of my Lord, display;
Without thy teaching, and thy grace,
This soul of mine's a barren place.

Eternal God, thy power employ,
Fill me with holy, heavenly joy;
Thy graces to my soul reveal,
My interest in them daily seal.

Let unction, power, and dew attend
The reading of thy word,
And many a gracious promise send,
Into my heart, dear Lord.

Thus, in my body dwell and reign,
Till dust to dust returns again,
My spirit then to heaven convey,
To dwell with Christ an endless day.

To realise with all above,
A Father, Son, and Spirit's love,
That everlasting love decreed
To all Jehovah's chosen seed,

JOHN TAYLOR.

The Husbandman's Harvest-home in AUGUST.

LADEN with fruit of twelve-months' toil,
In comes great August, with name appropriate.
August illustrious, great with fruit, and golden grain, with food
for all the coming twelve-months' labour,
toil, and pain. Now mother earth has fill'd
her swelling lap, with heaven's bounteous
stores, for all her toiling sons below,
to feed them while the oozing sweat
stands on their melting brow; hoarding
up stores to feed them in the coming
months of frost and snow. Bounteous
heaven! Who would not praise the Giver
of all good? Parent of goodness, thou
art good to all!—Thy name is God.

Now fertiliz'd with dew and rain,
The hills are cloth'd with golden grain,
The harvest crowns the spring;
Hark! hear the shouting labouring swains,
On hills, along the extended plains;
The valleys laugh and sing.

The husbandman with joy beholds
His waving fields of grain-like gold,
Bending before the gale;
Hies to the field, or upland plains,
To quench the thirst of labouring swains,
With horns of good brown ale.

From seed-time through the lagging year,
Of frost and snow, and winter drear,
The husbandman's hard pull.
Through twelve-months' toil of watchful care,
With many an anxious hope and fear,
Great August crowns the whole!

Great Husbandman of all the earth,
Who gave the wide creation birth,
The world is thy great field;
Broke up, and plough'd, and sown by thee,
A harvest thou must live to see;
Good ground, some fruit must yield.

Jesus, the eternal Word, the seed,
An undefiled grain indeed,
Sown in the Virgin Earth;
And notwithstanding sin's rank weed,
Shall multiply a righteous seed,
Born of a heavenly birth.

This holy seed from th' upper sky,
Did "fall into the ground and die,"
Quickened, this holy root,
In love divine, struck deep and well;
Deeper than sin, or death, or hell,
Shall fill the world with fruit.

God's ministers are sent to sow,
This holy seed; and it must grow,
Sowing beside all waters.
Sowing in sorrow, sighs, and tears,
It shall spring up in future years,
And bear fruit in all quarters.

Spirit and life is in the word,
"The Word with God, the Word was God,"
Our root his deity;
It springs up through a Saviour's blood,
Our neverfailing hope in God,
Our souls can never die.

Now if we sow in tears and woe,
And bitter persecutions know;
And men our flesh destroy.
Hear! hear! dear saints, ye blessed men,
Christ's righteous seed must come again
With everlasting joy.

Jesus is risen from the grave,
The "first sheaf of the harvest wave,"
Wave it before the Lord.
First fruits of blessed Mary's womb,
The first fruits of the earthly tomb,
Accepted of the Lord.

A sample of the bulk to come,
When God shall raise us from the tomb,
To meet him in the air.
Lord of the harvest, find me room,
When angels shout the harvest-home,
O Lord, may I be there!

Christ sow'd in tears, ah, "Jesus wept,"
He fell into the earth and slept,
Dying, there died our sin;
My Jesus bearing precious grain,
Was sure to rise, and come again,
With multitudes of men.

A handful of the precious grain,
Who many years in dust had lain,
Prophets and righteous men;
A little handful, a few sheaves,
Arose and walk'd out of their graves,
Never to die again.

Society, for Christ above,
In sweet immortal plain or grove,
Or mansions tall, their home;
Waiting, till the last auspicious morn,
For the last trump, the harvest horn,
When all the rest shall come.

Five thousand summer suns and more,
Hath shone upon this mortal shore,
Labourers! 'tis afternoon—
The Master's wheat must soon be in;
And not one grain on earth be seen;
Your work is almost done.

Lord, may I, with thy wheat be found,
When the last solemn trump shall sound,
When all thy saints shall come;
To hear the last loud harvest-horn,
On that August, and glorious morn,
The last great harvest-home!

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.
Leicester, July, 1846.

**THE HEART AND CONSCIENCE OF A TRUE BELIEVER RANSACKED; AND
GENUINE FAITH DISCOVERED AND EXPRESSED.**

ESTEEMED BROTHER WALKER:—I told you how the heaviness and distress of my soul, brought me to sit down in the earth, and sorrowfully to exclaim—“every thing is against me.” I suppose a great deal of my mental distress arises from weakness in the nerves; which doubtless will often prove a source of much inward uneasiness, and disquietude of soul. I told you also, how I was led to reflect, and to say—“Well, things appear dark, certainly; but what would have been your condition if sovereign grace had never raised you up?” “Why,” said I, “I should have been a poor, vile, wandering reprobate—an outcast—either in hardened infidelity, or, in black despair.” This thought caused me to arise from my low seat in the dust; and soon after, these words came into my soul, “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.” This being Saturday-night, when these things occurred; and the words which I have mentioned, having abode with me, I was led to preach twice on the Lord’s-day, from Job xiii. 15, 16; and what I here subjoin, is as much as I can gather up of what was then said.

“Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him: but I will maintain mine own ways before him. He also shall be my salvation; for an hypocrite shall not come before him.”

A more solemn and comprehensive portion of eternal truth cannot be found. It came to me at a moment, when such a word was seasonable, and when such a kind, and measure of faith was really needed.

I do not know how it may be with you, but I find it much harder work, “to make my calling, and election sure,” than I did at first. And as to the ministry—why there are only two things in all the world that seem at all to favour that, or to declare it to be of God: the old serpent is against it; my deceitful heart, and my wicked nature are against it; men and ministers are against it; but though faint and despised, I am kept pursuing, and the Lord, in a measure, blesses the word to my own soul, and to the souls that come to hear.

I would not be presumptuous, to make my case parallel with Job, but I cannot help feeling much sympathy with him, both in his afflicting position, and in the spirit he manifested. The circumstances of Job were afflicting beyond our imagination. But there is a noble spirit which my soul greatly admires; and which spirit none but clear consciences can rightly manifest, and act upon.

The friends of Job, who had spoken to him, had secretly, as it were, thrown darts of accusation and suspicion, into his breast, until Job seems stirred up, and he says—“I have understanding as well as you.” But the fact is here declared—“He that is ready to slip with his feet is as a lamp despised in the thought of him that is at ease.” Oh, how much solemn truth is here!

False and sleepy professors are called robbers (verse 6); their tabernacles prosper; they are secure; they are at ease; they have an abundance.

It may be that God’s elect (or many of them) are brought into deep trials—both of soul and circumstances. Let these robbers come, and they will throw out all manner of suspicions, and underhanded accusations to afflict you. Look at Zophar (Chap. xi. 11—14.)

But a clear conscience has an answer for them—“Your remembrances (or remonstrances) are like ashes—Hold your peace—let me alone—that I may speak, and let come on what will. “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him: but I will maintain mine own ways before him. He also shall be my salvation; for an hypocrite shall not come before him.”

The three friends of Job, upon the whole, preached some wholesome doctrine unto him; but every one of them sent a dart right into his already wounded and afflicted soul. Just see how they come, one after another, with their hard speeches.

Eliphaz comes first; and he comes with no small degree of pharisaical consequence—he says, “I have seen the foolish taking root, but suddenly I cursed his habitation.” (Chap. v. 3.) This

is exactly what the suspicious, high-minded, and self-righteous folks are saying. Lord, preserve and hold us up; lest we fall by the way.

Then comes Bildad—he says to Job what satan suggests to many a child of God in seasons of distress. ‘If thou wert pure and upright, (says Bildad,) surely now he would awake for thee, and make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous.’ “Ah,” saith the adversary unto the quickened but distressed soul, ‘if you were a real vessel of mercy, God would appear for you; and make your way prosperous; but you are only an hypocrite; and therefore, thorns and briars encompass your path. This has been my lot many and many a time. I know not why it is, but get along in peace and prosperity, I never could for any length of time together; and this has been the sorrowful suggestion in my poor soul—“it is because you never was planted in Christ.”

Then comes Zophar in a blustering tone. He seems as though he would cut Job down at a stroke. “What, shall your lies make men hold their peace? and when thou mockest shall no man make thee ashamed?” Oh, dear; how hard and cruel such blows do seem to come, when we are in affliction. I have here and there seen and met with such hard-hearted, flinty-soul professors; for aught I know, they may be possessors; but to me, they neither look, nor speak, nor act like Christians. No doubt they are among the “all things which work together for good.”

See, then, poor afflicted believer; it was by hard things that Job was driven to an extremity—and that extremity was to trust in the living God—let come what will—“though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.”

The text contains four sentences, each expressive of a particular branch of that faith which cometh from the Lord.

I.—The sufferings which accompany, and the naked determination of a living faith—“Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.”

II.—The industry and the obedience of faith—“I will maintain mine own ways before him.”

III.—The great object of faith; and the deliverance to which it will ultimately lead—“He also shall be my salvation.”

IV.—The discerning and discriminat-

ing eye of faith, and the fellowship which it realizes.

I do desire to be found in possession of such a faith as this—and if I am—it must and will be both tried and proved by the things to which I have referred.

I.—The sufferings which accompany a living faith, and the naked determination it has come to. In most cases the strongest acts and expressions of faith are in connection with heavy trials and deep sufferings.

The offering up of Isaac—although but little is said, yet to me much is implied. There was a solemn, but quiet determination about Abraham’s conduct which seems to express the deep mental anxiety of his soul; as though all the time engaged with God. “On the third day he lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off.” What inward struggles, prayer, and watchfulness, his soul had been the subject of, the Lord alone can tell: so take that 13th verse of Exodus xiv.—“And Moses said unto the people, fear ye not; stand still; and see the salvation of the Lord which he will shew to you to day: for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to day ye shall see them again no more for ever.” Here was mighty faith, but it was not without deep suffering, for if you look at the 15th verse, it is evident Moses had been crying unto God to appear. He had faith in the power and promise of God, nevertheless, his soul wrestled and agonized with God for deliverance.

To come at once to the New Testament, look at what faith is compared to:—a shield—the shield of faith; which supposes protection from outward darts and enemies—and there is an emphasis laid on it—“Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.” Well, again, faith is called a breast-plate, this, again, denotes our exposure to outward, killing powers. These things declare to me that the suffering of the Christian in his own soul, is great.

So in Peter; the trial of your faith, being much more precious, &c. Well, then, living faith has suffering with it—“Though he slay me.” It is a strong expression.

First, here is a recognition of the hand of God in this affliction; as though Job clearly saw that it was by the hand of God, all these calamities had come upon

him. I have many times found much resignation brought into the soul from being enabled to say of my foes and trials as Joseph said of his brethren—"It was not you sent me hither, but God." Secondly, here is uncertainty as to how far this affliction may go—"though he slay, (or destroy) me." Who shall say where the chastening hand of God shall stop, when once it has begun the work? It buried Jonah in the belly of a fish—it suffered Paul to be beaten, to be stoned, to suffer hunger, nakedness, and famine, to have a messenger from satan, a thorn in the flesh to buffet him. And look at John—driven into the Isle of Patmos. Who can stay the hand of Omnipotence?—or say unto him, "What doest thou?" Thirdly, here is a cleaving unto God, here is a daring reliance, an absolute dependence upon the living God—it seems to say—

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try."

The second sentence—"But I will maintain mine own ways before him." See here the obedience of a living faith. Strong faith is not idle speculation; it is not bold presumption; nor is it reckless of the ordained ways of God. What spirit is it from whence this expression proceeds? What doth Job mean by it? "But I will maintain mine own ways before him." It was not from a self-righteous spirit, as is evident from the 23rd verse. No; Job, in these two sentences, says—"Let what may come, I will trust in the Lord; and urge or pursue that course which my conscience dictates; and which the light and knowledge I have of the things of God, call for."

I have found this in my soul's experience for many years: it is not all the temptations which have come hurling from the devil, nor all the reproaches which have fallen upon me from men; nor the innumerable imperfections which I see in every part of my life; neither is it all the dark forebodings of my own soul, that ever could or can stop my appeal to the living God. Oh, this is a merciful comfort to my poor mind, that, though I have waded through floods of sorrow; have been surrounded by the heaviest trials; cut to pieces, and brought to apparent ruin and destruction, by an awful fall; yet, nothing has

been able to stop my sighing and groaning, and crying after the living God. Surely in feelings and circumstances, I have, like Jonah, laid as in the very belly of hell; yet even then, there has been a looking again towards the temple of the Lord.

That faith that never laboured after God; that has no longing for God; that faith that works no conquests over sin, no crucifixion to the world, no holding on in the ways of God; that faith is not the faith of God's elect. True faith

"LIVES—and labours under load,
Tho' damp'd, it never dies."

By this, I say, you may know, if your faith is the faith of God's elect, *If it be*, there is suffering connected with it; you find it hard work to keep the conscience clean; to keep the feet straight; to obtain fellowship with, and nearness to God: but if it be genuine faith, it will fasten itself upon the cross, it will hide itself in the covenant; it will hold on to the truth; and while one wave after another dashes in upon the soul, it will cry out, "Lord, save, or I perish."

Thirdly, notice, the great object of faith. "He also shall be my salvation." These are cheering words: they prove that there had been a revelation in Job's soul of the Godhead of Christ; of the covenant character, and of the atoning blood, and justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, "He also shall be my salvation." This is the solemn, but glorious position in which the Christian stands:—1. In afflictions deep. 2. In faith that is steadfast. 3. In works that are divine; and 4. In hope of the glory of God.

It is manifest, then, that Job's bold and holy faith originated in a revelation of the Christ of God. Christ, in the eternity of his Godhead, had been revealed unto Job; wherein he saw not only the freeness, fulness, and sovereignty of redemption's scheme; but he also saw the ability of Christ to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him. Hence, faith triumphs in the prospect of a glorious deliverance, and says, "He, also, shall be my salvation."

In the revelation which the Holy Ghost makes of Christ unto a living faith, there are at least these four things
1. The great glory of his person, as

God over all, and able to save: 2. The greatness of his love, in taking upon him our nature; 3. The extent and design of his sufferings, to bear away sin; 4. The great end accomplished by his death and resurrection, to bring in everlasting righteousness; and in that righteousness to bring us near to God.

Here you may see that a child of God may have a glorious gospel view of Christ and covenant mercies while laying in the valley of deep distress.

My esteemed brother—I leave the rest for a second letter.

I am your's to love and serve in the gospel,
C. W. BANKS.

6, *Pagoda Terrace,*
Bermondsey New Road.

"Thou hast dealt well with me."

I HOPE, my dear brother B—, that you are in health, both in body and mind, and that you have had good times while declaring your Master's will; that is a foreign title, my brother, may I say, your heavenly Father's, your elder Brother's will; I have often heard you make use of that word which is most endearing—Heavenly Father. Well, I hope you lost sight of yourself, of man, of the world, and of sins; yea, I hope you were favoured to stand as in the centre of God, in the great revelation which he has made of himself, as a covenant God and Father, in and through Christ. Oh, to be swallowed up in that great fulness! How, then, can a man exclaim, Oh, the depths both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his ways, his judgment, his glory, his love, his power, his wisdom, and the everlasting stability of his times, towards the poorest of sinners, through the Son of his love. The world was created for, and by Christ; Oh, let us then ever be looking at him; let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober, and know that God hath put upon our souls the breast-plate of righteousness, that he hath given to us by an inwrought persuasion, the helmet of salvation, that is, "Christ in us, the hope of glory," that our shield of faith is not delusive or delusion, but that it is the power of God, the work of the Holy Ghost. Let us be careful to know that we have to do in

reality with God; may we be kept from fancying that we have to do with him, and so build ourselves up in delusion; but may we, through the work of a precious Christ, draw nigh unto him, and know that our fellowship is real; and that it is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ indeed and of a truth; all beside is delusion: if we do not know God in this manner, we shall not know him in the world, for as the tree falleth, so it lieth, and so judgment findeth it." But I will not suppose that we are ignorant of God; no; his holy name be praised, I hope I know him; I hope I pray to him, not only for myself, but for his dear people, and you my brother, that he may be pleased "to strengthen you with all might in your inner man;" that he may be pleased to chain down your enemies; that he may be pleased to allow you to drink of his fulness, and so forget your poverty, and remember your misery no more; that as his is the world, the gold, and the silver, the cattle, and every thing, not excepting the hearts of men, that it might please his gracious majesty to make a way for you, my brother, in this wilderness-world, so as to enable you to pay your way like an honest man—Oh, Lord, give him wisdom, give him knowledge in all matters, do not let him fall a prey to his enemies, who are saying "So would we have it." Lord, help: Lord, help: help in providence, and help in grace; is he not thine? hast thou not done great things for him, "whereof we are glad?" oh, then, still appear for him; we thank thee for him, oh, Lord; we love him for his work-sake; and not only so, but because Jesus Christ is in his soul. But I pass on:—

I heard our friend Bunyan, right down well, twice; the Lord keep him: I believe he is the gift of God to poor afflicted Zion; the Lord keep him faithful, and hold him up as a bright star; may he be brought to give light to many a poor traveller, that so he that sows and they that reap may rejoice together in the God of all comfort and consolation in Christ. We must have Christ; Christ is God, and it is by our having his promises that we partake of his nature; and abhor the flesh, and self. Last night I heard brother Allen; bless the Lord. He spoke from these words, "precious faith," and my soul said that is a right descrip-

tion which he gave of it, and I felt that I had it, and that to me is best of all, because that is one of the great seals of Jehovah, which nothing can destroy: having that I am sealed unto the day of redemption: it is one of the earnestings of our inheritance, that I am of the purchased possession, unto the praise of the glory of the free grace of God, in Christ.

Upon the whole, I have got on well since you have been absent; also, I have got a little strength through writing my next letter for the *Vessel*: the way has been called up, and the Lord has told me by his word, that he has pardoned, yet I cannot call him mine, as I would; oh, that spirit of adoption; let me have it, oh, Lord; give me to say by precious faith thou art my Father; keep me from sin; feed me with food convenient for me; and enlarge my coast in thy truth, in thy grace, in thy spirit, so shall I be able to stand against my enemies, and win my way, though earth and hell obstruct the way.

Farewell, my brother, I leave you in the hands of the Lord, he only is able to keep us from falling.

Your's truly in the best of ties,

C. COATES.

WHY IS IT?

OH, I'll tell you what has often been a grief to me in many places where I have been. I get introduced to a christian friend—feel a union of soul to him—see clearly and feel powerfully that he is born of God—that he knows, believes in, and lives upon the Lord's Christ, and walks the gospel in spiritual conduct and conversation. Presently, he goes away—and out it comes—"Ah, he is a good man—a great help to our cause—but *he is not a member.*" WHY IS IT?—Is there some stumbling block in the way? The prophet Isaiah speaking, under the Holy Ghost, of Gospel times—and of the great business of Gospel Ministers, such as are really sent of God, and anointed by the Spirit—says, "Open ye the gates; that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in."

Gates, in the Old Testament language, is some times used to denote persons—and at other times, principles. In the

kingdom of grace there are three kinds of gates.

1.—Gates that are eternal and essential—such are the Three Glorious Persons in the everblessed Trinity. God the Father in his love to, and sovereign choice of, his people. God the Son, in his Mediatorial character and work; and God the Holy Ghost, in his revealings of Christ in the sinner's heart, and bringing him by faith into the fulness of Christ.

2. There are gates that are instrumental. The doctrines of grace when opened up in soul experience (such as election, redemption, and effectual calling,) all become open gates of access into the wisdom, mercy, peace and righteousness of a Triune Jehovah.

3. There are manifestative gates: such are the ordinances of the Lord's house. The ministers and the people of God are said to be approved (or manifested) "by the word of truth—by the power of God—by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." (2 Cor. vi. 7.)—the heart-felt reception of the word of truth—government in the soul and in character by the power of God—and a putting on the whole armour of God—these things fully declare that the soul has entered by the door into the sheepfold. Depend upon it—where the everlasting love of God unto poor sinners is spiritually, scripturally, fully and feelingly preached, there will be an opening up of this and all the other essential gates of life in the hearts of some elect sinners:—and in such cases it will be seen, "If a man love me, he will keep my commandments." To all God-fearing souls, who stand without—I say—"Why is it?"

C. W. B.

Lord, how long wilt thou look on?

"How long, wilt thou, dear Lord, forbear?
How long wilt thou stand by?
How long wilt thou refuse my prayer,
And turn away my cry?"

"My sin-sick soul grows worse and worse,
My strength and hope decays:
Oh! come, and save me from the curse,
And lead me in thy ways."

"I know thine eyes behold my case,
How much I stand in need
Of thy rich mercy—sovereign grace,
To bless my soul indeed."

"But ah! I want to feel thy love,
Thy grace and power divine,
To break or melt, or some way move,
This flinty heart of mine." S. DAW.

Eating and Drinking Unworthily.

"At this time my mother was persuading me to join in communion with some church, which greatly startled me at first. I could, by no means, think of that, not apprehending myself to have come so far yet. I thought there must be something more in me, or I should eat and drink damnation to myself."*

* This is a usual device of the devil's to prevent true believers joining in church-fellowship, suggesting that they must see themselves more worthy and prepared before they venture on this solemn ordinance. Whereas in fact, that person comes most worthily to Christ, and his table too, who is made most sensible of his own unworthiness. The best preparation that I know of, is to see our own unpreparedness, and that the whole ground of our acceptance, depends entirely, on the blood and righteousness of the dear Redeemer. And that damnation the apostle speaks of, 1 Cor. xi. 26: which has struck so much terror into the minds of many, and overawed them into a sinful neglect of their duty, does not intend eternal damnation, but some temporal judgment, chastisement, or correction, in a fatherly way, which the original word properly signifies, and is the only damnation the Lord's people are liable to; for 'there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus.' Rom. viii. 1.

The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence.

"OUR Saviour tells us, that 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force,' Matth. xi. 12. It is not of the outward violence of its enemies seeking to destroy it, that our Saviour speaks, but of that spiritual fervency and ardency of mind that is in those who intend to be partakers of it. For *biazetai*, 'is taken by force,' Luke xvi. 16. is no more but *evangelizetai*, 'is preached;' the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth unto it; and taking it by force, are the same thing. There is then a violence, a restless activity, and vigour of spirit, to be used and exercised for an interest in this kingdom. Apply this to your condition. Are you in depths and doubts, staggering and uncertain, not knowing what is your condition, nor whether you have any interest in the forgiveness that is with God? Are you tossed up and down between hopes and fears, want peace, consolation, and establishment? Why lie you upon your face? Get up, watch, pray, fast, meditate, offer violence to your lusts and corruptions; fear not, startle not at their crying or importunities to be

spared; press unto the throne of grace by prayer, supplications, importunities, restless requests: this is the way to take the kingdom of heaven. These things are not peace, they are not assurance, but they are part of the means that God hath appointed for the attainment of them.

"But you will, it may be, here say, 'We are so dead and dull, so chained under the power of corruptions and temptations, that we are not able thus to put forth the fruit of a spiritual life, in adding one grace unto another.' But do you use diligence, study, endeavour all diligence, diligence at all times, in all ways by God appointed, all manner of diligence within and without, in private and public, to this end and purpose? Do you study, meditate, pray, watch, fast, neglect no opportunity, keep your hearts, search, try, examine yourselves, fly temptations, and occasions of cooling, deadening, and stifling grace? Do these things abound in you? Alas! you cannot do thus, you are so weak, so indisposed. But, alas! you will not, you will not part with your ease, you will not crucify your lusts, you do not use all diligence; but you must come to it, or be contented to spend all your days in darkness, and lie down in sorrow."—*Owen*.

A Lamentation, An Appeal, and A Protest.

O my country; dear belov'd fair Albion,
Weep, ye protestants, for she is lost!
Lost? Lost!! No, no, no! Can it, shall it be?
Shall mask'd assassins, by cant alone, effect
What gunpowder fail'd to do? No! no! no!
Blow out the Gospel light, and each fair star
Of Christianity eclipse, and bon-fires make,
Of God's holy word! and plunge us all again
To pagan darkness, dreadful, black?

Protestants! Protestants! shall all remembrance die
Of deathless deeds, that in full glory gild
With a ne'er fading lustre, your martyrs' names?
Yea, more! will ye pull down what cost a world
Of blood to rear? Ungrateful men, look back,
The toils, the torments see, the rack, the flames.
And countless, nameless ills they waded through,
To rend the sceptre from the tyrant's grasp.
And are ye so deluded, and so mad,
To offer it again?

O, spirit, thrice damn'd, from realms infernal, come,
Hov'ring all mischief—busy o'er the world:
And even with a base, an hellish foul intent,
Its sceptres eyeing, and crowns, and thrones, and pomp;
Thou, who thy whorish worshippers dost teach
(Audacious mockery) irreligious garb to wear,
To ape her peaceable mien, and gentle voice;
Thou, who dost spit strait to thy votary's heart
Venom eternal, that from out his throat doth burst
In maddest hate 'gainst God, and truth and Christ,
In bold blasphemy, and hell-black lies:—
Fearless, 'gainst thee, I make this firm protest,
And be this verse its record to future time,
I hate—I curse thee—damn'd popery! Amen.

Leicester, 1846.

J. II.

The Believer stepping into Glory.

"THE veil of sickness and uneasiness of body or soul, shall be rent in twain; 'the inhabitant of that land shall not say, I am sick, the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity.' The veil of wandering thoughts and vain imaginations will be rent in twain; you shall not have a wrong thought or ill conception of God throughout eternity; for, all your heart-plagues, lusts, and corruptions, that you have been wrestling with all your days, will leave you; and I'm sure you'll leave them with such pleasure and satisfaction, and be so glad to part with them, that you'll hardly shake hands with them, but rather say, the back of my hand to you. Many a sad hour, many a sigh and groan have you cost me, but happy am I, now I am quit of you for ever. And I cannot but say, that they who have now a glad heart to think of parting with these, and a meeting with Christ for ever, they have gotten some communion with him this day.

"The veil of time will be rent in twain, and the streams of time will be swallowed up in the ocean of eternity. O, how will you say with wonder then, O, hath such a black and ugly creature as I was, gotten glorious Christ in my arms, never, never, never to part again! O, how will his kind looks dart a sweetness and joy inexpressible into your hearts, when you shall be led with the Lamb about the rivers of living water, when time shall be no more. Take all this comfort into your hearts, believers, for the God of consolation allows you to rejoice for ever, and to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God, which you shall see, and be for ever possessed of within the veil."—*Erskine.*

A DEAR old mother to me, and a mother in Israel, down at Warbleton, to whom I was one day complaining about trials from want of money; said to me in reply—"Bless ye, why, the Lord has got bags and bags of gold that never was broken up, nor opened yet." "Ah! mother, I said, I know that, but can you tell me whether he will break up any of them for me?" "Yes," said she, "he will if he saw it would do you real good; and if not, (she said,) you had best be kept poor; or else you would leave the Lord, and make a god of the gold."—J.R.

What Samuel Eyles Pierce thought of the present condition of Gospel Ministers.

"I WOULD not say of every thing I deliver, this is as true as God is true. The apostles could. I am not an ambassador for Christ. I have no immediate message or commission from Him; nor do I believe any one man in the whole church of Christ, throughout the whole world hath. The ministers of our Lord Jesus Christ now, receive what they receive concerning the truths of the everlasting gospel, not immediately from Christ; they receive it mediately: some from the preaching of men: some from the word of God: some from conversing with saints: some from the writings of such, who may be justly esteemed as fathers in Christ: some by meditation and prayer: and some by the Holy Spirit's divine light and instruction: so that we all receive light and knowledge one from another. We may be unwilling to acknowledge it: yet this is the truth of it: therefore none of the ministers of Christ, see so clearly into all truth, as to be uniformly of one and the same judgment: for instance, the doctrine of the Trinity is essential to salvation; without it we cannot speak of the Father's everlasting love to the persons of his Elect, whom he chose in Christ before the foundation of the world: nor of the Person of Christ, set up from everlasting, to be God-Man, the Head, Mediator, and Saviour of his church and people: nor of the Personality of the Holy Ghost, and his interest and concern with the Father and the Son in the everlasting covenant. Yet this great and fundamental truth, into the belief of which real believers in Christ, are baptized; saints of the greatest degree, although they most cordially believe the truth of the doctrine, do not state it alike. *Mr. Romaine* and *Dr. Gill*, whilst they most heartily believed in the Three in Jehovah, yet in their statement of the same they were quite different: why, beloved, had they been both infallibly taught by the Holy Ghost, they would not have differed one hair in expressing themselves on this most sublime subject; yet they were both great men of God, and the Spirit of the living God dwelt in them. It might have been

said of them, *But ye have an unction from the Holy One and ye know all things.* What I have said, is with a design to shew that there is no man on the earth, in any of the churches of the saints, perfect in knowledge.

The Glorious Liberty of the Sons of God.

“And he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world.” 1 John, iv. 16, 17.

OH, there is a dazzling glory and brightness in these words which seem to eclipse us—These words seem to bring us to a point—a testing point—as to the genuineness of our faith. The text seems to speak *absolutely*, and it says—What true godliness is; and what their condition is who have it, both for time and eternity.

First—these words point to the root of a believer's standing—“He dwelleth in God.”

Secondly—these words speak of the *manifestation* of this standing—God in him.

Thirdly—the fruit which this manifestation produces—the believer comes to dwell in love.

Fourthly—what all this declares—that his love is perfect, comes from everlasting, reaches to everlasting: is connected with all covenant blessings.

Fifthly—the great benefit and design—“That we may have boldness, (or liberty,) in the day of judgment.”

Sixthly—the parallel existence of the church in and with Christ.

First—the root of a believer's standing—“He dwelleth in God.” The root, the blessedness, and the end of the believer's standing, is declared in the 33rd of Isaiah and 16th verse—“He shall dwell on high.” That shall, is not only prospective, but perpetual—He has, he does, he shall dwell in high places—“His place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks.”

Here are two descriptions of the believer's standing—eternally and perpetually it is in high places; defensively and preservingly, it is “the munitions of rocks.” What are these high places wherein the believer dwells? What are these munitions of rocks, by which he is preserved? The high places are the high and mighty things of God. Christ is called the “Day spring from on high.” He came out of the Father.

From everlasting he dwelt in the Father's love, purpose, and power—these are high places, and it is in these places the church has ever dwelt. Take that 6th verse of the

2nd of Ephes. you have the whole: “raised us up together; made us sit together.”

The bringing forth of Christ in the secret womb, and the setting up of Christ in the everlasting covenant, as well as the raising him from the grave, are all called raising up—in every instance—the church was in and with him. How do you mean? Two things First—God knew his people, and had predestinated them to obtain eternal life. Secondly—the whole of God's design in and by Christ, was to make clear and glorious the way by which these elect sinners should be saved, and God glorified.

This is the root of our standing—our life was, and is, hid with Christ in God.

These “munitions of rocks”—(which figure had reference to the ammunition, and fortification which the church has in the glorious acts of the blessed Trinity) are the glorious doctrines revealed and manifested, realized and implanted in the souls of believers. Life, love, light, blood, pardon, peace, and power, through Christ, by the Holy Ghost, are all so many fortifications which keep the soul from destruction.

Secondly, the manifestation of this standing, God dwelleth in him. This shews the work of God is not wholesale, or reachable by all and any; no; sovereign and personal. “God dwelleth in him.” God dwelleth to give the light of life. God dwelleth in the sinner by his law; “I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God.” To convince, to condemn, to humble. “His true in the believer, the law makes nothing perfect, but then there is the bringing in of a better hope; Christ is called a better hope, because there is a false hope, sometimes of a self-righteous character. God dwells in the sinner by the Holy Ghost revealing and applying Christ in his grace and mercy, love and peace. Read the whole history of the kingdom of grace in the 132nd Ps. 13—17. This is why, and how, God dwells in the believer.

Thirdly, the fruit, brought to “dwell in love.” This is certainly true; I do love the gospel, and the Author of it, and all the possessors of it; though I often feel dead to it.

Fourthly, what doth all this declare? Our love is perfect; it comes from, and leads to God; our dwelling in love is because God dwelleth in us, and we dwell in him. Herein is our love made perfect; the sincere love which the believing sinner has to Christ, his gospel, and his saints, fully declares that God dwelleth in him.

Fifthly, the eternal benefit and design of all this, “that we may have boldness in the day of judgment” This day of judgment will be an awful day for hypocrites, empty professors, and hardened sinners. They will all hang down their heads; the terrible majesty of God against sin will pierce them through and through, and sink them into hell; but the believer shall swim in the ocean of everlasting love right into glory without fear or shame.

Sixthly, the parallel is wonderful, “As he is, so are we in this world;” Christ, is the object of the Father's delight, so are elect and redeemed sinners; Christ is the righteousness of God; we are the righteousness of God in him; Christ is waiting to receive his church home to glory; we are waiting for him to come and take us thither. Hallelujah; let the saints rejoice; redemption's work is done; our kingdom is secure.

**The Goodness, Mercy, and Long-suffering Forbearance of a Covenant
God towards JAMES MASON.**

(Continued from p. 147.)

BUT to return:—At every interval in the following week, (though my mind seemed locked up in black despair,) I was searching the word of God, to see if I could get the least gleam of hope or comfort, but I failed in all my attempts: Sunday came, I got up in the morning, took my little girl with me, (who is now a married woman, living in London, and the mother of two children,) and we walked over to Abingdon, which is nine miles from Wantage, for the purpose of visiting Mr. Tiptaft's chapel, and again hearing him preach; but I was disappointed, Mr. Tiptaft was out, and Mr. Shorter preached instead; but I could not understand him; from the faint remembrance of what I heard that day, I should say Mr. Shorter preached the comforts and joys experienced by God's family, but not one word was fastened on my mind, and I returned fatigued in body, and miserable in mind: but to shew you the effect my soul-trouble now produced, I will mention one little circumstance—my conscience was so tender that I would not permit my child to pluck a flower out of the edge as we went along; and I could not help thinking, even then, what a change, what a mighty revolution had taken place in my mind; first, in convincing me of sin, and all my fightings against that conviction; and now brought, with a tender conscience before a heart-searching God. No; it was Sunday; she must not pluck a flower; it was a breach of the law of God. And it was not only to outward things, this tenderness of conscience extended, but to the thoughts and intents of my heart; I strove to keep my thoughts; strove to keep my heart with all diligence; but, alas! made poor work of it. I was carrying the burden of guilt upon my conscience; my heart was meditating terror; and more than all, I was daily adding to the enormous catalogue of my transgressions; for the more I strove against the power of sin, I sinned and stumbled but the more.

I passed another week of sorrow, and towards the close began to think where I should go next Sunday; Abingdon was too far; I had not strength of body to walk eighteen miles on a Sunday; and be it known unto all men, I knew no distinction betwixt truth and error, in the religious world; nothing of sects and parties; schisms and divisions, into which the professing Church of Christ is divided, in this awful day of

blasphemy and rebuke; nothing of the abounding errors that swarm in our gospel professing land. I determined in my own mind to go to the Independent Chapel in Wantage on the next Sunday, and see if I could get any consolation there. Accordingly, on Sunday morning I got up, and was at the prayer meeting, at the independent chapel at seven o'clock; again at the morning service, and in the afternoon I went to church; and if any poor sinner, ever stood in the Church of England, and uttered such responses as these—"Lord, have mercy upon us," "Christ, have mercy upon us," with all his heart and soul, I am that poor sinner; in the evening I again went to the Independent Chapel; and though I got nothing to comfort me, or give me hope, I thought I was in my place, the path of duty; watching, and waiting at the posts of Wisdom's doors; and from this day, Sundays and week nights there was not a place of worship open, but I was there, whether it was amongst the Methodists, Independent or Church, for I looked upon all that made a profession of religion as good people, and those that did not I thought much better than myself, for they had not gone to such lengths of sin and iniquity as I had; and the openly profane I had no stone to throw at them, for I had been profanity personified.

About this time, the judgment of God was again abroad in the earth, and it had no small effect upon my mind, and it was closely connected with the experience of my soul; the cholera morbus broke out in Wantage, and to me it appeared like the destroying angel in the land of Egypt; or like the six men spoken of in the 9th of Ezekiel, who went forth at the command of the Lord, each man with a slaughter-weapon in his hand, commissioned to slay utterly, old and young, both maids and little children and women, for it began at the bottom of Mill Street, and took literally old and young, maids, and little children, and women; and the death of one little child I shall never forget, nor the impression it made on my mind; and I tremble and heave a deep sigh whilst I now write, at this distance of time. It was a little boy about four or five years of age; he was in Mill Street on the Sunday afternoon, at play, and swearing, (as the saying is,) like a young trooper, and was seized with the cholera in the evening, and was a corpse on the Monday afternoon. It began, (as I have said,) at the bottom of

the street, and took one, and two, out of every house up one side of the street; my eyes were opened to see young and old cut off in their sins. One man who died with it was a carpenter; he was in a public house one morning, boasting trade was good; he had been sitting up all night to make a coffin, and now another was dead, he had got another job; he went home and was seized with the same dreadful malady, and was a corpse himself in less than twenty-four hours. A shopmate with whom I had been particularly acquainted, was seized with it, about five minutes after I left him one evening, and was a corpse next day, and his wife the day following; leaving a family of eight children, and they lived only three doors from the house in which I lodged. My soul was filled with horror and amazement at these events, and the impressions of my mind was this, that as God sent the storm after Jonah, so he had sent this fearful disease after me, with this difference, Jonah obtained mercy, but I never should, the cholera would cut me off, and I should sink to hell, with all my transgressions on my head; I was afraid to go to sleep of a night, lest I should wake in hell before morning; and I dared not sleep without begging of God to preserve me: and when I awoke in the morning my soul was drawn forth to bless and praise God for the mercy that I was out of hell.

One Sunday morning, at this time, I went to the seven o'clock prayer meeting, at the independent chapel, and an old man gave out an hymn: I think it was in Lady Huntingdon's Collection, I do not remember ever having heard the hymn sung before nor since; and can only remember the closing lines of each verse now, which were—

"Tell it unto sinners, tell,
I am, I am, out of hell."

And my soul shouted it before God, with all its might.

You will mark, I have not mentioned my wife since I left her, under the circumstances I have related in London; but she, and the child that was with her, were on my heart, night and day; and it was among my sorrows, that pressed heavily upon me, that my foolishness, my own foolishness, was the cause of our separation. I had freely forgiven her for her conduct towards me, and her sister too, and laid all the fault at my own door. Fearing I should die with the cholera, I could not bear the thought to be cut off, and not be reconciled to the wife of my bosom; (and this added to the dreadful fears I was the subject of); accordingly, I wrote to London, to Mr. John Robinson, my wife's father in law, begging of him, as a friend, to inform me how my wife and child

were, and how they were situated, and where she was, as I wished much to write to her, for the purpose of bringing about a reconciliation. In a few days I received an answer to my letter, but it was not from John Robinson, it was from a total stranger, the landlord of the house in which poor John lived; he informed me he had received my letter, and had taken the liberty of opening it, and reading the contents, and his reasons for doing so was, poor Mr Robinson had been seized with the cholera, taken to a cholera hospital, and after an illness of seventeen hours, death put a period to his sufferings. I was sitting in my master's shop, at work, when I received this letter; as I read it, I felt as though I should sink into the very earth; I got up and staggered out into the yard to save myself from fainting, and to weep before the God of my salvation: and to bless and praise him, for his sparing mercy, and long-suffering forbearance towards me; when these words dropped into my heart with power, "one shall be taken and another left;" and from this moment, something of the beauty, the glory, the dazzling brightness, of the sovereignty of Jehovah began to be opened up to my view. Now, another fear seized me, to add to my accumulating sorrows. Oh, brother Banks, if the God of my salvation, had not supported me, and given me strength equal to my day, I must have sunk beneath my load; but hitherto he hath helped me, and though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful. Who can tell, was the language of my poor fearful heart, but what the cholera hath cut off both wife and child; and under this dreadful fear, for to me it was dreadful fear, that harrowed up my very soul, I immediately wrote to my wife, and addressed it to her at her sister's: and in a few days received an answer, full of kindness and affection, informing me that she was safely delivered of a daughter on the 22nd of September, the very day before I heard Mr. Tiptaft at Grove, as I have recorded; she also informed me she had nearly recovered her strength, and was willing to join me at Wantage as soon as the cholera was removed.

This child is still alive, a daily monument before my eyes of the goodness of God towards me; but her poor mother lies in Wantage Church-yard; some account of her death will come in in its proper place. As I have said again and again, I shall never be able to tell out my sorrows as I felt them nor the deeps of soul distress into which I sunk, so I feel assured, I never shall be able to tell out my joys; language fails me to tell the gratitude, the love, the thanksgiving, that flowed out of my poor heart to the God of my mercies, for preserving me, my poor wife, and children, at this awful period; and

the great mercy to incline the heart of my poor wife to forgive her guilty husband, and to consent to live with him again, after suffering so much from my base conduct. Oh, love, thou art a wonderful principle, even in the breast of a fallen sinner; the love of a kind and affectionate wife to her husband, notwithstanding all his faults, is, I believe, the strongest love in nature; hence the Scriptures declare that the union that subsisted between Jonathan and David, was wonderful, passing the love of women; and if the union that subsists between two souls surpasses the strongest natural love, what must the love of Christ be!

“O, the love of Christ to sinners,
Who can make its wonders known?
Sin-born slaves through grace are winners
Of a bright celestial crown.
Jesus give us,
Endless glory, and renown.

“Jesus saw us sunk in ruin,
And determined us to save;
Shed his blood, and brought us to him,
For our life, his own he gave;
He redeemed us
From sin, satan, and the grave.”

“Endless love he fix'd upon us,
In eternity that's past;
Nor will ever take it from us,
Endless love shall ever last:
Love redeem'd us,
And will ever hold us fast.”

But to return: my heart was overwhelmed with gratitude, for the mercies conferred upon me. I have often wished, amidst the peevishness, fretfulness, murmuring, and discontent, that I am oftentimes now the subject of, that I could have again the same pleasurable feelings I at times enjoyed, from a view of the goodness of God towards me, and the signal answers to prayer, I received from his gracious hand, and this supported me in my soul sorrows; and I was enabled to thank God, and take courage. I wrote again to my wife, and sent her some money, wishing now to do every thing in my power to make her comfortable; letting her know something of the sorrows and conflicts, that had passed in my mind; telling her I felt convinced that the religion of the Son of God made good husbands, good wives, good fathers and good mothers; that though I did not know that I was interested in the great things, even the pardon of sin, and the eternal salvation of the soul; this one thing I knew, that the fear of God brought a man to depart from evil, and cleave unto the Lord with full purpose of heart. At this time I knew nothing of the plan of salvation, nothing of the way in which God

can be just and yet the justifier of him that believes in Jesus; I was wandering to and fro amongst legal preachers, and listening to “lo here, and lo there,” till I was filled with confusion, and almost distracted, and I will record an act of foolishness that will shew you my utter ignorance in the things of God.

Amidst my trouble of soul, and the confusion of my mind as to what was right and wrong, the thought at once struck my mind, that I had not fulfilled the promises I made, in what I call the first prayer that ever escaped my infidel lips. I had promised to have my children christened. I had not done it; I had promised to turn christian, now I was afraid I never should be one in reality, for the law of God condemned me as a transgressor, my own conscience condemned me, every thing I did appeared to be done wrong, and the gospel appeared to condemn me as an unbeliever, but still I was determined to do what I could: accordingly I went to the church minister, who received me kindly, asked me into his study, heard me patiently tell out what I had passed through, and express my desire to have my child christened; he was amazed to hear that any one could have been so prejudiced against christianity in all its forms and doctrines, as even to refuse to have his children christened, from principle; but he was glad I saw my errors; highly approved of the steps I was taking; and had no doubt if I did my duty in all things, God would restore me to peace of mind; in the course of conversation he quoted these words, “let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall:” they were used as a caution to me, lest I should fall back into infidelity again; and a strong impression they made on my mind, and produced a strange effect, the fear of hell being the predominating feeling of my mind: but by this scripture this fear for a time was taken away, and a fear, which to me, appeared more horrid, seemed to take possession of my mind, which was lest I should go back into infidelity again, and this I dreaded above every thing; but more of this by and by: I received of this gentleman every thing of human kindness, though I believe he did not understand my case: he even kindly offered me the use of his library, any book I thought would help me in my search after truth. At the appointed time I took my child to church, and had her christened, and to tell my feelings at the font, I cannot; my knees smote together; I trembled from head to foot to hear the solemn promises I was making in the name of God: such was the kindness of this man that he refused to take any fee.

As soon as I got home I wrote a letter to my wife, letting her know what I had done, and requesting her to have both the children christened in London; to change Julian's name, to let him bear that name no longer, but to give him the name of Thomas, and to name the baby Mary Ann, after my mother; but in this I could not have my own way; I soon received a letter to say, she had had the children christened before my letter arrived, that to our boy she had given the name of Julian Thomas, and to the baby Ann Catherine; so that in opposition to my will, my boy bears the name of Julian to this day, a living monument of my infidelity, and the name of Thomas as a memento of the love of Christ towards me, in bringing a poor unbeliever to experience his resurrection power, and making himself known unto me as "My Lord, and my God."

As soon as I had performed this promise, accomplished this purpose of my heart, I began to enquire whether I had done right or no? I began to think there were a people called baptists; I was led to examine the baptismal service, as it is called in the prayer book, to search the scriptures on this point; and at last was compelled to class the christening of my children, amongst my sins of ignorance, and to receive the ordinance of believers' baptism; but this was not the work of a day. No; a little was opened up to me here, and a little there; in the fire and in the flood; but more of this when I come to speak of how, and when, and where I was baptised in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Soon after this, the dear Lord was pleased to remove the cholera from Wantage, to the no small joy of my heart. The effect this mercy produced in my mind, was something like a condemned malefactor receiving a reprieve; and my soul was led to bless the Lord for his sparing mercy. My wife also came down to Wantage with her children, and having saved a bed and some few things from the wreck of our little home, I now left my lodgings, and took a house in Mill Street, and with the assistance of my employer, who kindly advanced me some money, I soon had a comfortable home, with my wife and children around me, and I shall never forget the first night when we were settled in it, I commenced what is called family prayer; I read a chapter in the Bible and was enabled to pour out my soul to God, in thanksgiving for his goodness to such an hell deserving wretch; every thing I had, all I possessed, I had received in answer to prayer; every thing appeared a mercy, and though I was in deep soul trouble, as to whether I should be saved, or eternally lost; and though my cup seemed mixed with wormwood and gall, there was

something secret sweetened all. My conduct soon made a great noise in Wantage. Some said, "little Jemmy, the infidel, is gone mad with religion," and whilst they were saying this I was really thinking, I should go mad for the want of a real religion. Some said I was righteous over much, and whilst they were saying so, I was fearing I should perish in my unrighteousness; and some were so very kind as to dubb me an hypocrite, and this was the means in the hand of a gracious God, of making me cry, "Lord, search me, and try me, and know my heart, and lead me in the way everlasting."

One evening when I was out, if I remember right, at a private house, where a Methodist prayer-meeting was held, Mr. Keyworth the minister of the Independent chapel, called at my house, had some conversation with my wife, and left word he wished to see me. On the following Sunday-afternoon I called at his house, and had some conversation with him, in which I told him the train of events through which the Lord had brought me; he was very kind, and used every means to encourage me; but my soul refused to be comforted; the consolations of man were of no use to me, I wanted the consolations of God; but I had not courage enough to tell him so; I could tell him what I had passed through; I could hear what he had to say; but could answer nothing. After a few days he called again at my house, and again had some conversation with me; in which he warned me, not of the errors of the Church of England, not of the errors of the Wesleyans, or any other professors; but of the errors of the system promulgated at Grove; he said they set aside all good works; he once knew a lady who had been a most exemplary christian; who distributed tracts, visited the sick, and was very charitable; that she, hearing a preacher of this sort, left off all these things, and became quite an altered character; what he said sounded very feasible to me; and as I was all on the working system, this man's manners, (for he was very kind,) his conversation and preaching, took me very much; he also kindly offered me the use of books to assist me in my search after truth; and as I had not availed myself of the church minister's, I accepted his offer, for as yet I had read nothing but the Bible.

If I remember right, Bogue's Essay on the New Testament was the first work Mr. K. lent me; and what I suffered in going through that book, I shall not attempt to describe; suffice it to say that in all the arguments Bogue brought forward to establish the divine authenticity of the New Testament, the devil and the unbelief of my own evil heart, appeared to rake up arguments against him; all the arguments of

infidel writers, which I had read in by-gone days were brought afresh to my memory, and I appeared to be inundated with infidelity. It was now I felt the force of that scripture, which had been quoted to me as a warning, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed, lest he fall;" it was now I trembled, lest I should fall back again into the awful gulf of infidelity. It was now, I cried, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe,"—"Deliver my soul from going down to the pit." God appeared for me at last; light broke into my mind; truth triumphed in the awful struggle within; and I believe that book was the means of establishing me in the truth of the divine authenticity of the Scriptures of God. At present, I shall only mention one more book Mr. K. lent me, which produced very different feelings in my heart in going through it to what the one did which I have mentioned; it was *The Life of Newton, of Olney, afterwards Rector of St. Mary's Woolnoth, Lombard-street, London.* In poor Newton, the infidel, I could see a picture of myself; I wept and prayed over that book, and gleaned comfort and encouragement from the perusal of the life and experience of that dear man of God; and when I came towards the close of his life, when he had become, as his friends thought, too feeble to preach; when they dissuaded him from it, he exclaimed, "What! shall the poor African blasphemer cease to preach Christ, whilst I have a tongue to speak to his praise?" or words to this effect, for I write from memory; O, I felt such a love to Jesus Christ for saving such a poor sinner as Newton, and I thought, if he ever delivered me, if he ever saved me, if ever he opened my mouth to speak to his praise, I would exalt him to the highest. From the effect I experienced from reading this book and similar works since, I do believe, that next to the Bible, the best books a sin-distressed soul can read is the biographical experience of God's living family; a living experience meets a living experience; and we feel knit to the writer, though we never saw nor knew him; and then telling the circumstances in which God met with them, we often find a similarity with our own. In reading the desolate condition of poor John Newton, on the coast of Africa, I read as it were a picture of my own desolate condition; wandering, a fugitive, in my own native land; thus I was led along, acquiring a little knowledge, helped with a little help, and now and then experiencing a little reviving in my bondage state.

JAMES MASON.

(To be Continued.)

A Letter from a Friend in Norwich.

Dear Brother:—Since I last wrote to you I have been into Scotland; and am now in this old fashioned, and old anti-christian city, Norwich. Even here is seen the truth of the Lord's own declaration concerning his two witnesses, (Rev. xi. 3.) Brown says, "Christ's two witnesses denote the small, but sufficient succession of faithful ministers; who, from age to age, amidst grief and persecution, bear witness against the abominations of Popery. They, like olive trees before God, are remarkably furnished with gifts and graces; and being protected, and delighted in by him, do minister as in his presence, and depending on his grace."

There are upwards of one hundred churches and chapels in this city, consisting of various grades, sections, parties, and sentiments; but, only one or two out of these, so far as my information goes, preach the gospel, as with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; for, in my hearing of the word, there is as much difference between preaching truth in the letter, and in the Spirit, as between midnight and mid-day. The former, I doubt not, is applied by the Spirit in numerous instances, and sealed to the elect: but it is not sealing, anointing, precious, and comforting, like the latter: the Spirit speaking in the word, brings it to the affections, or heart; the whole soul goes along with it, and is drawn out, and into the source from whence it came: there is an absorbing of all our faculties in God: it is so with me in these favoured seasons of hearing, and communion with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: the dryness of the letter leaves no salutary effects on my soul; it is useful in killing, but not in healing; a state is felt like that land which was barren, and good for nothing, and the water bitter, unfit to drink; but the Spirit, like salt, cast in, will heal it; for such is my nature, barren and bitter; but when some Elisha is enabled, instrumentally to throw salt in, I feel healed and well. It is this change of feeling which enables me to take heed, to know, and to weigh what I hear.

About six weeks ago, one Sabbath

morning, I was in a very dry, barren, and thirsty land, the Lord opened these words a little to me—"My foot hath held his steps; his way have I kept, and not declined." How different I felt my experience from that of Job's. I saw the feet of Job tracing the steps of his Redeemer: and oh, what high walking; what precious fruit; what a life, in "holding his steps." And this do his sheep, who hear his voice, and follow him. "I held him and would not let him go, (said the church,) until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me." In that chamber of his leadings and dealings with me, it is sweet conversing. "His way have I kept," Paul said, "I have kept the faith," or "My foot hath held his steps,"—

"They mark'd the footsteps that he trod."

Yes; he held their steps; "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not," is the cry of faith; to keep his way of salvation, of righteousness, hanging alone upon him, as a poor helpless sinner for all things. He is an high way to depart from evil; "and not declined:" this is strong language; but Job could utter it in faith. He had not declined from following Christ; he was his Redeemer, and he earnestly followed him, withersoever he went, or was drawn.

Having thus had my fleece a little wetted, I heard Mr. H—, of B—, in Lincolnshire, a doctrinal man, standing high about there; but alas, no rain filled the pools; the preaching and praying, was all dry; I returned empty; but alas, it was worse than this with me: I feel, (I wish I could say at all times, when thus disappointed,) an holy indignation; I generally see the proud mark of the beast very prominent, when it is so: and those other two marks, so awfully manifest in these days—Multitudes! the whole world following popularity: and COVETOUSNESS, the mark in the hand. If you glance abroad, you will see these two marks on many who are of repute in preaching the truth. I ask, therefore, is not "the holy city" trodden under foot, and the witnesses prophesying in sackcloth?

H. W.

HENRY FOWLER'S CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

(Continued from p. 161.)

ABOUT the close of the year 1801, I visited Kingsbridge to see some of my relations; and by their influence I was invited to preach at the chapel in Lady Huntingdon's connection, and I found no reluctance on my part; for I had been somewhat favoured in my meditation as I walked thither. At the time appointed I went to preach, to a much larger congregation than I had been accustomed to preach to, yet my great natural timidity was removed, and I found much freedom of speech, and I think felt much pleasure in my own soul in showing to my hearers how we stood righteous before God, and the blessed safety of those who were accepted in the beloved. Many of the people expressed much satisfaction: and I was, by the leading men of the chapel, pressed to preach again; and in the warmth of the moment, I consented. Thus far all went on well; but losing by degrees my enjoyments, I fell into a reasoning spirit; and under a strong temptation, I said to myself, I have been carried through the last exercise much to my own satisfaction, and to the people's; but what shall I do for matter the next time? I have said all that I can say. I laboured and toiled in my mind, sometimes at old texts, and at other times at new texts, to see if I could pick up anything; but the more I toiled the greater was my embarrassment and confusion, so that I knew not what to do: I had made a promise, and therefore it was too late to say nay. In this state I was tossed about like a vessel in a high sea, until I was happily relieved by a sudden thought. It was this, I have heard Mr. Jones preach from this text, "With loving-kindness have I drawn thee:" why, I had better preach as much as I can recollect of his sermon; it is sound truth, I said, and much better than I can produce. I found, it is true, a questioning in my mind whether it was right for me to preach Mr. Jones' sermon; but I soon silenced the clamor in my conscience by saying, What am I to do? I have nothing of my own. And if I take a text and attempt, to preach from it of

my own devising, I shall be put to confusion, and what will the people think and say of me? Will it not be much better for me to preach a good sermon, though another man's, than darken counsel by words without knowledge? Thus I settled the business; and called into action all the powers of my memory. I had good ground to hope for success, because I had heard Mr. Jones preach the above sermon, *first*, in London; *second*, at Bristol, *third* at Devonport; so that I suppose it was an old favorite of the preacher's! and my memory as well as Mr. Jones's, being pretty strong, I recollected that he delivered the whole of his four heads with about sixteen subdivisions! nearly word for word every time, which I thought much to my advantage. Thus furnished, (and well too I thought, for if the sermon would do for London, Bristol, and Devonport, surely it will do for Kingsbridge)! I mounted the pulpit at the given time. If I recollect right, I was rather confused in my prayer. I had been in the habit from the commencement of my preaching to entreat the Lord to assist me both as to matter and manner; but having a sermon already made, as I thought, I could not honestly beg for God's assistance; neither could I beg of the Lord to assist my memory; for that would have discovered me to the people at once. I therefore got through my prayer as well as I could, and perhaps the hearers saw nothing amiss. After the people had sung, I gave out my text with a tolerable emphasis, and proceeded, after a short introduction, to divide my text in the same order as laid down by the said Mr. Jones. You will observe, reader, I had *four* heads and about *sixteen* divisions to get through!! The number of hearers happened to far exceed the former time of my preaching, and several classical men, I understood, were to be present, as well as the regular minister, who had been polished at Cheshunt academy: so that I had quite work enough before me. Well, with all these difficulties before my eyes, I set to work as well as I could. But, alas, for me! I had not spoken long before the most dreadful guilt, hypocrisy, pride, and confusion, possessed my mind. Mr. Jones's sermon was com-

pletely taken from my memory, and though I used every artifice to recover, at least some part of it, I could not; and after labouring like a thrasher, for I suppose not more than fifteen minutes, quite exhausted, I sat down in confusion, not knowing where to hide my head. After the conclusion several persons came round me to encourage me not to be dispirited on account of my embarrassment, and they expressed much sympathy for me, seeing that I was but a stripling, and young in the ministry; but I was sensible I deserved no pity. But I concealed the cause of my embarrassment, and acknowledged my error before God in secret. I was ashamed of my unbelief, that I could not depend on the Lord, as he had been my help; I was condemned for my pride in attempting to raise myself high by another man's stilts. This mortification of my pride taught me a lesson that I have not forgotten yet. I said to myself, I will never attempt to preach Jones's sermon, nor any other man's sermon any more as long as I live! I am persuaded, that if sermon-stealers were served as I was on this occasion, they would be of my opinion. Blessed be God who overrules the errors of his servants for their good, and for his own glory! I have mentioned this circumstance, and designed it as a caution to young preachers, never to wish to appear in things already made to their hands, lest they should be beaten with many stripes, as I was. I fear that fleshly scheme I tried to carry into execution is too much practised by many who shine in other men's robes, who have the knack of altering a little of a sermon here and there to escape detection. The voice may resemble Jacob's but the hands are Esau's."

(To be Continued.)

"THE sin against the Holy Ghost is only this—It is a wilful and deliberate act in a professor of religion, whereby, he doth not only fall from his profession, but he runs into a course of sin, knowingly, against conscience: obstinately, against counsel: maliciously, against Jesus Christ. This is a brief description of this sin. Now, I am persuaded there are many in the world, that have professed religion, that are, if not in this sin, yet at the very next door to it."—*Love.*

Christian Rebicker.

"The Rescue:"—Being some account of the conversion, awful conflicts and peaceful death of a vessel of mercy. By an eye witness.

We believe this to be one of the most striking instances of the forbearance and superabounding mercy of God toward a poor guilty sinner, that has ever been witnessed. We feel persuaded "*The Rescue*" will be read with most intense interest by all who know the grace of God in truth.

In our last number we gave the history of R— D— down to the period when, for the last time he was laid upon a sick bed. The writer of "*The Rescue*," who watched over, and conversed with him for hours previous to his departure; and who appears to have been somewhat exercised as to the genuineness of the solemn change which we recorded in our last goes on to say—

"My first thought, however, on hearing all this was, 'Is he wandering? Is he in his senses?' And the following mode of putting this to the proof occurred to me. When I saw him the previous afternoon he was particularly anxious about one matter of business, and it was agreed between us that he should get a certain account and shew it to me when I called on the following day. Remembering this I said to him—'When did you see me last, R—?' 'Yesterday afternoon,' he replied. 'And do you remember any thing you promised to get for me.' 'Yes, to be sure; and you will find the note tied up in the corner of my handkerchief under my pillow.' I put my hand under his pillow, and drew out his handkerchief and found the note there as he had said. I now saw that he was in full possession of his reason. His mind was clear, and his manner as prompt and as self-possessed, as ever I saw it in my life.

"Satisfied as to this, I said, 'Well now, R—, tell me what you mean by saying that you are happy—and that you are going to heaven? How can you speak of going to heaven, and of being happy?' 'Oh,' said he, with striking emphasis 'it's all through Christ—through his blood;—it's this that has washed away my sins!' It is impossible for me to express what I felt on hearing this. It seemed a great deal too much to believe; and yet how dare I doubt it? 'Is this, supposing it to be real, any-

thing more than must result if God has revealed Jesus to his soul?' I asked myself. But could it really be so? Was the great work done? Was he saved?

'R—,' I said, 'this is a solemn and important moment. I have been standing over you for hours, watching for your last breath; but God has been pleased to give you back your senses again; for how long I cannot tell;—do let me, then, ask you, as a dying man, and in the presence of God, what you mean by telling me that you have peace in your soul, and that you are going to heaven? For you know what a sinner you have been.' He replied with peculiar solemnity and earnestness of manner, 'I know I have but a very short time in this world; perhaps not five minutes; but I believe in Jesus, the Son of the living God; and my trust is entirely in his merits, and in his blood; (and this he said as if anxious to impress on me the reality, as well as the blessedness of it) *my sins are all forgiven—I have peace with God.*'

"I was too much overcome by this astonishing scene to say any thing for a few moments. I was drinking in the blessed fact that he was plucked, by God's most precious mercy, as a fire-brand out of the burning."

Satisfied as we are that this was genuine faith, we say, surely, a more glorious illustration of the nature and sufficiency of genuine faith was never witnessed or heard of. But, come and look at two things herewith connected. First, the fruits of faith, and secondly the conflicts of soul, which, through the power of the adversary, he was the painful subject of. See here, the grace of God was not in the flesh—the grace of God did not conquer or cleanse the natural powers of the man, but ultimately it took the soul out of the vile body, and carried it into glory, there to shine as one of the brightest gems in the Mediator's crown. Oh, grace! Free grace! what conquests hast thou gained over sin, and death, and hell!

But, listen to our author's detail of facts:—

'He presently asked me to pray with him at once as he thought his time here was very short: and his senses might not be continued to him. It will not be wondered at that, when I responded to his request, I found myself rather pouring out thanksgivings than presenting supplications.

"After this he wished to see his beloved wife and children. About the same time also his brother arrived. And to all these dear relatives he again and again professed his faith in the precious blood of Jesus, and his peace and happiness in the prospect of immediate death.

"He then requested that several of the men, over

whom for years he had acted as foreman, might be sent for in order that he might tell them that he was dying a believer in Jesus. I was not present when he saw them, but those who were present tell me that he spoke most impressively to them; urging on them the sufficiency of the Saviour, and his blood, and telling them of his own peace and hope.

"During the latter part of the day fever came on, and for many hours he was quite delirious. Having taken nothing but the weakest gruel for two or three weeks he was very, very, feeble; and there can be no doubt that he saw too many persons, and spoke a great deal too much, during that day. This had brought on great excitement of the brain. His ravings during his delirium were very violent; and all this was the more painful because of our strong impression that he would surely die that night. But as night came on the fever was mercifully checked, and by nine or ten o'clock he was quite calm and rational. I sat with him until about four o'clock in the morning; for he seemed troubled if he missed me from his side, and I was anxious to hear anything more he might say about the Lord. He spoke to me several times, during that night, in the sweetest and happiest manner, of the preciousness of the blood of Jesus, and of his wonderful conversion. My fear, lest the fever and excitement should return, made me repress, rather than promote conversation; so that I simply noticed his own voluntary remarks.

"Once when he had lain for some time with his eyes closed, though evidently not asleep, he opened his eyes, and turning round to me, said, 'I used to think that I should be the only one of our dear family who would be lost. I thought I was to be the outcast one, for I knew all the rest were Christians; but now you see we shall all meet above clothed in the white robe. You remember a little pamphlet you gave me once about the Surplice, that had a good deal about the white robe in it?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I remember it.' 'Ah,' said he, 'it is the precious blood of Jesus which makes the robe white, is't it?' 'Several times during that night he spoke in a similar strain. Sometimes he seemed quite lost in wonder at the grace God had shewn in his conversion.

"During the following morning I took a Christian brother to see him whose spiritual judgment I much valued, for I was anxious that others should witness, and judge of this very interesting case. On being asked by this visitor as to the state of his mind, he said—'I am as happy as an angel, sir; quite happy. I have nothing but heaven before me; and I hope it will please God to take me there to day. It is no wonder is it, that I should wish that, for you see I never had the chance of going there before?' He meant the way into heaven was never open before him until now—that now it was the immediate prospect of his soul—and how was it possible for him not to wish to pass on into it. 'But,' he was asked, 'how do you hope to go to heaven?' Turning his face quite round towards the speaker, he instantly replied, 'Through the blood of Christ!' But you despised that blood once?' It was rejoined, 'No one more'—said he—'I have ridiculed Christ, and Christians in every possible way. According to my sphere of life I have been as great a persecutor and blasphemer as Saul; and worse. But it is all changed now! Now I see that nothing but Christ and his blood can save any man!'

This far we have proof of the genuineness of this man's faith: here is "repentance towards God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ:"—and although the curious, the critical, and the suspicious Christian may carp at some of the expressions; yet do we feel assured that it was a work in his soul, which none

but the Holy Ghost could ever commence. A further proof of this is to be found in the dreadful conflicts which followed: and which the writer thus describes:—

"In the course of the afternoon of that day fever again attacked him, and throughout the rest of the day and during the following night, indeed until mid-day on the Saturday, he was quite delirious. So extreme was the excitement, that but for his great bodily weakness violent means must have been used to restrain him. I staid with him until three or four o'clock in the morning, and certainly it was a tremendous trial to both body and spirit to be there. I think it right to state, that never in my whole life, have I heard so awful a torrent of oaths, blasphemies, filthiness, and every kind of abominable language, as was poured from his lips during this season of insanity. It was awful. It often appeared to me as if it was a demon I was gazing on and listening to rather than a man: He seemed to have conceived the most fearful hatred of me. Continually after he had poured out as much as his breath would permit he would pause, and glaring at me, say, 'Now will you be off?' 'Ah—what not gone yet!' he would cry, and then forth would pour a fresh volley more terrible still. And then again he would shout, half-raising himself in the bed and looking at me like fury, 'Now, then, will you go?'

"I need not say it was hard to stand hour after hour amidst this. It sometimes very nearly overcame me. The recollection of it, at this moment, makes my flesh quiver on my bones. But I think I was able to draw strength from the Lord; for, whenever I directed my heart towards him, I always found it calmed and refreshed. I felt that this was really receiving heavenly comfort and strength in the very presence of satan and his power.

"Between three and four o'clock in the morning I left him. He had become much calmer, and I felt that I must quit the scene for a time. By the forenoon he was quite rational, and remained so, with very slight exceptions, through the next night and the day (the Lord's day) following.

"I saw him next about seven o'clock on the Saturday evening. He was then perfectly sensible; and manifested some anxiety as to what he had said during his delirium. He asked several times what he had said—but only general answers were given him. He seemed to have some dim sort of consciousness that he had been using offensive and profane language. And I can hardly suppose it possible that it should be otherwise.

"During the Saturday he was lifted out of bed for a short time, and as he lay on the sofa he spoke very solemnly to a young man who had assisted to lift him out, and whom he had long known. He told him to see in his emaciated frame the effects of intemperance and bad company; warned him most earnestly as to his own course of life; and set before him the Lord Jesus as the only Saviour of sinners. He appeared very anxious to warn others against the vices he had himself indulged. I believe it was at this time that he had said, "I wish all the drunkards in Plymouth could see and hear me now!"

Notice, reader, how wonderfully the whole fruits and marks of the life of God in this poor sinner's soul came forth to view one after the other. Behold in the following words, the solemn anxiety which seasons of conflict produce:—

"While I was with him that evening I said to him, 'Well R—, how is it with your soul now?' 'Why,' said he, 'I can hardly say. Indeed I would rather not say anything about it just now. I feel as if I had been tossed about I know not how—and I would rather collect my thoughts a little, and ask myself a few questions, before I say anything—I hope God will be pleased to give me some sleep to night, and then in the morning I will speak to you about my state of mind.'

"On the following morning I saw him very early. I was anxious to hear the result of his own examination into the state of his mind. On my asking how it was with him, he looked up cheerfully and said, 'It is all right; it is all right!' 'What is all right?' I asked. 'Oh; it's all right here,' said he, putting his hand on his breast. 'I am happy. Christ had not moved, though I was so tossed about. The Rock never moved. And he is my trust.' 'And you find him precious to you?' I asked: 'Yes;—his precious blood is all my trust; so, you see, it's all right'—said he, looking at me with a smile of triumph on his face!

There was a simplicity and evident truthfulness in all this which gave me great joy and confidence about him. Had he been either deceived, or deceiving, he would no doubt have again said, 'happy as an angel,' &c., when I asked him how he felt on the Saturday evening. But who could expect him to feel the same quiet peace he did before, when he had for so many hours been the subject of such fearful excitement, and had been pouring from his lips such a torrent of evil? Is it possible to conceive that his spirit was not perturbed and clouded

by this? Was not his own description of his feelings, therefore, just what we should expect them to have been under such circumstances? And what confession of Jesus could be looked for more simple and satisfactory than that which he made on the following morning? On the whole, I think, no part of my intercourse with him more thoroughly satisfied me of the genuine work of the Spirit of God in his soul.

"While I was with him on the same Lord's-day morning, I mentioned that I was going to M— that day. He made a few enquiries about this, and then mentioned a person living there whom he knew, and asked me to take a message to him, 'Tell him,' he said, 'how you leave me—a dying man. And tell him that he knows something about the sort of life I have lived; and that I have been far more wicked than he knows of; that I have been an infidel; setting up Christ on a pinnacle for ridicule; but that now I have found the value of Christ. Tell him that my whole and sole trust is in his merits and his blood, and that nothing else can save either him or me.'

"I delivered this message. Surely a gospel message from the lips of this beloved dying sinner: And may God be pleased to bless it to whom it was sent!

"A very dear Christian friend, and relative, saw a good deal of him that day; and was most fully satisfied of the reality of his conversion. Many things might be mentioned which he said to him, and to others, but it will perhaps be sufficient for the purposes designed by this narrative, if I confine myself to some of the things which occurred under my own eye.

"One circumstance, however, I mention, of which I was not a witness. Either on the Saturday or the Sunday, his beloved brother was going upstairs to see him when he overheard him in prayer. There was no one just then in the room with him; he had asked to be left quite alone. His brother, who did not know this, stopped at the door when he heard how he was engaged, and for ten minutes he heard him most earnestly praying to the Lord. He appealed to God that he himself knew that now he trusted entirely in the blood of his dear Son—for which precious blood he repeatedly thanked God, and he prayed that if in anything scales were yet on his eyes, God would be pleased to take them off. He appeared to be engaged in the most direct and simple intercourse with God. When he concluded, his brother entered the room and presently asked how he felt. He said, 'I am very peaceful, and very happy, dear T—. I have been able to pray a little, and I feel very composed indeed now. 'Oh,' said he, placing his hand on his breast, 'how precious Jesus is!'

"Only those who had known R—D—as he had been, and now heard him speak thus, can fully enter into the feelings which such scenes produced.

"His wish to depart was now as marked as his desire to live had formerly been. From the hour that he first confessed the name of the Lord Jesus he evidently wished to die. Once when he was urged to take some nourishment and it was said, 'You do not know what it may do for you—it may strengthen you'—it was most evident that this was no inducement to him to take it. A week before he would have taken anything, whether food or medicine, if the faintest hope of recovery was attached to it. Then he grasped at every straw for life: But now all his affections and his desires seemed set on things above. Heaven; going to heaven; were the objects before him: His heart had hold on those things into which faith in Jesus had introduced him. His face was thitherward!

"What a contrast to the dread of the very thought of death which he had before shown. And what a wonderful and encouraging proof of the peace-giving power of the blood of Jesus, that one who had just had so horrible a sight of the awful pit, should now have so calm and confident a prospect of heaven. What a living commentary on those words—'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.'

"On the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, dear R— gradually grew weaker and weaker. The state of his brain varied very much during those days. Sometimes he was quite delirious—at other times perfectly sensible—but most generally he appeared too weak to keep hold on any subject for more than a few moments at a time. But he never during these days suffered any violent agitation; and when sensible, he invariably manifested his continued peace and hope through Jesus.

"On the Wednesday he repeatedly said that he should die that night. He spoke of this, it appears, to almost every one who waited on him that day, and he always spoke of it as a happy prospect to him. I saw him for the last time, about seven that evening. He did not say so much to me as to others about his conviction that he should depart that night, but he gave me his hand very affectionately when I left him, and asked me to kiss him. As I stooped and kissed his forehead he said—'We shall meet above before the throne next!' And so, through grace, we shall!

"About eleven o'clock that night he asked for some tea. When it was brought to him by one who had waited on him with great

kindness, he said, 'I hope you will not be offended at what I am going to ask—but I should like Grace (his wife) to give me that. It is the last thing I shall take, and I should like to take it from her hands. On his beloved wife coming into the room and handing the cup to him he said, 'My dear, I wished you to give me this, for it is the last thing I shall ever take in this world.' He took it from her hand and drank it; and having asked her to kiss him, and bidden her farewell—he seemed to compose himself as if to sleep. He lay in this way, frequently in the attitude of prayer, until he peacefully breathed his last—most literally falling asleep in Jesus without a sound or a struggle. The last words he was heard to utter were—'Lord receive the soul of R. P. D.!

"He died on Thursday morning, March 12th, at about half-past two. The very hour at which a week before he had been so awfully seized by the terrors of death and judgment!"

We rejoice to find a second edition of "*The Rescue*" has been called for. That it may be owned of God to the lasting benefit of many souls, and that its sale may afford temporary relief to the poor widow, is our most earnest prayer.

"What saith the Scripture' concerning Water Baptism?—In reply to MR. JOHN VINALL, Minister of Jireh Chapel, Cliffe, Lewes. By WILLIAM TANT, Minister of Jireh Chapel, Robert Street, Brighton." London: J. Paul, Chapter-house-court.

A SHORT time since, John Vinali—(John Vinal is what some of the folks call "a Huntingtonian preacher," at Lewes in Sussex—and like some other long established "*independents*" is very deeply prejudiced against all ministers and people who adhere to the baptism of believers only by immersion. Well, this John Vinal) felt himself moved to re-print and to publish "a letter written by John Philpot, the martyr, upon Infant baptism." To which he also appended "a short address and recommendation." The publication of this letter, it appears, has stirred up the zeal of William Tant, who, in reply to Mr. Vinal, has presented the christian public with a neat little pamphlet entitled as above.

We were going to say, "the work is well written—the subject is ably hand-

led;" and thus save ourselves any further trouble. But, we have felt so pleased (and, we would hope profited) with this good tempered, honest, straight-forward, reply of Mr. Tant's, that we cannot refrain from urging it upon our readers to purchase, and carefully to peruse the work themselves, and, thereby, in some measure, help to bear the burden which the production of such a work must necessarily bring upon the author.

Works written in defence of believers' baptism, are generally, now-a-days, looked upon with much indifference, and oftentimes treated with contempt, even by the most faithful of our baptist friends. They say "*We are satisfied of two things*—first, that baptism by immersion (administered only to believers) is an institution of divine appointment:—secondly, that multitudes of the Lord's chosen and redeemed family never were brought to submit to that ordinance: therefore, we do not desire to have our minds occupied with any controversy respecting it."

Such a position may appear very plausible; but while, on the one hand, we do not think it right to be always urging forward, controverting, and cavilling upon the subject; on the other hand, we feel called upon, like Micaiah of old, (1 King xxii.) in the midst of the many thousands of prophets that may oppose or ridicule—to maintain a firm, unshaken, and consistently, zealous contention for that sacred ordinance which we know to be of God. "Every act of worship." (says John Macgowan) "that has not a Bible warrant, how specious and pious soever it may seem, is in itself unlawful, and to be ranked along with superstition, will-worship, and anti-christianism; and of every such worshipper it may be asked—'Who hath required this at your hands?'"

Deeply sympathising, as we do, with Macgowan, in the sentiment here expressed; and being fully persuaded that neither infant sprinkling, nor the setting aside of baptism altogether, can be pleasing unto the Lord, we do hail with considerable satisfaction, the publication now under review.

There are three things in Mr. Tant's reply, which, we think, will tend very much to render it both acceptable and useful.

In the first place, John Philpot, in his letter upon infant sprinkling, has thrown out some very plausible and specious arguments in its favour; such as weak and unstable minds might easily be beguiled with: every one of these Mr. Tant has taken up; and answered. For example read the following:—

"PHILPOT.—'I can declare, out of ancient writers, that the Baptism of infants hath continued from the Apostles' time until ours.'

"ANSWER.—If the reader will turn to page 16 of this pamphlet, he will read a challenge, given by Dr. Gill to the learned Pædobaptists to 'produce a single passage out of any authentic writer before Tertullian, in which infant baptism is expressly mentioned, or clearly hinted at, or plainly supposed, or manifestly referred to. Now, had I known no more than what Dr. Gill says, I should feel the force and weight of his testimony, being well satisfied that he was a man of deep research in all ancient literature, whether rabbinical, ecclesiastical or theological. And I should attach more weight to his one testimony than to the evidence of a thousand Philpots, for this reason—Dr. Gill has not that predilection for the Puseyite Fathers which characterizes Philpot's plea for infant baptism, and which, to me, is a sure sign of Romish enchantment. But, I find from the chronological tables, given by Dr. Mosheim, Chancellor of the University of Gottingen, as translated from the German by Dr. Mac-laine, that every one of the ancient writers named by Philpot, was subsequent to the time of Tertullian (who lived at the end of the second or beginning of the third century): namely, Origen and Cyprian in the third century, Jerome and Augustine in the fourth century, Cyril in the fifth century, John Bishop of Constantinople, in the sixth century. Thus, other learned men come into my aid, and give me an additional satisfaction. Not that I lay so much stress upon the word of man, as to found my objection to infant baptism thereupon; but in the absence of scripture, and when we are assured by Pædobaptists, that 'infant baptism can be traced to the days of the Apostles, or at least to their immediate successors,' it is to my mind most satisfactory, to find the united testimony of authentic and respectable authors against the bold avowal."

Secondly—Mr. Tant has embodied in this work much of the pith of other able writers who have preceded him in defence of the same subject: and,

In the third place, Mr. Tant has throughout adhered close to his text; has pursued his opponent with much bold-

ness : generally speaking, in an exceedingly good spirit; and certainly in a style that cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive to all unprejudiced readers.

In conclusion—in proof of our assertions, and in order to tempt the reader to purchase—we gather out an extract or two, just as they have chanced to strike us in passing through the work.

Respecting Mr. Vinall's spirit against Baptist ministers, the author says :—

“That champion for vital godliness, William Gadsby, has now gone home; but while he sojourned below, he was guilty of one great crime—a crime which excludes every man from the society of Mr. Vinall—namely he had ‘the mind of Christ’ in water baptism, and consequently both advocated and practised the immersion of believers, and of believers only. And let a man be ever so sound, ever so clear, ever so savoury, ever so blessed in his ministry, it is quite enough to sink him for ever in the eyes of Mr. Vinall, if he receive and submit to the commandment of Christ concerning water baptism. This is why such blessed men as John Warburton, John Kershaw, and others now living are not tolerated by him.”

Animadverting upon the account which Mr. Vinall gives of his own conversion, our author thus quotes and comments :—

“He, (that is Mr. Vinall,) says that his New Birth took place in the following manner :— ‘In the month of February, 1802, after he had been striving against sin and temptation, under legal convictions for many months, it pleased the Lord of his infinite mercy, as he was returning home from his ungodly companions and practises, to meet with him in a sovereign way, unthought of and unsought for, and to infuse his blessed Spirit into his heart,’ * * * ‘The moment,’ says he, ‘the Lord met with me, I had such a sight and sense of myself as a sinner, and the kindness and goodness of God, that my heart was melted into the deepest contrition, compunction, humility, and godly sorrow. Here I saw, indeed, that the Lord would be just if he cut me off, and sent me to everlasting destruction: but instead of this, his goodness melted my heart, and led to that godly sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of.’

After this, he adds— ‘I continued in this state until the year 1805, when I was brought to hear that dear man of God, Mr. Huntington, who preached from these words, ‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,’ at which time the Lord was pleased to speak

pardon and peace to my soul, and set me at happy liberty.’

“This account of Mr. Vinall's experience neither agrees with the Apostle Paul, nor yet with itself; and, like all the rest of the pamphlet, is confusion. It does not agree with Paul, for he says in the seventh chapter to the Romans, that he was ‘alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and he died.’ Nor can any soul be quickened by the Spirit without feeling death. Life discovers death, and light finds darkness, before compunction and contrition are known. But the first time the Lord met with Mr. Vinall, he tells us his heart was melted into the deepest contrition and compunction. When Paul was first met with by the Lord he found an arrest, not compunction—the sentence of death—not melting of heart. Neither does this account agree with itself, for how could Mr. Vinall's heart be melted into the deepest contrition and compunction when he found no peace nor liberty ‘till three years after?’ So bondage and wrath worked in him for three years after the Lord melted his heart into deep contrition and compunction. If this be not a flat contradiction, what is ?

“Mr. Vinall goes on to say, ‘as I received the knowledge of the remission of my sins, under that man of God, (that is, Mr. Huntington,) I imbibed his principles; and it is well known that he was of the *Independent persuasion*.’ ‘*Independent persuasion!*’ verily it is too true that Mr. Vinall belongs to the *Independent persuasion* for he is quite independent of God, in the matter of baptism, and makes his appeal not to the word of the Lord, but to the word of man. Moreover, Mr. Vinall says, ‘he imbibed *his* (Mr. Huntington's) principles;’ would to God Mr. Vinall had imbibed Huntington's humility instead of Huntington's independence—Huntington's discerning mind instead of Huntington's dogmatism—Huntington's unction and power, instead of Huntington's deficiencies and infirmities—Huntington's expansive views of Gospel truth, instead of Huntington's natural eccentricities. Then Mr. Vinall would shine like a star of the first magnitude.”

By way of introducing something of the Lord's dealings with his own soul, Mr. Tant says :—

“If the usefulness of Mr. Huntington's ministry to Mr. Vinall, be any reason for him to oppose the word of God, in the matter of baptism, I have quite as much reason to oppose it also; for the first time that gospel-hope sprung up in my heart, the first time that liberty dawned upon my soul, the first time peace and pardon were sealed upon my conscience, I was hearing Mr.

Joseph Irons, of Camberwell, the ablest advocate the Pædobaptists can at the present time bring into the arena of public controversy. I confess, like Mr. Vinal, under Huntington, I 'imbibed' Irons' views in the matter of baptism, and in consequence, for many years opposed the word of God; but when the eyes of my understanding were opened to see the solemn design of baptism—when my proud heart was broken down to submit unto the word of the Lord—when I found that 'every man must bear his own burden'—when I found that as Irons did not exercise faith for me, so his practice could avail me nought—when with power invincible those words weighed upon my conscience—'Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another,' (Gal. v. 4) when, therefore, dear Toplady, blessed Hawker, discerning Huntington, and savoury Romaine, were clean swept away from me in the matter, and I was brought solemnly to ask, 'what saith the Scripture?'—the conviction that I had before been wrong, and that Peter was right, when he said it was 'the answer of a good conscience towards God,' overwhelmed me too powerfully to be resisted. And 'who is Paul, and who is Apollos?'—who is Huntington, and who is Hawker?—who is Toplady, and who is Irons? 'but ministers by whom we believed, even as the Lord gave to every man.'

Who can say anything against that? Mr. Tant puts things in their right place, in a good honest spirit. But, to us, the most striking page in the whole work, is the following note upon some parts of Mr. Irons's JAZER.

"I must here make a comment, because Mr. Irons in his 'Jazer vindicated,' gives some most paltry arguments to prove Philip did not go down into the water, notwithstanding Luke says he did. I wish to speak of Mr. Irons with all becoming respect, because, as I before said, his ministry was made useful to me many years since; and when the pamphlet, to which I have referred, came into my hands, entitled, 'The errors of Joseph' (Irons) 'Exposed,' I ardently longed to see Mr. Irons' reply. My soul was much shaken by the testimony of John Andrew Jones, but I secretly hoped Mr. Irons would advance substantial arguments in favor of 'Jazer,' that I might be saved the cross—yes, in those days a *heavy cross*, namely, to confess before God, 'Against thee, thee only have I sinned,' in trampling upon thine ordinance, and persecuting those who walked therein.

"I would have escaped this cross, if possible. I would have done any thing rather

than renounce Pædobaptism: I was then living at Wallingford, and the scorn—the enmity—I had shown to believers' baptism may be imagined but never described; many a time, when arguing with dear Christian friends against this ordinance, have I run into my room, and consulted 'Jazer' instead of the Bible, that I might know how to rebut my better-taught brethren. How chagrined I felt. How crestfallen was my countenance! and what was more than all, how uproarious was my conscience when 'Jazer vindicated' was read by me *the third time!*

"When the bookseller first put it into my hand, I retired to my room with this secret congratulation—'I shall be a Pædobaptist, yet;' but, oh, how little did 'Jazer vindicated' appear; I read it thrice, and in wild despair, threw the book on the floor; while the words echoed in my inmost soul, 'Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.' And, in a few days after, the Lord visited me with softness, tenderness, humility, and meekness.

"The words to which I refer in 'Jazer vindicated,' are these—'He (the eunuch) was on a journey, and had no idea of being baptised when he left his home: We cannot, therefore, imagine that he was furnished with the black gown, the lead weights, the dressing room, and the rest of the apparatus in modern use.' I know these words are unworthy of our notice, unbecoming a man of sense, and very indecorous in a Gospel minister; but as I have my eye upon them, I would say what Mr. Irons well knows, that the Easterns had not such refined ideas of decency and delicacy as we have in the Western hemisphere, and were more accustomed to bathing &c.; and as the black gown, the leads, and the dressing room are not essentials, but only appendages of the ordinance, such remarks touch not the point in hand. I might as well say, Mr. Irons is not a servant of Jesus Christ, because he perfumes his clothes strongly, wears a silk gown, gold rings, and other embellishments, and calls himself 'the Rev. Joseph Irons.' But I know better than to say so. These I attribute to creature infirmity. I wish also to say what Mr. Irons overlooks, that the eunuch was a man of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, and *had the charge of all her treasure.*' He was, as we should say in England, either, 'Lord Chamberlain,' or 'First Lord of the Treasury;' and would he go all the way from Ethiopia to Jerusalem without a change of raiment? Besides, the Orientals dressed more lightly than we do. Oh, what weakness men display when fighting against God!"

Other Works for Review, must for the present be deferred.

The necessity of enjoying Christ with our comforts—Too little expected from Christ.

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER:—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you. I thought to have answered your two letters upon this occasion, though I cannot say all that I would. Your timely word, not to delight in the cross, but in him who sweeteneth it, came to me in due season. I find the consolations and off-fallings that follow the cross of Christ, so sweet that I almost forget myself: my desire and purpose is, when Christ's honey combs drop, neither to refuse to receive and feed upon his comforts, nor yet to make joy my bastard god, or my new-found heaven

“But what shall I say? Christ very often, in his sweet comforts, cometh unsent for, and it were a sin to close the door upon him: it is not unlawful to love and delight in Christ's apples; but when they come clean from the timber, (like kindness itself that cometh of it's own accord,) then I cannot but laugh upon him, who laugheth upon me. If joy and comforts came single and alone, without Christ himself, I think I would send them back again to the gate they came, and not make them welcome; but when the King's train cometh, and the King in the midst of the company, O, how am I overjoyed with the floods of love! I fear not that too great floods wash away the growing corn, and loose my plants at the roots: but, certainly I would wish such spiritual wisdom, as to love the Bridegroom better than his gifts.

“I would be further in upon Christ, than at his joys; they but stand in the outer side of Christ; I would wish to be in, as a seal on his heart; in, where his love and mercy lodgeth, beside his heart.

“But, my dear brother, ere I part with this subject, I must tell you that you may lift up my King in praises with me; Christ hath been keeping something these fourteen years for me, that I have now gotten in my heavy days, which I am now in for his name sake; even an opened coffer of perfumed comforts, and fresh joys coming new and green, and powerful, from the fairest face of Christ my Lord. Let the law,

let crosses, let hell be cried down; love, love, love hath shamed me from my old ways. Whether I have a race to run, or some work to do, I see not: but I think Christ seemeth to leave heaven (to say so) and his court, and come down to laugh, and play, and sport with a silly bairn. I am not thus plain with many I write to: it is possible I may be misconstrued, and deemed to seek a name: but my witness above knoweth, I seek to have a good name raised upon Christ.

“I observe it to be our folly to seek little from Christ: because our four hours* may not be our supper, nor our earnest our principal sum: but I think few of us know how much may be had of Christ for a four hours and an earnest. We are like the young heir who knoweth not the whole bounds of his heirship. Certainly it is more than my part to say, ‘O, sweetest Lord Jesus, what if I were split and broken in five thousand strees or hits of clay, so that every shred had a heart to love thee, and every one as many tongues as there are in heaven, to sing praises to thee, before men and angels for evermore!’ Therefore, if my sufferings cry, ‘goodness, and praise, and honour upon Christ,’ my stipend is well paid.

“Every one knoweth not what a life Christ's love is; scure not at suffering for Christ; for Christ hath a chair and a cushion, and sweet peace for a sufferer; Christ's trencher from the first mess at the high table, is for a sinful witness. O, then, brother, who but Christ! who but Christ! O, all flesh—O, dust and ashes—O, angels—O, glorified spirits—O, all the shields of the world—Be silent before him; come hither, and behold our Bridegroom; stand still and wonder for evermore at him! Why cease we to love and wonder, and adore him? It is a hard matter that days lay betwixt me and him, and hold us asunder. O, how long! how long! O, how many miles are there to my Bridegroom's dwelling-house! It is a pain to wait for Christ's love any longer. But it may be a drunken man will lose his feet and miss a step.

“You write to me hall-blinks† are

* A slight repast: tea-time. ED.

† Hall Benches. ED.

slippery : I do not think my dawling† world will still last, and that feasts will be my ordinary food ; I would have humility, patience, and faith, to set down both my feet when I come to the north side of the cold and thorny hill. It is ill my common, to be swier,‡ to go an errand for Christ, and to take the wind upon my face for him. Lord, let me never be a false witness, to deny that I saw Christ take the pen in his hand, and subscribe my writs.”—*Rutherford.*

† Fondling, Flattering. Ed.

‡ It ill becomes me to be unwilling. Ed.

(To be Continued.)

TOPLADY'S TESTIMONY.

“I DESIRE in the most public manner to thank the great Author of all consolation for a very particular instance of his favor, and which I look upon as one of the most felicitous circumstances of my whole life ; I mean my early acquaintance with the doctrines of grace. Many great and good men, who were converted late in life, had the whole web of their preceding ministry to unravel, and have been under the necessity of reversing all they had been delivering for years before. But it is not the smallest of my distinguishing mercies that from the very commencement of my unworthy ministrations, I have not had a single doctrine to retract, nor a single word to unsay. I have subscribed to the Articles, Homilies, and Liturgy, five separate times, and that from principle : nor do I believe those forms of sound good words because I subscribed to them ; but I, therefore subscribed them because I believed them. I set out with the gospel from the very first, and having obtained help from God I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying no other things than Moses and the prophets, Jesus and his apostles, have said before me. And in an absolute dependence on the divine power and faithfulness, I trust that I shall, to the end, be enabled to count neither health, wealth, reputation, nor life itself, dear to me, so that I may finish my course with joy, and fulfil the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.”

Bathing in the River of Spiritual Pleasures.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—Agreeable to promise, I now give you a line to say, that through the preserving mercy of the Lord, we are here in safety ; and the sea-air, and sea-bathing have quite recruited the health of us, and we are under the roof of gracious people and kind friends.

Bathing in this wide sea is quite refreshing ; but bathing in the softer seas of God's love in Christ Jesus is much more refreshing : we do, you know, have a refreshing bathe, now and then in those soft seas, and swim too ; only, we, in this time-state, come a-shore again ; and creep and crawl like worms in earth and mud : but when we leave the shores of mortality for good ; and leave this poor flesh and blood that hang and stick to us like mud, we, I trust, shall have a sweet and comfortable bathe together in the sea of everlasting love, that cannot be passed over. (Ezek. xlvii. 5.) Can you swim, Susan ?

I wrote to friend Walker, and told him that I am persuaded he is in the waters of the sanctuary up to his knees, if he cannot swim ; but if I mistake not, I think you can swim a little ; well, we shall have a swim soon in the boundless sea of the love of Christ, without any clogs of sinful flesh and blood, and put off the filthy rags of mortality, and be clothed in garments of light and love, white linen, clean, and white, and pure, and walk with happy spirits in white, and lodge with the best Beloved for ever, and enjoy that pure, and uncloying love when the marriage of the Lamb is come, and “the bride hath made herself ready.” Come, cheer up, my child ; the wedding-day is not far distant ; the wedding robes are all ready ; and there is a dress for you, I am persuaded ; “be ye also ready.” The bridegroom will knock at your door soon, though “you know not the time of his coming ;” his chariot is on the road, watch, look out, you know his voice, he will say, “Come away, my love, come away ; and won't you be willing to go ? His looks and his love will make you willing. And you will say to the angel, the messenger—Ah, what will you say ?—They called Rebekah, and said unto her, “Wilt thou go with this man ?” And she said, “I will go,” and you will say so too. Jesus bless you, Amen.

Your's truly, W. G.

“Whatsoever it be that makes you pleased with yourself, that is not true grace : and whatsoever makes you displeased with yourself is not true grace, unless it bring you humble to Christ, and make you put more trust in him.”

THE MINISTRY, SICKNESS, AND
DEATH OF THE LATE MR. THOMAS LORD,
Minister of the Gospel.

UNDER all the circumstances, there is much that seems to call us into the valley of soul-humbling reflection, arising out of the sudden removal of the late Mr. THOMAS LORD. A large field for the deepest contemplation seems to lay open before us: but—as our “God giveth not account of his matters”—as we are exhorted “to judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come”—we shall merely, in the present number, give a simple detail of facts as they have been laid before us; purposing in our next, to furnish our readers with a more comprehensive review of this solemn event.

The simple detail of facts to which we at present confine ourselves, will be found in the following correspondence, with which we have been favoured: just premising that Mr. LORD having left his church and people at Birmingham, he was invited to become the pastor of the little assembly, meeting for worship in Edward Street Chapel, Dorset Square. It does appear that he was well received, and exceedingly acceptable in Edward Street for some little time; but circumstances of which we have no knowledge, induced him to accept an invitation to preach to the church and congregation in Jamaica Row, Bermondsey, for three months; and so useful did his ministry prove to the people there, that they were preparing for his settlement over them, as their stated minister and pastor. Just at this important juncture, he was laid down on a sick bed for a few days, and on Friday morning, August 28, he breathed his last. We subjoin the following letter, written by an aged friend, who often heard him during his residence at Jamaica Row—

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER:—It is but a short account that I can give you respecting the death of Mr. LORD. I heard him preach the last sermon he ever preached in his life; it was at the Baptist Chapel, Jamaica Row, from Gal. v. 23; and a heavenly discourse it was; as many can truly witness with me. After he came down out of the pulpit, he said to a minister who was there to hear him, “Mr. J. I wish you had been here sooner, so that you might have preached for me to night; I am so ill. But, (says Mr. LORD,) that will do for to night.” Mr. J. said, PART XXI. October, 1846.

“why did you not write to me? you know I would have preached for you.” Mr. LORD said in answer to that, “I was too ill to write.” After which conversation, a highly respectable and truly Christian lady did accompany him home to his own house. In walking home he said to this christian friend “*Now it is all up with me; I shall never preach any more.*” He said the same words to his dear wife when he got home. He was for the two first days rather beclouded in his mind, but after that short season of darkness a change took place; he then saw clearly, God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as his unchanging God. He therefore could, and did assuredly triumph in Christ, over sin, death, hell, and the grave, until his dearest Saviour took him triumphantly home, after a short illness of about two weeks. I should have named a good man, whom I know set up with him the last night but two before his death; and he told me that Mr. LORD spent almost the whole night in prayer, and praise, and made several short speeches, as far as his labouring breath allowed, to the praise of his covenant God. The dear man once said in the time of his illness, he had never been so happy in his mind and soul, since the Lord Jesus put him into the ministry, as he had been with the people of Christ in Jamaica Row; “for, (said he,) I feel such a love and union to them, if it were the Lord’s will, I should like to be instrumental in doing their souls good.” And, I add that I know the people felt a sincere love and union to him, although he was only with them about ten weeks constantly.

I am, my very dear brother, Your’s,
 J. S.

—
Funeral of Mr. Lord, and brief Summary of Mr. Wells’s address.

The committal of his earthly tabernacle to the vault in the chapel, was fixed for Tuesday-afternoon, September 1, 1846. At the time appointed we repaired to the scene of mourning and woe; and found Jamaica Row Chapel filled with a crowd of spectators, who were evidently anxiously waiting to hear what might be said respecting the departure of this servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. The pulpit was hung in black cloth; many of the congregation were in deep mourning; and we noticed some bitterly weeping over that painful dispensation which

had taken from them the man, who (according to all human appearances,) they felt assured was sent unto them to build up the walls of Jerusalem, and, instrumentally, to feed their souls with knowledge and with understanding. It was to us a most soul-humbling scene; we thought within ourselves.—“What a solemn voice is this!—By it, the Lord saith, ‘My ways are not your ways; neither are my thoughts your thoughts!’ By it, the sovereign Governor of all, and the great Head of the church seemed to say, ‘I work all things after the counsel of mine own will—I will work, and who shall let it?’ With our God, age is nothing, talent is nothing, prospects of usefulness are nothing; the anticipations of the church are nothing; when a man’s time is come; and the end of his earthly existence answered, the message arrives, ‘Come up hither!’ and who shall stay his hand, or say unto him, ‘What doest thou?’ ‘Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth.’ Let your lights be burning; and ye, yourselves, like unto men that wait for their Lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.”

While deep in thought upon these things, the coffin (followed by mourners,) was brought into the chapel, and placed in the table pew. Oh, what is death? We looked up into the pulpit: we said, “but a few days ago, he stood in that place apparently in health, proclaiming with vigour and delight, the wondrous grace of God: but now his eyes are closed, his tongue is silent, the tabernacle is dissolved, *the soul is gone!* ‘Lord, what is man?’”

The service commenced by singing—

“Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain.”

Mr. WELLS ascended the pulpit, and read part of the first chapter of the second epistle of Peter, making a few very suitable remarks as he passed along. After prayer,

“God moves in a mysterious way”

was sung; and Mr. W. read as an introduction to his oration, Zech. i. 5. “Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets do they live for ever?” He first endeavoured to substantiate the fact that the deceased was a good man, a Christian.

It was evident from the first part of the address, that Mr. WELLS felt it laid upon him to produce evidence that the deceased was a partaker of grace, and a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ; and this he said was manifested in the consciences of many of the Lord’s people, by the savour and power which accompanied both his prayers and his spiritual conversation: many living souls had felt great union of soul to Mr. LORD from the solemn and savoury prayers which flowed warm from his heart, through the door of his lips.

We remember once asking a sober, honest, and faithful brother in the ministry, the following question—“What do you think of Mr. LORD?” His answer was this—“I got nothing from his ministry to satisfy my soul; but I felt much union to him in conversation upon the best things.”

The testimony of a christian friend—at whose house he abode for some months—was to the following effect, “During Mr. LORD’s stay under our roof, his manner was reserve, his conduct was exemplary, and he seemed almost entirely to devote himself to study, and private contemplation.”

These testimonies seem to us to speak loudly in favour of the spiritual estate of his soul. But we return to Mr. WELLS’ address. We do not profess to give our extracts from his address verbatim—we only aim at the substance.

About two years ago, Mr. W. said, when he went down to Manchester, some Christian friends there spoke highly of Mr. LORD; which favourable testimony induced Mr. W. to invite him to supply at Surry Tabernacle during the month he was preaching in Plymouth; and the many favourable letters which he received during his stay in Plymouth, and the power and acceptance with which Mr. LORD’s ministry was received at the Surry Tabernacle, was to him a source of considerable comfort and gratification: and to prove that he, (Mr. WELLS,) was happily delivered from parsonic jealousy, on his return to London, he wrote to Mr. LORD, stating that if he could get a chapel in London that would hold ten or eleven hundred people, he, (Mr. WELLS,) would do his best to assist him in opening it; and if there were three or four hundred in his congregation who would prefer hearing Mr. LORD, he would rather they go and feed under Mr. LORD, than starve under Mr. WELLS. This proposition however was never acted upon.

Mr. WELLS admitted that from that time Mr. LORD had been much tossed about. Some thought him wrong in leaving Edward Street and coming to Jamaica Row, but, (said Mr. W.) I had an impression that Paddington was not the place for him but that Jamaica Row was. “When I visited him,

during his short illness, (said Mr W.) he told me he never had experienced so much peace and happiness at any place as he had in Bermondsey." It is evident the period of labour assigned to this deceased minister was short: "it was as though the Lord had said to him—'you shall be a little while in Birmingham, I have a little work for you there; and then you shall go to Surry Tabernacle, I have a little for you to do there; and then you must remove to Paddington, I have something to be done by you there; when that is done, you must go to Bermondsey, I have a little work for you there; and then you shall come home.'"

In alluding to the state of his mind, Mr W. shewed that there had evidently been a secret preparation, for the solemn exchange, wrought in his soul for some little time. About two months previous to his death, those beautiful verses, (of which our correspondent Theophilus in his letter subjoined hath spoken,) were so powerfully applied to his mind, that his sleep went from him, Mr WELLS spoke in a very interesting and encouraging manner of the circumstances connected with his visit to MR. LORD, while he laid upon what proved his death bed. Mr W. said he found his soul very peculiarly and blessedly led out in prayer; and the dying man was thereby greatly refreshed and comforted.

In a subsequent part of the address, MR. WELLS made some exceedingly encouraging remarks upon the variety which the word of God affords, as regards the deaths of true believers: there is no reason to be fearful of the death of an individual, because that individual was not so happy, and did not say so much, as they could wish in their dying hour—citing as a proof of the same, the case of Abraham and Isaac—of whom nothing more is said in the scriptures than that "they died," whilst of Jacob's death so much is related. "I (said Mr. W.) am more concerned about how I shall live, than how I shall die." Truly, truly, this should be the deepest concernment: he that lives in Christ, because Christ liveth in him, will certainly go to glory, though the passage through Jordan may be both dark and rough. "When I look (said Mr. W.) at the broad seal of MR. LORD's ministry—and see that he was always useful to some, and never rejected by all, I cannot but conclude that he was a man of God. Nay, I say more, if ever he was instrumental in snatching one sinner from the jaws of death, he has gained a greater victory, achieved a greater honour, than ever did a Cæsar, —an Alexander, or a Napoleon, for his will be an everlasting honor, whilst their's will be a lasting disgrace."

The address (which was a lengthened one and contained much wholesome counsel to

ministers generally,) being concluded, the coffin was lowered into the vault, and the solemn service concluded with prayer.

On the following Lord's day, (we are informed,) collections were made at the Surry Tabernacle, for the purpose of raising a fund for the widow and fatherless children, when upwards of fifty pounds were contributed. Collections in other quarters, have since been made: thus the Lord has stirred up the heart of his people: and is manifestly maintaining His most endearing character, "a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow." We conclude this brief and imperfect notice, by making an extract or two, from some correspondence which has subsequently come to hand.

Reflections on the death of Mr. Lord.

DEAR FRIEND:—As your pages are open to correspondents, I venture to drop a word or two concerning the death of MR. LORD, who departed this time state on Friday, August 28th, after being laid aside but a very short time. Little did I think that his cry four weeks before his death would so soon have its answer. "Lord, (said he, in his prayer, in the morning service) preserve us, and help us when we shall have to contend with the iron hand of death." This was a weighty appeal unto God; and I have no doubt that the Lord enabled him to cry for that strength he was destined so soon to stand in need of. I am inclined to think so because that sentence in prayer was noticed by another friend to me at the time, and several times since before his illness and departure. The Lord will hear the cry of his people in every state and circumstance into which they may be brought.

When the heavy tidings reached my ears, my spirit sunk within me; my heart was overwhelmed; and I was almost ready to ask the Lord why he so soon disappointed the expectations of his people. The people thought, as the providence of God had brought him among them, that they should have the pleasure long to enjoy the truth he was enabled to unfold: but such was not the purpose of him who had purposed to take the tabernacle down, in order that the ransomed soul should be filled with all the fulness of God. MR. LORD had laboured in Birmingham previous to coming to London. By the providence of God, in a time of trial, he was met by Mr. Wells, who was the instrumental cause of his coming to London; and at the Borough-road there are many witnesses to the power of the word as delivered by him, so that the people in the warmth of affection liberally came forward and ministered to him in his necessities. Some time before his death the Lord was

pleased to bless his soul with a solemn enjoyment of his truth, and the words of the poet were unspeakably precious to his mind,

"My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase;

Impress'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.

"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."

He was favoured to enjoy a sober season of reviving from hearing Mr. W. in prayer: this he mentioned; and the Lord did not leave him, but kept up in his mind the savour and power of the blood of the Lamb, so that HIS END WAS PEACE. How could it be otherwise, seeing that this was all his hope and expectation? This was the theme he testified of in his life, and was instrumental, through God, of pulling down the strong holds of sin and satan.

The Tuesday following, being the day appointed for the interment, the chapel was well crowded; Mr. WELLS spoke from—Zechariah i: 5; "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets do they live for ever?"

This was a solemn occasion indeed; the servant of God, whose voice was recently heard exalting the great love of God to his people, now laid before us, in which we saw a powerful reply to the text. Upon that occasion, the preacher did not, as very frequently is the case, extol human nature; no; but the grace which reigned in his heart and life; and by which he was enabled to bring forth fruit unto God.

Mr. WELLS preached a sermon on Monday-evening, at the chapel, Jamaica Row, upon the occasion, from Matt. xxiv.; "watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." This was an interesting subject, and full of real reason why eternal things are matters of vital importance. I should have given an outline of the same, had not Mr. WELLS informed the people that the sermon would be in print, the profits of which are intended to be given towards the support of the widow and family. May the Lord bless them and enable them to look unto him in this bereavement, who has promised to be "a father to the fatherless," and "a friend to the widow." The Lord will, doubtless, make all grace abound to those who have felt this loss. May it be taken as a voice to the church by which the soul may be admonished, and the heart encouraged; that as the Lord was with him, so he will be with us when we are called to pass through the valley of the shadow of death; then will be brought to pass the saying which is written—"death is swallowed up in victory."

THEOPHILUS.

Mr. LORD'S DYING MOMENTS.

WE are solemnly charged to "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for THE END OF THAT MAN IS PEACE."

The only perfect man that ever was found under the heavens, was the GOD-MAN, the Lord Jesus Christ: but as every elect vessel of mercy is *perfect* in and by him, it may be said in a covenant sense, that every true believer in the person, blood, and righteousness of our glorious IMMANUEL, is a perfect man.

In giving the dying moments of Mr. LORD, we confine ourselves to the very words expressed by the Christian friend who was with him up to the last. This friend says, that the last words he uttered were these—"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF IMMANUEL." After this, he lay for some time as if unable to speak or move. His face was turned from our friend. She stooped down, and asked if he was happy in his mind? She said to him—"if you are happy in your soul, and have power, turn your face to me, and give me a look; if not, lay as you are." Upon this, she says, he turned his head round, and looked at her with "a countenance most heavenly," betraying peace in the conscience, joy in the Lord, and a hope full of immortality.

Soon; very soon after this, he gave two deep sighs (the soul was struggling to depart,) and he was gone.

Mr. Lord's Ministry in Birmingham.

DEAR SIR—

I would endeavour to send you what little account I can of the ministry of our dear departed friend, Mr. LORD, in this awful place, where satan seems to have his seat, and is carrying thousands headlong to destruction; and oh, what shall I say with respect to the church of Christ itself? I feel constrained from a feeling sense of her situation, to exclaim with the prophet Jeremiah—"O, that my head were a fountain of waters, that I might weep day and night for the hurt of my people." What an awful night it is with the church! so dark that they can hardly discover each other; neither can they discover their true interests: may the Lord help us to cry mightily to him for the outpouring of his Spirit upon us, for only in his light shall we see light.

In reference to our dear friend's ministry among us, I would first say that it was of that nature that no hypocrite could sit comfortably under it; in the second place I would say that it was a ministry that traced out the Lord's dear people in their various trials and

temptations; and his chief desire appeared to be to exalt Jesus, and publish a full and free salvation, wrought out and brought in by him, and likewise to set forth the love of the Father, and of the Holy Spirit to poor sinful worms; and oh, how sweetly did he speak of the divinity of the Son, and of his suitability to save his people; and this not in a dry doctrinal way, but as one who knew the sweetness of the matter in his own soul. I believe that his ministry was much blest to some few poor souls here: surely he was a man that was mighty in word, doctrine and experience! It appeared to me and others, a dark omen, for such a faithful servant of Jesus Christ to be sent from us. He was much spoken against here both by professor and profane; and the devil, that arch adversary of the church of Christ, even worked on some of the minds of the people of God, that they also spoke against him; this, every faithful minister must expect, more or less. Nevertheless, "The memory of the just is blessed; precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The church militant have lost a faithful servant; may the Lord, in infinite mercy, raise up, and send forth more labourers into his vineyard.

I was a member of the church over which our dear friend was placed here; and I had an opportunity of knowing him above many, and I must say "I esteemed him very highly in love for his work's sake." I cannot convey my feelings to you, nor speak so highly of him as I could wish, or as he deserved. But may the dear Lord bless every feeble effort to exalt the riches of his grace, as manifested in the salvation of his elect. Amen. Your's truly, T. VAUGHAN.

Coleshill-street, Birmingham.

WE have heard and received much that might be added—but, for the present—we simply record facts as they have transpired. We believe, in doing this we have only recorded the TRUTH. But, doubtless, we shall return to the subject in our next.

Law-work in the Conscience.

WE have before us the second of that series of Mr. ABRAHAM'S sermons, to which we have alluded in p. 232. The discourse in this second number is founded upon the apostle's words—"The wages of sin is death," &c. The following extract will shew in some measure, the sterling value of these sermons to the spiritual family of God.

"I remember, as well as if it was but yesterday, that when the wages of sin was set before my eyes, I was then thoroughly convinced, that unless there was something

better than that old creed of mine, 'Remember thy covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,' I should be lost. I felt that the sentence of God was in my soul; and I felt that there was nothing left but that it should pass on me, and down I should sink to all eternity. Every child of God, that is to sing his praise to all eternity, is more or less brought to this. I am aware that here I stand on particular ground, and did not use to be so particular in insisting on this; but when called to see a man on his dying bed, who was well three days before, and heard me preach from Daniel, and he said, Sir, you was then treating of the fiery law of God being brought into the conscience, and I feel that I never experienced it, and therefore fear that I am lost for ever: so consequently, when I speak of a law work passing upon my soul, I mean not to make my case a rule for every soul in this chapel. Oh no, I have not so learned Christ. I believe every minister of the Lord Jesus Christ must sink deep, that he may know how to speak a word in season. But I will tell you what must pass on every soul; the law must come and convince the poor soul of sin. 'But when the commandment came, sin revived and I died.' And in every creek and corner of the heart, the spirituality of the law seems to shine, so that the poor soul begins to speak like this: 'Lord what an awful state I am in! how vile I am! I remember when I saw the spirituality of the law, that every word of encouragement made me feel more keenly. I had some friends who, I believe, did it sincerely, and they would say, 'Well, sir, but why do you weep, why do you cry so bitterly? God will have mercy on the penitent sinner.' But every word cut me to the very soul, because I thought they came to tell me of the goodness of God to poor sinners, and I felt that I was so vile, that it seemed to me, as if every time they spoke of it, I seemed to sink deeper still. Ah, says the poor soul, this is just the case with me: I come to this place from time to time, hoping God will shew me some good thing; but I seem to sink deeper and deeper. Now unto you that are brought into this state, what shall I say? some would say let the poor sinner feel as much condemnation as he will; as much of the sentence of death as he will; be as much horrified at damnation as he will; yet there is no life in that man or woman! No life in them; why not? I think if some of these people were to be told this in their soul-trouble, I think they would say, Ye are like Job's comforters; whether I am dead or alive, says the poor soul, one thing I do say, I feel such things by God's light in my soul as I never did before."

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

O death! who art thou? in thy hideous form,
 Terrific monster—w'ith thy iron grasp
 Seizing at once the mortal part of men:
 Whence comest thou? and whence thy origin?
 Art thou sprung from Adam's disobedience
 To his Maker's laws? Is sin thy parent
 Who did beget thee? Or, by whom brought forth?
 Eternity is not thy dwelling-place:
 The end of time will put an end to thee.
 But oh! thy sire; we know his name too well;
 That tyrant, sin, proposed our overthrow,
 And had his plan been found omnipotent,
 Then might eternity been found with him.
 He has, e'en now, a delegated power;
 But, not supreme. His bounds are limited
 By an Almighty and superior power:
 Tho' vast are his dominions and his reign,
 Even to extend unto the gate of death.
 But oh! methinks this is but just a branch
 Of that obnoxious tree from Eden sprung
 This sentence—"In the day thou eatest thou shalt
 die."

Embodies in it, death, in three-fold terms,
 And comprehends sin's wages to the full
 Demerit of transgressors' awful doom.
 Who can revoke the sentence issued forth
 From great Jehovah's high and lofty throne--
 "The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die!"
 For God, the Lord of Hosts, hath spoke it,
 Is there among the fallen sons of men,
 That can avert this great decree of heaven;
 Or can withstand the monster death's approach,
 When the great signal's given from on high?
 How positive must be the calm reply,
 Where'er it comes, then, surely I must die.
 But there's another death, the Scripture saith,
 The second, or eternal, everlasting fire:
 The just reward of sin, where e'er 'tis found
 Upon the sinner, in that awful day
 Of God's eternal and tremendous wrath.
 Who can describe the horrors of the damn'd?
 Or give a true description of their woe?
 The gnawing worm, the fire, and endless pain,
 And no cessation will be found therein;
 Such is eternal death.
 Another branch of this corrupted stock,
 From whence so many bitter fruits are found,
 Spreads universally through all mankind;
 From east to west, from north to southern sphere;
 Exemption none from spiritual death
 In trespasses and sins—This is the state
 Of all, the moment life commences here:
 An awful state indeed, to contemplate,
 If view'd in its dimensions, height, and depth,
 And length, and breadth, throughout the human
 heart

Of man's apostate and degenerate state--
 As born in sin, iniquity, and death,
 Of all the various particles, or parts
 Connected with this solemn truth of God,
 This is the most important view of death;
 And Mystery, its name, is truly call'd,
 It sways its mighty sceptre uncontrol'd,
 E'en for a time, in God's own chosen few,
 And keeps his palace as a strong man arm'd,
 Until a stronger comes and spoils its reign.
 But where this power supreme, is still withheld,
 There, as a sovereign prince, it keeps the throne,
 In quiet rest and undisturb'd repose.
 But oh! what sad effects spring from this cause,
 As streams that issue from a fountain head;
 And spread disease in thousand different forms,
 Through all the mental powers of human race;
 A faint description this of death in sin.
 Oh! for a view of HIM, who, through the gate
 Of death hath enter'd, and for evermore
 Destroyed him who possess'd the power of death,
 And kept in bondage those who had the fear
 Of death presented to their solemn view!

Behold the sword of justice now unsheathed!
 Smiting, with vengeance, him who did engage
 To stand a surety in the sinner's place;
 And executing all the wages due
 To sin—agreed not to dispense with him
 Till he endured the bitter pangs of death.
 And now from this, as from a holy seed,
 Which falls into the earth and dies at once,
 Tho' single in itself as view'd at first,
 Yet, springing up, it bears abundant fruit.
 This seed must not abide alone, 'tis said;
 But must be sown in death, to bring forth life;
 A life in him which ever will survive
 From Jesus' death my soul receives her life--
 All other deaths, whatever name they bear.
 I'm dead to Moses, and his fiery law;
 I'm dead to sin; nor can its power control;
 But, like a wounded warrior, now is slain;
 Although he struggles hard to gain his strength;
 But, as his strength is weaken'd and subdu'd,
 He cannot have dominion as he please.
 A precious fruit is this indeed—that grows
 On none but him who is the "tree of life."
 And now, oh, monster death, where is thy sting?
 Thy reigning power is conquer'd--and no more
 Hast thou thy full dominion o'er my soul;
 Thy bounds are limited by him who died.
 This mortal part, indeed, shall be thy prey;
 And here a solemn pause!--for death is slain.

J. MATE.

ZOAR CHAPEL, GRAVESEND.

THIS newly erected and neat little house
 for the worship of God, and the procla-
 mation of eternal gospel truth, was
 opened on Tuesday, September 15, 1846.
 The advertisement stated that Mr. WELLS
 would preach morning and afternoon,
 and Mr. ALLEN, of Stepney, in the
 evening.

About eleven o'clock, Mr. WELLS
 arrived at the chapel, and was quickly
 followed by a goodly number of professed
 disciples of the Lord, who had come from
 London, and other parts, to countenance
 and encourage the humble attempt to
 establish a cause for the glory of God,
 and the spiritual comfort and edification
 of true believers in Gravesend, and its
 neighbourhood. Soon after the service
 commenced, the chapel was crowded in
 every part, and after appropriate hymns,
 reading and prayer, Mr. WELLS took
 for his text a part of the second verse
 of the 16th of Exodus—"he is my God,
 and I will prepare him an habitation;
 my father's God, and I will exalt him."
 The preacher entered upon, and passed
 through the subject with his usual energy,
 good humour, and peculiar decision
 for every branch of divine truth: he
 first spoke of the *relationship*—"My
 God"—shewing that a covenant and
 triune Jehovah is the God of our life--
 the God of our hope; and the God in
 whom truly regenerated sinners do

indeed delight. Under these heads, we had clearly, scripturally, and experimentally, three things—first, the origin, and divine source of the christian's life—it is IN GOD: secondly, we had the foundation and support of all christian experience—*his hope is in God*, he hopes, expects, looks for, and longs to have, all that God hath promised, all that the blood of Christ has procured; all that the Holy Ghost has revealed: thirdly, we had the solemn internal test of all vital godliness: its possessor not only lives in God—hopes in God—talks of God; but he *delights in him*, and in all the glories of the covenant, cross, and gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Half-hearted professors, and hypocrites in Zion came in for a sound and terrible castigation here; we really felt afresh concerned to know and feel that we did indeed delight in those immutable and divine realities which the Holy Ghost (by the Gospel) reveals. Having dwelt at length upon the *resolution*—"I will prepare him an habitation"—he shewed the truthfulness and antiquity of our faith—"My father's God."—Mr. WELLS did, in a very powerful, yet affectionate manner, shew that the faith and experience of true believers, now, is precisely parallel with that of our father Abraham; and concluded a long discourse by noticing how the believer exalted God in thought, affection, word, and deed.

We understood at the close of the morning's service, that the building and fitting up of this comfortable place of worship would cost above £500: as we understood the statement, four hundred yet remains to be gathered. We sincerely pray the Lord to prosper the work of their hands—to send them a man after his own heart, and to supply all their needs out of his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

We felt exceedingly comforted in beholding not only several faithful ministers present, but also a large number of sober, established, and consistent believers in Christ, who had congregated together, to encourage and to hold up the hands of the brethren who had been instrumental in erecting this tabernacle for the service and worship of a Triune Jehovah.

"DEAR BROTHER,
"In compliance with your request,

I just give you the outline of the afternoon and evening services at Gravesend.

Mr. WELLS spoke from Hebrews i. 3, 'Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.' And shewed that Christ was the shining forth of the Father's glory, in shutting up the saints in the kingdom; in the destruction of all their enemies, and in his triumph over death; that he was, and is, the express image of his person; that is, what the Father is, so is the Son; as infinite, eternal, omnipotent, holy, with every other perfection and attribute of God the Father; that the difference between Adam and Christ was great; Adam being the moral image of God only, but Christ the essential image; that is, he was God as well as man; that he upheld all things by the word of his power; in creation, so far as should be for the good of his people; that the word of his power upheld his people at all times, performs great things for them, and does great things in them; confounds their foes, and gives them the victory. That he purged our sins by himself; noticing the mode of purifying the leper under the law, with hyssop, scarlet wool, and cedar:—hyssop, typical of his cleansing blood; scarlet wool, of our double dyed sinnership; cedar, typical of perfume and sweetness in his sacrifice; and the purged conscience; referring to the various signs of leprosy as tokens of a convicted sinner's state, and his need of the Saviour's purgation and pardon;—that Christ did not sit down till he had finished his work; that while his people were under the law, exposed to justice, in the hands of Satan, and held by sin, he would not sit down, but go on to deliver and save them therefrom; and this being done, he sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. He shewed that his people would never be able to set down while exposed to so many enemies within and without, but fight with them by faith, entering through much tribulation into the kingdom, to sit down with him on his throne for ever and ever.

Mr. ALLEN having been again laid down on a bed of affliction, he could not of course be present; consequently Mr. THOMAS STRINGER preached in the

evening from 1 Peter ii. 9; who took notice of three things—1. A four-fold description of the church of God—her election; her royalty; her holiness; her peculiarity. Secondly, her calling, being a heavenly calling, a high calling, a holy calling. Thirdly, her employment; to shew forth his praise;—in speaking well of him; confessing that the Lord was right and righteous in all his doings and dispensations; and ascribing unto him all the glory of our salvation for ever and ever.

“The people had a good feasting and a good day, good truth was preached, a good collection obtained, a good end was answered; and a good motive manifested, that is, that great good may be done by God the Holy Ghost, by and through the proclamation of the name and fame of the Lord Jesus Christ; so prays the least of all saints and the greatest of all sinners.—T. S.”

Trying to please Everybody.

DEAR BROTHER GARRARD.

It is so long since I wrote to you, that you must begin to think I have forgotten you, but not so, you live in my remembrance as one of the dear Lord's elected servants, by whom he has blessed and favored my soul, beyond almost any other, nor do I stand alone in this matter, for Brethren P. B. and others have had their souls greatly refreshed, and their faith invigorated, strengthened, and built up by your ministry; it may seem strange therefore that we should seem to slight you, but there are reasons for this apparent neglect, which I will detail to you; in the first place then, I say without desiring to raise either your vanity or pride, your preaching seems to me to partake much of the character of your Divine Master's, which while it speaks life, and health, and joy, and peace, to the poor humble contrite publicans, the vile, the filthy, but the broken hearted Mary's who love much, because they have much forgiven them,—it raises the wrath, excites the contempt, and insures the hatred of all the scribes, pharisees, and hypocrites, who shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; but this is not all; of his disciples it is said, that because he said, “unless ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you;”—they said it is a hard saying, and walked no more with him, and so have we among us, those who cannot bear those hard sayings, which your divine Master favors you to advance,—then we have some who not only object to your matter, but object to your manner also, they don't like your action in the pulpit, they think it is induced by pride,

they don't like the kernel and so find fault with the husk, and thus those who do love you, and love your ministry have been silenced with, “O, you must not have him, for so and so can't hear him, and so and so won't come, and you know that we must have some one whom everybody likes, and everybody can hear, or else where is the money to come from to pay for the chapel,”—and thus influenced by selfish, and sordid considerations, the gospel, full, and free, is overlooked, and our highly esteemed brother slighted, but verily we have our reward, for in pleasing everybody, we seem to please nobody, and moreover, I fear displease Him who only can bless, and they are blessed. But I trust my brother, we begin to see the folly of going on so, and hope we shall turn over a new leaf. Take us altogether we are an odd lot, as you most probably already know; now up to this time we have had supplies chiefly of Mr. N——'s, recommending, the last we had was out of Mr. F——'s, church, (Mr. D——, who had been preaching for a twelvemonth, somewhere near Ipswich,) who completed his engagement with us on Lord's day last, and we are at present without a supply. Can you recommend any one to us,—who you think would be likely to suit us? As a church we get on very slowly, no additions, and what is worse, there appears to be none enquiring the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward,—O! that the time to favor our Zion, even the set time, were come. F. P.

Can this be true?

WE first ask the question, and give the evidence which has given rise to the question, before we proceed to say much upon the subject: but the bitter, tyrannical, popish, and unscriptural spirit of excommunication, has now in many churches risen so high, and acted so wickedly, that we feel it impossible to be altogether silent. But the question—“Is it possible that this can be true?”

We have received letters from Dover; from which we make the following extract:

“They have cut off from the church at Pentside the members that went to hear Mr. WELLS, and Mr. DRAWBRIDGE; and so there is a small company of us that meet together for prayer, and to worship God, and it is their desire that Mr. — should come and preach to them, for there is not a man that preaches the truth in the whole town.”

[Our correspondents declare that they have been excluded from church-fellowship, simply because they went to hear, and encourage two servants of the living God, who happened to be sojourning and preaching for a time in their neighbourhood; surely this is a lording over God's heritage with a witness! More of this bye and bye.]

ALARMING STATE OF THE CHURCHES IN LONDON.

LETTER I

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

"Sound an alarm in my holy mountain."

O, WHAT necessity for it. Recently visiting the Metropolis, I saw a bill announcing the anniversary of Camden-town Chapel; Mr. IRONS to preach; I went; was there early; and soon the words of the Lord by Ezekiel, came sounding in my ears, of the Lord's removing, and the causes of it; I searched for the passage among those awful chapters, where I saw the awful indignation of the Lord poured out upon his temple and worshippers, for their deep abominations and prostitution of the sanctuary. In the congregation assembled, I beheld the abomination which defileth the courts—*pride* and *dress*—seemed the general appearance. The flesh with all its worldliness, stared me in the face. I could not see the image of the Man of sorrows, and the despised of men—no indication of poverty of spirit—no being clothed with humility—but the reverse. I read that solemn portion—"I will do these things unto thee, because thou hast gone a whoring after the heathen, and because thou art polluted with their idols." The fearful things God would, and did do, in the pouring out of his indignation, is truly alarming: read almost the whole book of Ezekiel. Let me again repeat it to the watchmen of Zion—"Sound an alarm in my holy mountain;" alarm whom? "A voice of a multitude being at ease, was with her." (Ezek. xxiii. 42.) Yea, do as he was commanded—"Smite with the hand, and stamp with the foot." Alarm the worldly-minded; for these are the people crowding the courts of the Lord's house; bringing the flesh, that abomination which ever maketh desolate before God, profiting nothing. But what more shall I say?—O, tell it not in Gath.

I went to Gravesend a day or two after, and came in contact on the road, with one of the Lord's poor tried servants, a man not high in gifts, but placed over a handful of people, united and happy together, walking in the ways of the Lord. He told me of some ministers, whose enquiry was when sent for to preach—"What do they give?" And if

they were wanted at two places together, the one that gave a few shillings more was the place they went to. I also had put into my hands, a day after, a handbill or monthly advertiser, which will well vie with the most notorious worldly, publication of the day, and other awful means of getting gain; the head of the firm a minister of the gospel, preaching experimental truth. Now, how can such "sound an alarm?" How can they in honest conscience declare—"If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him;" and that "the love of money is the root of all evil?"

When I came home, after witnessing the congregation alluded to, my soul was humbled in me! Surely, such awful signs, hanging over the metropolis of my beloved country are alarming. During the last two months there have been three removed by the hand of death; once all stood high on the walls of Zion: Mr. LORD the last; one that appears taken away in the midst of opening prospects, who seemed as it were but just beginning to "sound the alarm," and fell in sounding. And need I wonder at the alarming voice of God's providence in that tremendous storm which occurred the first of August last, and the great sickness that has been so prevalent this summer, yet mercifully restrained?

Is no notice to be taken of these things? Is there no voice in them? Does no warning come through them to a slumbering people? What carnal stupor has come over the church! Whose image does it bear, let me ask? Surely not like Christ nor his disciples. I would wish to be sober, as says the apostle—"Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober" in judgment, expression, and words. Intemperate zeal is opposed to sobriety of thought and conduct; yet I would declare that the churches in London have but a faint shew of resemblance to the truth. And how can it be otherwise, when her ministers are like "dumb dogs that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber, yea, they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough, and they are shep-

herds that cannot understand; *they all look to their own way, every one for his own gain, from his quarter.* (Isa. lvi. 10, 11.) Is it so now? Is this last sentence true of those who are acknowledged servants of Christ in our times? Do they turn their backs upon this abomination, and their faces toward Christ and his cross? Let me beseech them to examine, or "Consider their ways;" and motives for speaking in his name.

H. W.

[The above communication came at a time when we did most solemnly feel the necessity for sounding an alarm; although we are firmly enough persuaded that no alarm sounded by us can be of any avail, unless the Lord shall clothe it with power, and carry it home to the conscience. We say this communication came at a seasonable time; for we were conversing with a christian friend who resides in one of the provinces of our land, where there are many that make a profession of the truth: but how does their practice agree with their profession? Some of them can spend thousands in taking down their barns, and building greater; others lay out immense sums in decorating and making palaces of their shops: and there are instances where, instead of reading God's word, the inmates of the house are allowed to fling the Bible aside, and to amuse themselves with playing cards. Oh, awful professors! While these men are hoarding up gold as fast as they can gather it—and making the most splendid outside shew in worldly matters, and while, at the same time they profess great attachment to the truth, they can scarcely afford, either a fraction of their time or their wealth for the service of God's house, or the proclamation of his truth. We would beg of such men to read the fourth and fifth chapters of the Epistle by James.]

A BREATH.

When wearied with myself and sin,
With things without, and things within,
And scenes where few agree;
O, then, dear Jesus, do thou come,
And fetch a wretched wanderer home,
To seek for all in thee.

Thou hast a controversy, Lord,
And all who love thy faithful word,
May not avoid the fight;
But flesh and blood oft weary prove,
And shrinks from blows undealt by love,
And fain would leave the fight.

Yet, grant, dear Lord, each stormy day,
May, but thy faithfulness display,
And prove we still are blest;
As soldiers may we still fight on,
And in thy strength, at last o'ercome,
And enter into rest.

JUVENIS NERFLAB.

Some Traces of a Vital Experience.

WE are glad to find that some twenty, or more of Mr. GEORGE ABRAHAM'S sermons, (which have been taken down in shorthand, by members of his church,) are to be published. The first of the series is now before us; it is entitled—"The calling that is of God;" and was preached at Regent-street Chapel, in March, 1842; from the words recorded in 1 Cor. i. 26.

In this sermon, Mr. ABRAHAMs has, in much simplicity, drawn out the most striking lineaments of a true and genuine call by grace, to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. "If there be any question, (says Mr. ABRAHAMs,) that agitates the mind of a dear child of God more than another, when closeted with him, it is this, 'am I really one of thy people, or am I only a poor deluded hypocrite?' (It is my own experience.) This question never enters into the thoughts of a dead professor; he is quite satisfied with having scrutinized certain points, and goes on satisfied all is right." We have made an extract or two from this first discourse; and shall notice the others, if spared, as they come out.

Distinguishing between regeneration and effectual calling, the preacher says—

When the blessed, and all-glorious Lord was thus preaching to a poor creature, he says 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God; and though all the time Nicodemus was really quickened by God the Holy Ghost, yet he could not understand it. No more did I. Regeneration was such a spontaneous work on my soul, that it is not so soon caught at as some tell us: But our blessed Lord was about to instruct Nicodemus, and told him that every man, to see the beauty and majesty of Christ's kingdom, must be born of God.'

"When the Lord is about to call them, the calling that takes place in their soul is a very solemn effectual calling, for it is declared to be an holy calling: and again in my very chapter, 9th verse, 'God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.' When this calling takes place, you are called by your very name: I was; and if there were fifty times as many people in the place as there are, when the words drop into your soul with power, you would say, It is my soul the Lord is calling. What calling is it? We are called away from that horrible death and darkness in which we were, into

the presence of God's marvellous light. What then? Then, says the man, we see the fulness, completeness, and majesty of Jesus Christ, and our souls rejoice in him. Too fast, a great deal; all that is true, I grant; but when our souls are called into the presence of God, it is very frequently as the Psalmist says, 'Thou hast set my sins in the light of thy countenance.' Lord, says the poor soul, what a vile, sinful, filthy wretch am I!"

"Therefore the dear child of God is brought in the first place, as the dear Master preaches, (I am sure I shall be right if I follow him,) he says, 'All that are taught of the Father do come to me.' And what is it to be taught of the Father? It is God the Holy Ghost coming as a blessed Teacher and Comforter to his people, and he sets before them the spirituality of the law, reaching to the thoughts and intents of the heart: it is "a two-edged, sword, piercing to the very joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' He convinces us and reproves us of sin. Oh, sin! It is not a mere speculation with the poor soul then; no, but he does perfectly understand that he is nothing but one mass of sin, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot; and they are like the poor infant new-born, cast out to the very loathing of their persons: Is that connected with their calling? Yea, verily, for else they would not see it. Sometimes the law came like a hammer, and oh, how did it break the iron sinew of my neck, causing every thing that I had prided myself in before to be dashed in pieces before me; and yet all this time I was as hard-hearted as before. But as soon as God was pleased to give me a lift by the way, I saw my calling clear enough. Why, I was called by this chastisement to leave all that was dear to me, 'and count all things but dung and dross, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord;' and when I heard the voice of this good Shepherd calling me by name, I felt a sweet meekness coming over my soul, I found my hard heart giving way, and my soul was melted before the Lord, and I said, Lord, if thou wilt have compassion on such a guilty wretch as me: it will be a miracle indeed!"

"Our very hearts are melted within us when we hear this call? Yes. I will tell you how. It is a sovereign act of the Lord, and he does not give this word of comfort to the dead. No; give it to them? they would not understand you: you might have shewed me these words in letters of gold on the most splendid parchment you ever saw, you might have read this to me before the Lord called me, and I would have said, Away with it, it is nothing but rubbish! Oh, the

blasphemy of the human heart! But how did the Lord do? He appeared all in a minute, and poured on my soul a spirit of grace and supplication: and, I was going to say, it is worth going miles to hear a poor broken-hearted sinner pouring out his soul to God. I remember being in company, as it is called, and they asked me to pray; but I could not pray if it was ever so, and yet I was praying continually. I said, Lord, I want to see thy willingness to save me: I am sure thou canst, but art thou willing? No, said the devil, he will never be willing to save you: you know what a blasphemer you were. And I could not deny it: my heart was condemning me, and the law threatening me, and what could I do in the midst of this? But all this while the Lord was leading me."

"If a man has had his soul set at liberty, washed from sin, he can see its fruits and effects: he sees what a wonderful, matchless, discriminating, sovereign act it is: and he says, 'Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.' And the pardon of sin brings reconciliation to the heart; and reconciliation will suit itself to that very spot which the poor soul is in."

The Author of Eternal Salvation.

My much esteemed Brother in the Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief;"

"Knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same."

"Can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities;" said "the flesh was weak, but the spirit was willing;" "to will is present, but how to perform that which is good I find not." O, how kind and indulgent is our covenant God in his rich provision, in the gift of the Son of his love! made like unto his brethren in all things, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest. Blessed be God, there is a man, a real man, near of kin, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, slept in the ship, wept at the grave, grew in knowledge, laboured for bread, obeyed his parents, sucked at the breast, was weary at the well, prayed in the garden, died on the tree, laid in the tomb, rose from the dead, ascended to heaven, ever lives to make intercession for sinners, even the vilest, then why not you and me? If so, the Holy Ghost will make intercession in us with groanings that cannot be uttered: "we that are in this body do groan, being burdened, even we who have the first fruits of the Spirit."

JOHN PEARSON.

The Gospel Ministry.

"God hath ordained that they who preach the Gospel, should live of the Gospel."

The first observation which this declaration suggests is, that it implies Christ's sanction of an entire devotedness to the work of the gospel ministry: for, if it had been contrary to his will that some of his disciples should in this manner engage themselves to his service, he would never have ordained that they should be supported in doing so. Let me not be supposed to say that it is improper to combine the ministry of the gospel with secular pursuits, or to entertain any feelings of disparagement towards those who, while providing for their own wants, also preach the glad tidings of salvation. On the contrary, as it is the prerogative of every one who understands the gospel to teach it, so those devoted men who work with their own hands while they preach it are at once invaluable instruments of good, and worthy of the highest honour. My only point is that there is nothing improper in an exclusive consecration of the gospel ministry; that those who are led to desire such consecration are not necessarily to be regarded as running counter to the will of the Lord; that they are not fairly liable to be told that they are idle, and to be scornfully remanded to secular employments; that, on the contrary, it is possible they may have been anointed by Christ for his work, and may be pursuing his glory in a way perfectly consistent with his design. It is true, they will want support; but Christ has ordained that it shall be given. There is nothing in the idea of such exclusive consecration to the ministry out of harmony with the features of the case. The preaching of the gospel, with its connected duties, has, from the first day until now, been not only enough, but more than enough to occupy the whole energy of man. It may well be deemed an employment to any tolerable discharge of which, generally speaking, the whole energy of man is necessary."

"What amount of support, however, should be rendered? Upon this question, which is undoubtedly just and necessary in the case, the passage before us throws an unequivocal light. What Christ has ordained is 'that those who preach the gospel should LIVE of the gospel;' a phrase which cannot be understood to mean less than that all their wants should be supplied. They should LIVE—that is, they should derive a subsistence, not of a splendid, or even of an affluent kind, but, however moderate, a subsistence for themselves and their families,

from the discharge of their office. Preachers of the gospel, according to this passage, should not be so placed as to be obliged to eke out by their own toil a scanty and insufficient provision. The application to secular business necessitated by such a position is evidently adapted to thwart the design of the ministerial institution itself, and to destroy the advantages which must have been contemplated by it: It is not only that business abstracts a certain amount of time and energy from religious study and duty, it impairs the fitness for them. Ministerial pursuits, on the other hand, diminish a man's qualifications for business, so that neither one nor the other can be carried on with effect. Applying himself to both with divided energy, and divided heart, in both he almost inevitably fails."

"From what source then, we proceed to ask, should the support of the preachers of the gospel be derived? To this question also we have a clear answer. 'They that preach the gospel should live of the gospel.' The meaning of this expression may readily be determined by a reference to the preceding verse, in which the apostle adverts to the divine appointment, that those who ministered about holy things should 'LIVE OF THE TEMPLE.' We know that they live on the offerings presented in the temple, and when we are told that Christ has in like manner ordained that those who preach the gospel should live of the gospel, the meaning no doubt is that they should be supported by the contributions of their brethren. Ministers who derive their support from the national resources, in the form of royal or parliamentary grants, or from the wealth of the community, in the form of tithes, can scarcely be said to live of the gospel; they live rather of the law—as man has been pleased to contrive, but not as Christ saw fit to ordain. The apostle does not say that those who ministered about holy things were to live on THE OFFERINGS, they were to live OF THE TEMPLE. It is true, they did live on the offerings, but not in a direct manner. There was a step intermediate between the offerers and the priests. The offerings were presented to God and he gave them to the attendants at his altar, not the parties who brought them there. It was not to be said, therefore, that the people supported the priests, or that the priests were supported by the people. The people made their offerings to God, and God supported his priests. They 'lived of the temple.' This noble delicacy in the institution has been regarded as designed to prevent the priests from feeling themselves humbled on the one hand, and the people being elated on the other. Now the same

form of expression which the apostle applies to the legal institution he applies to the evangelical one: They that preach the gospel are to live, not on their brethren, but of the GOSPEL. Their brethren, indeed, provide their support, but in a manner circuitous and indirect. They have given themselves and all they have to the Lord, and it is THE LORD, who directs a certain portion of his own substance in their hands to be allotted to his ministers."

"If, after the meditations in which we have been engaged, we cast our eyes over the evangelical vineyard, we cannot but be affected with a painful feeling that the design of Christ respecting his ministers is but very imperfectly fulfilled. They who preach the gospel are in very many cases very far from living of the gospel. * * * Are there not cases in which a minister's wants are treated with a painful disregard, and in which the supply of them is not even made an object of endeavour at all? Are there not cases in which the payment is a mere matter of routine, without any inquiry being made whether the purpose of it is secured? Are there not cases in which the contributions bear no just proportion to the means of the donor, or to the cost at which other objects are attained?"

[The above remarks are extracted from a tract recently published by *Houlston and Stoneman*, entitled "*A Fragment*." They are worthy the consideration of all such hearers of the Gospel, whose consciences concerning the poor ministers' wants, are not altogether seared and hardened.]—Ed.

And now, Lord, what wait I for ?

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:—In 1827 the Lord first manifested himself to me as a pardoning God, and gave me some precious seasons of his love and mercy; but after this, I was left amongst the Independents for about eight years. Having no fellowship there with the people, no life in the ministry, my soul worn out with striving to stir them up to life, I drank to a certain extent into their spirit, and became wretched, dark, and miserable; tried every way to keep my soul alive, and mourned after the by-gone days; providential crosses surrounded me, death stared me in the face, and in heart I have many times said, "Wilt thou pursue a poor worm to death?" This, my brother, was a dreadful state to be in. Ordinances a burden, the Word of God powerless, prayer a complete task, professors looking cool and even despising you.

About the year 1836, I was convinced of the ordinance of Baptism, went through it, but without life or light; joined a Strict Baptist Church, (that is so called.) I was

here set to work in a Sunday-school, and laboured hard to convert souls, but mine own vineyard I had not kept.

In 1842, the Lord's time was come to set his hand a second time to the work. The hurden fell from my shoulders, the yoke from my neck, the scales from my eyes, my strong heart again melted in love, the Bible again was opened, the voice of truth was heard, Jesus precious, the Father's arms were opened, his kisses sweet, the ring, the fatted calf, the shoes were brought; bone came to bone and stood up a great army—love, faith, hope, joy, &c.; and do you think I could now remain in silence—no—the school was troubled with a new doctrine—free grace! free grace!! The minister told the church that I was under satanic delusion. The people shunned me as a mad dog, but, bless you, I could not hold my tongue; I preached at two or three places soon after, but I found that people were not so fond of free grace as I expected to find them. Of course I was obliged to leave my minister, and glad to find a man in the Borough Road who knew something of my case. After a time I joined the church, thinking to make myself at home, and be at peace; but such has been the working of my mind while he has been preaching that I sometimes did not know what he had been saying; the same conflicts do exercise my mind while at work, that I am, at times unfit for the world.

Your's in the love of Christ. W. T.

The Goodness of God to CALEB COATES.

(Continued from p. 179.)

DEAR BROTHER:—It is said of Cain that after he got his deliverance, he went out from the presence of the Lord; (Gen iv. 16.) he was not concerned about the Lord's going with him, as Moses, who said—"if thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence;" just so with Hagar, the bond-woman and her son, after they obtained deliverance they dwelt in the wilderness of Paran; which, as you may know, signifies beauty, glory, ornament; and this beautiful wilderness, yieldeth food for such empty professors and their household; (Job xxiv. 15,) but not so to the man that hath with him those things which declare him to be seeking a better country; his language is "woe is me, that I dwell in Meshech, that I sojourn in the tents of Kedar." These words—"Woe is me that I sojourn in Meshech," helped me very much; a few mornings since, while pouring out my miserable state of mind, and I saw by them that I was in the old path, and that the language of my soul

was like the breathings of those gone before us. (Ps. cxx. 5.)

The things of which I am now to write, I trust were produced in my soul by the Lord for good, and that notwithstanding my subsequent path, and my awful fall into infidelity, (of which none were acquainted; for I never openly professed it,) I say the language of my soul is, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep; having trouble of soul in all my wretched wanderings on the dark mountains of sin—" Seek thy dust, oh, Lord, for I do not forget thy commandments; revive thy work;" in the midst of the years, in wrath remember mercy, let my soul live and it shall praise thee, give me understanding, and I shall live; keep me from evil, enlarge the place of my coasts, and feed me with food convenient for me, and never allow me to say I am what I am not; keep me from pride, arrogancy, and a froward mouth, and keep the evil way far from me, and make me a weaned child, and bring to my remembrance those things which shall tend to strengthen me; and may I remember the wormwood and the gall, and be humbled.

To come then once more to my history—

It came to pass on a certain day, as I entered Kennington Common, the word of the Lord came to my mind, and removed all my darkness, distress, and horror, and almost instantaneously there appeared to my wondering view, a glorious road out right through the skies, by the resurrection of Christ Jesus from the dead; this road I saw with the eye of my mind as plain as I now see this paper, and I saw it for myself, and I thought that henceforth nothing should finally oppose my progress to the realms of eternal bliss and blessedness; yet, I thought that I should have many besetments: (I recollect that I had my eye towards the place where I now live, and where I have indeed been sorely tried; yet, at the time, I had no idea of living there); but I felt as Jesus had finished his work, and ascended to glory, that therefore, nothing should prevent my going there too; I saw myself under the protection of God, and in the King's high-way of holiness, the Lord Jesus Christ; and that as nothing could get at him so as to corrupt his blessed person, he being God as well as man; so nothing could touch the believer that walks in him, so as to cause him to turn back to perdition; turn back they may, but not to perdition; for they shall be filled with their own ways before they get to that most awful place, and so cry unto the Lord, and say, "Turn me, oh, Lord, and I shall be turned." But I pass on: when I had reached the north end of the Common, as if to confirm me in the things that I had seen, these words entered my mind—"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away, for lo, the winter is

past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." (Sol. Song, ii. 10.) This portion I felt to be the language of him who saith—"Hear; for I will speak of excellent things, and the opening of my lips shall be of right things: my mouth shall speak truth, and wickedness is an abomination to my lips, there is nothing froward or perverse in my words." No; he has never repented of anything yet, and he never will; he still loves them that love him, and to such he saith—"Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away." Yea, I saw a fulness in those words, of which I am notable to speak. I know not where to begin, they contain the substance of the whole Bible; the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace is the speaker: and to whom does he so speak, but to poor guilty hell-deserving sinners, the objects of his love, and of what does he remind them, but of his love, sufferings, death, and resurrection; "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone." Oh, who can tell the severity of that winter in which he lived! no sweet flowers; no singing of birds; no voice of the turtle; no salubrious air; no summer sun; but on the contrary, the atmosphere was surcharged with the worst of particles, arising from the fire of God's wrath against sin, whose vengeance hurled the sun into darkness, and the moon into blood, and let loose against the man, God's fellow, (Zech. xiii. 7.) Emmanuel, all the wicked spirits of the lower world, and all the enmity and malice of the carnal mind, (God's sword. Ps. xvii. 13.) Yea, the bottomless pit of God's wrath was opened, and into it he walked; then he exclaimed—"I sink in deep waters; where there is no standing:" well might he exclaim—"I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straightened until it is accomplished." Oh, my soul, is thy sin really buried with Christ in this baptism—who, while he endured it, sweat great drops of blood? If not, thy portion shall be for ever to endure that extent of punishment which no human pen can fully paint out.

When this glorious person was smitten, man run away: oh, puny man; what are we, when left to ourselves, even the best of us; if grace prevent not, we should do as Peter; and, therefore, where is boasting? no where, but in God: Jesus has a right to boast, because he turned not back in the day of battle, but stood forth, and suffered himself to be smitten, spit upon, and afterwards nailed to a tree, without uttering a murmuring word. Honours crown his brow, he met the minutest demand of justice, in all its various requirements; did his people forsake him? yes, we do; and he, therefore, was

forsaken by his heavenly Father, for a moment, in a little wrath, then he exclaimed—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me; save, Lord, for the waters come into my soul." Oh, what a winter: was ever love like this? what caused Jesus to be dumb through all his sufferings? Love, love, love, to wretched, miserable, hell-deserving sinners, that he might take them from under the law, and bring them to his heavenly kingdom, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

Well, "the Lord is risen indeed," for he saith, "Rise up, my love, for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;" life and immortality is brought to light; my gospel kingdom shall now be more fully set up; the heavenly birds, poor miserable and helpless sinners, must now arise and sing more fully a new song; the graces of the ever-blessed Spirit must now be seen upon the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, and the voice of the turtle, God the Spirit, must now be heard by thee. "Rise up, my love, for thou must sing in the ways of the Lord, for great shall be the glory of the Lord." (Ps. cxxxviii. 5.) This is the glorious Person whose love covereth transgressions, and who upbraideth not his children on account thereof, for he that repeateth a matter separateth chief friends. (Prov. xvii. 9.) Therefore said he unto them after he had suffered that hell of wrath which was due to their sins and transgression, "Peace be unto you;" not a word about what they had entailed upon him, and the degraded state into which they had brought him; but his words were soft and blessed words—"Children, have you any meat? Why are ye troubled; and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet; look at my scars; the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: I have gotten the mastery for you; I have led captivity captive all power is mine; rise up, my love, my fair one, don't be afraid; neither let your hearts be troubled; for I will never leave you nor forsake you, I have got a kingdom for you, I will go and prepare a place in heaven for you, and then I will come again and receive you to myself: tell my disciples this, that "I ascend to my God and to your God, to my Father and to your Father; you must not be too familiar with me now;" (John xx. 17.) for you have got sinful bodies, but the day is coming when you shall lay them down. But I must return:—

After these things came upon my soul, it was like a watered garden, I had neither sin nor trouble, it was singing time with my soul in those days, and often would I sing—

"And when this lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter strain,
I'll sing thy power to save."

I do not recollect that I really suspected my state before God after this for years; no, I heard well at the Tabernacle, and the Bible I would study much, as before related; and certain I am that I was as confident of the truth of the Bible in those days, and of my interest in its contents, as ever I have been since confident that I had no part or lot in it. Oh, is it possible for man to be brought from heaven's summit hell to view? yes, it is: which I shall notice in its proper place, should the Lord direct me, and may it be that some poor wretch is to be dragged out of that awful place through my instrumentality, and be brought to hope that there is forgiveness with God that he may be feared. (Ps. cxxx. 4.) C. COATES:

Hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

MR. EDITOR:—The following piece of poetry I heard repeated by an aged minister of Christ; it is his own composing, and was repeated in the course of his sermon. As his time is nearly out, according to human appearance, and I consider him a bold, faithful, and unflinching champion for the truth, you would oblige me by inserting it in your periodical.

I remain your's, &c,
Coventry, Sept. 3, 1846. MINIMUS.

A church was once in Asia found,
That knew the gospel's joyful sound,
Chosen of God, as heirs of heaven,
The Spirit sealed their sins forgiv'n.

Thus bless'd, with speed they ran the road,
Dead to the world, alive to God;
Christ and his cross they understood,
And felt that life was in his blood.

From running they began to creep;
At length it seems they fell asleep;
Their heart below, and not above,
For 'tis declar'd they "left their love."

A message unto them was sent,
The sum and substance was, "Repent;
"And after so much toil and pain,
"Come, do your first works o'er again.

"Attend the means, and watch and pray,
Then will I speed you on your way;
But if you do not, I'll come quick,
And will remove your candlestick.

"Of David's house I keep the keys,
And shut and open, as I please;
Just as I will the thing turns out,
For nothing more can come about."

Come let us all the warning take,
And plead with God, for Jesu's sake;
His promise is, "I will restore;
To stand by faith, and give the power."

What is the present position of Gospel Ministers?

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR SIR:—I perceive in your little *Vessel* for the current month, that you have given insertion to the thoughts of SAMUEL EYLES PIERCE, touching the present condition of Gospel ministers; and as you feel desirous that some of your correspondents should give you their minds thereon; though only a constant reader of your little messenger, I have ventured to offer for your consideration, a few thoughts on the subject. I do so with some degree of caution, understanding the author to have been a sound gospel preacher; and having many times heard him spoken of in terms of praise. However, error is error, come from whatever quarter it may; even if delivered by those who mainly speak truth. I perfectly agree with Mr. PIERCE in that he would not say of all he delivers—"This is true as God is true;" but disagree with him where he says the apostles *could* say so. Here, I think, Mr. P. is in error; as I conceive the apostles have left on record quite sufficient to evidence that they being but fallible men, said and delivered many things of which they would not have said—"This is true as God is true:" in fact the apostle Paul did not profess in all that he wrote in his Epistles to speak under the influence of the Spirit; therefore I do think Mr. P. is incorrect in his assertion, for supposing his position to be true, the infallibility of the ministry would rest with fallible men, and not in the powerful, certain, and Omnipotent administration of the Holy Ghost.

But when Mr. P. says that he is not an ambassador for Christ, nor has received any immediate message or commission from him, and does not believe any other man in the whole church hath, here, I think he contradicts the united testimony of prophets, apostles, evangelists, and every sound divine, that ever lived. I am at a complete loss to know by what right or authority any man presumes to speak in the name of God without his glorious Majesty's authority, commission, or message so to do. It would be needless to remind the Godly in these few remarks of the many passages of divine truth which might be

quoted to the complete overthrow of Mr P.'s position; nay, the whole tenor of divine revelation stands pointedly against him therein. Then, again, the mode by which Mr. P. declares the ministers of Christ receive what they know concerning the gospel of Christ appears most extraordinary; says he—"We all receive the light and knowledge one from another." We read that every good and perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights," and that a man can receive nothing except it be given him of God, whether it be to qualify for the ministry, or for the blessing of our own souls individually. It is true, we may receive instruction in the various ways mentioned by Mr. P.; but then it will be spiritual instruction, the Holy Ghost himself, enlightening, teaching and comforting in the knowledge of Christ, to whose blessed Person, every faithful ambassador is vitally united; and I believe all the teachings of the Holy Spirit have immediate reference to the Lord Jesus Christ; and that no saving truth is taught any man, only as he stands in life union with the Person of Christ; for separate and apart from him all is death, and standeth in the Adamic, and cursed state. And it is in this blessed and spiritually quickened state of union to Christ, the head of all spiritual life and influence, that the soul grows up into, and increases in the knowledge of Christ and his truth; and whatever we receive concerning the everlasting gospel, and all the spiritual knowledge we possess, cometh into our souls through this divine teaching, and not as Mr. P. says, "from one to the other." Let the medium be what it may, whether by hearing the word, by preaching it, by prayer, by Godly conversation, or by reading the word; whatever be the means, the Holy Spirit is the teacher, and the object set forth, Christ, with all the blessings of salvation in him contained, as the head of his body the church. And if the love of Christ is brought into the heart of a redeemed man, powerfully constraining him to speak out these divine truths, to the edification of Christ's church, he hath a message and commission immediately from Christ; for Christ is declared to dwell in every living believing soul, to be in them the hope of glory eternal, and wherever he dwells in a man's heart by his Spirit, and prompts

and constrains a true servant of his to his work, that man has a commission, message, qualification, immediately from him, and and such a testimony will overcome all obstacles.

That the servants of Christ are not uniformly all of one judgment is readily conceded, and that different ministers frequently state the same truths in a different phraseology; yet, nevertheless, it is exceedingly doubtful, whether, (as to the grand fundamental doctrines of the gospel, the matter and manner of a sinner's justification &c.,) a shade of difference existed in Mr. ROMAINÉ, and Dr. GILL; and though these two men exhibited divine truths in a different dress, this does not prove in the least, that they were not both infallibly taught by the Holy Ghost.

Then, respecting no man on the earth, in any of the churches, being perfect in knowledge, this requires qualification, because, as to the nature of spiritual knowledge, taught by the Holy Ghost, it is certainly perfect; but in degree, cannot be so, while we inhabit sinful mortality.

Having, therefore, dear sir, given you these, my imperfect thoughts on the subject, I leave you to make what use you please of the same; and wishing you every success in the promulgation of gospel truth, beg to subscribe myself,

Your's faithfully, EBENEZER.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF
CRANSFORD BAPTIST CHAPEL,
AND THE SUBSTANCE OF
Mr. Foreman's Afternoon Discourse.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Anniversary of the Baptist Chapel, Cransford, took place, as announced by advertisement, on Tuesday, Sep. 15th, 1846; on which occasion, contrary to public announcement, we found C. W. BANKS, of London, was not present; and which circumstance was evidently felt as a disappointment to some poor weather beaten, hobbling, decrepid pilgrims, who seemed as though they came in hopes of having their dreadful cases traced out, and looked up in the ministry of the word. There was no reason publicly stated why he was absent on this occasion,

yet published in the hand bill; but we were sorry to hear, by the bye, that he was absent through illness; but as there was no remark publicly made concerning his absence, we thought some began to think he was not altogether wanted: we found also that Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, of Beccles, was an absentee, and whose absence was attributed to his having missed a certain conveyance.

The service commenced by Mr. BROWN, of Halesworth; after singing, he read and prayed; concerning whose prayer we said, if Mr. BROWN'S preaching at Halesworth was in accordance with his prayer at Cransford, the people at Halesworth, and its vicinity, can have no reason to complain, seeing, he prayed most sweetly in the behalf of the poor tried, fetter bound, children of God, that they might be delivered by the almighty power of God the Holy Ghost, and by that power alone. Mr. ISAAC, of Otley, Suffolk, supplied the place of Mr. G. WRIGHT, of Beccles; and, who after expressing great sorrow and regret that he should stand in such a position on the present occasion, stated that as he had been called upon he would do what he could in calling the attention of the audience to, and endeavouring to make a few remarks from a part of the ninth verse of the second chapter of Philippians—"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him:" from which he preached Christ all, and Christ everything; and in his attempting to exalt Christ, he told the church, the elect, that as sure as Christ was exalted at the Father's right hand, all their trials and all their troubles would come to a nothing, and he very boldly declared that, corruption preaching was the bane of the church, at which saying some of the poor souls who must have the plague of their hearts exposed in the ministry of the word, and what is inside the hole in the wall and inside the door exposed, seemed to think there was a total deficiency as to the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul, by whose work they know experimentally that Christ is exalted in them as their only hope, so as to say soul-feelingly Christ who is all in all in the estimation of God the Father is become through the divine unction, power, and operation of God the Holy Ghost, all and in all in the experience of their souls.

Mr. JOHN FOREMAN preached in the

afternoon after Mr. RANNICLES, of Chelshfield, had engaged in reading and prayer. His text was John i. part of 38th and 39th verses. — "Master, where dwellest thou?" He saith unto, them, Come and see." In introducing the subject he said he was aware the words were in themselves historical, yet he was, and had been many years persuaded that gospel histories are left on record as illustrative of the circumstances, condition, and experience of the children of God, as was surely his bent to show through his discourse; and then called the attention of his audience to the interesting consideration of the fact, that John wrote his gospel by divine inspiration, when it began at first to be stated that Jesus Christ was but a mere man, and consequently he commenced his book, or gospel history, after a different manner from the other Evangelists, by immediately setting forth the glorious truth concerning the person of Christ as the Eternal Word, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God." Hereby establishing, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that Christ was and is God: even One in the divine essence, and then went on to declare that inasmuch as he is truly God, he is also very man; "for the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," concerning whom the preacher said, all the types and ceremonies under the Mosaic dispensation, were as finger-posts which shewed the truth, but was not themselves the truth; but pointed like finger-posts, unto him who was to come; and in coming to the text the preacher said in it there was, first, a testimony given concerning Christ, "Master." Secondly, a question proposed, "Where dwellest thou?" And, thirdly, an answer to the proposed question, "he saith unto them, come and see." As concerning the term "Master" being given to Jesus Christ, there was a way in which the said term may be used in a bad sense, hypocritically, and in derision: and there was a way in which it was applied in a good sense, wherein glory, honour, and praise, was given to him. Thus, the lawyer, of whom we read, he used the term Master, addressing him with "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" calling him Master tauntingly: Judas also to whom

Jesus said "One of you shall betray me," came saying, hypocritically, "Master, is it I?" Mahomedans also acknowledge Jesus Christ as Master, confessing him to have been that good spirit sent by God into the world, but they hold their false prophet Mahomet, as being greater than he; the see of Rome confess him to be a master, yet not so great as the Virgin, his mother; consequently, they say in their prayers they must ask Mary, to ask Jesus, to ask God, for blessings said to be prayed for in their petitions; and there is both an indefinite sense, wherein he is said to be a Master, and a definite sense wherein he is declared to be *the Master*, as Martha said "The Master is come," even in a way of appropriation, as the Master *for me*, or *my Master*, *my Lord* and *my God*, and as to his Master, in this latter sense he is the Master not only to uncontrolled right, but also as concerning executive power, so that the work he performed was executed wholly, fully, and completely, and in every sense well: "He hath done all things well." He is Master then of his own work; we should say relative to some curious piece of mechanism, if some half-fool fellow should get about the execution of the same, in the midst of his bungling, "get away fool, you had better not put your hand to the business, for that in your doing it, you ruin it." But Jesus Christ, as Master of his own work, hath begun it well, and finished it completely, having wrought out complete redemption and full salvation, in behalf of those whose persons he represented, and who were the gift of his Father unto him before the world was; though some talk about his having effected universal atonement by his death for the whole race of Adam, but these are more than eighteen hundred years too late; this matter should have been settled before he said, "I lay down my life for the sheep; and I give unto my sheep eternal life." He is master of his own counsels and purpose; so as to bring the hidden things which lay buried in the eternal mind of Jehovah to pass, and therefore by his executive power he hath abolished death and "brought life and immortality to light:" and now Jesus in his mediatorial glory has two faces: "what," say you, "I hate a two faced man; and can Jesus wear two faces?" Yes. And in this way I see him

presenting himself unto the Father, looking unto him, saying, in behalf of the church "Father—will this my person do? Will this my work do? Will this the travail of my soul do? Will this the perfection of my righteousness do? The Father beholds him, and his work, with ineffable delight, and in the midst of this delight I see him looking down upon the poor sinner he hath redeemed, and saying "Will this my redemption do? Will this my salvation do? Will this my blood of atonement do? Will this my righteousness do? Will these my promises do?" And the poor sinner through the power of the Holy Ghost felt within him, is enabled to bear testimony from his inmost feelings,

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good:"

He is master of all circumstances to whom belongeth all power both in heaven and in earth; and though the whys and the wherefores are known only unto him, though you cannot account why your cup should be full of affliction, and I scarce know what affliction is; why you should conclude from your afflictions, trials, and exercises, that you are not, that you cannot be a child of God; and I conclude that I cannot be a child of God because I am *not* called to wade through the same depths of affliction which falls to your lot: why one is made poor by losses, crosses, and disappointments; and another is brought up as from the very depths of poverty, unto the very abundance of wealth; yet he maketh it manifest that all these work together for good. We are oftentimes like poor Moses, as to whys and wherefores; poor Moses seeing the bush, which some have said represented the humanity of Jesus Christ, but I never found him compared to a bush in scripture; but poor Moses seeing the bush, which was a representation of the church in this wilderness, as low, despised, despicable, and mean; Moses seeing the bush burning yet unconsumed, says, "I will turn aside, and see this great sight, that is, I will find out a reason; a why and a wherefore for this strange phenomena:" but the Lord said, "Moses, put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;" and as I have lately said at home, the Lord made feet and the Lord made ground, but the Lord did not

make shoes; and therefore he will have the works of the arminian cobbler to be put off from his children's feet, as they stand and behold the wondrous facts, nor dare to ask a reason why; seeing facts are associated with our religion, while the why and wherefore is hid in the eternal mind of our God, which whys and wherefores eternity will be employed in unfolding. He is master of angels, seeing they are ministering spirits, sent forth by him to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation, and these all wait to do his will according to his sovereign unalterable command, and they surely have in their ministry an invisible work to perform, in behalf of the children of God, of whom Jesus said, "their angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven." He is master of devils; and this he hath proved in the case of his servant Job; of whom the devil said, "Doth Job serve God for nought?" and to whom permission was given to take Job in his hand; but with a "touch not his life;" for that was *hid with Christ in God*: and the devil, here, might have told the Lord, relative to Job, that he did not care about any thing else; for that Job's life was the whole and sole object he had in view to destroy; but the devil can go no further than his chain, which, while one end is about his devilish neck, the other end of it is in the hand of the devil's Master, who lets out the length of it as it pleaseth him, but will never suffer that chain to be a moment out of his almighty hand: and we find that the legion of devils could not enter into the herd of swine, till Jesus, their master, gave them leave: and all his temptations, harassings, and buffetings, are under the almighty control of him who rules in heaven, in earth, and in hell. He is master of his ministers in the church militant, assigning them their places, and their several work to do, so that one cannot do the work of another; and I have often thought if Christ hath a lamb to be fed by my ministry, not all the ministers in the world, shall or can feed that lamb; he himself displaying his divine sovereignty as to blessing or power accompanying the work of the ministry. We find, on one occasion, three thousand souls converted by one sermon: and another such instance, perhaps never before or after-

wards took place. And sometimes as we see in a church, or churches—one man comes into the ministry and no blessing seems to attend his work; he leaves, and another comes in the providence of God, still no evident manifestation appears as to his ministry being accompanied with power; consequently he leaves, and a third succeeds, and the last man the Lord is pleased to make use of as an instrument in his hand to do his own work; working by whom he will work, according to his divine sovereignty, and uncontrollable will; and therefore concerning some churches, and many of their individual members who are saying the minister's word is no word for me; I cannot hear the man who is found over the church to which I belong, his preaching is not attended with divine unction and power unto my soul; but there is Mr. So-and-so, I can hear him, I find his word being accompanied with almighty power to my soul; so that my soul is blessed as my case is traced out in the ministry of the word. 'To such I would say—Go where you think you receive a blessing, but go peaceably, and without causing disturbance among those who think they can hear, remembering the Lord has not designed one man shall do another man's work; and if the Lord was to make use of only one man in the ministry he could not preach to all; and if he made use of all alike, there would not be room for all of them among his people.

As far as the ministry is concerned, and as concerning ministers, there are some who mimic, and strive to follow after another man's line of things, using his manners and phrases as much as in them lie; such have these whom they mimic for their master. But let a man minister according to the ability God hath given unto him, for edification; and account the Lord to be his master, to teach, counsel direct, and aid him in the work; and to own and bless his labours, according to his own sovereign will; and let the churches be satisfied with a man who in his ministry declares truth, although he may not preach all the truth. Christ is master also of all the trials, conflicts, troubles, and distresses attendant on his people; ordering and managing them, causing them so long to last and so to end as shall be for his own glory, and for their spiritual profit.

But, fearing I have already trespassed too long on your time, I must briefly touch on the question and its answer—"Master, where dwellest thou?"

Wherever Christ is endeared to the affections of a poor sinner's soul, there is earnest enquiry after him—"Tell me, O, thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." And as to his dwelling place, he dwells in heaven, in the glory of his person, being sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, exalted as a prince and a saviour to give repentance unto Israel and the remission of sins." He dwells also in Zion; having said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" so that he who was in heaven, while he was on earth, dwelleth on the earth, even while he is in heaven; he dwells also in the hearts of his people; for he hath promised not only to dwell with them, but to be in them; so that he dwells in the heart; from whence he is called upon, where he is prayed for, where he is longed after. But this question comes at last to this—Lord, dost thou dwell with me, and in me? And in the midst of this enquiry the poor bewildered child of God goes to seek him among the Hagarines, he is not found there; he goes to mother Church, he cannot find him there; he goes to some arminian shop, where he is preached in a way, more calculated to frighten him, than to comfort him in the blessed hope that Christ dwelleth in him; well, he hears of some downright Antinomian parson, he goes there, and finds that which his soul ardently desired; and while he is concluding that as Jesus dwells in pure and holy light, surely, such a sinner as he cannot be the dwelling-place of one so holy; he is pleased to say—"Come and see," which answer implies familiarity and condescension: if a poor and ragged beggar could meet Queen Victoria, or some noble personage, and should ask the question of either—"Where dwellest thou?" it would be thought immediately, "Aye, you want something; you want some money, or something;" and the answer would not be "Come and see," But the great Master's answer is—"Come and see;" it is the ragged, the poor, the wretched, the miserable, the ruined, and the undone, to whom he says—"Come,

and see;" and whom he leads into all the glorious doctrines of grace, and by the grace of the doctrines gives them to realise by a faith's view of himself, pardon, peace, justification, and eternal life, and so gives them to drink of the rivers of God's pleasure, and wherever there is a prayerful, ardent, earnest, up and down enquiry in the soul—*Master, where dwellest thou?* and, *Dost thou dwell in me, Lord?* the Lord comes down in his own time, and says—"Come and see;" while he leads the soul so made to long after him, to see and find, that he dwells in him as formed in his heart the hope of glory; and by and bye he will say to all his redeemed, "Come up higher, and see."

Mr. DAY's Removal from Reading to Tunstall.

THE Baptist Church, at Tunstall, in Suffolk, having given Mr. DAY an invitation to preach the word unto them for twelve months, he will at once (the Lord permitting) remove to that place, and commence on the second Lord's-day in October. We are authorised to state that after labouring among the people at Reading nearly ten years, he is leaving them on the best terms of sincere friendship. We venture to make the following extract from a letter written by himself—

"There is not one of the members of the church, that I am aware of, but wish me to stay among them; many times has my heart gone out in prayer, that the great Shepherd of the sheep would be pleased to raise up one, to feed them with knowledge and understanding. Some say I am leaving Reading for a larger salary; but this is not the case; for a kinder people than the little flock at Reading cannot be—and they have done more for my temporal support than many churches that I know, who are much greater in number. Why then do you leave them? say the people. This lies between God and my own soul; and I am fully satisfied that you will give me credit for acting honestly in the sight of God and man. May the Lord bless my labours to the comfort, establishment, and calling in of his dear people at Tunstall; and send a dear servant of his in his own time and way, to comfort, establish, and call in his dear people at Reading. And would you know in which way you might most please me, it will be in remembering the church at Reading, and supplying them, as you may be able with good, honest, experimental, and practical men, men sent of God."

We can truly say, it will be a great source of comfort to us to know that the Lord has raised up for Reading a faithful and an able minister of Jesus Christ—for such a man there is an open door. Mr. WILLIAM BRICE, of Nottingham, is expected to preach at Reading the two first Lord's-days in October.

The Life, and Experience of JAMES MASON.

(Continued from p. 211.)

I NOW come to tell out what I call my first soul deliverance.—When the dear Lord was pleased to teach my soul to hope in his mercy, which was on this wise, I was brought very low: the language of Hezekiah was the language of my soul, (Isa. xxxviii. 11, 12) "I said, I shall not see the Lord in the land of the living; he will cut me off with pining sickness: from day even unto night wilt thou make an end of me; like a crane or a swallow so did I chatter; I did murmur as a dove; mine eyes fail with looking upwards; oh, Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." Such were the feelings and experience of my soul, one night, as near as I can recollect, about a week before Christmas, 1832; my wife was gone to bed; I was alone in the room, down stairs, wrestling with God in prayer; all at once these words were spoken unto me—"ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss; pray to Jesus Christ; none can help you but him." Such was the effect, that I jumped up off my knees, and stood up; the Bible laid upon the table; and I exclaimed aloud—"Lord Jesus Christ, if there is one word in this blessed book, upon which thou canst cause a poor sinner to hope, shew me that word, and speak it with power to my heart. Taking up the Bible as I spake, I opened it at the epistle to the Hebrews, and cast my eyes upon these words—"Wherefore he is able, also to save them to the uttermost;" this word "UTTERMOST," took hold of my soul, and lifted it, as it were, from the deeps of trouble, from the depths of despair, from the very gates of hell, and I cried—"Who can tell what God's uttermost is? It reached a Manasseh, who made the streets of Jerusalem run down with the blood of God's saints; it reached a Mary Magdalene, out of whom Jesus Christ cast seven devils; it reached a cursing, swearing Peter, who denied his dear Lord, brought him to weep bitterly, and at length to say, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee;" it reached a Saul of Tarsus, while as yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all that called on, and believed in, the name of the Lord Jesus, and brought him to cry, "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord who hath enabled me for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry, who was before a blasphemer and a persecutor, and injurious, but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly and in unbelief." And oh, how precious was the sixteenth verse of that chapter—"Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy that in me

first, Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." "Who can tell?" was the language of my soul, but what this precious, this glorious **UTTERMOST**, may reach my case and save such a vile blasphemer as me? Such a divine power and preciousness attended this word in my soul that it brought me to hope in God, and firmly to believe that Jesus Christ was able to save to the uttermost; not only was this scripture attended with power, but light broke into my poor dark mind, and as I pondered over the words—"Wherefore, he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him," I could see that Jesus Christ was the only way to God; in whom, alone, pardon, peace, reconciliation and salvation was to be obtained, "seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Never, before this night, could I see any way of escape; but, now my poor soul was captivated with the power, the ability, the preciousness of Jesus Christ. O, I thought in the simplicity of my heart, "If he undertakes my cause I cannot fail; if he intercedes with God on my behalf, I shall indeed find acceptance." Well might his name be called Wonderful, Counsellor. With this Counsellor to plead our cause, we shall prevail over all our enemies, internal, and external; with this Counsellor on our side, every wrestling Jacob shall become a prevailing Israel, for in him, and by him, they shall have power and prevail with God and man. From this night I was a believer in the power and ability of Jesus Christ to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto God by him. From this night I became a prisoner of hope; and though I was not fully satisfied of his willingness to save me, yet I was led to believe he would appear for me, according to his own promise. (Ps. xii. 5.) "For the oppression of the poor; for the sighing of the needy; now will I arise, saith the Lord, I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." I was brought to wait patiently for the Lord, to direct my prayer unto him, and look up, to expect him to appear, and deliver my soul. Thus the Lord brought me to feel that by sin I had debased myself even unto hell, and then revealed his dear Son in me, as able to save to the uttermost, and I have often enquired where I got this knowledge from? Not from man; for under Mr. K.'s ministry, I got nothing but entanglement and confusion: yet I was taken with it as with a charm, though it brought me nothing but bondage and sorrow. When I got a little lift, a little comfort, a little consolation, it was in secret, from God, in searching the Scriptures, or pouring out my heart before him.

I soon got tired of going to church: I soon discovered there was nothing there but a round of dead formality, that yielded my soul no satisfaction, and after a time my eyes were opened to see that the system taught by JOHN WESLEY, would not reach my case; and it was brought about this way. One evening I was permitted to attend a class-meeting, for though I never joined the Methodists, I was permitted to attend any of their meetings I thought proper. Well, as I have said I was at a class-meeting, and I believe they were glad to see the poor infidel amongst them; they told round the state of their minds as they called it; and I noticed they were all very happy, whilst the state of my mind was misery and gall. After they were thus examined, the minister gave a kind of exhortation, in which he exhorted them to improve the grace given; he said, angels who were created holy, and came from the hand of their Maker pure, sinned, and fell. Adam, who came from the hands of his Creator, pure and holy, upright and good, sinned and fell, and involved all his posterity in the sad effects of his fall: if, then, holy angels fell, if, then holy Adam fell, was it not possible for a fallen sinner, who had received the grace of God to fall from that grace? Yes; saith he, it is not only possible, but thousands have fallen from a state of grace into hell; and then went on to exhort his hearers to improve the grace given, lest they, also, should fall from grace. Whilst he was thus talking my soul sunk fathoms deeper into distress; and thought if God gives me grace, and leaves me to improve that grace, I shall perish after all; for I found I was not sufficient of myself to think a good thought; if grace, happiness, and eternal life could have been purchased for one good thought. I was brought by this exhortation to feel and know that unless I had a standing more secure than the standing of the angels who kept not their first estate, that unless I had a standing more secure than the standing of Adam in the garden of Eden, there was no hope for one so guilty, so helpless, so utterly lost as I felt myself to be. But glory be to the God of salvation, when, in his own good time he opened to me something of the glorious contents of that precious Scripture, (1 Tim. i. 9.) "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling." This order of Gospel truth suited my soul well; salvation before calling and called to know my eternal salvation, in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory, and that not according to our works.

Here there was opened to my view a standing that secured me, before my fall in Adam; that secured me before I became an actual transgressor; and though God knew I should deal very treacherously, and that I should be

a transgressor from the womb—yet, notwithstanding all, his purpose was to save; that in me he might “shew the exceeding riches of his grace.”

But to return to the thread of my narrative, God raised my soul to hope in his mercy, and to believe that Jesus Christ was “able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God, by him” and I received it not of men, neither was I taught it, but by revelation from Jesus Christ. On Christmas-day I went to chapel; I cannot remember the texts nor one word of the sermons I heard; but one thing I remember, and shall never forget it, whilst memory holds a seat in my mind—at the close of the service they sung the hymn—

“Crown him Lord of all!”

Whilst they were singing, my mind was led out to Jesus Christ, to think of his wonderful birth—his wonderful love in coming down to save sinners—his wonderful act of condescension in taking our nature into union with his eternal Godhead—his wonderful life, going about doing good to the souls and bodies of men—and at last, dying for sinners and rising again for their justification. My soul was melted down under a sense of the greatness of the love of Christ, and the vast nature of his tremendous sufferings, coupled with a view of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, so that I loathed myself in my own sight, on account of my sins against so loving a Saviour; and it appeared as if my sins crucified him; and yet notwithstanding all, there was a persuasion in my heart that he was able to save me, and I cried, “Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean!” My soul was drawn out to “erown him Lord of all;” Lord of all my mercies: and I felt persuaded, if he made himself known to me as my Saviour, I must for ever crown him Lord of all my salvation, from first to last.

From this time I felt a desire to join some Christian assembly; that is, to become a member of a Church: and I had some thought in my mind, that if I took the sacrament, or more properly, if I partook of the emblems in the ordinance of the supper of the Lord, that the Lord Jesus would there and then make himself known unto me, as my Saviour. Accordingly, I went and saw Mr. Keyworth on the subject, and he gave me encouragement to do so. On the Thursday-evenings they had (at the chapel,) what they called, “Experience Meetings,” and it was appointed I should attend, and tell what I had passed through. I did so, with much fear and trembling; and was received a member amongst them; and on the first Sunday, in the year 1833, sat down with them at the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper. And before

I tell out the effect that this had upon my mind, I beg to make two remarks: First—that the things I was enabled to tell out at this meeting, I found some of them did not understand. Concerning this then, I came to the conclusion that they had not been such sinners as I had, and consequently, were strangers to the soul deliverances I had experienced. Mr. K. himself remarked to me, when coming out of the chapel, that some of the things I told made him tremble. This remark was made with reference to my feelings during the time that the cholera was raging at Wantage; and I then thought, as he had never sinned as I had, he could not enter into the feelings of guilt and condemnation I then suffered. But I bear Mr. K. this testimony: he was a kind friend to me in temporal things; and I believe a sincere friend in endeavouring to communicate to me religious instruction. But, like thousands more, he was sincere in error; but an utter stranger to the truth of God in his own soul; or he never would have told me (as he afterwards did,) that the glorious truths of the gospel, which God made known to my soul, and brought me out to preach, were dreadful evils, and contrary to the tenor of scripture, destructive to human responsibility, and tending, even more than infidelity itself, to ruin souls; which were the terms he used with respect to the truths of the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God, in a letter he wrote to me, which I have by me to this present day. The second remark I have to make is, that I believe I was in too great a hurry in joining a church—before I thoroughly knew the people to whom I joined myself: and I believe many have been left to act thus imprudently, who afterwards have been compelled to come out from amongst them; but amidst all, our “God hath his way in the whirlwind and the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet.” And I believe, humanly speaking, God taught me lessons among this people, that I could have learned nowhere else. It was here I learned the intricacies of bastard Calvinism and Fullerism—to weigh them in the balances of the sanctuary—to find these systems wanting; and at last to cast them to the moles and to the bats. Again, I have been brought to see, that in joining this church, I did, (to use a common expression,) put the cart before the horse. Many mistakes, baulks, and blunders I have made; but what a mercy! the God of our salvation rectifies all our mistakes; causes us to feel by our blunders, our blindness and ignorance in all things, and our need of the Spirit of truth, to guide us in all things unto the truth. By joining this church, I reversed God’s order in his own ordinances—putting the supper before the ordinance of believer’s baptism; though

nothing is clearer in the word of God, than the order of God, with respect to the ordinances of God in his New Testament church. (Acts ii. 41, 42.) "Then they that gladly received his word were *baptised*, and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in *breaking of bread*, and in prayers." Had it not been for the popish invention of infant sprinkling, we should have known nothing of Independent churches, nor nothing of that mongrel system of amalgamating the ordinances, called, mixed communion. I wonder not at a poor child of God making mistakes in this respect, at first starting; but I do wonder at ministers, who once pretended to receive the ordinance of believers' baptism, starting aside like a broken bone, and turning open communionists; and, in some cases, scouting the ordinance of believers' baptism altogether. I do wonder at men and women coming before a baptist church, and amongst the rest telling us the Lord has led them to see the ordinance of baptism—and many personal instances have I known of their turning round and slighting, and in some cases, rejecting the ordinance they pretended to have received from the Lord, and much of this is the force of evil example, set before the people, in the professing church of Christ.

But to return. Having partaken of the ordinance, instead of having that comfort I had anticipated, it was the means of bringing me into an awful state of soul trouble, which I shall describe in my next. J. MASON.

Christian Reformer.

"Jesus Christ—the Fountain of Life—the Conqueror of Death—and the Glorious Righteousness of his Church." By JOHN BLOMFIELD, Minister of the Gospel, Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham. PAUL, Chapter-house-court.

This is, truly, a savoury little Messenger of Peace—it is full of Christ, of the Christ of God—of that Glorious Mediator, Redeemer, and Intercessor, who is really the Friend of sinners. The author has written of Christ, and of the truth in him, in a simple experimental, yet exceedingly striking style. Some of the sentences stand out so bold and full as to be likely to make the reader dig deep in contemplation; and some of the questions are so close and solemn, that we think the heart must be hard indeed, that is not in some measure arrested thereby: Pastors of churches, and fathers of enquiring children, may safely put this tract into the hands of those, whose eternal welfare they are led to desire.

An Old Infidel's Reasons for Renouncing

Infidelity" is gone to be sifted and weighed up by an old hand: a good many have tried to say something about this "William Holmes."—Wait a bit—Let us see what an honest old Pioneer will make of it. A lot of "iron-mouthed" sharp cutters, are reproaching us because, in our reviews, we do not cut off every body's head. Well, well, boys; we have been in that school, and line of things too—but, it worketh no good to the soul. However, error, cant, hypocrisy, and religious merchandise we hate—and must expose.

"A Sermon on the Knowledge of Christ, and of Interest in Him, the Support of a Believer, in Life and in Death: by the late JOHN GILL, D.D." When we say that Mr. JOSEPH FLORY has been instrumental in re-publishing this valuable sermon of Dr. GILL's, we have said as much as is necessary. We have read the title again and again, "A knowledge of Christ, and of Interest in Him." It is enough to set one's soul longing to read the work. Perhaps in a future number we may make an extract or two, but for the present this notice must suffice.

A small volume of Experimental Poems, *written according to soul feeling*; (as the author has very properly added,) by the late SAMUEL DAW, of Warbleton, will be published in a few days. Most of them are exceedingly choice and savoury; and bespeak the existence of a mind not only deeply exercised in the solemn matters connected with an eternal world, but also of a deep and well-directed natural talent to set forth in a pleasing strain, the work of God, and the effects of that work in the soul. We will forward a copy to any one ordering the same: its price will be one shilling. The following stanzas are extracted from one of the poems.

But thoughts about dying, and fears about hell,
Would fill me with gloom, which I could not dispel;

But when these forebodings of sin made me cry,
I thought I repented—"so foolish was I."

Through reading, and hearing, I partially saw,
How great was Jehovah—how perfect his law;
I begg'd for his mercy, as I could decry,
In some little measure—"how foolish was I,"

But, oh! the carnality wrapt in my heart;
I quickly grew careless to each better part;
Good books and the Bible I chiefly laid by,
And took to romances—"so foolish was I."

But God, in his mercy, I fain would believe,
At length brought me sorely, sincerely to grieve:
He shook me with terrors, I trembled to die,
Perceiving how "wretchedly foolish was I."

And am I grown wiser of late, shall I say?
I cannot perceive it; for every day
That passes, I've reason to feelingly cry,
Ah! that was a wrong step—"How foolish was I."

Lord, lead me, I pray thee, in Wisdom's right way
Protect me, and keep me, and teach me each day;
Or I shall to evil be running away—
"So very exceedingly foolish am I."

THE EXALTATION OF
THE GLORIOUS MAJESTY OF CHRIST'S PERSON.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

IN perusing the cover of the August *Vessel*, your faithful correspondent, *Conscience*, proved to be to me a faithful monitor; he has spoken loudly and powerfully in the matter that the exaltation of the glorious majesty of Christ's person; the telling out the wonders of his precious blood, and the immeasurable and unsearchable perfections of his righteousness, is what every earthen vessel, whether *animate* or *inanimate*, should be engaged in, even in the midst of all the dreadful filth such earthen vessel may contain. And now, Mr. Editor, as your faithful correspondent *Mr. Conscience*, and mine, have directly met in with each other, and not a jarring sentiment has been advanced by either relative to the great and important point, which has formed the subject of their solemn consideration, and it being unanimously agreed upon between them that in all things Christ shall have the pre-eminence; your *Mr. Conscience* has laid a necessity on mine, to be a mouth for both, through the medium of the *Earthen Vessel*, for the exaltation of the all-glorious person of Christ, the righteousness of Emmanuel, God with us; and so, in humble hope that the Spirit of God (whose office work it is to glorify Christ, to lay open to the view of a living faith the all dazzling glories which centre in the incomprehensible person of our Lord Jesus Christ,) will be pleased to lead me and to take me in the visions of God, (Ezekiel xl.) unto this high mountain, I shall proceed to bear a testimony concerning his Person, of whom he himself declared, "All the prophets wrote of me;" and "before Abraham was, I AM;" and Esaias saw his glory when he exclaimed, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty, the whole earth is full of his glory;" and I feel as that my heart is inditing a good matter in the behalf of those who *feel themselves* brimful of bad matter and manners, while I bear testimony in and through the Holy Ghost, out of an heart made experimentally to know, yet not being able fully to comprehend, concerning his all-glorious Person. As the Christ of God he is one in God and with God, and one with us and

in us; and as such in the unity of his Person, the whole fulness of the Godhead dwelleth bodily, substantially, inherently in him, he possessing in himself every attribute of essential divinity, having said in the days of his flesh "All that the Father hath are mine, and I am glorified in them." The mighty God, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings and Lord of lords, the Lord God omnipotent, the Lord Jehovah; then is he so, that whoso honoureth, worshippeth, and adoreth him, honoureth, worshippeth, and adoreth the Father also, and whoso honoureth not, adoreth not, the Son, honoureth not, adoreth not, the Father; and as Jehovah's Christ, and ours, he has stood eternally united unto us, and we have been in eternal union with him, not by the creation of an human soul before the birth of time, said to be taken then into union with his Person, but in the eternity of his person, as the Christ of Jehovah, who being one eternal now, knows of nothing new, and contemplates nothing old: this Christ of God, as the eternal Logos, or Word, lays eternally in the bosom of the Father in all his divine offices and characters, which he eternally sustained in behalf of the church, who are, and were one in him, and who by virtue of an eternal union are, and ever were, the members of his mystic body, of whom he is the eternal living head, and so they were set up in him as the objects of Jehovah's eternal delight, irrevocable favour, and never beginning never ending choice, according to his eternal purpose and decree in whom they were eternally blessed by "God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as he chose them in him before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before him in love." He, in his own proper Person, possessing that eternal life which, as the gift of the Father, was given unto the church IN HIM, before the world was, "For this is the record that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son; he that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life."—"And now, when he bringeth in the first begotten into the

world he saith, and let all the angels of God worship him ;" as they gaze on him he being seen of angels, as God manifested in the flesh, in no new relationship to the church, filling no new office, sustaining no new character in her behalf, but in her nature manifesting himself as her everlasting Head, Husband, and Representative, Daysman, and Mediator, Lawgiver, and Lawfulfiller, Surety, and Ransom, High Priest, and Sacrifice, Altar and Offering, Sin-burden-bearer and Sin-propitiator, Curse-endurer, and Curse-remover, wrath enduring and hell-suffering Saviour and Redeemer, Lord and God ; of whom it is written " when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them which were under the law ; that we might receive the adoption of sons ;" not that we might be made the sons of God thereby, for we are sons of God, by adoption, as an eternal act in him ; but that we might receive the adoption of sons ; and all the blessings and blessedness thereto belonging, in, through, and by him. And now as concerning the Person of the God Man Christ Jesus, not by conversion of his divinity into humanity, nor by admixion of the two natures in the One Person of Emmanuel, the glorious fact of his being eternally united unto me, and my being eternally united unto him, constitutes the fundamental basis of our being glorified together ; for so this union stands according to his own words when addressing the Father, " I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." And by this one offering, when he offered himself without spot to God, and died the just for the unjust, he hath perfected for ever them which are sanctified ; and oh !

The wonders of his precious blood to tell,
The precious blood of Christ, Emmanuel !

Why, fellow *Conscience*, if you have felt the power, the efficacy, the cleansing virtue of it, you can join me in declaring it is the blood of God ;

And while the wonders of this blood we tell,
We do declare it saved us both from hell.

Is there a conscience burdened sore with sin ? We say, and say the truth, this blood makes clean, so efficacious is it in itself, that it requires not one single tear, nor an ocean of tears of ours to be mingled

or mixed with it in the matter of peace with God, or of a peaceful conscience, so completely satisfactory is it that in itself it satisfied the whole and sole demands of the inflexible and unbending sword of divine justice when it stood forth flaming, and red, incensed against Christ, as our vicarious surety, as he was found made to be sin for us, for

So precious is this sin atoning blood,
It satisfied the full demand of God.

So meritorious it is in itself, that it requires nothing, no nothing, to be added to it, neither of repentance, nor faith, nor good works, to render it acceptable unto God as a propitiatory sacrifice for sin ; seeing propitiation was made or effected by it before we had any actual being, and consequently ere one single act of repentance, faith, or good works could be found in us ; and as it is said, not the things which go into a man defileth the man, but the things which come forth out of the man defileth the man, so *vice versa*, or contrariwise, it may be said, not the things which flow out of the man, such as repentance, faith, and good works, cleanseth the man ; but that which enters into the man ; the precious blood of Christ being *drank* by the mouth of a living faith ; this cleanseth the man ; for " how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot unto God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God ?" And so we say soul-feelingly, this blood of Christ received by living faith cleanseth the soul and saves from second death ; and so powerful, and full of virtue is this wondrous blood, that in itself, in the high court of heaven, it proclaimed in soft yet loudest accents, complete atonement, entire justification, full discharge and honourable acquital in peace before the throne of God for all in whose behalf it had been shed ; the blissful sound of which proclamation vibrating as from Jehovah's throne filled the innumerable host of heaven with such ecstatic joy, that heaven's high arches rang with shouts of sovereign grace, and Jesus's dying love, even unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills.

As all the tenants of that blissful place,
Rejoice in song to praise redeeming grace ;
And while Jehovah in it joins them, too,
The joy, the theme, the song, is ever new.

And, O, wondrous precious blood! so powerful and full of virtue it is, that in the court of conscience, while the poor sinner stands there law-condemned and self-condemned, while law-accused and devil-accused, self-accused, and Holy Ghost condemned, expecting nothing but death and damnation, the sentence having gone forth against him, as he is enabled by the power of the Holy Ghost to plead the blood alone, and finds it to be his only plea, while under the very sentence of death, it proclaims pardon, liberty, and a gaol delivery; for by it "the prisoners are sent forth out of the pit wherein is no water, even by the blood of the everlasting covenant." Thus, conscience,

You and I, are bound to tell,
This precious, precious blood broke ope' our
cell; [hell;

And sent us forth from bondage, death, and

And O, wonderful truth, as concerning this wondrous blood, though it requires all its efficacy, merit, virtue, and power, to cleanse one single sin from the conscience of a poor sinner, yet it hath cleansed, doth cleanse, and will cleanse, all the innumerable crimes of unnumbered myriads, who constitute the chosen, redeemed, regenerated family of God: it being in itself a sufficient atonement for sins past, sins present, and sins to come; for it is to this Jehovah is looking, and this is ever present in his mind, who hath said "When I see the blood, I will pass over you;" and though we cannot see the blood, which is sprinkled on the lintel and side posts of the door, yet he beholds it, and it is still a true token unto us as we by precious faith, and not by sight, are enabled to believe and rejoice that it is there, it is a true token unto us that we are safe and secure, even while the destroyer is going forth to destroy wherever this blood is not found: and concerning its virtue this is retained under all and every circumstance, and can we not bear witness that when fresh contracted, accumulated guilt has defiled and laid heavy on the conscience; its power, its efficacy, its virtue, has been proved by us, and in us, again, and again, and again, and again? When by the fresh application of this precious blood we have sung,

Oh, wondrous fountain! Jesus' precious blood
Has been, and still is found a cleansing flood.

Why, Mr. Editor, death and destruction have heard the fame of this wonderful blood with their ears, while the prey hath been taken out of the jaws of the mighty, and the lawful captive has been delivered. True it is, *Mr. Conscience*, our cross must be borne, and it is this wondrous blood, the blood of his cross, which alone can succour, which alone can comfort the cross-bearing child of God; true it is, we must taste of this cup; but

While we taste this bitter, bitter cup,
Our souls rejoice to know he drank it up,
With all its dregs, and bitterness, and gall,
That curse and wrath should never on us fall.

And now to declare his righteousness, to declare I say, at this time and in this way, his righteousness, that he (an infinitely holy God) might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus,

Let contemplation stretch her wings, and try
Into angelic righteousness to pry;

While they in creature righteousness have
stood,

His is the very righteousness of God.

And he being the Lord our righteousness, in him we shine more bright, complete, and fair, than angels ever shine or ever were. Oh, the immeasurable, unsearchable perfection of his righteousness! If we bring together all the vast amount of holiness and perfection existing among elect angels, who have kept their first estate, and add to this the original rectitude and holiness our first father possessed, when he came forth from the hands of his Maker, in comparison with the perfection of Emmanuel's righteousness, all their splendid and dazzling glories fade and die, even as the glory of the dim candle dies and fades away before the rays of the material sun at dazzling noon; and well may *Conscience* call the perfection of Emmanuel's righteousness immeasurable and unsearchable, seeing we have no rule of measurement we can adopt to measure it by, save the infinite perfection of *deity*; and herein we are lost, for, who by searching can find out the Almighty to perfection? Surely there is nothing in heaven, nor in earth, comparable with it, no other than a drop of the bucket can compare with the mighty ocean itself; angelic righteousness fails, and created holiness falls infinitely short to compare with it.

In every act which our Emmanuel was engaged in, working out righteousness

for us in his own proper person, he had to do with and to satisfy the demands of a broken and fiery law.

And, O, my soul, with sacred wonder tell,
Thy Jesus has for thee, done all things well.

So that concerning this righteousness, the wrought out righteousness of our Emmanuel, it is sufficient to answer, yea, it has eternally answered, all the demands of an infinitely holy God, as declared in and by his holy and justly demanding law, the same being imputed to the sinner's account, its infinite perfections are such as makes the vilest sinner just: however sinful, vile, polluted, and hell-deserving that sinner may feel himself to be in himself, yet the length and breadth of this righteousness, being put on him by Jehovah, through a living faith, as a spotless robe, hides all his high sins, and all his low sins, from the view of God, so that sins towering to the skies, and transgressions reaching even to the gates of hell's most dismal cave; all these, through, and in, the imputed righteousness of Emmanuel, are completely annihilated,

For if from heaven's high gate to hell's most dismal cave,
This righteousness of Jesus had not power to save,
Then, then, might hell rejoice, and heaven in silence mourn,
And Jesus' work of love to his own breast return:

"But as sin hath reigned unto death, even so shall grace reign through righteousness, (even the imputed righteousness of Emmanuel,) unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." As a robe it can only fit a naked back, and to prove the suitability of it, the sinner must be stripped to his very skin. Ah! says the soul, that is cutting work; so it is, but as dear HART says,

Whate'er men say,
The needy know
It must be so,
It is the way.

Yet it is hard work to the flesh, aye! and cutting work to the spirit too, to have all its duties and tears, its groanings and sighings, its joyous and sorrowful frames and feelings, in the matter of justification before God, all cut up as

with a stroke, and put far away out of sight before the throne of God, and

For a living soul to stand
By thousand dangers scared,
And feel destruction close at hand,
O, this indeed is hard.

That this testimony concerning the all-glorious Person, wonderful blood, and perfect righteousness of Emmanuel, may in the hands of Jehovah the Spirit be made a blessing, and a matter of consolation, yea, a means of deliverance to some poor soul, who is or may have been, now for a long time feelingly damned by the law, and in the court of his or her conscience for whose sakes, in connection with the glorification of Jehovah Jesus it has been given, is the earnest and fervent desire of one who has soul-feelingly realised the blessedness of these truths, and desires to live and to die exclaiming,

Jesus is all in all to me,
His precious blood has made me free,
His spotless righteousness is mine,
A robe immaculate divine.
In this my guilty sin polluted soul shall stand
Spotless, for ever justified, at God's right hand.

W. SKELTON, S.S.

On Genesis ii. 10.

Lord, while I tread this desert through,
Grant me thy covenant grace to view,
To triumph in that victory gain'd,
In which hell's triumphs all are stain'd.

'Though satan bruise'd thy tender heel,
Thy healing virtues it shall feel,
Cleans'd by thy own atoning blood,
The Church walks safely home to God.

She's the desire of thy soul;
Thou didst to make the wounded whole;
And so, the monster's head to break,
Her cause, thyself did undertake.

Victory, dear Lamb, by thee is wrought,
For her, who in herself hath naught;
That she thy healing grace might prove,
And triumph in thy dying love!

This is the garden of the Lord,
Secured and watered by thy Word:
Love is the spring of all her life;
Love drowns her every grief and strife.

This love's a river—a mighty deep:
To water his garden, this river he'll keep:
And none of its foes it ever shall forl,
It's the river of life, it's the river of God.

Lispings of ROBERT COMFORT,
saved by Grace.

Opening of New Baptist Chapel,
At Billesden, Leicestershire, on Thursday,
October 8th, 1846, called Salem Chapel.

THE origin of this chapel is as follows:—Mr. WILLEY had been preaching in a General Baptist Chapel, in the above village, some few years. But the Lord was pleased to turn him from that natural religion—free-will, and universal redemption, to preach the sovereign, eternal, unchangeable, love of God in Christ Jesus; so the General Baptists cast him out, and treated him rather scornfully, as the old pharisees treated the poor blind boy, when the Lord Jesus had opened his eyes.

Through the indefatigable exertions of Mr. WILLEY, and his friends, a neat and commodious chapel has been erected at the cost of about £340: Collections at the opening were liberal; but there now remains a debt on the chapel of about £200. Should any rich brother feel a zeal for the Lord God of hosts, and a desire to assist the young cause of truth, here is an opportunity for him to do good.

Mr. JAMES WELLS, of London, was announced to open the chapel; but through severe indisposition he was prevented. The disappointment was keenly felt by many who came from all parts to hear this valiant man of God unfurl the banner of the cross; and proclaim, as he is wont to do, with all boldness, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Some of the ministers present were solicited to preach on the occasion, but declined. However, a young volunteer, (Mr. SKEY, late of Waddesden,) kindly accepted the service of the afternoon. He read for his text 2 Kings, xxv. 27, 28, 29. The intention of the preacher was to shew that Jehoiachim, king of Judah, in captivity, was a type of all Israel, and when brought out of prison, have kind words of peace and love spoken unto them, the rags of their own righteousness changed for the robe of Christ's righteousness; and that they have the bread of heaven given to them as their daily allowance, all the days of their life, even to eternity. This is the substance in a few words.

In the evening of the day, Mr. GARRARD, of Leicester, read, prayed, and amplified a little on a few verses in the former part of Ezek. xliii. He said "My dear friends, if you have divided from the General Baptists for truth's sake, and for the glory of God, you have done well in building this house; but, remember, God's house is not made of dead stones, bricks, and mortar: God's house is "a spiritual building of living stones, built up a spiritual house to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God, by

Jesus Christ." Living stones, living souls, raised up out of nature's grave, by the power of the Holy Ghost, in regeneration. Therefore, think more of these living stones, and the true worship of God in this place, than you do of bricks, mortar, and this temporal building. This glorious and mysterious temple, shewn to Ezekiel in vision, was a figure of the true and spiritual church of God, in which God will dwell for ever. "A habitation for God." Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? (1 Cor. iii. 16.) If we would see the glory of God, we must be led by the Spirit to see Jesus. The brightness of the glory of God's justice is seen in the death of a bleeding dying Lord Jesus, the only sacrifice for our sins; the death and blood of the Lord Jesus, the only sacrifice that put away our sins, and removed the curse from the elect church of God. But, "the glory that excelleth," is the gospel glory in this house; "the ministration of life." The love, power, and glory of God, which Ezekiel saw, as the morning dawn, and sun rising in the east, when "the glory of the Lord came from the way of the east;" when life, light, love and mercy, in the face of the risen Lord Jesus, in his glory, breaks in at the windows of a poor, dark, distressed, law-condemned sinner's soul, called from death to life, from darkness to light, from bondage to the liberty of the glorious gospel of Christ. This is the glory that fills the house. "We beheld his glory, as the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." When Ezekiel saw this glory he fell on his face, "and the queen of Sheba, fainted and had no strength left in her, when she saw the glory of Solomon and his court:—"behold a greater than Solomon is here," when Jesus is revealed in the soul of a poor sinner. Ezekiel goes on to say—"And the Spirit took me up, and brought me into the inner court; and, behold, the glory of the Lord filled the house, and I heard his voice out of the house, and the man stood by me." Here is the God-man, the glory-man, Christ Jesus, standing by the wedded soul, as its glorious bridegroom for ever. On another occasion it is said, that the glory of the Lord filled the house so that Moses could not enter in to minister." The glorious revelation of Jesus in the soul, with his blood, love, righteousness, and glory, shuts out death, curse, and condemnation, by Moses and the law. Thus, may the glory of the Lord, the glory of Jesus, and his love, fill this house, and the worshippers in this house, that ye have builded, even the glory of the Lord God of Israel.

To conclude—Mr. BLOODSWORTH of Leicester preached from Eph. v. 25, 26, 27.

We have heard many strange things concerning this man's ministry, but we begin to think it has been from a strange sort of people. In justice and honesty we must say that this man preached a clear, full, and rich gospel sermon, such as we have seldom heard; he most certainly shewed the eternal mystical, spiritual, indissoluble union between Christ and his church, and lucidly, and blessedly shewed how the church, with all mankind in the Adam fall, was corrupted by sin, and sweetly opened the great mystery of gospel life, in showing how the church, from eternity is sanctified in the love, will, and purpose of the Father, who set his Son apart in the eternal covenant of life and grace, to come and wash and cleanse her, his beloved bride, by the water, the word, and his most precious blood.

"Somehow or other, (said he,) here, old Adam-sinners are made young again, in Christ Jesus, 'not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing;' but that they should be holy and without blemish."

Our limits forbid us to enlarge, otherwise, we should be happy to do so. Suffice it to say, he concluded with some pointed and wholesome admonitions, both to the young minister of the chapel, and to the people. There was good attendance, and more than one hundred persons sat down to tea, in a large room. We trust the services of the day were not altogether unprofitable.

Anniversary of Providence Chapel, Canbury Field, Kingston.

THE first anniversary of this neat and convenient place of worship, was held on Tuesday, October 6th, 1846. In the bills announcing the same, it was stated that Mr. JAMES WELLS would preach in the morning, Mr. THOS. STRINGER in the afternoon, and Mr. FOREMAN in the evening. On the morning, however, of the anniversary, a letter was received from Mr. WELLS, stating, that in consequence of the ill state of his health he should be unable to attend, which was felt as a great disappointment by many present. In the absence of Mr. WELLS, Mr. THOS. STRINGER, of SNOWS FIELD'S Meeting-house, preached in the morning from Acts. xi. 20, 21.

Mr. STRINGER spoke first, and principally of the great subject. "What a subject!" said Mr. S., "I would not have come down here to preach any other subject for a thousand worlds; and I do not think that brother WELLS would, nor brother FOREMAN either. I shall preach this morning as John did, viz. 'the way, the truth, and the life.'" *The way.*—That implies, there is no other way. It is said that Moses forsook Egypt; and so

have we, if we are seeking his face. He is the way from Egypt to Canaan; in a word, he is the way from this world to the next; there are many that think they are in the right way, but when they get to the terminus, they'll find it written up, "the end of these things is death." He is the way from sin to holiness, from hell to heaven. 2. He is the truth. I do not know any truth in the Bible, but in it, we have Christ. He is the truth of the scape-goat; the brazen serpent; the red heifer; the slain bird; and the paschal lamb, whom *the whole congregation* were to kill. He is the truth of the prophecies: to him gave all the prophets witness. He is the truth of the Gospels, and the truth of the Epistles, and I am sure he is the truth of the Acts of the apostle's, for it is full of him. 3. He is the life. "In him was life;" he is the life of his people; how is it the branch of the tree lives? is it not from the root? Where do you get your life? Is it from your prayers and good doings? Unless you derive your life from the root of David, you will soon wither.

In the afternoon, Mr. ALLNUTT, of Ripley, read and prayed, after which. Mr. STRINGER preached again from Isa. xlv. 17. "but Israel shall be saved in the Lord, with an everlasting salvation."

In the evening, Mr. JOHN FOREMAN preached from 1 Thes. v. 16, 17, 18. "Rejoice evermore," &c. Mr. FOREMAN said, "I should always like to have my sermons like an epistle, all ending with an affectionate exhortation.

"Rejoicing evermore." Can the christian always rejoice? No: or else there would have been no occasion for Paul to exhort them to. There is not another people under the sun, who are so apt to hang their heads down when there's plenty. When I was about 17 years of age, I was man enough to drive a team, and at one time I had got a blind leader, it was a dark night, and I cried, and I was obliged to scramble down on my knees, to find the trucks. Is it not so with you sometimes? you know not where you are, and go crying on your knees to see if you are in the right way."

Notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather, (it raining nearly the whole day,) the chapel was full on each occasion, and on the whole it seemed to be a good day to many present.

Doing Business in Great Waters.

THIS morning I arose from bed, on which I had partly spent a sleepless night, as miserable and as full of rebellion as I think it possible for a creature to be out of hell. Satan was plying me with, "*there is no God,*" but I could turn upon the enemy, and in my

mind did say, "THERE IS, Satan; and he will condemn thee." For a minute or two I had a respite, and my soul was led out in prayer to God; but the enemy came again and whispered in my ear,—“if there be a God, he is not thy God; and he will as justly condemn you as me.” In this the adversary succeeded as with Eve, in getting me to hold parley with him; for I could not deny that God would be just in condemning me. “He is not thy God,” again echoed in my ear, “Look at your gross sins, ever since you have been (as you profess) called by grace; and then say if you are not an hypocrite?”—I seemed struck dumb with astonishment, while my sins rose like mountains before me; and such a weight was on my conscience that I thought I should sink instantly to hell: but there was a small breath of prayer in me; and it gushed forth from my heart in these words, “Lord, have mercy upon me, for Christ’s sake.” I had a little respite; and there was a little dawning of hope in my soul, that my religion was not a delusion; and that I was an object of heaven’s favor; and these words came to my mind with dewy power, “GOD IS LOVE.” I pondered over these sweet words for some little time; but the enemy approached once more, and whispered, “if God is love, and God loved you, would he not supply your wants; and not let you be distressed as you are now?” O, that devil’s if! what torment it caused to my poor tempest-tossed soul! and at this moment it appeared as though the flood gates of infidelity and blasphemy were thrown open; and my soul was deluged; I felt now most awful rebellion; while it kept rushing into my mind,—“he is a cruel and unmerciful God; and he delighteth to torment thee now; and will through all eternity.” As the climax of temptation and desperation, satan said, “curse him”—“curse him:” and powerful indeed was the temptation to do so; but more powerful the grace that kept me. The horror of my mind at this moment it would be in vain to attempt to describe; my hair seemed to stand erect, while my body was as though drenched in water, by sweat forced out from every pore, by the intensity of my mind’s agony.—I bit my tongue; and thought I would bite it off rather than curse God. But again I had to enter on the conflict. I was in my orchard, (the temptation to curse God being a little abated,) walking in hopeless despair; and Satan plying me with such things as these,—“you have upset God’s people here by your preaching.” (Great commotion was at this time caused in a Fullerite church in the neighbourhood by my preaching, and many members leaving them.) “You will bring your wife and family to the workhouse; and bring disgrace upon the cause of Christ.”

O how did this make my heart bleed! Then it came—“drown yourself out of the way, you vile wretch:” and I rushed madly to the brink of the pond; and was on the point of making the fatal plunge; when my little girl called, “Father!” It was the voice of my daughter; but it was the voice of my heavenly Father. I stopt short; she told me “a gentleman wanted to see me.”—I waited a minute or two to collect myself, and went in; it was a Mr. BERRY, of Rolright, Gloucestershire. I had met him as a stranger the day before at a friend’s house; and had parted, not expecting to see him again; but I said when leaving, I should be glad to see him if he could spare time to call upon me. We had some spiritual conversation; but I never said one word to him as to my situation or circumstances; neither does he know it to this day. He said before he left, that he had felt led to call upon, and present me with a sovereign; thinking I was not in very good circumstances. Now satan had taken advantage of the want of this very sum so to harrass my poor soul,—for I had promised to pay (being promised a bill myself,) four pounds; and had only three; and what to do for the other I knew not; I had been in difficulties many times, but my trouble now was because I knew the wicked man to whom I had to pay it, would say I was a liar if I did not; and the cause of God would be blasphemed. But now that deliverance was come, my poor soul was all in a commotion; the hard thoughts I had entertained of God; my unbelief and rebellion, filled me with distress and dismay; past mercies and deliverances came to mind; and the question seemed put to me—“How could I question his love and faithfulness after the many repeated proofs which I had received?” I could only smite upon my breast and say—“Lord, I am a guilty, hell-deserving wretch; but thou hast remembered me in my low estate; and thy mercy endureth for ever.” But my rebellion caused me so much distress, that it nearly counterbalanced the joys springing from the deliverance: The voice of the turtle was again heard in the land—“I have loved thee with an everlasting love,” was brought home with power and unction to my soul. “What; me, Lord?” I cried. “I have loved thee, and called thee by thy name, thou art mine!” Now, was my heart melted down, the tide of love began to flow; the fountain was unsealed and the springs began to run; I cried and laughed, wept and sang alternately; and with the Psalmist could sing—“Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowmeth thee with loving-kindness, and tender mercies.” I that evening preached from Ps. xlii. 5; but, my feelings almost

overcame me. In the night, the Lord broke in upon my soul with such love and glory that I was lost in wonder, adoration, love, and praise. Lifted above earth, my soul, like a little bark at anchor, being feelingly anchored on Christ, lay sweetly reposing on the bosom of the fathomless ocean of covenant love, basking in the refulgent beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and with expanded sail catching the gale of the Spirit, and in feeling being wafted along to the regions of ethereal bliss." "EENEZER."

THE SAINT'S HOME.

Why all these afflictions, if born from above ?

So cold in my feelings to one that I love ?
A soul that loves Jesus, yet tempted to roam
Far, far, from my Saviour, my heaven, my home.

Home, home, sweet home,
There's no place like Calvary, there's no place like
home.

When afflictions abound, which is often the case,
Ah, where should I roam, where it not for his grace ?
Thus I find by experience the Lord did atone,
As the dear Spirit guides me to Christ as my home.

Home, home, &c.

Sometimes satan tells me my prayers are in vain,
And tho' Jesus once lov'd, he'll ne'er love me again,
That my sins are so great I shall fually roam,
And never reach Jesus, my heaven, my home.

Home, home, &c.

By nature depraved, mysterious case,
Yet complete in my Saviour, through sovereign grace ;
And while satan's tempting, from Calvary to roam,
The love of the Spirit is guiding me home.

Home, home, &c.

The smiles of my Saviour sometimes seem in vain,
And all's call'd in question that Jesus did gain ;
I'm inclined, but I cannot from Calvary to roam,
For there's something that whispers Christ, Christ is
Home, home, &c. [my home.

Sometimes satan tells me Christ is but a man,
But ah, he speaks false, let him say all he can ;
For his blood when applied did forbid me to roam,
Thus, I know Christ is God, and God is my home,
Home, home, &c.

There's something within me that cannot agree,
There's something loves Jesus, that bled on the tree,
There's something loves nature, and wishes to roam,
But Christ is most precious, because he's my home.
Home, home, &c.

Come, come, blessed Spirit, God's free love impart,
And cheer this desponding, almost broken heart,
Temptations press heavy from Calvary to roam,
Call often, dear Father, and keep me at home.
Home, home, &c.

Sometimes Calvary's blood is so precious within,
It drowns all my sorrows, and burys my sin,
The smiles of my Saviour forbid me to roam,
And, joyfully sing, I shall soon be at home.
Home, home, &c.

But ah, those blest seasons, how soon they depart,
And my soul is oppress'd with a treacherous heart,
The world, sin and satan invite me to roam,
But mercy conducts me, to Jesus my home.
Home, home, &c.

Come, come, dearest Father, come Spirit, come Son,
That blest me, and sav'd me, ere this world begun,
Impart thy love freely, Lord ne'er let me roam,
But keep me with Jesus, my heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet home,
But keep me with Jesus, my heaven, my home,

A POOR WORM,

LIFE OF HENRY FOWLER.

(Continued from page 213.)

"LOOKING back at 1801, I remember that it was a chequered scene all through. I experienced many tokens for good, many mercies and discoveries of the Redeemer's love, both in public and in private. On the other hand, I had many sad proofs how low I was sunk by the fall; how deceitfully and desperately wicked my heart was! I have often feared that I should be left to carry into practice the evils that were constantly boiling up in my heart, and that in spite of all my prayers and cries to God to keep me by his power. I had some temptations also very near me, and well calculated to suit the corrupt flesh of most men: what snares I refer to, my reader will find in Ecclesiastes vii. 26.; from which, through God's mercy, I escaped but *very narrowly*, and not without defiling the conscience, and producing much confusion in my mind. I expected by this time to find my constitutional sin more brought into subjection, and supposed by the reign of grace I should feel less and less of the motions of sin; but in this I was deceived, and I found a constant warfare, and could not tell for sometime what judgment to make of it. The most filthy and abominable thoughts used suddenly to spring up in my mind; and very commonly just after I had been much favoured with the Lord's sensible presence, which used to puzzle me exceedingly, and fill me with sorrow. * * * Now I am inclined to think, this was partly the work of satan; for I often had this suggested to me, how is it possible that you can prove yourself a child of God? You are nothing but a mass of unholiness and sin, and you have no *desire* to be otherwise; and really it appeared all true that was suggested to me at times. In the beginning of my preaching I used to search the scriptures in order to comfort others; but now from the painful exercises of my mind, I was obliged to search the word for light upon my intricate path; and instead of choosing texts to preach from for the people, I was obliged to preach from such texts as suited myself, according as I had received a little help from them; for, indeed, the Lord did often comfort and encourage me by many scriptures in this my day of trial: but I was soon robbed of all, and my old temptations returned again, which I thought would prevent my preaching from being of any use to the people, on which ground I sometimes concluded I must cease preaching altogether.

"I now see what I saw not then,—that the Lord was leading me in paths which I knew not, and preparing me by fiery trials, both to understand his word, and to preach with profit to the tried and tempted, which no man can unless he has been tried himself."

The Cause of God and Truth in the City of Canterbury.

No. 2.

THE Apostle Paul declares, "that the carnal mind is enmity against God: that it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." But I say not this merely because it is a declaration of the apostle's, but because I am daily learning it in my own soul's experience. I am continually the subject of a carnal mind, struggling against God, against his truth, against his gospel, and against his people, and I find it is producing its fruit, (death,) and bringing my soul into captivity, so that I feel as the apostle did, when he cried out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who! who! shall deliver me from the body of this death?" This enmity rages, and ranges throughout the world, professing and profane, manifesting itself against the least appearance of truth, let it come forth in whatsoever garb it may; sometimes it stalks forth in its true character, honestly; a bold and determined enemy to God, his Christ, and his people: How it distinguished its powers and hatred in Cain, against his brother Abel, because God dwelt there! against Noah, when building his Ark, for the saving of his house, because God had commanded it! In Pharaoh, against Moses and Aaron, and the children of Israel, because God was with them, to bring them from beneath his iron hand of oppression! in Saul, against David, because God had rejected the one, and chosen the other. And in many, very many more: in short, where ever God is, there is this destructive enemy to God and man. But it not only comes forth thus, bold and determined, but it can put on the angel's form, it can and does wear the garb of sanctity, it puts on the cloak of religion, and thereby undermines and breaks up, that which before had the appearance of being immoveable. This was the case with Judas, he wore the garb of an apostle, but inwardly was a ravening wolf, only waiting for an opportunity to spring upon his prey, and that, too, with a false deceitful kiss: so again, in Ananias and Sapphira his wife, in appearance with the rest of the church, they sold their possessions and brought the price thereof, and laid it at the apostle's feet, but this enmity, in the shape of a covetous and worldly spirit, struck a blow at the profession they had made, and unmasked them, made it manifest whose they were, and whom they served, and for an example, God, in his vengeance, cut them off at a stroke from the church, and from the land of the living, of which, for ought I know they stood as honorable and respected members. But this fact has not been confined merely to Old and New Testament

characters, but in every generation of the human family, from Adam down to the present moment, as it had its agents, by which it has spoiled the church of the living God, by which, every vessel of mercy, has been severely tried, and many who have only stood in a profession, not having root in themselves, have fallen away when the trial or storm has come upon them.

This enmity has been particularly manifest in this place against the preached word of God, and a vital experimental living faith in the bleeding, and suffering, and dying Lamb of God. To such an extent has it been permitted to triumph, that although several attempts have been made to establish the preached word in accordance with the scriptures of truth, it has failed again and again; so that at times I have looked upon the storms that have set in upon it, and the awful wreck these storms have made, and have feared to take the least step, lest haply I should be found to fight against the pre-terminated council of a just and holy God. (Lord, keep me from a step that shall not be in accordance with thy righteous will.) But I shall here pass over these varied scenes of conflict, and simply confine my remarks to a brief outline of that which has more immediately come beneath my notice.

It was in the beginning of the year 1838, that it pleased the Lord to lay his afflictive hand in a very severe manner upon the pastor of a church in this place, by which providence a young man, who stood a member of the church, and who had on several occasions spoken in the name of the Lord, in the villages round about, was called upon to fill the vacant pulpit; the word through him appeared to be attended with power, and the blessing of the Lord did seem to rest upon it; one of those seasons I believe I shall never forget, the discourse was founded upon that memorable portion of God's word contained in the 8th and 9th verses of the 13th chap. of Luke, "and he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it, and if it bear fruit, well, and if not, then after that, thou shalt cut it down." It appeared to say to me, "awake thou that sleepest," and soon it aroused me from a state of lethargy and stupor; it showed me my standing before a longsuffering God, and although it condemned me, I have reason to hope it was beneficial to my soul.

But this sickness of the Pastor proved to be unto death. He was so far recovered that his church expected him in the afternoon of February the 4th, 1838, to administer to them the ordinance of the Lord's supper. This was an appointment of man, but the Lord had otherwise ordered it, and he fell a victim to the hand of death, about seven o'clock in the morning of that day. Alter

his death and burial, it was the wish of some of the Church, that the person to whom I have referred, should continue to speak to the church and people, but this was overruled and the majority of them, (or the most influential,) determined upon having supplies from the academy, or otherwise, until they should be suited with an efficient successor to fill up the breach death had occasioned; and the young man returned to his former post in the country, where it was evident, and still is so, that the Lord there placed him, and blessed the word to the hearts and consciences of some of his people, who were hid in one of the dark corners of the earth, instrumentally opening up to them the word of truth, and thus finding a portion of God's heritage as the flock of slaughter. In proof of this, I could enumerate several instances, some have passed the valley of death, and I believe are now ascribing their victory to sovereign grace, who before were living like the Hottentot, ignorant of God, and themselves, as sinners before him, and some are still living witnesses to the truth of what I now write; the Lord enable them to hold out unto the end; but I forbear to speak of them here. Had he remained in this position all might have been well: it was too enviable a one for satan to look upon, without endeavouring to overthrow it, carnality raged, enmity struggled, truth staggered and fell, and it doth appear that equity cannot enter. This was not done in a day, months, or years; but it was done; the effect or consequences of which are felt unto this day: I grant it was done by the permission of a kind and gracious God: but from the effects or results arising therefrom, I have sometimes been compelled to question, very much to question, whether the divine approbation rested thereon.

But to proceed, the preached word through this instrument, had attracted considerable notice in the church before alluded to, amongst whom was a gentleman of affluence and high standing, who considered the decision of the church an inconsistent one, and he with several others attended on Lord's days, the ministry to which their hearts were knit, at a distance of about two miles, but after a time this distance was too great to travel, and this sphere of usefulness too limited for him to continue to preach in a village whose population was scanty, and every effort was made and argument resorted to, to induce him to leave the village, and to take up his stand in the city; the friends in the country struggled hard to retain that which those of the town were desirous of securing; but whilst these two parties (for such they certainly were in this matter,) were struggling to obtain the point, a still greater struggle existed in his own breast, upon the subject,

till at last he left it for the country friends to meet and determine upon the course he should pursue; and although I, at the time, was not one with them, yet shall never forget the evening they met for that purpose. They did meet, but before they had come to any conclusion, they were obliged to separate, from the fact, that an alarming fire had broken out on the premises of one of the parties then present, and I believe they never met again upon the subject. Thus circumstances did appear to favour his removal; true—there was a greater field of labour, apparently opening, and there was (temporarily speaking) more means for the support of the gospel ministry: but was there any inward soul-satisfaction, that the mighty God had given his divine sanction to such a step? I will not say there was no wrestling and earnest struggling in prayer unto God for direction, nor that there was no soul longing after discovering that the dear Lord was going with them in it, and carrying them through, for I believe there was much of faith, but was there any answer from God? "My presence shall go with you," "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,"—"I will be with thee whatsoever thou goest," and so on? I believe not: then how far were they justified in taking so very important a step; I may be considered as judging harshly in this matter; well, God knows I judge no man; at the same time, I must say, that whatsoever man builds up without the divine approbation of God, will sooner or later, find its level in its own ruin, and thus make it manifest it was not of God, but of man. I cannot help saying as regards myself, I felt an inward struggle against the removal. I remember very well it was my soul's desire it might not take place, but it did, and although in some respects I felt pleased, yet there was an inward fear all was not right. I had such a picture presented to my mind, that evil would accrue therefrom; but not to dwell upon this, I shall make a quotation from the writing of a friend, who speaks of the circumstance.

"September 23, 1838.—Sabbath morning. This day, after a very great deal of worry and anxiety, it was concluded that C.—s should preach in a building in Iron Bar Lane, Canterbury, but owing to a severe indisposition, he was obliged to write to Mr.—of Faversham to come and supply for him, which he did. I trust this is the work of the Lord, and that he will make it appear, by working powerfully by the Instrument, upon the minds of those who may be called by his providence to sit beneath the sound of the word, and instead of separating the flock, it may be the means of gathering them together, of furthering the cause of the Redeemer by strengthening his saints, and by bringing many in who are yet in satan's heavy chains, and losing their

bonds, to partake of the light, liberty, and truth of the everlasting gospel, by Jesus Christ, and above all, be the means in the Lord's hands, of bringing me into closer communion with him and his Son Jesus Christ. Oh, may it be for the everlasting good of his people. Amen."

I shall here close for the present, if spared I shall resume the subject at some future time. Your's faithfully, JABEZ.

How Do Ye Do ?

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

SIR:—I have sent you two letters addressed to me from a Brother in the faith in Suffolk, (if you think proper to insert them in the Earthen Vessel,) with a view that they might be profitable, to others as well as myself,

Your's to serve in the Gospel of Christ,
RICHARD JEFFERY.

DEARLY BELOVED.—In the Lord Jesus Christ, I greet thee as a brother, beloved in the Lord, with an everlasting love; I can say, though absent from you in the flesh, I rejoice to hear you are well, as it leaves me and mine at this time, thank God for it.

Dear Brother, as the Lord has snatched you as a brand from the fire, and I believe has taken the filthy rags off your soul, and and has clothed thee with that blessed robe of Jesus Christ, and washed you in his own blood, that he spilt on Calvary, when he said it is finished,

"Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be,
Let that grace, Lord like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee."

Dear Brother, has the Lord has made you a minister of Jesus Christ, I hope he will keep you faithful to his word, and sure I am if you continue to preach a full Christ, to empty sinners, without the help of man and his free will, as they vainly call it, you will get many a sneer and geer, both from the world and fleshly professors too, but never mind that, it will soon be over, for they have done that to the green tree, therefore, marvel not, if they do it to the dry tree. I often think of what you said, when I heard you preach the first time, you said, under the light and teaching of God the Holy Ghost, we have more need to think about the salvation of our souls personally, than all in the world besides; and so I think now, for salvation is of all things the most important, what are time things? they all fade as do a leaf. Dear Brother, I find the christian's path, a thorny one, for when I attempt to pluck a rose, a pricking thorn I meet, and some times it pricks very deep too, so that I am led by painful experience to cry out, "O

wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" I thank God that there is balm in gilead. (Rom. vii. 24, 25.) that there is a physician there, a good Samaritan, with his oil of joy to heal up the wounds of sin, and the wine of consolation to cheer the sin sick soul while in this vale of tears; so that we can say we had rather be door-keepers in the house of our God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. May the Lord grant us his Spirit to come boldly to the throne of grace, to receive out of the fulness that there is in Jesus Christ; so if we never see each other again in the flesh, O! may we be honored to meet in that world, where there is no more sorrow, no more sin, no more a depraved heart, no more of this world, no more a tempting devil, then shall we know even as we are known, and the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne, shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

Our minister sends his kind love to you, wishing you prosperity both in soul and body, he is as usual, not very well, but still keeps on preaching of Jesus Christ and him crucified, and the Lord is blessing his word amongst us; we have never seen more love and concord amongst our church, and congregation, than at this time; we have baptized eight, we trust out of that number that the Lord has chosen, and whom the Lord has called by his grace this summer, and there are many more doubting ones now, so that we can say to such, come in thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without? They are still without a settled preacher, at S—, they have had supplies ever since you left. I hope you will look over my unconnected lines, and think it no slight I did not return you an answer before,

From your's in the Lord Jesus Christ,

JOHN & RACHEL STEBBONS.

[No. 2, in our next.]

Some further account of the experience of John Mate.

Now there was another branch of truth namely, (baptism by immersion,) which occupied my attention, very strongly towards the close of May, 1837, and it was frequently intimated to me by the friends, that it became me to attend to this ordinance: but to say the truth, I could hardly think as yet that I was an unbaptized character, having been sprinkled in my infancy; so strongly was I attached to the traditions of men: but the time was hastening on when this Dagon must fall down before the ark of God. Well, I thought if this sprinkling of infants, is an invention of man, it can have no real foundation in the scriptures of truth, so this also was weighed in the balance of the sanctuary,

and found to be wanting in weight; the former also came into the same balance of scripture, (namely immersion,) and this was found to be full weight: having therefore discovered from the letter of scripture, that I was unbaptized, the next question was,—“what doth hinder me to be baptized?” this was the substance then of this important enquiry, but this was not to be answered by the letter of scripture only: no, for the question took another turn, thus: who are proper characters for baptism? the echo in my mind was,—only such as have been led to look entirely and alone to Jesus Christ for life, and salvation. This was sufficient, I wanted no more; having full satisfaction from past experience that my soul had been enabled to believe, and had found “joy and peace in believing,” but notwithstanding my mind was positively and inwardly decided concerning baptism, yet there was a reluctance in attending to it, and I believe I can now say, that the only cause of this reluctance arose from its being an outward cross which the flesh did not approve of: however in the strength of grace, I was found attending to it on the 11th of June, 1837, though with but little spiritual enjoyment at the time, yet with an inward satisfaction of soul that all was well, as Christ was mine, and I was his.

“His (Christ’s) institutions would I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise,
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.”

I was soon after this, admitted into full communion with the church, and allowed to share in the privileges of the same, which was esteemed no small favour by me at this time, for my enjoyments were not all gone, although very much diminished, and it was now reckoned upon that there would continue to be prosperity within and without, which indeed was true, but for a short time, for it soon came to pass that my comforts took wing and fled away; I could no longer enjoy the means of grace as I formerly had done, and how to account for this strange alteration in me, I knew not, although I attempted to account for it in many ways, but among the many things which I attributed it to, I am now fully persuaded that not one of them was the immediate cause thereof, and for this reason, because they all fell short of attributing it to the alwise and sovereign disposal of Jehovah; but this I knew not at that time, therefore, lacking this knowledge, was the fruitful source of a great multitude of evils, for evils they must be called, which is in murmurings, rebellions, and backslidings. For I murmured against God, and against his people, and against his divine institutions in general, and that because I could not find that pleasure and enjoyment in my soul, which I formerly had done, for when I was

engaged in the service of God, either in public or in private, instead of finding a holy delight and joy of soul, I found a irksome weariness, and that led on to another step, even to rebellion, like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. I kicked and plunged and (with Jonah) secretly in the bitterness of my soul, I said “I do well to be angry.” Ah, and it did not stop here within, for awful backslidings of heart soon followed, a general carelessness and indifference to every thing sacred and spiritual; and I am persuaded this awful declension which had now taken place with me, must have been discoverable to those around me, although I desire to bless my God that I was not permitted to put the dear Lord Jesus to an open shame by any outward act of iniquity; no, thanks be to him who stretched forth his almighty arm of grace and preserved my soul from sinking down into that pit of open transgression into which some of the Lord’s chosen people have fallen after regeneration; I sunk sufficiently deep enough, secretly to know, what the prophet meant, when he said, “the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways,” for my very soul was filled with shame and confusion, and this not for a day, nor a week, nor a month, but for a lengthened space of time, immaterial to notice, otherwise than to mention some of the ill effects it produced in the mind; the chief of these was a neglecting the throne of grace, and sure am I that this lack of private devotion will make itself manifest in public, so it was with me, I found creeping on me by gradual steps a shyness, and coldness towards even those with whom I formerly had been found to communicate freely. Now my soul being bound fast in declension’s stocks, could not move a peg; and what was still worse, there seemed to be scarcely a desire to move or stir, but was bound in affliction and iron. (Ps. cvii. 10.) secret sin indulged, brought on hardness of heart, and produced a seared conscience, inasmuch as it would seem that no outward affliction would be sufficient to humble the soul, and bring it to sorrow, after a godly sort; no, indeed, for the outward hand of affliction of body was heavy upon me at this very time; but the case was so that I had no ear to hearken to this rod or to him who had appointed it, until it came to pass that these words were found sounding in my soul, “I will make thee sick in smiting thee,” sick of what, Lord? I secretly said: the answer appeared immediately at hand, “I will make thee sick of sin,” (Micah vi. 13.) “Ephraim shall be desolate in the day of rebuke,” saith the Lord,—ah, he shall find a desolation indeed, even such as shall appear to leave him like unto a dry stick that has been cut down from a living stock, and left destitute of any prospect of its budding

forth into either branches or fruit : so it was with my soul, while enduring in this day of rebuke, the chastening rod of him whom I had found to be in former days a Father kindly smiling with tokens of loving kindness, and not requiring the use of a rod ; but now his hand was heavy, smiting down all those pleasant prospects which appeared in view but a short time before, causing desolation to take place outwardly, and tribulation inwardly, thus proving that when he shutteth up there is none can open : another scripture did often hang as a heavy weight upon my spirit, it was this, "if I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." Oh, how this did act as a candle of the Lord, lighted up in the conscience, and going down to the inner parts of the belly, as it is written "he (the Lord) shall search Jerusalem with candles : " "now the heavens were as iron and the earth as brass." No access to the throne, and satan roaring, "you know that you have sinned against light and knowledge, therefore it is evident that all your profession is vain, and you will be a castaway at last." darkness, guilt and bondage filled the soul, and the grand question was whether it was possible for a child of God so to fall secretly, and yet at the same time could not forbear to be found as usual in the attendance on the ordinances of the gospel, and join in company among the Lord's people, but with all this bondage and darkness which prevailed within I could not bring back again that terror, wrath, and fear of hell that almost sank my soul into despair, while under the law : no, I would have preferred the latter before the former ; and indeed I strove to bring this fear of hell back again, but it was impossible. This backsliding of heart was quickly followed by great tribulation, both outward and inward, which caused bitter groans and cries for a restoration to peace, by a fresh application of atoning blood, to purge the conscience from guilt : and give my soul to know what restoring grace was ; this restoration was not accomplished in a moment ; no, it was not until my soul was made thoroughly sick of sin, exactly in accordance with the prophet's words ; under the smiting rod of the covenant, my soul was brought experimentally into the bond of the covenant, having been made to feel sin to be exceeding sinful, loathing and abominating it as an evil and a bitter thing, and the more so because of receiving pardon before ; the words of Joseph suited me well, "how can I do this great wickedness and sin against God ?" now therefore I could have to do with nothing but blood, even the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from all sin, and now I began to feel at times while attempting to draw near in prayer, some little melting of heart and humbling of spirit, at the remembrance

of the sufferings that the Son of God endured in the garden, and on the cross, on account of being laden with the enormous load of all the sins of his church and people. Oh, I conceived this was enough to sicken the soul of sin, nothing but a sight of the cross of Christ was sufficient to do this ; it was here that the "spiritual wickedness," which for a time had been striving to reign, in the "high places," of my soul's affections, was now brought down, and that with much wrestling : agreeable to Eph. vi. 12.—It was here also I was made to know something of the truth of 2 Cor. x. 4, 5. I found that heretofore I had attained but a very little knowledge of the corruption and depravity of my fallen nature, and therefore until now could form but a very poor and weak idea of the absolute necessity of the obedience of Christ, or of his righteousness to justify a sinner of the vilest description, such as I now found I was by the opening up of inherent depravity within ; and I have since been led to discover that all this dreadful havock inside the doors of the house was preparatory to a reception of Christ, as "all and in all."—"Oh ! the depths of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways in teaching his people the mysteries of his grace, past finding out." Rom. xi. 33.

JOHN MATE.

Brotherly Love.

(An Answer to F. P.'s letter last month.)

MY DEAR BROTHER P—

NEITHER absence, slights, coolness, life, nor death, time nor eternity, can possibly sever those, whom love divine and Christian sympathy make one. One in Christ, for ever one ; yea, it is a noble and divine principle laid firmly in my soul that helps me to believe, that if you had forgotten me, that I should not altogether have forgotten you. Yea, more, it helps my infirmities, and helps to think no evil of you, charity thinketh no evil ; and furthermore it helps me to believe that if you had been left through malignant influence to even persecute me—that a union of soul made by heaven, could not be dissolved by hell ! Truly it might have caused great searchings of heart, heaviness of heart, and made my sorrows bleed a-fresh within, but hell with all its malignant influence, can never undo heaven's sure work. Hallelujah. Amen.

Your remarks on "a minister of the Spirit," I believe are scripturally correct ; for the more a man is like his Lord and master, in word, spirit, manner

of life and doctrine; the more he is hated of men. Because the enmity of the wicked one in ungodly men, and men of pharisaic spirits, is against the image of Christ in the godly; and "if any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution." Now the enmity of the serpent is not so much against the image of fallen Adam, for that is his own image, neither is he against the feigned image of fallen man's feigned holiness or righteousness. But his enmity is against the image of Christ in the new man of grace; the image of righteousness and true holiness, impressed on the soul by the Holy Spirit.

You say the cry has been, "O you must not have him to preach, you must have some one whom every body likes, or else where is the money to come from to pay for the chapel?"—Yes, my brother, and very wise of them too,—I say. "For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light," and doubtless when the golden calf was made: those who gave most gold for that purpose, had the most praise of men; and the finest chapel erected, where the true worship of God is not found, is but as a golden calf, for people to dance around; satan fears not fine chapels, modes and forms, if the truth, life, light, and glory of God is not there; for where the adorable Lord God is not worshipped in spirit and truth, the old serpent in some disguise is sure to come in for a great share of the worship; and this pleases him above all things. Mat. vi. 9. A traveller once was admiring the exterior of some gorgeous temple in Egypt, which made him exceedingly anxious to look into the interior; and when he went in, what do you think he saw? He saw the people worshipping serpents, toads, and monkeys! These were their gods. Many fine chapels are erected in this island like palaces, but go in and see if the true worship of Israel's God is there: are not many of the ministers like dead Egyptian mummies, or cold stone statues, without spiritual life or breath in them, or like certain imitating animals, only apeing the ministers of the sanctuary; and ignorant people admiring or almost worshipping them? Baal's priests still exceed in number the true prophets of the Lord.

Ah! satan is not frightened at bricks and mortar, fine chapels, numbers, modes

nor forms, nor at shaven-headed priests, wax-candles, bells, nor demuro-faced parsons of any sect: it is the life, light, power and glory of God, shining in the face of Jesus Christ that alarms him; the truth, love, power, and glory of God, with the blood of Christ, alarms him; he cannot stand holy fire from heaven; the sacred, holy, and divine presence of God is too much for him, and if in a mud hovel, barn, or stable, such a place as that in which the prince of life and glory was born, if there be two or three gathered together in the Lord's name, he is there; and it is only the divine and glorious presence of God that makes the place glorious to the true worshippers, "who worship God in spirit and in truth." This is the saint's sanctuary, where the holy and glorious God of love is known and felt, shining into the soul, in the person of Jesus Christ; the whole fulness of the Godhead, Father, Son, and Spirit, one glorious God, in the man Christ Jesus, whose blood in this sanctuary cleanseth our souls from all sin: in him, God came down visibly, and made the place of his feet glorious; this is the holy ground, and most holy place, where a holy people worship God in the beauty of holiness. BROTHER P—, here we by faith have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh. Heb. i. 20.

No unsanctified priest, parson, or professor can enter into this sanctuary; it is only those who are born of the Spirit, and are washed and sanctified by the truth, the word, the Spirit, and blood of Jesus. Neither satan, nor formal professors enter into this sanctuary, "which God hath pitched, and not man," the glory of God in this sanctuary, is too bright for them, as all the Egyptians stood without, when Joseph made himself known unto his brethren, so here, Jesus reveals himself and his love to his brethren, as all having one Father, and one God; and this is life eternal, to know the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent: here love and tears of joy are mingled, gladness and rejoicing; here a once suffering weeping, bleeding, dying brother Jesus is known, in his rising, reigning glory, and here we worship God in the Spirit, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh; here the love and

glorious presence of the Lord Jesus melts our souls into love, wonder, and tears of joy, while here we have access to this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; here Jesus saith to his father, "the glory which thou hast given me, I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one," John xvii. 22. My dear Brother P—, may the Lord shew you his glory again and again, and then you will say with a brother of old, "Blessed be the glory of the Lord from this place."

Now with regard to my manner in the pulpit being called the offspring of pride by them at L—, I can truly say if it is, that it is ignorant pride; and a sin of ignorance, for I am almost at all times unconscious of it. I labour against it; but I am sometimes so wounded in the place of dragons, and covered with the shadow of death, that I think nothing about outward form, but fighting in the good fight. I think no more of form than you would think of adjusting your neck-tie or making genteel gestures in a dark night when meeting an assassin, it is then, fight or be plundered of all: and when I can get my foot on the neck of my enemy, I think nothing about making a pharisaic face, or using nice, neat, pretty words, to please, Mr. and Madam Squeemish, no, no, I am then obliged to shout and cry out murder! murder! woe is me now, "for my soul is wearied, because of murderers," Jer. iv. 31. for I have found murderers and enemies in my own earthly house; and hypocrites in Zion, that would destroy me. Thus saith the Lord, "smite with thy hand, and stamp with thy foot, and say, alas, for all the abominations of the house of Israel," Ezek. vi. 11. And so you see I sometimes make a great noise, though I assure you it is often done involuntarily. But I suppose the poor pharisees and hypocrites, don't like the noise; well, well, they cannot dislike my noise and action, more than I dislike their canting, whining, fainting, forming words of hypocrisy and deceit.

Ah! poor creatures, I despair of pleasing them, for be it known unto you, I never went to an academy to learn to preach, or practise before a looking glass to know how high I am to lift my hand, or how to make pretty faces to please the fashionable pious beaux and belles. But

halt! I'll say no more to expose my poor fellow creatures' follies, I feel a loathsome disease in myself, and desire to feel and see after the only remedy; and should they fall sick of self, and sin, they will be glad to seek him with me; for there is no cure for all our numerous diseases, but that all healing balm of Gilead, from the bleeding tree of life, and when I get my foot on the necks of my enemies, through faith in him, who hath loved us, I think nothing of outward forms in my preaching. I am a conqueror then through a Redeemer's blood, and I feel his burning love, and shining glory so bright and glorious in my soul, that my whole attention is then fixed on eternal and invisible things, that I forget my sickness, poverty, and wounds, and am all musical, and dance like the prodigal in my father's feasting house. Thus I hope you will excuse some of my silly gestures, and think more of the good wine, the spiced wine, of your father's house, than you do of the poor earthen vessel, in which it is deposited.

Love to friend Plaise, Brown, Chapman, and all friends. Yes, if the Lord permits I will come and spend a sabbath or two with you agreeable to your request: pray for me that the Lord may be with me in the great work of preaching the gospel of the Son of God.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, September 23, 1846.

Naomi's Complaint.

What misery, what guilt, what pain,
Within this sinful heart doth reign!
What thoughts, what dreadful thoughts arise,
Which make me heave most grievous sighs.

Oh, what a burden weighs me down,
Which each day seems more closely bound;
What would I give where I set free,
From this sad state of misery.

Oh, misery it is indeed,
No one a Saviour more can need!
Oh, Jesus, wilt thou ever deign
Within my sinful heart to reign?

A welcome guest, Lord, thou wouldst be,
If thou wouldst visit sinful me:
Come, dearest Lord; or must I wait
Knocking in vain at mercy's gate?

But in thy word it doth declare,
Thou ne'er wilt turn away thine ear
Unto the knock of a poor soul,
Who trembling waits to be made whole.

Lord, I stand knocking; wilt thou hear
My weak, imperfect, sinful prayer?
Nought else I wish to seek but thee,
Have mercy, Lord, on sinful me.—ELIZA.

Lines on the Death of Mr. T. LORD.

A departed herald to the Jasper throne
Has wing'd his heavenly flight;
Beyond this dark and frigid zone
To worlds of endless light.

Immortal glories feast his soul,
And wonder strikes the eye,
While face to face the Lamb beholds,
Who for him deign'd to die.

Without a spot, transparent pure,
He stands before his God;
Who lov'd, and chose him long before
The stars were spread abroad.

His happy soul on buoyant wing,
With recollections sweet,
With vigour fresh aspiring sings
Of victory all complete.

Redemption's song fills all his soul,
And strikes his harp anew,
To matchless grace ascribes the whole;
Great God, to thee 'tis due!

Contrasted with his state below,
How sweet his portion now;
No mingled sorrow, care, nor woe,
Sits on his anxious brow.

Serene he gazes on the Lamb;
And on his happy head,
The crown of loving-kindness stands;
And all his cares are fled.

'Twas sovereign love and mercy first
That showed him sin's disgrace;
And thus by feeling taught the worth
Of God's almighty grace;

His heart with real affection glow'd;
Then joyful went to tell
That only everlasting love
Can save from death and hell.

Unabash'd before the pious meek,
He preach'd the sinner lost;
Then led them on (by faith) to seek
Their all at Calvary's cross.

The creature's fancied righteousness
He tore up into shreds;
And preach'd his Lord's obedience,
In the guilty sinner's stead.

This precious robe, I think I hear
Our much lov'd brother say,
Is that in which the saints appear,
To reign in endless day.

His only hope in life and death,
Was God's great sacrifice;
And with his last expiring breath,
Sigh'd out a precious Christ.

In covenant mercy, Lord, appear;
The orphan ones protect;
And keep the widow in thy fear
With all thy lov'd elect—JOHN AVALING.

"For my part, saith Stillingfleet in his *Irenicum*, I think the ministers of the gospel would want one of the badges of honour belonging to their office, were they not reproachfully used. It is part of the state which belongs to the true ministers of the gospel, to be followed by black mouthed lacqueys, who by their virulent speeches, are so far their friends as to keep them from that curse, *Woe be unto you when all men speak well of you.*"

"A CHOSEN GENERATION."

1 Peter II. 9.

BLESST Christian! who would scorn to bear
A regal dignity like thine?
Angels above might joy to share
An epithet, so great—divine.

But who are honoured with this name?
The saints—the chosen sons of God;
And whence gain'd they this glorious claim?
Creatures that sprang from nature's sod.

Beings—the great Jehovah formed
In his own image—spotless, pure,
'Till sin that noble mind deform'd,
And crushed the Spirit 'neath its power.

But what has raised rebellious man
From his degenerate, fallen state?
'Twas love—transcendant, wondrous plan,
That made him thus divinely great.

'Twas grace, unmerited and free,
That chose the objects of its love;
Christ from a vast eternity,
Became their sacrifice above.

The great Redeemer paid their debt,
And shall he not their honour claim?
Ah! never let each saint forget,
The price that purchased such a name

He is not—cannot—be his own,
Since bought with love and blood divine
The cross—his path to heaven makes known,
There will his best affections twine.

Jesus becomes his life, his stay,
His guide, his hope, his faithful friend,
His bliss through an eternal day,
His vast "original and end."

This sheds a lustre o'er the whole,
'Tis Christ, and not the man that shines,
'Tis grace that purifies the soul,
And moulds it to its vast designs.

Who, with a Christian can compare?
Fall, fall, ambitious lofty mind,
Tho' ye a conqueror's trophies wear,
Or wisdom's deepest treasures find.

The brightest earthly honours fade,
Damp'd by the shadows of the tomb,
While round the saint's exalted head,
Shall amaranthine flowrets bloom,

And while the sun of life declines,
It sheds a hallowed, peaceful ray,
While hope in blooming beauty shines,
The prelude of eternal day.

Leicester, September 25; 1846.

CHRIST COMING INTO HIS GARDEN.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF TWO SERMONS, BY C. W. BANKS,
At Crosby Row, Oct. 4, 1846.

"I AM come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." Sol. Song, v. 1.

I WAS thinking upon the sacred ordinance of the Lord's Supper; in the midst of which, the words, "Eat, oh friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, oh, beloved," fell into my soul. What mighty words are these that Jesus speaks! "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse."

These words have appeared to open in my soul with five things:—

I.—Here is the glorious Person of Christ—He is the great I AM.

II.—Here is the blessed presence of Christ—He is come into his garden.

III.—Here is his own description of his church, and his own acknowledgement of the relationship in which she stands to him—"My garden; my sister; my spouse."

IV.—Here is an account of his work for, and in his church.

LASTLY:—Here is the kind and gracious language of welcome to all he is and has—"Eat, oh, friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

I.—The glorious person of Christ—he is the great I AM. The glorious person of Christ is somewhat opened up to my soul in this, and other parts of the word, and I would hail it as a token for good, that my ministry is of God, and designed for essential benefit unto some of his people; for this I can say,—the person of Christ as God and man, as the Husband, Mediator, Redeemer, and Intercessor of his church, seems to have a growing sweetness in my soul. Like the Psalmist, I feel as though I would say—"My meditation of him shall be sweet, and I will be glad in the Lord."

In this great I AM, there is to me, first, *the mystery of his Person*: he is the incomprehensible Jehovah. I AM, is an absolute, it is a *positive*, but it is an unfinished sentence. So all the revelations which this glorious Christ has made of himself; they are absolute and positive, but they are not complete;

they seem to draw forth the soul to look after, to dig into, and to search for, something more. The church said it had this very effect on her, "My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door; my bowels were moved for him; I rose up to open to my beloved, but he was gone, and my soul failed." In these three things appears to lay much of the experience of the true believer. First, he is not *without* Christ; the Saviour is ever coming, and gently speaking, and stirring up the soul. Secondly, he is not altogether *with* Christ, for he seems to be a long way before us. So that, thirdly, we have need of faith, and love, and prayer, and hope, with which to be following on to know him. There are two scriptures which seem to speak to the glorious complex character of Christ, in Isa. xli. There is a question asked, "Who raised up the righteous man?" "Who hath wrought and done it? calling the generations from the beginning?" "What righteous man is this? It is the person of Christ. What generations are these? The generations of God's elect. Then the raising up of Christ, and the calling or appointing of the elect, were from the beginning, from everlasting: but now see the answer the Lord gives of himself. "I; the Lord, the first;" that is the, Eternal God; and, *with the last*; that is, one with the God Man, the Lord Jesus Christ. Take that glorious description of himself in Isa. xliii: 10—13. "Before me there was nothing formed of God, neither shall there be after me." Christ then is the first manifestor of God, and another God you shall never see nor find. (Notice the marginal reading.)

2.—In this great I AM there is, the glorious fulness of his grace, righteousness, and salvation for the church. Millions upon millions have been quickened, washed, and saved; still, his fulness is the same; He is the I AM still. The church is wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked. But Christ for her says to God's holy law—"I AM your magnifier;" to divine justice, he says—"I AM your satisfier;" to sin, he says—"I AM your annihilator;" to death and hell he says—"I AM your eternal coe-

quoror;" and to his church he says—"I AM your comforter, your intercessor, your leader, your glorious covering, your *all*. (See Exodus xxx. 29.)

3.—In this great I AM, there is the immutability of his person, grace, and glory. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." His years do not fail. What you see him doing for Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, what you see him doing for the children of Israel of old, those very things he is doing now.

Say you, "I am very bad off." Well, God can send you bread from heaven, water out of the rock, and supply all your need. Say you, "mine is a dreadful place; my soul seems cast out, and cast away." Well, but God brought Jonah out of the belly of hell. Say you, "my soul has wandered far off from God, and my children are rebellious." Well but God brought back the prodigal after he had wasted all his substance, and joined himself to a citizen of that country. Say you, "I am a hell-black sinner indeed." Well, but the Holy Ghost says Christ first appeared unto Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils, and the Samaritan woman, that had been an habitual adulteress, he came to her; spoke life and pardon to her. Still, he is able to save to the uttermost. Say you "I am persecuted, and driven to the ends of the world; I am alone in my trouble." Well, John was cast into the Isle of Patmos; Daniel into the lion's den; and yet Christ was with them there: He is the immutable I AM.

II.—Notice the position which Jesus declares he now occupies. "I am come into MY GARDEN." I need not stop to tell you Christ is come in the flesh; and finished redemption; no, but by coming into his garden, his visits to, and his work in the hearts of his elect, is most especially intended.

But, what Christ does, and says, when he comes into the soul, is described by the church in the second verse. "I sleep." Oh, the deadness, the weakness of our nature to spiritual things is long felt after Christ cometh.

I sleep; that is, I cannot arise; I cannot get up, nor get out, nor away; the shadows and powers of darkness are upon me. *I sleep*. I cannot see. I have no clear discoveries, nor revelations from the Holy Ghost. *I sleep*. There seems no life in me.

"But my heart waketh." There is an internal awakening, an inward anxiety, a secret fear, and a silent sorrow; there is a thinking about better things, and living desires for them; faith and prayer silently work together in the living soul.

The heart waketh, it begins to awake, it goes on to awake, it becomes alive to its state and condition.

Here is (in the second verse,) an expression which declares what the soul feels toward Christ. He is still her "beloved." Her choice one. And as she begins to awake, and to be stirred up, she finds it is the voice of Christ speaking in her conscience, which has aroused her. He knocks by his Spirit and word, and bids the soul receive him.

Thirdly:—here is the description Christ gives of his church, and the relationship in which he stands to her. "My garden; my sister; my spouse."

It appears that Balaam saw something of the beauty, the fruitfulness, the security, and the separation of the church from the world, for he said, speaking of Jacob's tents, "as valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side." Christ has many gardens, yet but one; they are spread forth over the face of the earth, but all planted in Christ; having the river of electing love running through the whole. Moses calls it a land which drinketh water of the rain of heaven. A land which the Lord your God careth for; his eyes are always upon it.

The church is called a garden because God's elect are plants. They are taken out of the wild desert and planted in Christ, and being planted in him, they grow up into him, and bear fruit to the honour and glory of his holy name.

The church is called a fountain of gardens, because one church springeth out of another church. This church originally sprang out of another, and we have come together from many churches, and I have no doubt but this church will some day give birth to other churches. By and bye, something will occur; a division will arise, and a church will be formed; though I have no desire to see any division myself.

The church is called a well of living waters, because the great fountain of eternal life is in her, the Holy Ghost is in her, and the word of life is in her; therefore there shall be souls watered, comforted, and refreshed in the church.

The church is said to be "streams from Lebanon;" Lebanon, a high mountain, from which waters gushed out, and refreshed, and cooled the land around. So Christ is our spiritual Lebanon; and all the streams of grace, electing grace, redeeming grace, calling grace, justifying grace, originally they all flow from him. The church, then, as she stands in Christ, and Christ in her, is a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. So in individual members, where Christ has come, there is a fountain of fruitfulness, there is the spring of living waters, there are the streams of sovereign, electing, redeeming, justifying grace.

Then, as regards the relationship in which Christ stands to his church—"My sister, my spouse." There are two most blessed doctrines of the gospel hereby declared. When Christ calls the church his sister, I understand by it these two things—First, that the same Almighty love and power which gave him a being for the church, that is for elect sinners, did give elect sinners a being for him. Oh, how great is that verse, "both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all of one, for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." The same God that predestinated and sanctified Christ as Redeemer, did, also predestinate and sanctify the whole election of grace, unto the adoption of children by Christ Jesus, to the praise of the glory of his grace. Therefore, he calls the church his sister. He is our Elder Brother; we were both born in one purpose, loved with one love, held up by one power, destined to sit down in one kingdom.

Again: Christ calls the church his sister, because he hath taken her nature upon him; so that in this little term *sister*, you have two of the most glorious doctrines of the gospel—First, the eternal oneness and union of the elect unto Christ, and, secondly, the incarnation of the Son of God. There is no doctrine so wonderful as that of Christ taking our nature: I may say none more comforting, none upon which, and concerning which, the Holy Ghost has been more particular. There is none more wonderful; "Great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh." It was God in the person of his Son, who did actually come into the

flesh, and wear our nature. So Paul, (Rom. viii. 3.) "For what the law could not do, &c. God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh." Christ's body was not a sinful body, but he appeared in the likeness of one, that is, he had the sorrows, and the consequences of sin.

The Holy Ghost is particular on this. "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh *is not of God.*"

In this term *sister*, then, you have the eternal union of the elect unto Christ; and you have the union of our nature with Christ—"bone of our bone." How ancient, and how high, the standing of the church in Christ!

Again:—*My spouse*. The church stands in Christ, in a four-fold union—

1. An election union—a union of existence.

2. A mysterious union of natures—Christ takes our human nature, gives us his divine nature. Hence, he calls her his sister; but

3. There is a vital union. When the soul is secretly drawn to live in, and with Christ, by regenerating grace and divine faith.

4. There will be a gloriously manifested union, when the church shall be presented to him without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. In the term *spouse*, then, you have two important things—

1: The soul's *vital union to Christ in time*. Real religion, vital godliness, what is it? It is a being brought to live *in*, to live *upon*, to live *for* Christ. These are gospel terms.

Hence, there must be the new birth, or there can be no living in Christ; there must be a divine faith, or there can be no living upon Christ; there must be the love of God in the heart, or there can be no living for Christ.

This is that trinity of blessings which the Holy Ghost brings into the hearts of the elect, whereby, they do become vitally united to Christ—"There are three that bear witness in earth—the Spirit, (that is divine life,) the water, (that is a living faith,) and the blood, (that is pardoning love realised in the removal of sin,) and these three agree in one." If then you are vitally united to Christ, you have spiritual life by him, divine faith in him, and a measure of devotedness of heart unto him. By "*my spouse*,"—understand reference is

also made to the future glorious presentation of the church. Every elect and regenerated sinner shall be presented unto him without spot.

(Concluded next month.)

State of the London Churches.

No. II.

To reprove the sins of Zion, as they appear before us, is no desirable employ, feeling ourselves to be the subject of so much that is equally flagrant, and deserving chastisement. Yet, rebukes are as needful and beneficial for the spiritual, as storms and tempests are in the natural, atmosphere. But who likes them? Who would not rather eat honey before nitre and vinegar? But "Ye shall burn no leaven, nor honey in any offering of the Lord made by fire." Whereas, the next verse says—"Every oblation of thy meat offering, shalt thou season with salt, neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat offering: with all thine offerings shalt thou offer salt." Lev. ii. 11, 13. But this I regard as the well seasoning of the Holy Spirit, making what is preached in the name of Christ, relished, having savour and flavour in it, and vital life, which is so much lacking in the greater part of our congregations. This salt makes the written word eaten, and become the living word or Spirit and truth indeed in the soul: a "savour of life unto life," and not of death unto death.

The sword! the sword! is very painful to the flesh. Cannot you write without mentioning person's names? It is not my desire to hurt the hair of any one's good character. I love to see it "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father;" to put out the eyes of the flesh, so that nothing shall be seen, but that lustre and brightness which clothes them. Rev. xiv. 4. 5.—xix. 8. Now the Lord does not consult our fleshly feelings in his rebukes; his blows are heard, felt, and feared, where life and feeling exist, but not where the conscience is seared as with an hot iron. "O, Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure;" and again—"When thou with rebukes dost correct

man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth; surely every man is vanity. Selah." Well, to go on—On Sunday last, I visited Sutherland Chapel; a new handsome building, which was erected about five years ago, for the late E. ANDREWS, L.L.D. of Walworth. Had this great man commenced his public career as it terminated, he would have been spared many of those rebukes, with stroke upon stroke, which the gracious Lord suffered to pass over his "fair neck." Hosea x. 12. That spacious building, Beresford Chapel, was built for him in the year 1818, about the time Mr. IRONS'S was, and built under similar circumstances. Mr. IRONS still continues declaring and witnessing against popery, but the Doctor was turned out of his the last year of his ministry, which occasioned the erection of the one referred to, which place of worship was well fitted up for the reception of the children of the mother of harlots, by its large organ, Liturgical prayers, loud amens, fine altar piece, black silk robes, stained glass windows, costly paintings, &c. &c. All of which, must go from whence they came, to Babylon. But I have good reason to hope the poor doctor was in a great measure purged from this idolatry, and weaned from that large class of formalists by which he was surrounded in the Montpellier rooms, where his scattered flock was driven, and in this humble place confessed he was happier than in the Chapel, where incumbrances hung like great weights about him. A Mr. WOOD became his successor, who, has, till within this last two or three months occupied the pulpit. But his ministry not sitting very comfortable with a few, means have been resorted to for his removal, which was effected by a clause in their trust deed, drawn up under the sanction of the Doctor, stating that the minister must be one that shall have no confederacy with the Board of Ministers. Mr. WOOD having committed this breach in joining the Board, caused his expulsion, who has fled to the late Mr. BRIDGMAN'S Chapel, in Walworth, taking the greater part of the congregation along with him, uniting it to Mr. B'S. Sutherland Chapel is now nearly empty, waiting for one whom the Lord shall send; but there must be more

pulling down; more rubbish must be cleared away, and the rotten materials removed, ere a spiritual house can be built on a good foundation. And how much is this pulling down work needed!

As I am now on rebukes, I recollect hearing one very powerfully administered by Mr. Tryon, from Ezek, ix 5, 6, commencing with Zoar Chapel, and parties therewith connected. Now, where the Lord has to do with them, good effects are seen, and healing follows. I trust this will ensue between Mr. TRYON and Mr. PHILPOT: but as is too frequently the case, extremes are run into, and not "the law of kindness" (Prov. xxx. 26,) observed. Glad should I feel to hear of these two upright ones coming together again, each confessing their sin over the slain Lamb, and, with a purged conscience, declaring what the Lord hath done. Need I remind you of another separation having taken place at old Zoar? Surely this looks as if there was truth in the declaration Mr. TRYON made at the opening of Brown's Lane. He then stated "he thought that within twelve months Zoar would be broken up, or the doors closed;" to the best of my recollection, these were his words, or the substance of them. The wheat by these two separations must have nearly gone, yet I hope enough is left, (a few grains on the old floor,) that will enable the doors of this highly favoured and commodious chapel still to be opened for the many poor souls who are glad to pick up, and eat their morsel in quietness, who still "tarry at the brook Besor," and "who do not go down to battle," nor are with this or that church party in fighting; but on this subject I must refer to pages 54 and 55 of the *Earthen Vessel*: the last part of that well written piece, I hope they and others to whom it will equally apply, will again peruse. H. W.

How to obtain a Well of Water,
A PIECE OF LAND, AND
MONEY WHEREWITH TO CULTIVATE IT.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—Having, in my last, stated a few things, I trust, declarative of the work of God in my soul; and which precious things, mercy, pardon, peace, and truth, effected my deliverance, as therein stated, may I now be helped to speak of the

goodness of God towards me in a way of providence, for "they that observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord. The church of God has always lived in troublesome times, very trying dispensations, one way or another; therefore let us not think nor expect to evade trouble, either in soul afflictions, or bodily persecutions, neither of which cometh forth of the dust; neither do they spring out of the ground; but they are the produce of the hand of him, who is wondrous in working, and mighty in power; for he woundeth and his hands do make whole; "he delivereth in six troubles, and in seven no evil shall touch one of those who are marked." (Ezek. ix. 4.) But utter destruction shall come upon all others, young and old, little children and women, and upon every one that is standing in the house of the Lord whose name is not registered in heaven. (Ps. ix. 17; Rev. xx. 15.) Providence, like grace, is a mighty mystery, far too deep for human reason to scan; wise men are often turned backward, and their knowledge made foolishness; yea, even diviners are sometimes driven into a state of madness, by this wonder-working machine, over which no man hath power, and the governor thereof is invisible. I would say a word further before I commence my subject, that I am one of those who believe that grace and providence are entirely distinct; they have no affinity to each other. Grace does not say to its possessor, that providence shall shine upon him; neither is providence, working as it were miracles for a man's deliverance, and worldly-interest, any proof that he is a partaker of the grace of Christ. A child of God may be a beggar full of sores, seeking alms at the houses of the rich, or he may be a Solomon, that wants for nothing. (Eccles. ii. 10.) Providence then must be distinct from grace. Let us then be more careful to speak of the acts of grace; for grace is permanent and honoring to God; known vitally to very few; whereas the other, providence, is flesh-pleasing, an idol which many worship; and is universally known, but will some day or other perish. Isa. iii. 1. Nevertheless, I shall speak a few things, touching the kingdom of providence.

It came to pass in those days, that I received notice to quit, and deliver up the greatest part of my garden, that being taken for building purposes. I had to clear all my crops off that portion of land by the month of June; which I did, except a quantity of wall trees, it being dangerous to remove them. I was put quite to a stand, when the gentleman who had taken the land for building on, came to me and said, he did not wish to injure any thing belonging to us, if

it was not in the way of his building; therefore I might let the trees remain till the proper season for removing. I thanked him for his kindness; but when the autumn was come, this said gentleman told me the trees were his, and that it was at my peril to go on his ground to take them; however I recovered the trees, for I knew I had a right to my own. Also on this ground stood our binding shed, well, and pump. The former was taken down by order of our landlord; but the pump and well not being in the way of the intended new road, was allowed to remain, so that we could wash our vegetables as usual, for the market. However, as soon as Mr. — got entire possession of the land, we were deprived both of well and pump; the latter he took away, and the former he stopped up: this last circumstance sadly put us out; for we could not get water elsewhere for market purposes, therefore was deprived from going to market for two or three weeks; poverty then was a very near neighbour to us, or I would have dugged a well elsewhere. At length being very much drove for money, and as much for water, a thought came into my mind, that WILLIAM HUNTINGTON would petition the Lord for strange things, such as for him to send the snow away; for some one to be sent to him with a suit of clothes; and many other things as may be seen in his "Bank of Faith." Well, I thought the Lord appeared to grant him deliverance always; therefore I would pray to the Lord to give me what I wanted; for I remembered no alteration had taken place with God; he is the same throughout all ages; moreover, that I would test the truth of HUNTINGTON'S account; by trying God for myself; as is written in Mal. iii. 10. That he would be pleased to give me a pump and a well, so that I could go to market with my goods. I do not mean to say that I expected the Lord to work a miracle for me; yet it would appear, (if I had my petition answered,) such must be the case, for I wanted the pump and the well that day. Carnal reason was kept quiet at that crisis, therefore no question was asked—"How can these things be?"

I then went in doors and retired to my bed chamber, and there the Searcher of all hearts knows I asked him to guide me by his Spirit, to get the things really needed, for which I promised to return many thanks. After I had poured out my complaint I came down stairs, and opened the door to go I knew not where, when a certain man passed by who said "Good morning; how do you do?" I replied, "I am in difficulty, I have no water to wash my vegetables; so cannot go to market." He replied, "I was born in this old house; I remember we had a well at the end of your stable; give me a crow bar;

I will sound for it. This was done and I very quickly removed the earth, and found a well, with plenty of water therein. Then I went to my landlord, and told him Mr. Martin had discovered a well of water: he gave me four pounds, and told me where I could purchase a pump ready for use: this being done, I had to put the pipe of the pump into the well, and because I could not bend it just as I wanted, I was angry. Then; and not till then; did I remember my promise, but I had no heart to thank the Lord; oh no; I learnt, thankfulness groweth not in nature's barren soil. I had my petition answered, and having plenty of water, we soon manufactured a load of goods for market. Some persons may say this is all in the common course of things, and not of God, but I believe the gentleman deprived me of our original pump at the set time; also, that I was wrought upon to offer that petition, which was to be so long and no longer, that I might get down stairs in time to open the door just as the man passed by; yes, verily, these things were all ordained by him who bringeth forth to light, the thing that is hidden: (Job xxviii. 11.) This circumstance teaches me even to this day to hold my tongue from saying this or that is impossible, the apparent impossibility of a thing coming to pass, is no argument that we should not persevere; ample proof is in the word that all things are possible with God, therefore let us but have faith, (the christian's victory over the world,) then shall the walls of carnal reason fall down flat. (Joshua vi. 20.) Faith gets what she asks for; savage beasts must shut their mouths at her; earth, water, fire, life, and death, all must yield obedience to her; without her man cannot do any thing pleasing to God; with her, he may do every thing, even save his own soul. Mat. xvii. 20; Mark v. 36; xvi. 16. Romans iv. Heb. xi. 34.

"But who can give us faith?"—HART.

Genuine faith teaches the man to say, "not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory;" it throws the creature upon the earth, with his head between his knees; and enables him to pray earnestly. 1 Kings xviii. 42. James v. 19.

After this, things went on pretty well, but not for long; I found that the small portion of land left was not sufficient to employ myself and two of my brothers who were at that time living with me, having brought them up from the country, unable to help themselves, I felt it my duty to provide for them, but I was now got much in debt; and I began to think I must go into the country to live, as I could not get any more land. This prospective remove became a burthen to me, for in those days I very much prized the ministry at the Surrey Tabernacle; but on

a certain day telling my brother Robert of my bad situation, a gentleman standing near us, said to me, "I can tell you of two acres of ground to let, if that is any use to you." I said "yes." When I received the information as to the locality of the land, I thought that would just suit me. I made it a matter of prayer to the Lord, and asked him to give me favour in the sight of the landlords of the said two acres. I urged my petition upon the ground of desiring to continue under the ministry of Mr. WELLS. The Lord gave me favour in the sight of the men; they accepted me as their tenant, and let me have the land three pounds per acre less than the former tenant; but I had no money to pay for cropping it; therefore I said "Lord, as you have given me the ground, now send me to some one that shall lend me some money." Strange to tell, I was directed in my mind to go to the gentleman who had taken away our pump as stated above, and who once told me he would hang me if he could; to this gentleman I was directed for money, I went to his house. He said, "well, what do you want?" "A favour of you, sir; I have taken some land by the common, and I want you to have the kindness to lend me ten pounds for nine months, to enable me to cultivate it." He gave me the money, being I believe constrained to do so. Thus I got more land and money; and being determined to owe no man any thing, I applied myself to work, encouraged by this scripture, "seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall not stand before mean men; he shall stand before kings." For the present farewell,

C. COATES.

Christian Reviewer.

Experimental and Miscellaneous Poems; written according to soul-feeling. By S. Daw.

THIS volume of spiritual and experimental poems, is now published: and in connection with this announcement, we subjoin a few extracts from the preface to the work, written by Mr. JAMES RAYNSFORD; which will give the reader some interesting information respecting the author himself; as well as the circumstances under which the poems were written. Mr. RAYNSFORD says—

"SAMUEL DAW, the humble Author of the following posthumous hymns and poems was born in the parish of Warbleton, in the county of Sussex, in the year 1822. The youngest child of his parents, situated in a humble sphere of life; and as such was brought up to constant habits of industry; always living in a most solitary and sequestered spot, a quiet rural retreat, under the

parental roof: in a valley bounded on the south-west by a large wood, and near to the village of Rush-lake Green. Here our dear and much favoured, though humble, and to the great majority of professors, almost unknown poet, spent his few days. * * * Most of the following rhymes were composed as were the hymns of dear HART, under the unctuous feeling of the subject they are upon, instead of dry speculative composition.

"I feel constrained, from personal knowledge of him, to believe he was taught by the Holy and Blessed Spirit, his own lost and undone state, in the Adam fall; and also the deep things of God, in his manifestation of pardoning mercy and love, to which some of his poems do most especially refer. But not wishing to eulogise the dead, nor put any vain glorious encomiums on the head of a poor sinner; I am, as a witness of the work of God in his soul, (by many heart satisfying proofs,) bound to believe, and publicly to declare my testimony relative to the following poems:—that they were composed and penned, from a solemn, rich, and sweet experience of the truth they contain, inwrought in the soul of the author by the eternal Spirit. Thus, the heart believed, and the mind by the pen, made confession unto salvation, without human wisdom of any classical order; and 'he being dead yet speaketh.'

* * * Labouring under much bodily affliction, and weakness, and floods of sore trials and hard conflicts, during the last months of his life: in connection with mental disease, as well as bodily, the enemy was permitted to thrust sore at him that he might fall with blasphemous temptations, under which, as was said of Moses, he spake unadvisedly with his lips, and was buffeted dreadfully by satan taunting him with deception, hypocrisy, and presumption, in all his experience and profession; and especially with reference to his writings; which, (when under that temptation,) he would fain have rent in a thousand pieces. The wrath of the enemy was great; his time was short; yet, bless the dear Lord, several days previous to his death, he possessed perfect rationality, and felt a sweet resting on the bosom of his dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and with sweet composure, after, (as I may say,) the storms of Euroclydon winds and soul-distressing surges, were over-blown, he calmly, and with all sanity, solemnity, and heart-felt peace, informéd his dear friends he was happy: knowing his end was near, he softly hid them not to be alarmed, he should soon be gone, and in onchour afterwards he sweetly breathed out his soul, as NEWTON says—

'One gentle sigh his fetter breaks,
We scarce can say he's gone,
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.'

"Thus, in sweet composure and peace, died this dear youth, in the enjoyment of that love, Satan strove so hard to rend from him, on the third day of June, 1846, aged twenty-three years. * * * Should the Lord sanction the publication of the poems, the friends of the deceased author intend publishing his prose writings, which contain some particular account of the Lord's dealings with his soul."

"The Lost Found; or, The Rebel Saved."
Being a brief outline of the experience of SAMUEL COZENS, Minister of the Gospel, Farnborough, Kent.—James Paul, Publisher.

WE have for a length of time desired to bring this sterling testimony of a genuine experience under the notice of our readers: but we are driven again from our purpose. Nevertheless, we do hope next month to give a lengthened review of this striking and interesting work.

The Messenger of Peace:—containing the "Priesthood of Aaron."

WELL: after we had read "the Priesthood of Aaron," by JOHN BLOMFIELD, as given in this second number of "*The Messenger of Peace*," we said, if we are correct in two things, which we seemed to gather from the perusal of this tract, then, certainly we have a hope that JOHN BLOMFIELD, both in preaching and writing, is designed for much usefulness in the Church of Christ, in this gospel day. First, we do hope that JOHN has really handled, tasted, felt, realised and enjoyed the things which he has here written; and if so, he has certainly gathered some of the grapes of Eschol; has some solemn evidences of the life of God in his own soul; and is consequently safe for eternal glory. Secondly, we are persuaded JOHN is not an idle, careless, take-it-for-granted presumptuous, self-conceited sort of parson; no, no; he reads; he ransacks; he searches, and re-searches the testimonies which many now in heaven have left behind them; and, by these means, through the grace and teaching of the Spirit, he is enabled to bring forth things new and old. We trust his heart is sincere; his motive good; his zeal well directed: moreover, we do sincerely pray that he may be made "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" that his bow may abide in strength; and then his labour will not be in vain in the Lord.

To the True Gospel Itinerant.

All hail! the true philanthropists that rise
From sordid earth, and every love of self,
To seek the good of Zion's sacred cause;
I venerate, indeed, the Man of God
Who, destitute of purse, or scrip, goes forth

With crook or staff in hand, o'er hills and dales,
To feed the hungry sheep of Israel's House.
His hard six days of toil and labour clost'¹,
He hails the dawning light of sacred morn:
And hasts him onward to some humble cot,
To meet the anxious few that thither come
Thirsting for water from salvation's well:
And hungering to be fed with bread of life.

Go, blessed man, the Master's with thee;
Though hard thy fare, and thou but meanly clad,
He holds the Crown of life up to thy view.

Ah, ye that stand in temples richly deck'd,
And made at vast expence magnificent:
How much more magnificent the structure
Of a broken and a contrite Spirit!

Have ye not seen that God-like building fair
In the big rolling tear, and heaving breast
Of yonder peasant in the lonely wate,
Where the pure gospel truth is never heard,
Nor the glad sound of friendly voice to say
Cheer up; there's balm in Gilead for thy wound,
Or, tell, there is a kind physician there?
O, friends, 'tis pleasant fare; say, is it not?
Under our vines and fig trees to regale,
And catch some lattice glimpses of our Lord,
Deprived of these, (if love be genuine.)

We soon on willows hang the untuned harp;
And find there's naught but chilling streams beneath;
Who know this true, by agency divine,
Will feel for all the family elect;
Nor spare the means to feed each hungry soul.

The Covenant promises of ancient date,
(Pregnant with blessings sure to all the seed,)
Must be accomplished: Means by our God devis'd,
Shall bring to pass his mighty acts of grace—
Sometimes the instrument of baser sort
He uses to display his sovereign power.

A worm shall thresh the mountains at his word,
Chase down the man of sin, whose high rear'd head
Proclaims hostilities against God's host.

Go, Stripling, meet this Gathy Giant Form;
Vict'ry is sure; for by Almighty power
The sling and stone shall smite the monster through
And armies of the living God prevail.

'Tis time to wake, ye Saints of the Most High;
Our fathers die, and prophets live not long;
Where are our Berridges, and Whitfields now?
Where are their sons, whose faith, and love, and zeal,
Shall compensate our sorrows for their loss?

Alas! how is the gold become most dim,
And the fine gold how sadly changed now!
The truths of God are mixt with base alloy,
By men of minds corrupt, and wills deprav'd;
Who seek the praise of men, and not of God.
Who parley with these foes; who flinch from war;
Treat with contempt the blood of Martyr's slain:
They bought the truth of God, and sold it not;
Their very lives made not the price too dear.

What ails us now? Has pure religion ceas'd
Or, the offence of yonder blood stain'd cross?
Who go without the Camp must bear reproach;
Must meet the scorn of pharisaic pride;
To preach God's truth is deem'd presumption now,
Whilst to be bold in error is no crime.
Still shall the truth of God triumphant reign;
Take no alarm, ye ministers of his;
Though, like the feeble Jews, ye bear the scorn;
In time of trouble Zion's wall is built,
To shew God's power, and to confound his foes.

Hark! for to you the heavenly Mandate speaks,
"Go preach the gospel!" 'Tis your Saviour's voice,
Rise at his bidding; and his truth declare;
Nor court the smiles, nor fear the frowns of men;
Go, dig from ruins of the Adam fall,
The gems and trophies to adorn his crown;
And shine resplendent, in eternal day;
Beneath these cloths lay hid some precious stones,
Rough and unscemly view'd by mortal ken,
Yet will he raise a fabric fair, with these,
And grace triumphant shall the building crown.

MARY;

AGAIN, "the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind" Mat. xiii. 47. Both good and bad fish are caught in every gospel fisherman's net; and some queer fish, that are nondescripts. But all those employed in this fishery must bring some good fish to shore, out of the dead sea, to swim in the water of life and boundless sea of love for ever: because where these waters of life and the river of life comes, they shall be healed, and every thing shall live whither the river cometh. Ezek. xlvii. 9. For the fishers shall stand from En-ge-di, even unto En-eg-laim; to spread forth nets and their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many; viz. the election of grace shall be gathered out of every kingdom, nation, and tribe, to sit down in the kingdom of God. The meshes of this net may represent the variety of circumstances, under which souls are brought to hear the gospel, and the men who draw the net, those who are drawn by God to preach the gospel. Jesus saith unto Peter, follow me, and I will make you a fisher of men; and O what a multitude Peter caught, when he let down the net on the right side of the ship; three thousand under one sermon! Oh, my dear brother fishermen, those were fishing days indeed; and we keep toiling all night in these dark times, and now and then catch one, two, or three, and some of them we have to cast away: and I have been glad to cast some away, because they have bitten me severely. Yes, it is a solemn thought. I pray that I may beat down my body and fleshly lusts, and keep them in subjection, "lest when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-a-way," viz. reproved and cast out of men for my foolishness: not of God: glory be unto a faithful God in Christ Jesus, He will not cast away the people which he did foreknow, neither will he forsake his inheritance. Notwithstanding my dear brother fishermen, it appears that there is a deal of bad fish in the market, which cause great sickness among the people, "many are weak and sickly, and some sleep." It may be, this may bring on an epidemic disease, an universal plague: and as the great fire followed the great plague in

London; when this plague becomes universal, and the Son of man can scarcely find faith on the earth, the last great fire will follow, viz., the general conflagration; and earth, and seas, and all that is in them be burned up! But those good and chosen fish, quickened and made alive again, by the pure stream of the water of life, that John saw proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb, (Rev. xxii. 1.) and that Fzekiel saw issuing from under the threshold of the house, at the south side of the altar, (Ezek. xlvii. 1.) will swim for ever and ever, in that pure, holy, and boundless sea, that never can be dried up nor passed over. (Ezek. xlvii. 5.)

Brethren, our age seems to be rather a poor fishing season; it seems as if almost all the good fish were taken, and I am sure that this sea will be dried up as soon as all the elect fish are caught; we keep cruising and hawling about, and take but very few. But perhaps there may be some more in the deep seas, and dark boles. Let us launch out into the deep; if we have any men aboard our *Vessel*, that understand the deep seas, and dare cross the line; but let us take a good chart and compass with us, the sure word of prophecy, and try both the net, hook, and line: there are some good fish that have struggled out of the net, and may have been slightly hooked; these are shy, and lay in very deep holes, almost as deep as hell, and may fear that hell will be their portion. Peter was one of these, and he was sunk into a very deep dark hole; but the long line of electing, everlasting love reached him again, and he was hooked effectually. My covenant shall be in your flesh: bless you, the hook went right into his heart, which made him cry out and weep bitterly: he was sunk down into a dark hole, deep as hell, and doubtless the pains of hell had got hold upon him: but the line of election, baited with love, brought him up again, from the depths of the seas, and he was comforted on every side. } Who can find out the Almighty's love to perfection? some of his fish lay in dark holes, deep as hell; then let the fishermen on board put down their lines deeper than hell, "for what canst thou know?" (Job xi. 8.) but

that some good fish, laying very deep, hooked in them, may be brought up again; some comely fish are on the surface and within sight of land; but let us launch out into the deep, and put out the whole length of the line, if you can find it; but be sure that you bait the hooks with love, love, love; nothing but eternal covenant love, and the precious blood of Christ, can take these fish in the deep holes, and dark places: one sweet look of love melted Peter's heart, and the hook came out then, very easily, and love healed his bleeding wounds immediately, only he had the scars to the day of his death. Now Peter having been brought up from such very deep, dark, holes, he became a very skilful fisherman himself, in catching men, so that he caught them several thousands at a time, by charging their sins home on their conscience, and the hook fastened in their hearts, "when they heard these things, they were pricked in their hearts," but the hook was baited with love, and remission of sins, by the blood of Jesus: when they were hurt and cried out, through feeling the sting of death which is sin, "Peter said unto them, repent, and be baptised every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost." (Acts. ii. 38.)

If any fish is fairly hooked, he never can get away. You may have seen the fisherman when a fish is hooked, let the cord run off his reel, and the fish darts away, down to the bottom, or into some deep hole; but the fisherman gently draws the line again, and the fish plunges about, here and there to get away, but the hook holds him fast; so a poor sinner with the hook of conviction in his heart, may run here and there and dive into worse sins than he has been in before, thinking to stifle conviction, and get away from God, as Adam hid himself among the trees; but the Lord draws him again, and he feels the hook pinches him; and he must come out and be brought to Christ for healing, because the Father draws him to Christ for remission of sins; and he is finally brought out of his element (the world,) into the boundless sea of love, to swim like a golden fish in the sea of love and glory for ever.

Brethren, I keep fishing on this part of the lake, but I take but few fish, though some say this has been a good place for

fishing. An old minister once said, I never caught but one golden fish in my net, and that was more trouble to me than all the rest; I have caught none such kind of fish, though I have caught a few pretty little ones. Here are a few poor fishermen in this place, and we keep toiling in hope. But I find that even the fishermen differ in their opinions, about some fish, "but charity hopeth all things," so they take on board all they can, lest that great company belonging to the old dragon of the seas, should take them in their great drag net; for they take up all they can find with their angle, and they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag, therefore they rejoice and are glad; therefore they sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag, because by them their portion is fat, and their meat plenteous. (Hab. i. 15, 16)

Now, brethren, hear me, and attend to my speech; I hope the Vessel will be spared to sail again in 1847, and may she be favoured to take an abundance of good fish, and like the merchant ship, fetch her goods from afar, and bring some rare things from the country of spices. But do remember this, the Vessel has rather too much ballast in her, she cannot sail freely at present, there is a debt upon her, rather heavy, which is likely to sink her. Now I propose this plan: let all who feel interested in her, and every one who takes the Vessel in, send each of them, ONE-SIXPENCE, or, Six Post Stamps, to the Printer, on next *New Year's Day*, first of January. And though we cannot much expect to take any large golden fish, the little fish already gathered together, may in this way, do great things, to lighten the burden of the Vessel, and remove the burden off the mind of the Printer.

Please to direct C. W. Banks, 6, Pagoda Terrace, Bermondsey New Road, Southwark, London.

Your's truly beseeching,

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, November 10, 1846.

P. S.—I shall send my shilling, and my good friends consider what one thousand six-pences will do.

THE LATE MR. CREAM,
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

Dear Brother.—I have sent you a brief narrative of the late Mr. CREAM, who died at Wandsworth, in Surrey, or rather fell asleep in Jesus, October, 9th, 1846. I went to see him, as I heard from you he was in dying circumstances, and truly I found it to be the case, and also out of christian love, for what I had heard from his lips twelve years ago, when he was preaching the gospel of the blessed God in King's head Court Chapel, Shoreditch, London, as a supply. I went to see him on Sunday afternoon, October the 4th, as he died on the 9th, when I went in, he was asleep; I waited awhile talking to his wife, until he awoke; as soon as he did, he was obliged to rise, as his cough was very troublesome, it was painful at times to behold his sufferings; but at intervals he spoke; he said, "you see how I am (pointing to the dropsy in his legs and hands) going home; and dying is but going home." I told him where I had heard him very sweetly many years ago; and while conversing with him, he told me a little of his life and pedigree in the work of the ministry, he told me he was the first pastor of the Baptist cause at Stoke Ash, Suffolk; and the first instrument of their coming together as a church, and being formed in union and fellowship, which was in 1804. At that time, they met in a carpenter's shop, on the same spot since, has been built a Chapel of wood and plaster, holding about 500 people, with galleries and sunday school beside. I know this place very well, for I was invited to preach in June, 1842, for four Lord's days, but as the most part of the church and congregation liked duty faith and man's ability, instead of the power of God, my preaching did not suit them; and when my time was up I came back again to London: but to return, this last summer they have had a new Chapel built of brick and slate, a very large place with school room, and was opened for worship on the 1st of September, 1846, and I have heard they have left the old to join the new association: our brother CREAM said at the time he was pastor of Stoke Ash Chapel, he then lived in Norfolk: used to walk eleven miles on the Saturday, and the same on the Monday

back from the Chapel to his home; and the rest part of the week he worked at hedging and ditching for his bread; for all they collected for his labours at the Chapel was one guinea a quarter: they were at that time 25 in number and very poor. This he did for some time, being then young and strong; but in the course of time, he married, and his family increased, he found he could not continue it without getting in debt; at length Providence opened a door for him for labour, for his bread, and also work in the ministry at Cottingham, Cambridgeshire: here he preached for some time, through much opposition and persecution, and was called an antinomian for preaching the truth in Christ Jesus faithfully, and the place was shut against him. Prior to the Lord opening a door for him again, the Lord said unto him, "Behold, I will set before thee an open door." A person came soon afterwards; and said, "farmer so and so, has an old barn to let that would do for preaching in;" accordingly, he went down to see the man about it; he refused at first, but soon afterwards came and told him he might have that barn, for £4. a year. "He agreed to have it, and though it was a dirty place, and nothing in it, the Lord constrained one and another to bring utensils, to fix in it till it was nicely fitted up for worship: it would hold about three or four hundred persons, and here he continued for some years, and many were called out of nature's darkness, into God's marvellous light, and the Lord wonderfully blest the word of life in this place to the establishing and building up his people in the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Thus he continued in the ministry, under the blessing of the Lord, for some years; till at last they would have a new Chapel built; he persuaded them not; but to continue as they were, and not run themselves into debt, as they would do, if they built a new Chapel; but through one thing and another, they did build it; and flung themselves greatly in debt; after a while they began to quarrel who should pay this debt; and in the end they endeavoured to throw the blame upon our brother CREAM; then they raised false reports concerning him; so much so, that he was obliged to come away from them altogether, for they despised their old minister, and so compelled him to leave them. Here, he said, "I

was left destitute to a wide world, with a wife and seven children, so much so, that at intervals he was almost half-starved; this he said was a great trial to him, and he wept while he spoke it; but the Lord did wonderfully stay his mind upon himself with these words, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will help thee; I will strengthen thee; I will uphold thee, with the right hand of my righteousness." The power and sweetness that attended them to his soul, he never forgot; he was broken hearted with the goodness of the Lord while he was telling me of these things. I said unto him, "you can say that God has been a faithful God unto you through all." "O yes," he said, "that I can, in very deed; and the Lord has opened ways for me here and there to preach his word, and in many places in London also, and has helped me in providence in many mysterious ways, so that he has supported me till now." For about four or five years he has not been able to go out to preach the word, nor yet to work for his living through affliction of body; he has passed through much sorrow, but now he said on his dying bed, "the Lord had done all things well." He shouted out "predestination has fixed all things right; it cannot be wrong!" He said he would not have one thing altered, it is all right. He could say with the Psalmist, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise." He spoke with such warmth of soul affection that he fairly shouted "victory through the blood of the Lamb, the Lord Jesus Christ." He said for about two months the Lord had wonderfully blessed his soul with his sweet presence, and so confirmed his sure faithfulness and goodness of the Lord, that he was only now waiting for his chariot of salvation to fetch his soul home to glory. He said he had no other foundation than the blood of atonement to rest his soul upon for to enter eternal glory; he said "naked we came into life at first, and we walk as pilgrims here; and dying is but going home." His eldest daughter said that it did her soul good for to see her father like a shock of corn that was fully ripe, waiting to be gathered into the garner of God. He was truly happy in the Lord, and I found it profitable to be there; his youngest daughter also said that she should never forget the sweet advice,

council, and admonitions that her father had often given her: she seems to have a secret inclination and desire after the things of God. The Lord grant it may be real with her, but the eldest (the father told me) knew the Lord well for herself. May the Lord bless them and make up their loss with himself; and the widow also; and appear for her as a God of providence, as well as a God of grace; leading her to live to his honour and glory! As her dear husband said to me "the doctrines of grace which are a solid basis to our souls, do not lead us to live in sin. O no, but to the honour and glory of God." Now we may say with the poet

All his sorrow's fled below.
And earth exchang'd for heaven.
Yours affectionately,

RICHARD JEFFERY, *Citizen of Zion.*
18, Chapel Street, Holywell Mount, Shoreditch.

"The Precious Corner Stone."
Isaiah xxviii. 16.

Thus saith the glorious God of grace,
To cheer his blood-bought chosen race,
The building he begins,
I lay the stone myself, he says,
The ancient of eternal days,
The Man that never sins.

Our Jesus is this well-tried stone,
He bears the weight himself alone,
Supporting all his church.
The Father tried this precious stone,
He pour'd his wrath on him alone,
And spar'd his guilty church.

This stone was tried by powers of hell
Who knew the guilty church had fell,
A hell-deserving race.
This stone is tried by sinners here;
The saint still proves it near and dear,
Supporting him by grace.

To make a building all complete,
The smallest stones as well as great,
Are useful in their place:
Why should the weak believer faint?
Each babe in Jesus is a saint,
And shall behold his face.

What dreadful blasting storms from hell
Are blown, to make this building fall,
And sink beneath the grave.
But Christ, the precious corner stone,
Cements the building all in one;
What part can satan have?

The superstructure safely rests
On its foundation—Jesus Christ,
A basis strong and sure!
No wind can blow this building down,
The arms of Christ embrace it round;
A stone that must endure!

Redeemed sinners all must fall
Upon this stone; be broken small.
Dissolv'd by sovereign love,
While those on whom this stone shall fall,
To powder will be crushed all;
While grace lifts saints above,

Poor trembling soul, remember him,
Whose cup was fill'd up to the brim
With gall and curses mix'd.
How well this stone thy burden bears!
His mercy all the building rears;
By grace the whole is fix'd.

The church's bleeding, suffering head
Was cruelly numbered with the dead:
How low he sunk to reach
His bride; to Tophet's borders fell,
She must have sunk to endless hell,
But for redeeming grace.

What stone so strong to bear her up!
This precious triad almighty prop
Beneath the building's placed.
Though all this house is tried and prov'd,
Yet every stone is well belov'd,
And never shall be rased.

Confusion shall the wicked fill,
And as a drunkard they shall reel;
They're only scaffolding here;
But faith, the precious gift of God
Bestow'd on all redeem'd with blood,
Are sav'd from hasty fear.

J. R.

Warbleton, 1826.

State of the London Churches.

No. III.

I HAVE thought, had it been left to the wisdom of the church to form the church in its outward appearance, form, and order, very different it would appear from what it is really said to be in the Word. Instead of having "many members," we should have but "one member;" and instead of weak, feeble, uncomely ones, all would be one in doctrine, experience, practice, seeing, hearing, feeling, and acting, having no uncomely parts; nothing unpleasant about the body; no weak faith here; no crawling worm there; and no out-of-joint member in the whole, and thus we should form one entire consistency of character. But it is not so. The wisdom of God has ordered it otherwise; we do not see all an eye—all strong in faith—all hands for activity—all feet for walking;—blemishes and imperfections here and there show themselves, as they will in the human frame, from whence this figure is taken. There shall be feeble knees, hands that hang down, needing lifting up; eyes very dim; and much sickness throughout the whole body. And thus "God hath tempered the body together:" so adjusted and nicely set in order all of it, that even the beautiful "head" shall not be able to say, "I have no need of you." Thus the Lord's work will confound the wisdom of his creatures—no standard can be set up by the creature for God the Holy Spirit to work by. Those "members of the body which we think to be less honourable," shall be equally honourable; and adorable goodness shall be sovereignly manifested in bearing with all our weaknesses, frailties, sins, and doings.

In pursuance of former letters, and in accordance with these thoughts, I shall endeavour to give the aspect of two other churches which my mind has been led into. But to find them *square* with our rule of measure, we shall not be able. Ourselves, the subjects of much weakness; yea, weakness itself, we try to confess it before the Lord, but are so weak we cannot. Sin rushes in like an armed man, "and we cannot do the things we would." Who that fears the Lord does not wish to live in his fear all the day long; and possess a tender conscience; and live without sin? But, alas! the state and place he longs for and desires to be in is far off; and he is still where he is. "God hath tempered the body together," not separate, but *together*. Personally, as collectively, in experience and practice. He gives here, and witholds there, according to his will: and this fixation of character none can remove or go from; or make one hair white or black; nor change himself or herself from what he or she is, or add one cubit to their stature. Jehovah governs the whole of his creatures; and in the end, all things, persons, and circumstances, shall acknowledge his sovereign disposal. "The Lord sitteth upon the flood: yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever." So that I see man is not left to himself what to believe, or receive, nor should vain boasting over another be found in this state. "What hast thou that thou hast not received?" A person cannot see with me, nor I with another, the same things, unless the Lord give to each the same light, life, feeling, and power. Whatsoever then is of faith, in its extent of working, is in the Lord, the author, giver, and finisher. He gives me what to believe, nor can I get at what another has, or go beyond my own. This should keep us from being "puffed up."

On Friday Evening, October 30, 1846, myself and another friend, went to Grove Chapel, Camberwell, the scene of Mr. Irons's labours in the vineyard. Seven members were publicly taken into the church. A card of membership was given to each, accompanied with appropriate remarks. On the last, receiving her's, Mr. I. observed, "the last card I gave, makes the number of the church ELEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY ONE, part of which number are scattered in different parts of the world; part have gone home; and about half the number are in church-fellowship with us."

This acknowledgement did not appear to be made in a boasting spirit; if it was, the following anecdote I heard from his lips, would condemn it: "I do not want your sermons: they are not worth a groat a dozen," which he thus narrated. "I recollect, in a barren, isolated spot, about sixty miles from London, some years ago, preaching eight or

ten sermons in succession. I laboured hard, and thought I preached as well as I could, but never from that day to this did I hear of any good which those sermons had done. After I had preached one of the sermons, however, from these words—"Will ye also be his disciples?" I had a visit paid me where I was staying the next morning, under the following circumstances. As I passed out from the place in which I had been preaching, numbers of persons were for shaking hands, and among the rest, an old woman with a red cloak, in plain country style, accompanied by a little girl about twelve or thirteen. Among the rest, I took hold of the little girl's hand, and said,—“Would you like to be one of Christ's disciples?—Good night.” I never saw her before and knew nothing of her character. The next morning the woman came to me, and said, “I wish you would come and see my poor girl.” “Is she ill?” said I. “No, she has been distracted all night; she says she is convinced that she is not one of Christ's disciples, and shall go to hell. Do you remember what you said to her?” “No,” I said: but I afterwards recollected. Well, that girl grew up to maturity—joined the christian church near the spot, lived a circum-spect life, and went in triumph to glory. I mention this to shew, that God does not pay much attention to certain things, which men pride themselves in—that amidst all our study, he oftens fastens only one sentence on the conscience. God says, ‘I do not want your sermons; they are not worth a groat a dozen.’” At the close of this sermon, Mr. I. observed, “And I beg of my hearers, finally, to treasure up this one remark, that every instance of real conversion to God is as irrespective of the creature, and is as opposed to the will and power of the creature, as it is to the will and power of the devil. It is an act of sovereign grace, pursuant to predestinating purposes, and insisted upon by the glorious Mediator, who holds himself responsible for it.”

Mr. I. commenced his ministerial labours in the metropolis, in the early part of the year 1818. His first sermon was from these words, “I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.”—And twenty-nine years will shew he has not exhausted his subject. A few weeks since, in the sermon alluded to, he said,—“The spiritual mind, the soul taught of God, the partaker of rich grace, beholds every beauty in Christ, and will join readily with the declaration made by the spouse in the Canticles, of His head, of His hair, of His hands, and His thighs, and His feet, describing Him from head to foot, and summing all up with, “He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the

altogether lovely.’ *My soul thrills with delight, when I think of that expression, ‘He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely,’ and blessed be God, that in the consciousness of a tumbling tabernacle, these things are my joy and rejoicing; a precious glorious Mediator is to stand forth absolutely responsible for the entire and eternal salvation of the whole election of grace.”*

Mr. Irons has now passed his meridian, and has seen minister after minister leave the lower for the upper temple. Thirty years' ministry has been gone through, strenuously asserting and maintaining those truths he at the first commenced, and with abundant success. He stands in no ordinary position, and has risen above many, and can be affirmed of his ministry what can be said of few,—He has declared a triune covenant-keeping God. Most preachers speak of but one Lord: some preach two. But Mr. I. has preached the Three that bear record; the Three that bear witness; the Three that reign in the church—the Almighty. A few extracts from his sermons will best speak and shew his style.—“The redeemed of the Lord are constrained to glorify Jehovah's name in their creed. Ah! I think, if this be the case, and if it be strictly followed out, the redeemed of the Lord will be brought into a narrow compass; for the creeds of the present day are calculated for anything, and everything, but to glorify God.”

“We have the laboured efforts of mortals, with some amount of classic lore, deep reading, lengthened research and studied logic, all put forth to glorify the creature: the attempt to prove to man how much he can do without God, how much is left to his caprice, how God is waiting for him to do his part towards his salvation, and how all the decrees of heaven, and all the work of Christ, and all the influences of the Spirit, and the grand turning point of his salvation, rest with him: abominable Popish falsehoods. I must have a creed, that in every part glorifies God; and if any man on earth will point out an article in my creed, which does not point directly to the glorifying of God, I promise faithfully to abandon it. I want nothing in my creed that does not centre in this point—the glorifying of Jehovah, the Author, the Governor, the Worker, the Consummator of all that pertains to Salvation. And there are two or three things in my creed, that I would not part with for ten thousand worlds; indeed, I do not know any one that I would, but there are two or three which are most essential and tend especially to glorify God;—one is, that everything relative to my existence, for time and for eternity, spiritual and temporal, is ordered and arranged by God my Father. A

second is, that all that pertains to my salvation, in point of responsibility, and in point of merit, and in point of condition, is entrusted entirely to God my Saviour, in his official capacity, as covenant head of the church; and that all that pertains to that salvation, in point of *efficiency*, in the communication of grace, in sanctification and training up for glorification, is the work of the Holy Ghost, which man cannot touch without polluting. That is my creed; and I think it glorifies God. It glorifies God the Father, in the settlements of His love and grace; it glorifies God the Son, in the covenant headship He sustains; and it glorifies God the Holy Ghost, in the efficiency of His ministry in the church."

RESPECTING CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE, MR. I. THUS SPEAKS,—“I know there is a vast deal said in the present day about Christian experience, by persons who understand not whereof they speak, nor what they affirm; a great deal is said about Christian experience that has no Christianity in it: and I mean, as long as I live, to be a determined enemy to the fostering of that falsely called Christian experience, which is in fact nothing more nor less than the varied emotions of old Adam. It is not Christian experience; it does not glorify God. The experience which glorifies God is just simply this, (and the conscience enlightened from on high will approve it),—that which cuts off, crucifies, condemns, and casts away everything pertaining to the creature, and makes Christ all in all, formed in the heart ‘the hope of glory.’ It is that which cuts off and casts away all the goodness of man, and the badness too, alike to one heap; and which, claiming the ‘wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption,’ that is in Christ Jesus, and which He ‘is made of the Father to us,’ as our portion and right, receives it into enjoyment; really lives upon Christ; really feeds upon him as its very life; really clings to him as the author of life, and is really panting and thirsting after more of his Spirit, as life divine, in personal experience.”

Another prominent feature in Mr. I.’s ministry, has been his regard for the walk and conduct of his church and people where he labours, he says, “I want the fruitfulness of the church of God. I have been expostulating with my dear hearers in my last three sermons to them, about it, because there is a certain class of professors now-a-day, who like the tree, and like its branches, and who think a great deal about its stately form, who insist upon all its boughs and twigs, (I mean in doctrinal points) and peradventure with great correctness. Alas! alas! these have no sap; they have no life; and consequently,

you may look at them from the beginning of the year to the end, and find no fruit. Now, I do not know a class of professors that fills my mind with more horror than this class. I have an utter abhorrence of any kind of Arminianism, and I hope I shall have as long as I live; but Arminianism, among all its insults to Christ, does not appear so hateful to me as these professors, who will go with me to admit all the doctrines of grace, but have no life in their hearts. If the devil has sharper tools than others, to work with upon earth, these are the ones; if he has a regular regiment of sharpshooters upon earth, these are the men; they do more to make infidels than any others. I have seen grapes made of wax that are wonderful imitation, but deficient in juice. To know these from real ones is, by pressing. Go and press them, and if you press them you will soon see the juice gushing out. And I will advise you to do the same with christian fellowship; go and press them; go and tell them about Jesus, and ask them what intercourse they get with God; go and press them, and see if the Word is applied, which they hear preached, and press them hard, until you find some juice. Depend upon it, if you begin to press some professors in this sort of way, if they are made of wax, or something or other painted to imitate it, you will never get any juice; there will be no unction, no prayer, no praise, no love one to another. And I would have you keep this by you, as a hint once for all; and you will find whether the fruit is excellent, by pressing it, and trying it.”

Now some will say, if you write in this way you will make Mr. I. a model. I would rather speak of his higher than his lower standing—as he is in Christ, than as a fallen son of Adam. There is too much evil speaking and insinuations in the day we live. I have no wish to add to it. As a minister of Christ he has been richly adorned with ministerial talent, not of a dazzling but of a useful character, accompanied with much observation on men and things. That he has gone into great extremes few will deny. Brought to a knowledge of the truth by a servant of Christ in the establishment of the country, he has continued a warm admirer of Hawker, Romaine, Toplady, &c., therefore, some allowance must be given for his firm decision for “Congregational Episcopacy,” as he styles the order of his church government, and for his so much depreciating church-meetings, calling that form “republicanism, replete with mischief, and utterly subversive of christian fellowship.” Yet this sentence, like his many avowals against the doctrine of Believers’ Baptism, no more proceeds from the spirit of truth; and the analogy

he draws between this ordinance and circumscription that he adduces, than speaking against the doubts and fears, misgivings, sinkings, and castings down of God's people, does. But what men of truth deem very objectionable is, Mr. I.'s frequent use of the word CLAIM. The Lord says, "For all these things I will be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them," and "Ask and ye shall find." We once heard Mr. Smart on this point very strongly express himself concerning a minister he once heard *claiming* these blessings.—He said "it was presumption; he believed the man would go to hell." But so much must not be said of Mr. Irons; we would recommend humility in speaking in the name of the Lord. Mr. I. only means the grace—rights, and privileges of believers.

We must now leave Mr. I., not wishing to peck at the failings of a great man, as too many have done, whose usefulness in Zion, in the fruits of a thirty years' ministry, is to be seen; we would, as before expressed, rather speak of what the Lord has done, than what Mr. I. has. Acts xxi. 19. Yet we must pause on this favoured spot before we say,—we think *the glory is departing*—the glory of the Holy Spirit's power. The word that was once like fire among stubble, is now much like those around, so low as scarcely to be heard above them. It is not heard like an hammer, but falls soft and easy, compared with past days. We ask, is there not a cause? Is the ease of Zion indulged in? It is true, Mr. I. is still there, in health and strength, and for substance the same truths are set forth; but we ask, "Is there the same power?" We write calmly. Camberwell friends, remember the glory of former days still. We advise a close perusal of the first chapter of Isaiah, that this spot be not "as a garden that hath no water." The *real* enemies to truth—those most likely to close a man of God's mouth, or to render ineffectual his ministry—are not outward enemies, but those in the form of friends, that would be an arm of flesh, that would bring us from a day-by-day dependence on God for supplies, spiritual, temporal, and eternal. We make these statements for profit and *caution*; should they reach the eye of Mr. I., that he might weigh them in the sanctuary, and cry to the Lord for help. We had rather reprove than flatter; point out the remedy, than tear open the wound. The sinner's place is the dust. "The day of the Lord shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low: and upon all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up." H. W.

"The life of the Son of God was infinitely too precious to be given for perishing things, nor would it be consistent with divine wisdom to venture it for an uncertainty."—Elisha Cole.

The Life and Experience of JOHN NICHOLSON.

[We can only in this number, very briefly commence this interesting narrative; it will be continued in larger portions until complete.]

THE intention of the writer in this narrative is, to shew forth from his own experience, some of the things he has passed through, (being now in my 72nd year), the wonderful condescension and sovereignty of that God, who has ordered all things after the counsel of of his own will; and who in his good time, called me by Jesus Christ his beloved Son; delivered me from the power of satan; and brought me into his kingdom of light, grace, and glory, according to his own good will and pleasure. To whom be glory and praise, power and dominion, now and evermore. Amen.

I, John Nicholson, was born at Dunham-upon-Trent, Nottingham, January 6th, 1775, being the day called Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles; and on the 6th January, 1776, they had me christened and called me JOHN; and when over, all parties amused themselves with smoking, drinking, and card-playing, and before twelve o'clock both the parson and the clerk stripped to fight. This I have heard my father and some others many a time talk about. In my early years I grew up very mischievous, and wicked; at six years of age I had the ague which wore me to a skeleton. At eight years' old I went with some boys to bathe in the Trent, and here I was near being drowned, and was taken out of the water for dead; but in moving me they saw the water run out of my mouth and afterwards vomited up the water, and then began freely to breathe again.

Now, I shall pass on until I was thirteen years old, about the 20th of August, when driving a load of sheaved wheat out of the field, I had got on the shafts to ride, when the fore mare turning off the road, I tried to jump off the shafts I fell flat on my face, and two wheels run over the small of my back. Another man, not far off, ran and stopped the horses, and came to help me up. He lifted me up and took me home; the doctor was sent for; he came and bled me; I was put to bed, but they never expected I should get up again. I laid three nights and three days, and on the fourth day the neighbours came to ask after me, and to see me. I remember hearing one say, it was a thousand mercies that the wheels did not cut him in two; poor lad, he will never get better any more. Oh, no, said another, he is dying. I had been very restless a little while before, but now I had become very still, so they concluded I was dying.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS WRITTEN BY THE LATE THOMAS LORD.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR SIR,

The following is a copy of a letter written to me, from London, Feb. 6, 1846, by our departed friend, THOS. LORD.—T. K.

Dear Brother in our crucified, risen, and glorified head, the Lord Jesus Christ, peace and truth be with you. No doubt, my brother will begin to think himself neglected and forgotten by me altogether, seeing I have not written, since I left Birmingham, unto him; but what shall I say by way of extenuation of my faults? Why, I think I hear my friend saying—'Why, tell the truth; and, now, have I not been neglected?' True; you have; and I may plead the same; as you have not written to me: but, no; I will not; but, take shame to myself for not writing sooner; and now I hope you will forgive me, and my faults this time; I can say, and the Lord knoweth it is true, that I often think of you, and remember you at a throne of grace, for, you are dear to me, in the Lord Jesus. Now, I do assure you, since I last saw you, my time has been taken up very much indeed with my work as a minister; to which, the best of masters has called me, and employed me in, although my mother's children often cast dust upon me, (the serpent's food,) with unjust statements, foul reproaches, and wicked untruths; yet, blessed be my kind Master, I still receive nothing but kindness from him who is kindness itself, with good and liberal wages, love-smiles; and would you believe, I have been so very pettish lately, that nothing would do but the kisses of the mouth of my sweet Lord Jesus; so that my very soul cried out within, I want the first ripe fruit; the first begotten from the dead; oh, let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine.' Well, at length he came, when I was sunk as low in my poor mind and feelings, that I thought it would be impossible for me to preach any more; oh how my knees trembled; and my flesh did leap on my bones, while the devil stood before me buffetting my conscience, accusing me with sin; and thus going against and over my head, more than I could endure or stand under; but, oh, bless his dear name, which is 'as ointment

poured forth,' he came to my soul, with power, love, and blood, with this text, and kissed my mouth therewith, 'Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law.' Well, and do you know, I was so taken with dear Jesus, and his sweet kisses, (for, truly, they are sweet,) that I requested him to turn in with me, and tarry, if it were but for a night, and truly, my friend, he suffered me to prevail with him, who is God, and I, but a worm, for he turned in with me until four o'clock in the morning; and, truly, since, my mouth has been sweetly opened, my soul greatly enlarged in my ministerial work, even 'the building up of living souls in their most holy faith;' so that since, I have been enabled to say—'O, come, taste that the Lord is gracious;' and, oh, my friend, how bold it has since enabled me to be, and feel in the work of my Master, which is to root out and pull down all things, as well as I can in my little way, and feeble manner, that stand against my Lord Jesus Christ, and his great truths of grace and electing love, 'for so it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell,' in whom we are complete; and, truly, it doth please my soul well, that all things are in him; and doth not this please my brother? O, yes; I know it doth; O, that you and I may be able to say with holy Paul, 'For, of him, and through him, and to him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever, Amen,' and that we may be enabled in drought to go to this Spring, which is never dry, and drink our fill of living water, and, hear his sweet voice, which is sweetness itself, saying unto us 'drink, O, beloved, yea, drink abundantly,' for I am 'the liberal that deviseth liberal things, and, by liberal things shall I stand, for I am eternal.' No doubt you will wish to know how I am in body, and how I am going on in my ministerial work: well first, as to the body, I am very well in health, for which I do pray the dear Lord to make me more and more thankful. And next, as a minister, I have great cause to say the Lord is doing great things by me. I have testimonies of the word being blessed to many of Zion's

travellers, and I can truly say my Bible was never more sweet to me, nor so much read by me with so much profit. I can say, his word is found of me, and I, a poor worm, favoured to cat it; and find it to be to me the joy and rejoicing of my soul. I do hope the dear Lord is with you as a people, and them that speak unto you the word of truth, in the name of a three-one-God, and now unto him who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless, before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. I commit you. From yours, in the sweet Lord Jesus,

T. LORD."

The following is an extract of a letter written to two other members of the church at Birmingham, dated February 14, 1846.

"O my Brother my mouth has been most sweetly opened of late to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the end of the law for Righteousness, the sin atoning Lamb of God; that taketh away the sin of the world, which shall not be left to the god of this world, (the devil,) but shall be brought to know and feel themselves sinners in time, and to know the truth, even Jesus Christ, the life and soul of the word of truth, and that it is a true saying that Jesus Christ came in time, and amongst time things, and died for sins committed by you and I, (or viewed as committed) being not yet born, neither having done good or evil, that the purpose of God might stand; yes, my friend he came to seek, and to save that which was lost; to remove their iniquity in one day! O that you and I may be enabled by God the Spirit, to set our affections on things above, not on the earth, for we are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God. O my friend, how I can pity the sons and daughters of this world's profession, who are filling their belly with the east wind and not with the Christ of God; and truly, you and I might have been with them to this day, if the same love which spread the feast, had not sweetly forced us in. I am now fearing lest my dear Lord the Spirit should withdraw himself. O do pray with me, that he would take up his abode with me, watch over and keep me, (yes and you my brother, and sister) until the night of death come on, and then when we put off this tabernacle to sleep in the grave, bear our souls up

and land us safe into eternal rest. My love to the friends and brethren, and believe me, yours truly,

T. LORD."

[To the same, Dated April 28, 1846.]

"And now my brother I hope the dear Lord will direct you in all things, that you may be 'wise as serpents, harmless as doves,' in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, and do, my dearly beloved, attend to all the ordinances of God's house, blameless: fear not the scorn of good or bad men, for thus it is written, 'him that honoureth me, him will I honour;' do not forsake him to follow the ways of men, which are crooked and contrary to the command of him, who said, 'as often as ye do this, ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come,' and now may 'the good will of him who dwelt in the bush,' be with and rest upon you in love and power from day to day, so prays yours in a sweet Jesus.

T. LORD."

[To the same, Dated April 28, 1846.]

"O my friend what a great mercy it is that though you and I are full of changes, yet Jesus Christ is our unchanging God, and 'changeth not, so that we are not consumed,' and O, how sweet to feel this truth expressed by the poet in our collections, 'the Lord in the day of his anger, did lay our sins on the Son, and he bore them away,' yes says the prophet, into the land of forgetfulness, and though you, I, or the devil may look for our sins, when once faith has beheld them laid on the Son of God, they will never find them, for they are cast into the river of his blood, which is called the depths of the sea. When I can feel my Jesus precious, time passeth sweetly away, it is then I can say, roll away time, O do roll on faster, and roll me into the bosom of my dear Lord and God. But ah! my friend, when my prospects look rather gloomy, I then think time goes too fast a great deal. Give my kind love to the friends, for I do declare I love them more and more in the Lord, and shall continue to love wherever my lot shall be cast, from yours,

T. LORD."

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I hope these extracts, though few, will be sufficient to shew to the children

of God, who were prejudiced against our dear, dear departed brother, that he was a man truly taught of God; and is now, doubtless, singing the high praises of his covenant God and Father, no longer encompassed with infirmities, or distressed by inbred sins, which I believe in my soul were his greatest troubles. He has now attained to all his soul desired, and joins the glorified host above, in ascribing all praise and glory to God and the Lamb; God himself has wiped all tears from his eyes, and he shall weep no more.

O that I may never forget the sweet and savoury conversation I have had with him, truly his conversations at times was sweet and encouraging. I do not wish to exalt him as a man, but I earnestly desire to extol and admire the grace of my covenant God as manifest in him, ever wishing to discern between the flesh and the Spirit.

T. V.

Birmingham, October 12, 1846.

But I obtained Mercy.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.

Observing a remark which you made and which is to be found in a piece of the *Earthen Vessel*, page 181: ("the throne of God and of the Lamb,") for the confirmation of which my mind from the first glimpse of it, was impressed to write, as a living testimony to the truth of it in my own individual experience. In the memorable (to me,) never to be forgotten year of 1806, the beginning of it, I was brought into a strange low feeling, so that I had no heart to do any thing as I was wont to do, but was compelled to follow, and to go to my daily labour, (then a ploughman,) but dear sir, I can only give you a little outline or detail of the Lord's gracious, singular and wonderful dealings with me, as I am under a promise, (at some future time if spared,) to that dear man of God, J. C. P. to give a full account of all my life, as it shall please God to bring to my mind from two years old. What, unbelief will say, to begin at two years, I wont believe it; in answer I would say, that a real child of God cannot write lies, no more than he can make or tell lies. I will now proceed, about the beginning of March of the aforesaid year, the devil was let loose upon me, tempting me with all manner of uncleanness and obscenity day and night without any cessation, so that my poor mind became quite bewildered; working one day with a dear departed brother, I opened a little to him. C—, I said, I am in a strange

way, and I think, but cannot tell what, that something very strange is coming upon me, so it came to pass, as in the sequel; well, in the midst of temptation the word of the Lord came upon me, (whilst following the plough,) "agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison." These words followed me day by day, louder and louder, but as they came, I resisted, saying secretly, let me get married first, then I will be good; I will then be religious. I will, I will. Now it appeared to me by my resisting, that the devil was further permitted, and had a link of his chain let out, and he changed his mode of attack, with all kinds and all sorts, too dreadful and awful to name against God most high; and I was afraid that I had internally consented to them, and was afraid I should belch them out every moment, but was mercifully saved by the skin of my teeth, that is, my lips were kept close from utterance: at this time I was awfully terrified with night visions, wild bulls running at and after me in a furious manner; then I used to be carried to a nest of serpents; what struggling I had to get from them, then the French army used to come, encamping in my father's farm, getting upon the tops of the trees in battle array, and I thought all their object and aim was at me, to kill me, and nobody else: then again, I used to see the devil close to my heels, following me go where I would, in the midst of which I would awake, with most dreadful forebodings! All this time, I was insensible of seeking for mercy: now the devil had another link of his chain let out, he came closer and set upon me with such power to blaspheme, to curse God and die, which in my feelings I really thought I had done. My soul became greatly distressed, and I thought all hell was let loose upon me, they appeared to me buzzing around me like a swarm of bees, which bewildered my mind so, I was lost in a maze. O sir, its one thing to know the power of temptation, and another thing to talk about it; now I will leave you to judge whether or no I followed my Lord and master in the wilderness, tempted of the devil, from the beginning of March, to the middle of April. On Easter Thursday

the 15th or 16th April, 1806, the devil finished his temptations for a season, which made forty days and nights as near as I can judge: some are to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth: now the devil having finished all his temptations turns round upon me, as my accuser, telling me I was like Cain, Esau, and Judas, that I had committed the very same things as they had; also I was like *Francis Spira*, (whose history I had read just before my troubles came on,) that mercy had been offered to him, he had refused. and was now in hell; so have you refused mercy like him. Did not the Lord keep calling you by his word? "agree with thine adversary, &c." now you have resisted the call, it is now all over; besides to crown it all you have committed the unpardonable sin, and as you have read the bible from the beginning to the end, you know there is no mercy for that. At the same time all my sins were brought before me from my youth up. O what a catalogue; they tumbled upon me like the tumbling of the sea in a storm, wave upon wave. At this time I was in sight of Torbay, and this helped on to trouble me, for I believed it all true what the devil brought against me; I have committed the unpardonable sin in my feelings, I said, I am sure I have, the old serpent went on. and said, "Yes, you have, and you will soon be with me;" this sunk me ten thousand thousand fathoms deep, hell staring me in the face, and the pains of hell came upon me, I found sorrow and trouble, and I have often said that "the pains of hell," was not strong enough an expression, so that I have added to it, the damned in hell could not feel worse. In this state of distress, I was driven to madness and distraction to such a depth that is out of the power of pen or tongue to set it forth, crying out aloud, "I am lost, I am damn'd, my fate is sealed, I shall surely go to hell." My state was such, I frightened all in the house, so much so, they threatened to put a straight jacket upon me. I used to go about the secret places of the farm howling like a mad dog; and used to say "here goes a walking devil," and I have seen the smoke of hell rise up before me, and many times I have expected the devil was come to fetch me away both body and soul in an instant. I never expected to die like other men. No. Well,

to come to a conclusion in this sad and awful state, like Manasseh, I was carried to Babylon in fetters, bound hand and foot, and was cast into prison, without the least hope of ever being liberated, or the captive set free; in this dreary, miserable and famishing prison was I, (poor foolish I,) kept for above twenty-five years without any sign of deliverance; what for do you think? Why, the book will tell you: where? why in the xxxiii. of 2 Chron. 10 verse. Now what hath been: such things may take place again. I write for the good of others; there may be some that are treading the same sorrowful path, shut up and cannot come forth. I would say to such, that God in his wise ordeal, or sovereignty, has a positive, a fixed, and settled path of experience for all his children to pass through; to every thing there is a season, a time to every purpose under heaven, a time to be born, &c. &c., a time to kill or wound, a time to heal, a time to break down and a time to build up, a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance; all these things I have passed through; I have danced through the manifested mercy of God to my poor soul, spiritually; just as much as king David did in bringing up the ark of God; and further, I would say to any poor tempted, doubting soul, our covenant God, (Jehovah,) hath a set time, an appointed time to favour his children, one by one, to bring them Zionward, he waiteth to be gracious, that is, his set time to deliver. I speak it with holy reverence, he will not move a peg for his creatures, no, they may sigh, they may cry, they may groan out all their sorrows and bondage, and He seem to pay no attention to their petitions, yet still helped or holden up, and kept by the mighty power of God, so that they cannot destroy themselves. I write by experience, for I went out twice to destroy myself, but could not, all power was taken from me. I was so terrified with the rope and the sight of the water, and the thoughts of being plunged into hell, and the Lord calling me, do thyself no harm, &c.: so I returned home again. To return, though the vision tarry, we are commanded, or entreated, to wait, it will surely come in God's appointed time, as it did to me; although I sought it earnestly and care ully, and that with fountains of tears. I went forward and

backward, I turned to the right hand and to the left, the heavens as brass and the earth as iron, and used to say it is of no use, and I said in my haste, all men are liars; I said this in my ignorance; mercy for every body but none for me. Well now to conclude, from the year 1806 to 1830, I had not the least hope of mercy, but now the Lord's time was near at hand, and I was faintly and glimmeringly encouraged by reading these words, from Dr. Hawker's morning portion, for the 27th of October, his text is on that portion, "I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away." I asked the Lord, was this meant for me, yes, was the answer, "I have chosen thee and not cast thee away." But the news was so great, I could not then receive it, until about three years and a half after, I went into an Independent Chapel, which I was constrained to do feelingly, and the Arminian minister read for his discourse, iii. Chap. 1 Peter, 12 verse, "for the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers." Under this discourse, the Lord's time was come, for the word came before me with such power that I bursted out aloud in the midst of the congregation: the people gazing upon me, thinking that some strange thing had happened to me, and I was brought into distress again for about ten days; but the Lord soon appeared with such power "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, &c.," and I could very soon say my Lord, and my God. A. N.

Kingston-upon Thames.

After 25 years shut up.

August, 1846.

LIFE OF HENRY FOWLER.

(Continued from page 254.)

"BESIDES these temptations, I had many others, and strong oppositions raised in my mind against some of the leading doctrines of truth; so that I was obliged with prayer to try every doctrine I believed and preached by the word of God, and which much established me in the truth of the doctrines, and in a firm persuasion that I had been rightly taught them.

It was about this time that I became more intimately acquainted with Dr. Hawker, who very cordially received me, and he was truly like a father and a friend to me. During

1801 and 1802 I used to have frequent interviews with Dr. Hawker, and received much instruction from him; for he was always ready, and would most cheerfully communicate any information I wanted, either literally or of a spiritual nature. After many conversations with him, he encouraged me to go forth in the ministry, and used every means to promote my success in the work. Many of the dissenters at that time wanted the Doctor to leave the establishment, yea, they found great fault with him because of what they called his *bigotry*! but indeed, I have seen more bigotry in those men than ever I saw in the Doctor. He was a lover of all good men, differ as they might with him, or with each other, as to church discipline. He was above a little, narrow, sectarian spirit, and hundreds can testify the truth of what I say of him. His whole mind was occupied how he could do any good, either to the souls or bodies of men. Such men are very seldom to be met with; yet this blessed servant of Christ was continually harrassed, not so much by the profane, as by the professing world! He was branded as an antinomian in all quarters of the kingdom, though *his life was the most free from blots of any preacher I have known*. Blessed servant of God, thou art now out of the reach of the malignant tongue, and thy joy is full!

"My readers will pardon this digression: I could not refrain shewing my regard to the memory of him whose name is dear to me, and to thousands in this kingdom, for Christ's sake.

"During this year 1802, as well as the former, I passed through many changes, sometimes joyous frames, and at other times grievous frames of soul; and I often said with Job, 'Changes and war are against me.'

"I remember about this time I was favored one day with some blessed discoveries of Christ by faith, so that my heart was with the Lord all the day, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. There was to be a prayer meeting the same evening at Dr. Hawker's school-room, and the Doctor, and a number of his friends, used to meet on those occasions. Having been so happy all the day, I attended the meeting with *high ex:ctations*, hoping that I should be called upon to engage in prayer, and so it fell out to my great mortification. After giving out the hymn, I began to pray; but in one moment I was covered with a cloud of darkness, which threw me into such confusion of mind, that I could recollect nothing that had been on my mind during the day; and my embarrassment was such, that I could badly express the few unconnected petitions I put up, so that in two or three minutes I gave over in the greatest perplexity! Service being over, I went away as fast as possible, for I was ashamed to look

any of the brethren in the face: most of the people knew that I had been some time preaching, here and there, and some of them had expressed a bad opinion of my preaching. I was therefore terribly cut up on that account; for I judged they would now have just reason to conclude that the Lord never designed me to preach, seeing I was not able to pray before the people. I never entered that school-room of a prayer meeting night afterwards, I believe, fearing I might be called upon to engage in prayer. Thus, my pride had brought me low with a witness: Satan, also, took the advantage of my mortification, and suggested that my happiness during the day never could come from God; if it had, I could not be so suddenly hurled into this dismal place, so as to forget everything. Indeed, it appeared clear to me that this was true, and sharp work I had of it, together with much fretfulness and rebellion against the Lord, that he should leave me thus to make a fool of myself, and thereby dishonour him.

"Thus my foolish heart for some time fretted against the Lord, but not without many rebukes from the word of God. After my spirit got a little calm, I began to consider soberly what the Lord might intend by this dispensation; and I perceived that the Lord's hand was in it, to humble my proud heart, and that I had been seeking my own gratification before his honour. I saw plain how foolishly I had acted in indulging such thoughts as these, in my day of prosperity; for I thought, that when I opened my mouth in prayer, the people will be astonished at the Lord's goodness to me; and this will remove their hard thoughts of me, and beget such a union between us, that, instead of their looking cool, and being distant in their carriage, they will covet my company more frequently! "A man's pride will bring him low." I think I learned more by this trial, painful as it was, than I should if the Lord had given me the desire of my heart.

"From this time I began to be more cautious, having stumbled through my folly; and if the Lord favoured me to rejoice, it used to be with a measure of trembling. Yet I could not keep down pride, if the good Lord granted me liberty in preaching, or if he appeared to bless the word to any one; and the appearance of this pride made me abhor myself, because I saw it was robbing God of the glory justly due unto his name; besides, I trembled at his rod, for I knew the fool's back called for many stripes.

"During the former two years I met with very few of the saints who seemed to be tried as I was; for some used to say, if I spoke to them about darkness of soul, indwelling sin, or satan's temptations, "you must look to Christ: you must not look at yourself,

nor at indwelling sin, nor temptation; what have you to do with these things?"—But alas! I found these things had much to do with me; so that I could not so readily take their advice, which no doubt was meant well; but they were physicians of no value to me. I do not lay any stress on my trials, nor judge another because he has not been led in my path; for I believe many are not, nor do I wish them to be: I would not lay a stumbling-block in the path of any of the Redeemer's tender lambs, for that is contrary to the instruction I have received from his blessed word; and contrary to the principle of love which should ever be exercised by the servants of Jesus towards the weakest believer. But if the Lord has a work for a man to do, he will fit that man for his work by manifold temptations, and it is by these things a man lives, out of love with himself, and in love with Christ.

"But I often wrote bitter things against myself, that I was kept so much in the back ground, and all for want of better judgment; I was a dull scholar, and am still."

(To be continued.)

"Let her glean—Reproach her not."

In Moab I dwelt, till compelled was I
Through sorrow, and trouble, far from it to fly;
I thought the Lord's people had comfort within;
While I felt o'erwhelmed with grief and with sin.

And like Ruth I felt love in my bosom did flow,
To the people of God, and determined to go
With them, tho' despised, and poor they might be,
For no other people would then do for me.

And I trust that Jehovah directed my feet
To the field where the maidens of Boaz did meet,
For hungry and thirsty I set out to glean,
To pick up what morsels there were to be seen.

Much love from the reapers to me has been shown
For often some morsels to me have been thrown,
Which hath made me press on, thinking, who can tell
But the end of this gleanings may yet turn out well!

But though they are kind, and affectionate too,
Yet their love and affection for me will not do:
I want Boaz, their Lord, in the field to appear,
And say, "glean on, daughter, you have nothing to fear."

Oh, could I but see him, how cheerful I'd glean,
And pick up what morsels might fall in between,
But often my mind has been filled with fear,
Thinking I had no right in this field to appear.

Yet no other master, nor no other field,
The least grain of comfort unto me can yield;
And though in suspense I am kept day by day,
Yet close by his reapers and maidens I'll stay.

And though sin and satan against me unite,
And to keep me from gleanings against me do fight;
Yet in Jesus's strength here I still will remain,
And tell the base tempter his fighting is vain.

For at this very moment a feeling have I,
That in this blessed field I shall one day espy
The dear Lord and Master himself coming in,
Saying "fear not, my daughter, I've pardoned thy sin."—

ELIZA.

**The Life and Experience of
JAMES MASON.**

*Minister of the Gospel, at Cave Adullam
Chapel, Harleston, Norfolk.*

Continued from p. 246.

MY DEAR BROTHER in christian love and affection; little did I think when I closed my second letter to you, (of the goodness, mercy, and long-suffering forbearance of a covenant God towards me,) in the quiet dale of Sunning, in Berkshire, that I should commence my third letter in a quiet village in Suffolk; but so it is; and I must say with the poet—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

I brought my account down, in my last, to the first Sabbath in 1833, when the purposes of my heart were to begin the new year by giving myself wholly unto the Lord; and I find, at this period, I was marking out a path for the Lord to walk by; and expecting that he would bless me for the work of my hands; but I do, now, esteem it a mercy, though I have found it painful to learn in experience, that he hath condescended to teach me not only that salvation is of the Lord, but that the comforts and consolations of that salvation, flow to us freely and sovereignly from the Father of mercies, through Christ Jesus, by the sovereign operations of the Holy Ghost, who as the mighty wind of heaven, bloweth where he listeth, and when he listeth, and how he listeth, “we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit; but every living soul feels the effects thereof. The ordinance of the Lord’s Supper, of which I partook, was administered after the morning service, as I believe it is mostly amongst the Independents. I was all the morning in a kind of stupor; (I mean of mind); I tried to move myself out of this state, but could not; but after leaving the chapel, the mind was no longer in a stagnant state; but, instead of what I wanted to feel—that my sins were pardoned, and that I was saved from them, by that glorious Saviour, of whom I began to have a little apprehension of, as able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him”—the first thing that began to move in my wretched heart was pride; I had been taken notice of, and kindly and affectionately received by both minister and people, and my heart began to be lifted up by pride. In the afternoon I went to the Sunday-school, and became a teacher in it, and was so vain and foolish that I actually began to think something of myself; but this state of things did not last long. The next evening, my

mind was gently and feelingly led to take a review, not only of what I had done in the day, but what had been my thoughts and feelings, and I began to tremble, and soul travail came upon me; and I began to think my profession was nothing but presumption, and if it was, what a presumptuous act it was in me to commemorate a Saviour’s death, in whom I had neither part nor lot, when this scripture came with terrible force to my mind—“For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord’s body.” It was as an axe laid to the root of a tree; it cut down all my pride and presumption, all lofty thoughts, all dependence on what I had done, and really felt as though I had sealed my own damnation; I tried to pray, but could not; all I could do was to sigh and groan before God. This scripture followed me for three weeks, and whilst I was awake, I believe, during that period, was never absent from my mind, and I really felt sleep at this time, a real blessing, for it did give me a little respite from the sorrows of my mind; for, during the three weeks that this scripture pursued me, I was, besides, beset with the most abominable thoughts, that I thought God was about to give me over to a reprobate mind to work all uncleanness, with greediness, and on one occasion was so powerfully tempted to curse and swear that I had hard work to keep down what worked so powerfully within me; and I did not dare tell the good people with whom I associated what I felt within, lest they should see what an awful character I was, and in this I concluded what an hypocrite I was; for hypocrisy and everything that was abominable worked in my wretched heart; but at the end of three weeks God delivered me from this state of mind, and the deliverance was on this wise—I had been to chapel in the morning, but no comfort could I get; when I came home I went up into my bed room, and tried to pray but could not, as I then thought; but I now believe that when God’s poor, tried, afflicted ones think they cannot pray, it is then real prayer is being brought out of their souls, by the mighty power of God, in “groanings which cannot be uttered.” And it is when we feel we cannot pray, “the Spirit helps our infirmities.” I got up from my knees, and took up a tract from the table, one that had been lent me; I had read it before; I liked its contents; but had received no benefit from it; it was one of Dr. Hawker’s and I think called “Sweet Morsels,” and was on the word, “Nevertheless;” I looked carelessly over it; laid it down, and took up the Bible; and a thought struck me all at once, I would look in the Bible, and see how many passages of Scripture I could find with that

word in, and who can tell, but what I may get some comfort? And, if I remember right, I turned first to Psa. cvi. 8; "Nevertheless he saved them for his name sake, that he might make his mighty power to be known;" and I exclaimed aloud—"O, God, if I am ever saved, this must be the way; it must be for thy name sake; and thou must, indeed, make thy mighty power known." I then turned to Ezekiel xx., and looked over that chapter, and when I came to the 17th verse, what I felt, no tongue can tell. "Nevertheless, mine eye spared them from destroying them." O, how my soul was led to bless and praise the Lord with all my might, for his sparing mercy, and that he had not destroyed me, though I was worse than Israel of old. I found many other passages of a like nature; but, lest I should be tedious, I will only mention one more—Nehemiah ix 31; "Nevertheless, for thy great mercies sake, thou didst not utterly consume them, nor forsake them; for thou art a gracious and merciful God." O, how suitable where these scriptures to my poor distressed soul; they were, indeed as "Cold waters to a thirsty soul;" they were, indeed, "good news from a far country." (Prov. xxv. 25.) My trouble was gone; my burden was gone; I enjoyed real, and substantial happiness, and could bless and praise a gracious and merciful God, that he had not forsaken, nor left me without hope in his name. But there was something very wonderful and mysterious to me in these visitations of his mercy to my poor soul, and I could not make it out at all, that is, I could not retain these enjoyments, they soon passed off the mind; and though there was a remembrance of the sweetness and savour of them, my poor soul sunk, again, into darkness, and some fresh trouble soon overtook me; it was something like a thick, or dark cloud portending a storm, passing over the face of the sun, hiding it from the eyes; so, darkness gradually came over my mind, and my sun of enjoyment set in midnight darkness; and I proved in experience, something of what the Psalmist saith—"Thou makest darkness night, and it is night; wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth;" unbelief crept forth; and because I could not retain these enjoyments, I was tempted to think there was no reality in them; and then the evils of my heart crept forth; and, again, I was at my wits end, "and reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man;" and then that old lion the devil, would roar on me, and claim me for his prey, and I was soon brought into this state, after the soul-deliverance above stated, and seemed to sink lower and lower, in deep waters where there was no standing. But, some time after, I was, again, helped with a little help. I was sitting

in my own room, reading the Scriptures, as I often did after my wife had gone to bed, when I came to these words—"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." The words fell into my heart; they seemed to take in all the sin of my life, all the sin of my heart, all the sin of my nature, and all my blasphemy, sweep it away, and bring pardon, peace, and consolation, into my poor soul, and that from the lips of Jesus Christ himself; here I enjoyed something of redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace; and while it lasted the enjoyment was complete, but I do not think it lasted more than ten minutes, but I cannot tell; whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell. This I know, it was the most substantial deliverance I had ever experienced, but of the shortest duration. When I came as it were to myself, I looked at the words, and went on reading—"But the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." (Matt. 12, 31.) "And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." (32nd verse.) One thought, one expression, darted into my mind, (which in my state of nature, my state of awful blasphemy) I had spoken against the Holy Ghost; that swept away all my comfort, joy, and consolation, and seemed to leave me without a ray of hope. I tremble to record the expression; and if I do not you nor any of your readers of the *Vessel*, will be able to enter at all into the dreadful feelings my soul sunk into; I would fain keep back the expression; but I dare not; a feeling pervades my soul at this moment that I write—Who can tell, but a disclosure of this dark secret might be made a blessing to some poor sinner who has spoken in a similar way, if not used the same expression? And, who can tell but some poor sinner, hath had the thought, though never left to express it; and many, I believe, of the Lord's dear family, have the fear that they have sinned against the Holy Ghost, and if God is pleased to make me the means of delivering or comforting one of his, God would be glorified, and my soul would rejoice. When in a state of nature, then, speaking of "the Christian's God," (which was the contemptuous way in which I used to express myself;) on one occasion I used this expression—"The Father will forgive sin, the Son will forgive sin, but the Holy Ghost is the most inexorable tyrant of the Three; he will never forgive a man for speaking a word against him." Now you will perceive how this scripture fitted me. "Whosoever speaketh against the Holy

Ghost." I was the very man. I had done so. I was verily guilty in this matter; and such was the nature of this scripture, and the power with which it came to my heart, that it dashed the cup of blessing from my lips, and locked me up, as it were, in a condemned cell; but whilst in this state, such was my feeling of this one sin, that I seemed to have lost sight and sense of all the rest of my sins; this one, and this one alone was ever before me, and seemed to close the door of hope: and, most strange, I had not only lost all sight and sense of my sins but this one, but the evils of my nature were so subdued that they appeared taken away, and the mind brooded upon this one sin, and this alone; and such was the state of my mind, that I was scarcely able to attend the common concerns of life, scarcely able to work for the bread that perisheth. The language of my heart was, "Against thee, and thee only have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight." I groped as the blind for the wall, and could see no way; I had looked for pardon, salvation, and peace; but, "behold, for peace I had great bitterness. I reckoned till morning, that as a lion will he break all my bones, from day even to night wilt thou make an end of me; Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes failed with looking upwards; O, Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me;" What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it; I shall go softly all my days in the bitterness of my soul." But bless his holy name, he did not give me up, he made me to feel his chastening rod, he shewed me the dreadful nature of my sin, and made me to feel it too, but he did not give me over unto death, but in his own time delivered me to the honor and glory of his great name, when brought to the last extremity, and appeared unable to hold out, and bear up no longer in my feelings. Laying in my bed in the dead of night unable to sleep, I arose, got a light, and took my bible, and opened it at, Jer. xxxi. and cast my eyes upon these words. Yea, "I have loved thee: with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee;" they fell into my soul with life-giving power, and raised me from the very brink of despair, they came with such life, love, light, and power into my heart, that I cannot describe. I cried, Lord, it cannot be, I have sinned against the Holy Ghost. I have sinned beyond the reach of mercy. It was just as though the Lord answered me and that I was brought in solemn feeling in my soul, to talk with the Lord Jesus, face to face. "Thou didst it ignorantly and in unbelief—I have loved thee with an everlasting love." It was as though I had a view of

all my Sins in their aggravated nature, and the Persons against whom I had sinned. I had sinned against the Father, and against the Son, and against the Holy Ghost. The Three-one God of Israel, and God in Christ seemed to take to himself to open up to my mind, that notwithstanding all my sin, "He had loved me with an everlasting love." He seemed like a father to me, and I his child: as his child he had taken pains with me to bring me to a knowledge of my faults, that he might open up to me the greatness of his love, the wonders of his grace, and seal pardon on my heart. He seemed to open up to me the nature of the unpardonable sin, that it is not done in ignorance, but in knowledge, and against knowledge, seeing that to be the truth of God which they speak against; denying the person, work, ministry, and operations of the Holy Ghost, when they see the finger of God clearly in the work they deny. This was opened up to me to be the case of the Jews of old, who said, "This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub the prince of devils;" (Matt. xii. 24.) when they knew in their consciences that Jesus did it by the power of God; but they said it from malice in the heart. But my precious Lord opened up to me that I did it ignorantly and in unbelief. "Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me Christ Jesus might shew forth all long-suffering. I cried "Lord, can it be possible that thou hast loved such a wretch as me;" when the Lord answered, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love. I knew that thou wouldst deal very treacherously, and that thou wast called a transgressor from the womb." I cried, "truth, Lord, I have dealt very treacherously, I have been a transgressor from the womb; against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight."

(To be continued in our next.)

OBITUARY

OF EMMA SMY, LATE OF SAXMUNDHAM.

EMMA SMY, fifteen years of age, lingered in a wasting consumption, and was hastily taken away from this world of sin and sorrow, to "be with Christ, which is far better."

This child of love made no open profession of religion; though, doubtless, her ransomed spirit, like a young May rose, was blossoming in the desert within, through the soft gales, and gentle dew-falls of the Spirit, and the inshinings of the Sun of righteousness on her soul.

There are many little lively stones concealed in the building of mercy, unseen by the traveller's eye, and many a desert lily gathered by the hand of Jesus, (who comes down to gather at his pleasure,) which never

were visibly gathered into church-fellowship below. "The Lord knoweth them that are his," and he will gather them from among all nations, kindred and tongues.

I was at her father's house last May, and conversed with her. I perceived an unusual brightness in her eyes, and the hectic bloom on her countenance—symptoms by which I concluded that she was not long for this world, and intimated to her father that I thought her disease was of a serious nature.

I here give her father's own words to me.

"We have been in great trouble since you left us, we have lost our dear Emma by death: 15 years of age. How anxious have my dear friends been about her eternal interest in the Lord; poor dear, when she was first taken she had the fear of death before her; we were greatly distressed about her; doctors proved of no use to her; at last she became so weak, that she took to her bed, but to my astonishment she had before she died, the faith of an apostle. Two or three days before she died, I went in her room to see her, she seemed greatly distressed, and said; Dear Father do not fret about me, I am now happy!" she said that she had seen the Lord, he stood at the foot of her bed looking at her; 'I shall never forget it, she said that she did not mind dying any more than I did going to bed.' O! that I might at the last have such a faith as she had, and die as comfortably as she did. The Lord can work wonders in a short time.

"Dear Skelton was one day much distressed about her, and could not rest, was obliged to come, and on his way, the Lord settled the matter with him thus, 'she is a daughter of Abraham,' Dear Banks told us weeks before she died that she would not live, but that her soul would be saved! Friend Tant came from Brighton on purpose to see her, but when he got here she was just gone into the bosom of her dear Lord. I do feel so happy about her. Bless the Lord, I cannot praise him enough for his goodness to us and her."

I felt comforted in reading the above account—thought it might be useful to some others. Bless the Lord, her parents and friends have not to "sorrow as those without hope." "Better is the day of death, than the day of birth." W. GARRARD.

Leicester Nov. 11, 1846.

Ephraim charged with telling lies.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND—

As it pleased the Lord to make my poor testimony from Hosea vii. 13, 14, 15, so powerful in your soul; and as you have been brought so earnestly to desire to have it in remembrance, I here present you with a few scraps gathered up therefrom—but to give the discourse itself would be impossible. Take, therefore, the following imperfect sketch of what I then said, and may the blessed Spirit who first gave it me, and made it powerful to you, condescend to work by it in the hearts of many of his elect: and the glory shall be given alone to him. In introducing the subject, I said—

Just before the text which I shall read, arrested my mind, there was a question sprung up in my soul; it was this—how is it that some who are in the church of Christ—in the truths of Christ—walk in the ordinances of God's house—yet have no comfort of soul? No peace in their minds? No testimony in their spirits that they are born of God? How is it? said I.

But there was another question—how is it that some who seem to love, and in a measure, live the truth, do not follow out the faith of the gospel? There is a *halting!* Why is it?

The text answered these questions—it is Hosea vii. latter part of the 13, 14, 15, and first clause of the 16th verses. "Though I have redeemed them, yet they have spoken lies against me. And they have not cried unto me with their hearts, when they howled upon their beds: they assemble themselves for corn and wine, and they rebel against me. Though I have bound and strengthened their arms, yet do they imagine mischief against me. They return, but not to the Most High."

First, Notice these words are spoken of Ephraim; but Ephraim is also called Israel; (see verses 8 and 10,) from which I infer that many of God's true Israel often become like Ephraim—backsliders in heart.

Secondly, I must notice the glorious gospel declaration—the Lord hath redeemed them.

Thirdly, I would notice the charge which the Lord brings against them—this charge is five-fold in its nature and degree.

1. Notice these things are spoken of Ephraim. But who does Ephraim here represent? A child of God in a low, fallen, rebellious state. There, is to me, something exceedingly instructing in this, that the Lord doth call his people Ephraims; and in connection with that name doth set forth and declare, the evil propensities, wanderings and rebellion of his people; as also of the unchanging love and mercy he hath towards them.

Ephraim signifies one *made* fruitful, or whom "God hath caused to be fruitful in the land of affliction." And therefore Ephraim stands truly descriptive of God's elect while in this body of sin and death. This wilderness—this body of sin and death—this imperfect

church state is, to the elect of God, "a land of affliction." Here sin often abounds; here darkness often reigns; here barrenness of soul is often felt, here the most adverse circumstances often await us. Still, if the life of God be in us, there is some faith in him, some love to him, some prayer is breathed out to him, some desires after him; so that Ephraim is one whom God causes to be fruitful in the land of their affliction. Believer! is not this our true character? Both sides of it are here. We have the affliction of sin, unbelief, hardness, darkness, and temptation; but we have the fruits of sighs, groans, desires, faith, prayer, love, and sometimes a little praise. Truly we are Ephraims.

Notice another thing:—the Holy Ghost says expressly, "Joseph had two sons born unto him, *before the years of famine came.*" What is this? Is there a felt famine of spiritual things in your soul? Do you want to be more holy than you are? Do you want to live closer to God than you do? Do you want more real fellowship with Christ? more real crucifixion to the world? more of the subduings of sin, and more of the reignings of grace? Ah, then it shews Manasseh and Ephraim have been born in your soul; you have become dead unto the law and sin; this is Manasseh! and alive unto God through Jesus Christ; this is Ephraim! see Genesis xli. 50, 51, 52.

See again, Jacob blessed Ephraim with a right hand blessing.—Manasseh, (deliverance from the law) is good; but fruitfulness in God the Holy Ghost, is better; and this Ephraim shall have.

The ten tribes had their chief city in Ephraim:—most of the Israel of God, are in an Egyptian state of soul in this day. See the marks of a true Ephraimite, in Jer. xxxi. 18.

II.—Notice the gospel declaration, the Lord hath redeemed them. For an account of this redemption, the benefits of it, and to whom, made known: see Micah, vi. 4, 5. Brought out of the world of nature's darkness, redeemed from the bondage of the law, and delivered from all self-righteous and legal task-masters.

III.—The five-fold charge brought against Ephraim.

1. Ephraim has spoken lies against the Lord. This is to be considered both spiritually and practically. See it spiritually. What are the declarations of God unto his people? "I have loved thee—I have redeemed thee—I have created thee—I have called thee—*thou art* mine. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." In every act of grace; in every branch of the Holy Ghost's work; in every manifestation which the soul has of divine favour, the Lord doth say what I have repeated. But what does the unbelieving heart of Ephraim say? It says, "God hath not loved me; he hath not redeemed me; he hath not called me." Every expression of the unbelieving heart of Ephraim is a lie against the goodness and mercy, kindness and forbearance of a loving and compassionate Christ.

This is equally true in the practice of many who really love the Lord. They do not confess him before men: their candle is put under a bushel: they follow him afar off. Though he hath redeemed and called them, though he has called them out of darkness into the light and love of eternal truth, yet, practically do they go on to speak lies against Him, on whom all their hopes depend.

2. "They have not cried unto me *with their hearts*, when they howled upon their beds." This denotes guilt on the conscience; and great uneasiness in the soul: as there must be where there is not a sincere cleaving to the Lord; and this guilt works a horror and a measure of inward distress: but instead of going heartily, fully, sincerely, and humbly to the Lord; there is siding with the devil—"Ah," (says the wicked one) "You are nothing but a hypocrite! you have neither part nor lot in the matter! you had better give up all your profession! you are a lost soul!" "Ah," (saith poor Ephraim), "that is my state: I have been deceived: I have no grace: I am full of sin; full of wicked thoughts; unclean desires; full of hardness, deadness, and corruption: I *cannot be a child of God.*" And then the poor soul howls under its black despairing state and condition. Tries to roll itself up in the bed of death, and to harden itself against a most faithful and glorious High Priest. "They cry not UNTO ME, with their *heart.*" Come, poor Ephraim—turn

your ear from the devil's lies, and listen if you can to God's truth. "Look unto me; and be ye saved; all ye ends of the earth."

3. "They assemble themselves for corn and wine, and they rebel against me." Oh, yes; these poor souls cannot altogether stay away from the Gospel feast; neither will anything but the real corn of gospel truth, and the blessed wine of the kingdom do for them: they will have nothing but sound gospel truth—electing love, redeeming blood, and almighty power, wrought out and revealed by a triune God. Neither is it true that they want the *doctrines* of grace only. No; no. They want the wine. They want the blessed application of eternal truth in their soul's experience, and therefore they "assemble for corn and wine;" but because the Lord hath determined that "the just shall walk by faith:" and not so much by sense and comfortable feelings; therefore they go away grumbling and murmuring, saying, "Ah; true enough what the man said; but I did not enjoy it." Besides all this there is too much carelessness about watchfulness and prayer; too little looking alone to the Lord: too much looking to self and the instrument.

4. "Though I have bound and strengthened their arms, yet do they imagine mischief against me." Two things here. God binds, or holds up, and holds in his Ephraims. Satan tempts to sin; the flesh is ready to sin; but the dear Lord binds their arms, and holds in their feet; they cannot rush into sin. Also, he strengthens their arms: he reveals his grace; sheds abroad a little love; administers a little power: they are not forsaken; they are not overcome; they are not destroyed; they are not in hell; neither are they given over to reprobate minds: "Yet, do they imagine mischief against me." Oh, what listenings to the suggestions of the devil! What secret lustings in the heart are often indulged in! What lookings at, and after sinful things! The adversary says, "there is no God—no Christ—no eternity—no gospel." Ephraim's wicked heart begins directly to imagine mischief: and was it not that the blessed Lord binds and strengthens his arms, into rank infidelity he would go.

5. "They return, but not to the Most High." Ephraim returns to his knees—

to his pew—to his bible: but he comes not by faith to the immortal fulness of a covenant God—an exalted Christ; a loving and life-giving Spirit. Ephraim's prayer is hasty—his worship is not sincere—his heart is not upright. Still, he is Ephraim. He is in a land of affliction; but there is some fruit brought forth to the praise of the glory of his grace, who hath made him accepted in the Beloved.

And now, dear friend, that grace and peace may be multiplied unto you, is the prayer of

Your's, in the Gospel of Christ,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

6, Pagoda Terrace,
Bermondsey New Road.

Christian Rebeber.

"*The Lost Found; or the Rebel Saved: being an account of the Superaboundings of Grace over the Aboundings of Sin, in the Experience of S. COZENS, Minister of the Gospel, Farnborough, Kent.* London: Paul, Paternoster Row.

SAMUEL COZENS is, as yet, but little known as a servant of Jesus Christ. It hath pleased the Lord to bring him forth into the ministry of the Gospel, in a very obscure part of the country, where some living souls have been gathered together, and among whom his labours have been blessed. It is, to us, exceedingly encouraging to find that extensively and almost universally as the delusive and erroneous form and counterfeit of godliness is spreading—the Lord is continuing here and there to raise up truly faithful and really experimental men—who dare not,—who cannot,—who will not—preach any other gospel than that which has been revealed in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, and burnt into their consciences by the power of God. There is no lack of men in our day, who are willing enough to preach; but we clearly see there are two things which combine to keep many of these willing men idle, and many of the churches of Christ destitute of pastors. The first of these things is on the part of the people who constitute the churches of Christ in these days: God hath been pleased to give unto his church, during the last century, a few burning and shining lights—(some have entered into rest—a very few are

yet in the field)—these, by their extensive preaching and writing, have done much to throw heavenly light into the minds of the people: the people are beginning to see that it is “through wisdom the house is builded; by understanding it is established; and that by knowledge (spiritual knowledge) shall the chambers—(the hearts of God’s quickened elect) be filled with all *precious* and *pleasant* riches.” Wherefore they come crying out like Zophar of old,—“Oh, that GOD WOULD SPEAK!—that he would shew us the *secrets of wisdom*; that they are double to that which is!” And they are therefore not to be put off with, they are not in a state of mind to sit under, that dwarfish twaddle—that anything-that-comes-to-hand-sort of talking, which passes with some for preaching. No; the people want Jacob to roll away the stone from the well’s mouth, and to water the flocks—they want men who, (like Isaiah) have seen the King, the Lord of hosts; upon whose mouth a live coal from off the altar has been laid; whose iniquity has been taken away, and whose sin is purged. Thousands of professors, dressed in peacock’s feathers, swarm around the church; and chapel doors in these times; but most of God’s elect lay, as the Watchman says, in deep, dark holes; and it requires all the length of the line of electing love let down to reach them. Consequently, they want men who, like Jonah, can not only say, “out of the belly of hell cried I,”—but who can also add, “thou heardest my voice; and hath brought up my life from corruption.” A *mixed* multitude now forms the professing Gospel Church; and many of these are exceedingly cunning—they know more than all the parsons put together; you may see them flying in all directions, wherever and whenever a fresh importation of ministers from the country is to be found; the Lord’s living family, therefore, want men, who, like Ezekiel, have been “carried out in the Spirit of the Lord, into the midst of the valley of dry bones—men, who have been made to prophesy to these dry bones; who have heard their noise, who have beheld their shaking, their coming together; the four winds of heaven coming into them—that is, the east wind of spiritual and eternal life; the north wind of crucifixion to the flesh, and of destruction to all self-

righteous hopes—the south wind of healing, sanctifying, soul-comforting grace; and the western breezes of pardoning love, and a living faith which makes our calling and election sure. [See Revelations xxi. 13.] These are the men, who under God, will shew his people “the difference between the living and the dead; between the clean and the unclean; and these are the only men that are of real use to Zion in these gloomy days.

Thus much for that one thing which lays on the part of the people. There is another thing on the part of many men who are willing to mount the pulpit and proclaim the tidings of redeeming grace. St. Paul, in his epistles to Timothy speaks of ministers, both in a *negative* and in a *positive* sense. He says of a man fit to be a minister: he must *not be a novice*: that is, not one “newly come to the faith:” not one who is floating upon the surface of things; but he *must be* “a good soldier of Jesus Christ: one well-trained, disciplined, and equipped for the fight: one that can endure hardness; a husbandman that laboureth: one that digs deep; breaks the clods; sows good seed; waits in patience; and is made a *partaker* of the fruits! Oh, ye lazy, gossiping, wine bibbing preachers, who idle away your precious time, and scarcely ever read the Word, except when ye enter the pulpit, take shame to yourselves; and no more indirectly charge your want of liberty, ability, and success, upon the Spirit of the living God!

We have unintentionally digressed. We do not repent. But now to return. Some idea of the man (whose life and experience we are about to introduce) may be formed from the following extract from a private letter of his. He says—

“Had a blessed time yesterday morning, from—“What shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of Gideon,” &c. What a blessed subject is faith when we are led sweetly into its holy mystery, and in its going forth, sweeping everything before it, (as in the case of Gideon) and coming off more than conqueror. A faith that does not overcome sin; a faith that does not lay hold of God; a faith that does not conquer, is not worth having. This is the faith, brother, we are to contend earnestly for. May God enable us to stand in the battle field and fight the good fight of

faith. I find that very few indeed will stand close work. You may preach doctrines as long as you like, only say *nothing about power*. God's order is, election, redemption, regeneration. Experimental order is, *vice versa*,—regeneration, redemption, election. No man can know his election *but by blood*—and blood is fulsome to dead professors."

Well—we must acknowledge this is a strange sort of a Review: but so it is. Reader! this work of Samuel Cozens's is a faithful account of God's wonderful dealings with him: we cannot make extracts from it until we visit you again.

"Redemption: its origin, object, and result; its infinite glory to God; its equal worth to man, &c. By S. K. BLAND." Houston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row.

This is indeed a body of divinity in miniature; every branch of doctrinal, experimental, and practical truth, is here declared; put in its right place; and scriptural authority for it adduced. The whole truth in a condensed form, in easy words, (and all for two-pence), is here to be obtained. In the hands of the Lord it is calculated to be useful.

THE OLD BAG WITH HOLES AT THE BOTTOM.

A Word for the Poor Ministers Relief Society.

"And he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." (Hag. i. 6.)

NEIGHBOUR EDITORS—We have had much of late from different quarters about doctrine and experience; I think it is time to say something about *practical religion*; for affairs in the church seem very loose on one hand, and too tight on the other.

Now therefore, "thus saith the Lord" (who will hear it?) "Consider your ways." "Ye have sown much:" is not much sown to the flesh to nourish pride, vanity and covetousness? must we not expect then to reap corruption? "Ye bring in little:" little real good for the soul. "Ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled; ye clothe ye, but ye are not warm." Outward things cannot keep a soul warm within: true warmth of soul proceed from the life, truth, and love of God within. "And he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." (Hag. i. 6.)

"Consider your ways." Examine what kind of a bag ye have. Judas carried the

bag, and that which it contained, and put the price of innocent blood into it! But it dropped out, and when he had hanged himself his bowels gushed out, and his soul dropped out of his body into—where? "his own place." And where is he now—and all such with their ill-gotten money and bags with holes? The children of this world generally carry the great bag; for the Lord seldom loads his own children with much of this lumber: not *many* rich of this world are called.

Now a worldly man's mind is wholly taken up with the things of this world; because he desires no better country. Concentrate in one all the minds of all worldly men, they have but one object in view in the main; what is it? MONEY! or money's worth; and "the love of money is the root of all evil," because it is the love of this present evil world; and where the heart and mind is entirely carried away after it, that man is an idolator, "for covetousness is idolatry." And wherever that man goes Sunday or weekdays his heart is in his bags; for "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." But his is a treasure in the earth, a bag that waxeth old, that will fail him in the hour of death: though he heapeth up riches and calls it all his own, death proves it to be a lie!

But where the Lord gives any of his children worldly riches; they are but as stewards; they cannot call them their own riches; because they themselves are not their own, they are bought with a price. "Ye are Christ's" and all you possess. But even the Lord's people if left to themselves are no better than others: and if the people of God have great worldly riches given them, and not great grace with it, it often puffs them up with pride, and rusts their very hearts with irony covetousness. But if God's people will not honour him with their substance, as he hath prospered them, he will ultimately dry up their substance. The Lord cried out by Haggai the prophet, "Ye looked for much, and lo, it came to little, and when ye brought it home I did blow upon it." Why, saith the Lord of hosts, because of my house that is waste, and ye run every man to his own house." (Hag. i. 9.) "Therefore the Lord called for a drought upon the land, and upon the corn, and wine, and oil, and upon cattle and man, and the labour of the hands." Well, but says the grumbling man I labour for it, and got what I have by the labour of my hands. My own industry.

Who gave you life, and strength, and health,
And skill, and power to get your wealth?

Did not the Lord give all this? And will you put all into your own old rotten bag with holes, and little or nothing into the

Lord's treasury? I tell you that your's is an old bag, waxing older, and you will find many holes at the bottom soon; and how much have you cast in as a real love-gift to the Lord's cause—his poor ministers or people? O worldly "rich man, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you." Awake, awake, thou rich child of God—it is high time, and "provide yourselves with bags that waxeth not old, a treasure in the heavens that fadeth not." This bag has no holes in it; durable riches and righteousness are there. He is God of providence, grace and glory; one farthing in this bag is better than thousands in your old rotten bags with holes. Come, my friends, examine your bags, and see if there are no holes at the bottom. Oh, say you, my bank, and bag, and purse are all very sound; and I am not compelled to tell what I have in them. No! no! you need not tell it to every one. But the Lord knows what you have. You may think your bag quite sound at the bottom. Aye, and perhaps it is tied up quite as tight at the top. But remember, if you take nothing out at the top for the Lord's cause, the word of God is not true, if you do not sooner or later find some holes in the bottom, because it is a rotten bag that waxeth old; and if you are running too fast after shadows, at these holes you may lose the substance; some have lost all, and never found it any more.

O, rich brother, consider your ways: you that possess your thousands, and can see a poor, afflicted, impoverished minister of Christ, or poor brother who can hardly keep the wolf from the door, who trembles at the knock at his door, lest it should be a bill come that he cannot discharge; and perhaps you sit under the word of God and do not tremble at all, nor enquire into the needs of your poor brother, when a trifling sum would make a poor widow's heart sing for joy; and a few pounds to a poor minister or brother, would roll a burden off his back.

A very rich merchant once gave a poor minister £5.; while the minister sat there, the postman came in with a letter for the rich merchant. He read it, stroked his head and looked serious. The minister enquired to know if anything serious had taken place? Yes, said the merchant, another ship of mine is lost at sea, and thousands gone to the bottom; you must give me those five pounds again! The poor minister, with heavy heart, drew it out of his pocket, and laid it on the table. "Here, here, my dear brother," said the merchant, "take £50.; for I see if I do not give to the Lord's cause, according to my ability, the Lord himself will take all away from me."

Rich brother! thus saith the Lord, "Consider your ways." POOR LAZARUS.

Fellowship with Christ is a very good thing.

It is indeed! It is the highest pitch of spiritual enjoyment that a living elect sinner can possibly realise this side of eternal glory.

The words at the head of this article are quoted from one of Mr. George Abrahams's Sermons, a series of which are now in course of publication, the following is an extract:—

"I shall never forget the time, when hearing these words, '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 recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bound;' I was quite overcome, my mind was so taken up with it. I think I could shew you the seat I sat on in the little chapel, I could see nothing, my mind was so swallowed up, I said, Lord, this is it, this is for me; and all that the man stated of the fulness and freeness of salvation by Jesus Christ; it was like a plaster of figs upon my sore, and I could say, It is the voice of my Beloved, the voice of the Lord Jesus Christ. When the Lord speaks, and the poor sinner hears with almighty power, there is such a thing as pressing on; it is all the soul going out after him. Lord, says the poor soul, take me, possess me, save me in thine own way.

* * * "What is it to open the door: the door of the affections, of the understanding, of the will? It is when faith of the operation of God's eternal Spirit says, in the blessed power of it, 'the Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I trust in him.' Lord, here is my heart. Then in a moment, in an instant, when the dear Lord comes, there is a little oil dropped in, and then the door opens quietly, there is no noise, no screeching; and when the door is opened, and the Lord goes in, there is such a melting of soul, such meekness of spirit, and yet so imperceptible that you can hardly perceive it, while the poor soul says, dear Lord, I do love you. Now do you know anything of this coming in of the Lord into the soul: of this meekness and brokenness of heart? Then the Lord says, 'A broken and a contrite heart I will not despise.' A heart broken by the Lord is his own property; he will not despise the work of his own doing. Now the door being opened, the glorious realization of salvation is to be manifested to that dear soul.

"What is it for Christ to come in? Oh what a difference between a real heart work and a mere dead profession. There is Christ coming in to the soul, which is Christ, in us the hope of glory.' * * * I bless the Lord I do believe there are some of you who do really know when the Lord comes to your

souls. I remember hearing that blessed man of God who used to preach in the City of a Tuesday morning, tell of one of the dear martyrs who was shut up in Newgate, and could not obtain the blessing of full assurance, that he went on mourning, so much as to take hardly any food, and said, here I am going on; and the papists taunting me, and by and by I shall perhaps be taken to Smithfield, and if I am deceived, how awful it will be. But one day he told his friends, if it should be my lot to go to the stake, and I do not get the blessing, yet if I then have it, I will give you a signal by holding out my hand, and saying, he is come! And so it was, for just as he was led out to the stake, he held up his hands, and cried out, 'He is come! He is come!' Well, friends, it may be the lot of some dear child of God to feel this in the chamber of death, after sorrowing years for it. Shall we then doubt his kindness? Oh, no, you will say, we shall justify it, and if he but give me a kiss before I depart, I shall be satisfied. Sometimes the Lord comes in and gives a very blessed season, but it does not last long, when you can say, 'I sat under the apple tree with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.' I think I can point out the very spot where the Lord thus visited me. When the dear Lord comes in there is such an effect as this, if the leprosy be in the house, he by his presence throws it out; if a blast or mildew, which is a troublesome matter to a child of God, for there is poison in the mildew, and nothing can get rid of it but a great shaking of the tree, yet when the Lord comes in the enemy must go out. I speak, friends, the truth. When you are really so weary that the feelings of your flesh would be, Lord, I fear that I am dying; the moment the Lord comes in, you say, dear Lord, I am all well. *Fellowship with Christ is a very great thing*, and that all the people of God know, when he comes into the soul, and repeats his visits by his good Spirit in their hearts, for there is a real participation of two together."

TO OUR READERS.

Close of our Second Volume.

CHRISTIAN READER—Through the preserving power and benevolent care of our Lord and Master, we have been enabled to bring to a close the labours of another year. And verily we can say, there is no one scripture so exceedingly suitable to our past and pre-

sent condition, as the words of the Apostle: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair." (The margin renders it "not altogether without help or means." A Christian man, (and especially the Editor of a Christian periodical) has a good many sides. For ourselves, we may say, there is the side of our conscience—the side of our correspondents—and the side of our circumstances: and on every one of these sides, we have been sorely troubled.

First, our conscience.—Again and again, the question has come to us—"What is your motive in continuing to publish the *Earthen Vessel*?" To answer this has been a trouble to us; for the heart is so deceitful, and so filled with pride, that we have seldom been able boldly to declare that our ONLY motive is the glory of God and the good of souls. Still we have not been distressed about this matter, because we have sincerely hoped at times, that the hand, power, and presence of our Lord was with us.

Secondly, there is the side of our correspondents.—Surely, enough have been troubled with these. Why, we have heaps upon heaps of letters which we have neither inserted nor answered; and that not because they are worthless, no, no! we have a store of precious communications which we long to bring forth and cannot.

This has often sorely troubled us; and yet not distressed us, because we would willingly have done what we have not done, if time and space would have allowed. Let none be discouraged: by the help of the Lord, we shall in time lighten our cargo. Then

Thirdly—There is the side of our circumstances. Ah, (says the proud heart), not a word about them. Why not? We must live as well as others; and pay our way too. Well, then, christian reader, this *EARTHEN VESSEL* has for two years past been published at a very considerable pecuniary loss to the poor Editor: sometimes not a penny to call his own; and yet the current expenses of this work constantly running on. What has been the consequence? Why, we have been troubled on every side: fearing we should not be able to make straight paths for our feet; yet, not absolutely distressed, for we have always had one of two things—either timely help, or faith to believe it would come.

However, you that approve of this work, do all that God and your consciences, ability and circumstances will enable, in order to extend its circulation.

For the present. Farewell.